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Westminster Abbey & Parliament House

The Piazza in Covent Garden

A Map of London in the Sixteen Sixties shewing the District West of Whitefriars

A True Picture of White Hall

§ The Map continueth at the Booke's end

Pasture

The Way from Paddington

Tyburn

Gibbet

A Table of References to this Map

§ { The Area of the Great Fire is shewn thus

1 Berkeley House, Piccadilly
2 Clarendon House, Piccadilly
3 Burlington House, Piccadilly
4 St Martins in the Fields
5 Wallingford House, Cockspur St.
6 The Cockpit, Whitehall
7 Axe Yard below Tilt Yard, Whall.
8 St Margarets Ch. Westminster
9 The Gate House, Westminster
10 Ashburnham Ho. Westminster
11 Parliament Ho. Westminster
12 St Giles' in the Fields
13 Southampton Market Weed of Holborn
14 Wills Coffee House, Bow Street
15 Kings Playhouse Drury Lane
16 Maypole in the Strand
17 St Clement Danes Ch. Strand
18 The Dukes House, Lincolns Inn
19 Gaming House in Bell Yard
20 Temple Bar
21 St Dunstans in the W. Fleet St.
22 Temple Church
23 St Andrews Ch. Holborn

Pasture & Heath

Pickadilly

St James Fields

A Rill

Barkeshire House

The Way from Kinglesbridge

St James Pallace

Canal Made by King

Tuttle

St Peters in Westminster

Tothill Fields

A Scale of Furlongs and Yards

0 Furlongs 1 2

0 Yards 220 440 660

sitians College

The Prospect of Two Temple

The Royall Exchange

The Fleet

Gray's Inn

Gray's Inn Lane

Hatton Garden

Pasture

Holborn

Holborn

Lincolns Inn Fields

Queene Street

St Giles's Fields

Long Acre

Drury Lane

Fleete Street

Convent Garden

Piazza

Exeter Ho

The Strand

Temple

Arundel House

Essex House

Dorset House

Bedford House

Strand Bridge

Milford Stairs

Temple Stairs

Savoy Palace

THAMES

Worcester House

Salisbury House

Durham House

York House

Suffolk House

Cross

Whitehall

RIVER

Lambeth Marshe

N

W

E

S

Westminster Abbey

Westminster Pallace Yard

Westminster Staires

Stangate Staires

Old Pallace Yard

A. E. TAYLOR. 26

This
Map sheweth
The River Thames
from
Whitehall to Richmond
Vxbridge
Colne R.
Brent R.
The Road to Vxbridge
Paddington
Marylebone
Westmin-
ster
Kensington
Hammersmith
Brainford
Chelsea
Vauxhall
Lambeth
Marsh
Fulham
Parsons Green
Barn Elms
Morlacke
Hounslow
Richmond
The RIVER THAMES
Clapham
Wandsworth
The Road to Staines
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THE DIARY

OF

SAMUEL PEPYS, M.A., F.R.S.

LONDON: G. BELL & SONS, LIMITED,
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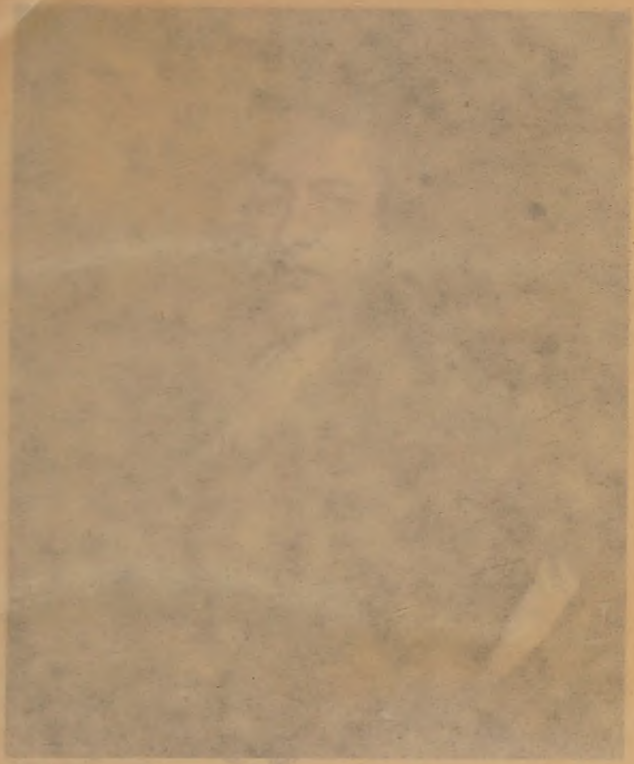

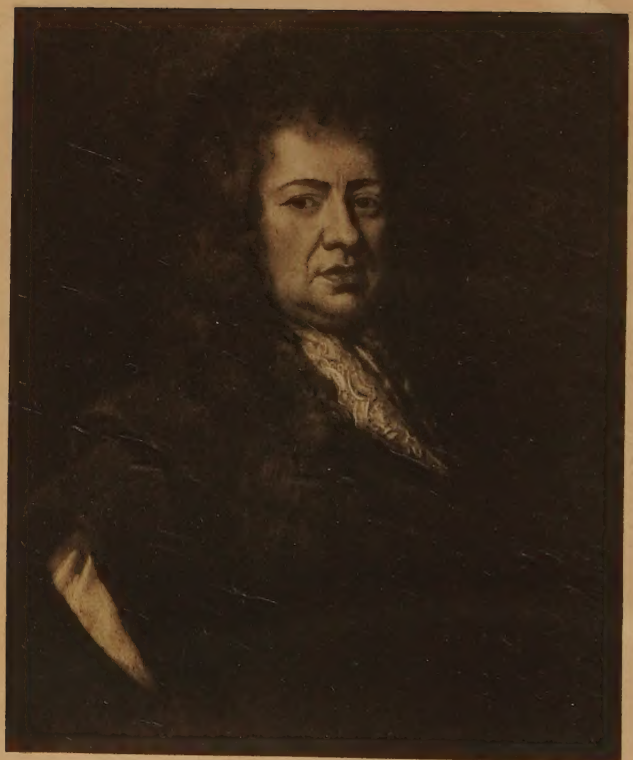

Emery Walker ph.sc

Samuel Pepys.
from the Picture by Sir Godfrey Kneller
in the Pepysian Library, Magdalene College, Cambridge

THE DIARY

OF

SAMUEL PEPYS

M.A., F.R.S.; CLERK OF THE ACTS AND

SECRETARY TO THE ADMIRALTY

TRANSCRIBED BY THE LATE REV. MYNORS BRIGHT, M.A.

FROM THE SHORTHAND MANUSCRIPT IN THE

PEPYSIAN LIBRARY, MAGDALENE

COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

EDITED WITH ADDITIONS

BY

HENRY B. WHEATLEY, F.S.A.

VOLS. I–III.

1659–1663

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1928

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PREFACE.

Although the Diary of Samuel Pepys has been in the hands of the public for nearly seventy years, it has not hitherto appeared in its entirety. In the original edition of 1825 scarcely half of the manuscript was printed. Lord Braybrooke added some passages as the various editions were published, but in the preface to his last edition he wrote:—"there appeared indeed no necessity to amplify or in any way to alter the text of the Diary beyond the correction of a few verbal errors and corrupt passages hitherto overlooked."

The public knew nothing as to what was left unprinted, and there was therefore a general feeling of gratification when it was announced some eighteen years ago that a new edition was to be published by the Rev. Mynors Bright, with the addition of new matter equal to a third of the whole. It was understood that at last the Diary was to appear in its entirety, but there was a passage in Mr. Bright's preface which suggested a doubt respecting the necessary completeness. He wrote: "It would have been tedious to the reader if I had copied from the Diary the account of his daily work at the office."

As a matter of fact, Mr. Bright left roughly speaking about one-fifth of the whole Diary still unprinted, although he transcribed the whole, and bequeathed his transcript to Magdalene College.

It has now been decided that the whole of the Diary shall be made public, with the exception of a few passages which cannot possibly be printed. It may be thought by some that these omissions are due to an unnecessary squeamishness, but it is not really so, and readers are therefore asked to have faith in the judgment of the editor. Where any passages have been omitted marks of omission are added, so that in all cases readers will know where anything has been left out.

Lord Braybrooke made the remark in his "Life of Pepys," that "the cipher employed by him greatly resembles that known by the name of 'Rich's system.'" When Mr. Bright came to decipher the MS., he discovered that the shorthand system used by Pepys was an earlier one than Rich's, viz., that of Thomas Shelton, who made his system public in 1620.[1]

In his various editions Lord Braybrooke gave a large number of valuable notes, in the collection and arrangement of which he was assisted by the late Mr. John Holmes of the British Museum, and the late Mr. James Yeowell, sometime sub-editor of "Notes and Queries." Where these notes are left unaltered in the present edition the letter "B." has been affixed to them, but in many instances the notes have been altered and added to from later information, and in these cases no mark is affixed. A large number of additional notes are now supplied, but still much has had to be left unexplained. Many persons are mentioned in the Diary who were little known in the outer

[1] Shelton's work was frequently reprinted, and the edition of 1691 is in the Pepysian Library. The late Mr. John E. Bailey read a very interesting paper on "The Cipher of Pepys's Diary," before the Manchester Literary Club, on December 14th, 1875, an abstract of which has been printed.

world, and in some instances it has been impossible to identify them. In other cases, however, it has been possible to throw light upon these persons by reference to different portions of the Diary itself. I would here ask the kind assistance of any reader who is able to illustrate passages that have been left unnoted. I have received much assistance from the various books in which the Diary is quoted. Every writer on the period covered by the Diary has been pleased to illustrate his subject by quotations from Pepys, and from these books it has often been possible to find information which helps to explain difficult passages in the Diary.

Much illustrative matter of value was obtained by Lord Braybrooke from the "Diurnall" of Thomas Rugge, which is preserved in the British Museum (Add. MSS. 10,116, 10,117). The following is the description of this interesting work as given by Lord Braybrooke: —

"MERCURIUS POLITICUS REDIVIVUS;

or, A Collection of the most materiall occurrances and transactions in Public Affairs since Anno Dñi, 1659, untill 28 March, 1672,
serving as an annuall diurnall for future satisfaction and information,
By THOMAS RUGGE.

Est natura hominum novitatis avida. — *Plinius.*

"This MS. belonged, in 1693, to Thomas Grey, second Earl of Stamford. It has his autograph at the commencement, and on the sides are his arms (four quarterings) in gold. In 1819, it was sold by auction in London, as part of the collection of Thomas Lloyd, Esq. (No. 1465), and was then bought by Thomas Thorpe, bookseller. Whilst Mr. Lloyd was the possessor, the MS. was lent to Dr. Lingard, whose note of thanks to Mr. Lloyd is preserved in the volume. From Thorpe it appears to have passed to Mr. Heber, at the sale of whose MSS. in Feb. 1836, by Mr. Evans, of Pall Mall, it was purchased by the British Museum for £8 8*s*.

"Thomas Rugge was descended from an ancient Norfolk family, and two of his ancestors are described as Aldermen of Norwich. His death has been ascertained to have occurred about 1672: and in the Diary for the preceding year he complains that on account of his declining health, his entries will be but few. Nothing has been traced of his personal circumstances beyond the fact of his having lived for fourteen years in Covent Garden, then a fashionable locality."

Another work I have found of the greatest value is the late Mr. J. E. Doyle's "Official Baronage of England" (1886), which contains a mass of valuable information not easily to be obtained elsewhere. By reference to its pages I have been enabled to correct several erroneous dates in previous notes caused by a very natural confusion of years in the case of the months of January, February, and March, before it was finally fixed that the year should commence in January instead of March. More confusion has probably been introduced into history from this than from any other cause of a like nature. The reference to two years, as in the case of, say, Jan. 5, 1661–62, may appear clumsy, but it is the only safe plan of notation. If one year only is mentioned, the reader is never sure whether or not the correction has been made. It is a matter for sincere regret that the popular support was withheld from Mr. Doyle's important undertaking, so that the author's intention of publishing further volumes, containing the Baronies not dealt with in those already published, was frustrated.

My labours have been much lightened by the kind help which I have received from those interested in the subject. Lovers of Pepys are numerous, and I have found those I have applied to ever willing to give me such information as they possess. It is a singular pleasure, therefore, to have an opportunity of expressing publicly my thanks to these gentlemen, and among them I would especially mention Messrs.

Fennell, Danby P. Fry, J. Eliot Hodgkin, Henry Jackson, J. K. Laughton, Julian Marshall, John Biddulph Martin, J. E. Matthew, Philip Norman, Richard B. Prosser, and Hugh Callendar, Fellow of Trinity College, who verified some of the passages in the manuscript. To the Master and Fellows of Magdalene College, also, I am especially indebted for allowing me to consult the treasures of the Pepysian Library, and more particularly my thanks are due to Mr. Arthur G. Peskett, the Librarian.

H. B. W.

Brampton, Oppidans Road, London, N. W.
February, 1893.

PREVIOUS EDITIONS OF THE DIARY.

1. Memoirs of Samuel Pepys, Esq., F.R.S., Secretary to the Admiralty in the reigns of Charles II. and James II., comprising his Diary from 1659 to 1669, deciphered by the Rev. John Smith, A.B., of St. John's College, Cambridge, from the original Shorthand MS. in the Pepysian Library, and a Selection from his Private Correspondence. Edited by Richard, Lord Braybrooke. In two volumes. London, Henry Colburn. . . . 1825. 4to.

2. Memoirs of Samuel Pepys, Esq., F.R.S. . . . Second edition. In five volumes. London, Henry Colburn. . . . 1828. 8vo.

3. Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys, F.R.S., Secretary to the Admiralty in the reigns of Charles II. and James II.; with a Life and Notes by Richard, Lord Braybrooke; the third edition, considerably enlarged. London, Henry Colburn. . . . 1848–49. 5 vols. sm. 8vo.

4. Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys, F.R.S. . . . The fourth edition, revised and corrected. In four volumes. London, published for Henry Colburn by his successors, Hurst and Blackett. . . . 1854. 8vo.

The copyright of Lord Braybrooke's edition was purchased by the late Mr. Henry G. Bohn, who added the book to his Historical Library.

5. Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys, Esq., F.R.S., from his MS. Cypher in the Pepysian Library, with a Life and Notes by Richard, Lord Braybrooke. Deciphered, with additional notes, by the Rev. Mynors Bright, M.A. . . . London, Bickers and Son, 1875–79. 6 vols. 8vo.

Nos. 1, 2 and 3 being out of copyright have been reprinted by various publishers.

No. 5 is out of print.

PARTICULARS OF THE LIFE OF SAMUEL PEPYS.

THE family of Pepys is one of considerable antiquity in the east of England, and the Hon. Walter Courtenay Pepys[1] says that the first mention of the name that he has been able to find is in the Hundred Rolls (Edw. I., 1273), where Richard Pepis and John Pepes are registered as holding lands in the county of Cambridge. In the next century the name of William Pepis is found in deeds relating to lands in the parish of Cottenham, co. Cambridge, dated 1329 and 1340 respectively (Cole MSS., British Museum, vol. i., p. 56; vol. xlii., p. 44). According to the Court Roll of the manor of Pelhams, in the parish of Cottenham, Thomas Pepys was "bayliffe of the Abbot of Crowland in 1434," but in spite of these references, as well as others to persons of the same name at Braintree, Essex, Depedale, Norfolk, &c., the first ancestor of the existing branches of the family from whom Mr. Walter Pepys is able to trace an undoubted descent, is "William Pepis the elder, of Cottenham, co. Cambridge," whose will is dated 20th March, 1519.[2]

In 1852 a curious manuscript volume, bound in vellum, and entitled "Liber Talboti Pepys de instrumentis ad Feoda pertinentibus exemplificatis," was discovered in an old chest in the parish church of Bolney, Sussex, by the vicar, the Rev. John Dale, who delivered it to Henry Pepys, Bishop of Worcester, and the book is still in the possession of the family. This volume contains various genealogical entries, and among them are references to the Thomas Pepys

[1] Mr. W. C. Pepys has paid great attention to the history of his family, and in 1887 he published an interesting work entitled "Genealogy of the Pepys Family, 1273–1887," London, George Bell and Sons, which contains the fullest pedigrees yet issued.

[2] "Genealogy," pp. 17, 18.

of 1434 mentioned above, and to the later William Pepys. The reference to the latter runs thus: —

"A Noate written out of an ould Booke of my uncle William Pepys."

"William Pepys, who died at Cottenham, 10 *H.* 8, was brought up by the Abbat of Crowland, in Huntingdonshire, and he was borne in Dunbar, in Scotland, a gentleman, whom the said Abbat did make his Bayliffe of all his lands in Cambridgeshire, and placed him in Cottenham, which William aforesaid had three sonnes, Thomas, John, and William, to whom Margaret was mother naturallie, all of whom left issue."

In illustration of this entry we may refer to the Diary of June 12th, 1667, where it is written that Roger Pepys told Samuel that "we did certainly come out of Scotland with the Abbot of Crowland." The references to various members of the family settled in Cottenham and elsewhere, at an early date already alluded to, seem to show that there is little foundation for this very positive statement.

With regard to the standing of the family, Mr. Walter Pepys writes: —

"The first of the name in 1273 were evidently but small copyholders. Within 150 years (1420) three or four of the name had entered the priesthood, and others had become connected with the monastery of Croyland as bailiffs, &c. In 250 years (1520) there were certainly two families: one at Cottenham, co. Cambridge, and another at Braintree, co. Essex, in comfortable circumstances as yeomen farmers. Within fifty years more (1563), one of the family, Thomas, of Southcreeke, co. Norfolk, had entered the ranks of the gentry sufficiently to have his coat-of-arms recognized by the Herald Cooke, who conducted the Visitation of Norfolk in that year. From that date the majority of the family have been in good circumstances, with perhaps more than the average of its members taking up public positions."[1]

There is a very general notion that Samuel Pepys was of plebeian birth because his father followed the trade of a tailor, and his own remark, "But I believe indeed our family were never considerable,"[2] has been brought forward in corroboration of this view, but nothing can possibly be more erroneous, and there can be no doubt that the Diarist was really proud of his descent. This may be seen from

[1] "Genealogy," p. 16. [2] February 10th, 1661-62.

the inscription on one of his book-plates, where he is stated to be —

"Samuel Pepys of Brampton in Huntingdonshire, Esq., Secretary of the Admiralty to his Maty King Charles the Second: Descended from ye antient family of Pepys of Cottenham in Cambridgeshire."

Many members of the family have greatly distinguished themselves since the Diarist's day, and of them Mr. Foss wrote ("Judges of England," vol. vi., p. 467): —

"In the family of Pepys is illustrated every gradation of legal rank from Reader of an Inn of Court to Lord High Chancellor of England."

The William Pepys of Cottenham who commences the pedigree had three sons and three daughters; from the eldest son (Thomas) descended the first Norfolk branch, from the second son (John Pepys of Southcreeke) descended the second Norfolk branch, and from the third son (William) descended the Impington branch. The latter William had four sons and two daughters; two of these sons were named Thomas, and as they were both living at the same time one was distinguished as "the black" and the other as "the red." Thomas the red had four sons and four daughters. John, born 1601, was the third son, and he became the father of Samuel the Diarist. Little is known of John Pepys, but we learn when the Diary opens that he was settled in London as a tailor. He does not appear to have been a successful man, and his son on August 26th, 1661, found that there was only £45 owing to him, and that he owed about the same sum. He was a citizen of London in 1650, when his son Samuel was admitted to Magdalene College, but at an earlier period he appears to have had business relations with Holland.[1]

[1] "We went through Horslydown, where I never was since a little boy, that I went to enquire after my father, whom we did give over for lost coming from Holland." — Diary, Jan. 24th, 1665-66. John Pepys appears, from the State Papers, to have visited Holland as late as 1656.

"That passes be graunted to goe beyond ye seas to ye persons following, vizt, To John Pepys and his man, with necessaryes for Holland, being on the desire of Mr Samll Pepys.

"Ordered by the Council, Thursday, 7th August, 1656."

In August, 1661, John Pepys retired to a small property at Brampton (worth about £80 per annum),[1] which had been left to him by his eldest brother, Robert Pepys, where he died in 1680.[2] His wife Margaret,[3] whose maiden name has not

[1] See Diary, June 17th, 1666.

[2] The following is a copy of John Pepys's will: —

"My Father's Will.

[Indorsement by S. Pepys.]

"Memorandum. That I, John Pepys of Ellington, in the county of Huntingdon, Gent^n, doe declare my mind in the disposall of my worldly goods as followeth:

"First, I desire that my lands and goods left mee by my brother, Robert Pepys, deceased, bee delivered up to my eldest son, Samuell Pepys, of London, Esq^r, according as is expressed in the last Will of my brother Robert aforesaid.

"Secondly, As for what goods I have brought from London, or procured since, and what moneys I shall leave behind me or due to me, I desire may be disposed of as followeth:

"Imprimis, I give to the stock of the poore of the parish of Brampton, in which church I desire to be enterred, five pounds.

"Item. I give to the poore of Ellington forty shillings.

"Item. I desire that my two grandsons, Samuell and John Jackson, have ten pounds a piece.

"Item. I desire that my daughter, Paulina Jackson, may have my largest silver tankerd.

"Item. I desire that my son John Pepys may have my gold seale-ring.

"Lastly. I desire that the remainder of what I shall leave be equally distributed between my sons Samuel and John Pepys and my daughter Paulina Jackson.

"All which I leave to the care of my eldest son Samuel Pepys, to see performed, if he shall think fit.

"In witness hereunto I set my hand."

[3] Pepys tells us (Diary, Dec. 31st, 1664) that his father and mother were married at Newington in Surrey, on October 15th, 1626, but although the register of marriages of St. Mary, Newington, has been searched, the certificate of the marriage has not been found, and the maiden name of Mrs. John Pepys is still unknown. Mr. Osmund Airy suggests, in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," the possibility that her maiden name may have been Perkins, and refers to an uncle and aunt Perkins who lived in poverty in the Fens near Wisbeach. I believe, however, that these Perkins were connections on the father's rather than on the mother's side. Jane Pepys, youngest sister of Samuel's father, married J. Perkin. The suggestion, nevertheless, is useful, as it draws attention to the possibility of some of the cousins and aunts to whom we can find no clue, having been relations on the mother's side.

been discovered, died on the 25th March, 1667, also at Brampton. The family of these two consisted of six sons and five daughters: John (born 1632, died 1640), Samuel (born 1633, died 1703), Thomas (born 1634, died 1664), Jacob (born 1637, died young), Robert (born 1638, died young), and John (born 1641, died 1677); Mary (born 1627), Paulina (born 1628), Esther (born 1630), Sarah (born 1635; these four girls all died young), and Paulina (born 1640, died 1680), who married John Jackson of Brampton, and had two sons, Samuel and John. The latter was made his heir by Samuel Pepys.

Samuel Pepys was born on the 23rd February, 1632–3, but the place of birth is not known with certainty. Samuel Knight, D.D., author of the "Life of Colet," who was a connection of the family (having married Hannah Pepys, daughter of Talbot Pepys of Impington), says positively that it was at Brampton. His statement cannot be corroborated by the registers of Brampton church, as these records do not commence until the year 1654.

Samuel's early youth appears to have been spent pretty equally between town and country. When he and his brother Tom were children they lived with a nurse (Goody Lawrence) at Kingsland,[1] and in after life Samuel refers to his habit of shooting with bow and arrow in the fields around that place.[2] He then went to school at Huntingdon,[3] from which he was transferred to St. Paul's School in London. He remained at the latter place until 1650, early in which year his name was entered as a sizar on the boards of Trinity Hall, Cambridge.[4] He was admitted on the 21st June, but

[1] Diary, April 25th, 1664. [2] May 12th, 1667.
[3] March 15th, 1659–60.
[4] Lord Braybrooke says Trinity *College*, but his statement does not agree with the information given in the extracts from the Magdalene College register books quoted in the note on p. xvii, where we find the words, "in Aula Trin." I have made inquiries in order to settle this point, but the result is only negative. The Master of Trinity Hall has been so good as to inform me that the registers of his college do not go back so far as this date, and through the kindness of Mr. J. W. L. Glaisher, F.R.S., Fellow of Trinity College, I learn that Pepys's name does not occur in the registers of that college, and that there is no reason to suspect any omissions in the registers. As there is thus much evidence against his admission at Trinity College, it seems but fair to accept the evidence of the books of Magdalene College until they are proved to be incorrect.

subsequently he transferred his allegiance to Magdalene College, where he was admitted a sizar on the 1st October of this same year. He did not enter into residence until March 5th, 1650–51,[1] but in the following month he was elected to one of Mr. Spendluffe's scholarships, and two years later (October 14th, 1653) he was preferred to one on Dr. John Smith's foundation.[2]

Little or nothing is known of Pepys's career at college, but soon after obtaining the Smith scholarship he got into trouble, and, with a companion, was admonished for being drunk.[3] His time, however, was not wasted, and there is evidence that he carried into his busy life a fair stock of classical learning and a true love of letters. Throughout his life he looked back with pleasure to the time he spent at the university, and his college was remembered in his will when he bequeathed his valuable library. In this same year, 1653, he graduated B.A.[4] On the 1st of December, 1655, when he was still without any settled means of sup-

[1] "Went to reside in Magl. Coll. Camb., and did put on my gown first, March 5, 1650–51." — Diary, Dec. 31st, 1664.

[2] Mr. Mynors Bright has printed the following extracts from the entry and register books of Magdalene College, which refer to these movements: —

"Oct. 1, 1650. Samuell Peapys filius Johannis Peapys civis Londinensis, annos natus — è scholâ Paulina admissus est Sizator, Tutore Dno Morland.

"Mem, eũ prius admissũ fuisse in Aulâ Trin: 21 die Junii ejusdem añi, ut patet ex testif. Mri Twells ibidem Socio, dat. Mar. 4 $165\frac{0}{1}$, quo die etiã in ordinẽ transijt Pensionariorum apud nos."

"Aprilis 3o, 1651. Ego Samuel Pepys electus fui et admissus in discipulum hujus Collegij pro Magistro Spenluff."

"Octob. 4o, 1653. Ego Samuel Pepys electus fui et admissus in discipulum hujus Collegij pro Magistro Johanne Smyth."

These entries are also printed in the Appendix to the "Fifth Report of the Historical MSS. Commission," p. 484.

[3] October 21st, 1653. "Memorandum: that Peapys and Hind were solemnly admonished by myself and Mr. Hill, for having been scandalously over-served with drink ye night before. This was done in the presence of all the Fellows then resident, in Mr. Hill's chamber. — John Wood, Registrar." (*From the Registrar's-book of Magdalene College.*)

[4] There is no information at the registry of the university which throws any light upon the question whether Pepys was first entered at Trinity College or Trinity Hall, but Mr. Charles E. Grant has kindly informed me that "Sam: Peapys" matriculated as a pensioner at Magdalene on July 4th, 1651, and was a B.A. of 1653.

port, he married Elizabeth St. Michel, a beautiful and portionless girl of fifteen. Her father, Alexander Marchant, Sieur de St. Michel, was of a good family in Anjou, being son of the High Sheriff of Bauge (in Anjou). Having turned Huguenot at the age of twenty-one, when in the German service, his father disinherited him, and he also lost the reversion of some £20,000 sterling which his uncle, a rich French canon, intended to bequeath to him before he left the Roman Catholic church. He came over to England in the retinue of Henrietta Maria on her marriage with Charles I., but the queen dismissed him on finding that he was a Protestant and did not attend mass. Being a handsome man, with courtly manners, he found favour in the sight of the widow of an Irish squire (daughter of Sir Francis Kingsmill), who married him against the wishes of her family. After the marriage, Alexander St. Michel and his wife having raised some fifteen hundred pounds, started for France in the hope of recovering some part of the family property. They were unfortunate in all their movements, and on their journey to France were taken prisoners by the Dunkirkers, who stripped them of all their property. They now settled at Bideford in Devonshire, and here or near by were born Elizabeth and the rest of the family. At a later period St. Michel served against the Spaniards at the taking of Dunkirk and Arras, and settled at Paris. He was an unfortunate man throughout life, and his son Balthasar says of him: "My father at last grew full of whimsies and propositions of perpetual motion, &c., to kings, princes and others, which soaked his pocket, and brought all our family so low by his not minding anything else, spending all he had got and getting no other employment to bring in more."

While he was away from Paris, some "deluding papists" and "pretended devouts" persuaded Madame St. Michel to place her daughter in the nunnery of the Ursulines. When the father heard of this, he hurried back, and managed to get Elizabeth out of the nunnery after she had been there twelve days. Thinking that France was a dangerous place to live in, he removed his family to England, where soon afterwards his daughter was married, although, as Lord Braybrooke remarks, we are not told how she became acquainted with Pepys.

St. Michel was greatly pleased that his daughter had become the wife of a true Protestant, and she herself said to him, kissing his eyes: "Dear father, though in my tender years I was by my low fortune in this world deluded to popery, by the fond dictates thereof I have now (joined with my riper years, which give me some understanding) a man to my husband too wise and one too religious to the Protestant religion to suffer my thoughts to bend that way any more."[1]

Alexander St. Michel kept up his character for fecklessness through life, and took out patents for curing smoking chimneys, purifying water, and moulding bricks. In 1667 he petitioned the king, asserting that he had discovered King Solomon's gold and silver mines, and the Diary of the same date contains a curious commentary upon these visions of wealth:—

"March 29, 1667. 4*s*. a week which his (Balty St. Michel's) father receives of the French church is all the subsistence his father and mother have, and about £20 a year maintains them."

As already noted, Pepys was married on December 1st, 1655. This date is given on the authority of the Registers of St. Margaret's Church, Westminster,[2] but strangely enough Pepys himself supposed his wedding day to have been October 10th.[3] Lord Braybrooke remarks on this,—

"It is notorious that the registers in those times were very ill kept, of which we have here a striking instance. . . . Surely a man who kept a diary could not have made such a blunder."

What is even more strange than Pepys's conviction that he was married on October 10th is Mrs. Pepys's agreement with him. On October 10th, 1666, we read,—

[1] These particulars are obtained from an interesting letter from Balthasar St. Michel to Pepys, dated "Deal, Feb. 8, 1673–4," and printed in "Life, Journals, and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys," 1841, vol. i., pp. 146–53.

[2] The late Mr. T. C. Noble kindly communicated to me a copy of the original marriage certificate, which is as follows: "Samuell Peps of this parish Gent. & Elizabeth De S^{nt} Michell of Martins in the ffields Spinster. Published October 19th, 22nd, 29th [1655], and were married by Richard Sherwin Esq^{r} one of the Justices of the Peace of the Cittie and Lyberties of Westm^{r} December 1st. (Signed) Ri. Sherwin."

[3] See Diary, Oct. 10th, 1661; Oct. 10th, 1664; Oct. 10th, 1666.

"So home to supper, and to bed, it being my wedding night, but how many years I cannot tell; but my wife says ten."

Here Mrs. Pepys was wrong, as it was eleven years; so she may have been wrong in the day also. In spite of the high authority of Mr. and Mrs. Pepys on a question so interesting to them both, we must accept the register as conclusive on this point until further evidence of its incorrectness is forthcoming.

Sir Edward Montagu (afterwards Earl of Sandwich), who was Pepys's first cousin one remove (Pepys's grandfather and Montagu's mother being brother and sister), was a true friend to his poor kinsman, and he at once held out a helping hand to the imprudent couple, allowing them to live in his house. John Pepys does not appear to have been in sufficiently good circumstances to pay for the education of his son, and it seems probable that Samuel went to the university under his influential cousin's patronage. At all events he owed his success in life primarily to Montagu, to whom he appears to have acted as a sort of agent.

On March 26th, 1658, he underwent a successful operation for the stone, and we find him celebrating each anniversary of this important event of his life with thanksgiving. He went through life with little trouble on this score, but when he died at the age of seventy a nest of seven stones was found in his left kidney.[1]

In June, 1659, Pepys accompanied Sir Edward Montagu in the "Naseby," when the Admiral of the Baltic Fleet and Algernon Sidney went to the Sound as joint commissioners. It was then that Montagu corresponded with Charles II., but he had to be very secret in his movements on account of the suspicions of Sidney. Pepys knew nothing of what was going on, as he confesses in the Diary:—

"I do from this raise an opinion of him, to be one of the most secret men in the world, which I was not so convinced of before."[2]

[1] "June 10th, 1669. I went this evening to London, to carry Mr. Pepys to my brother Richard, now exceedingly afflicted with the stone, who had been successfully cut, and carried the stone, as big as a tennis ball, to show him and encourage his resolution to go thro' the operation." — Evelyn's *Diary*.

[2] Nov. 7th, 1660. See also Diary, March 8th, 1662–63.

On Pepys's return to England he obtained an appointment in the office of Mr., afterwards Sir George Downing, who was one of the Four Tellers of the Receipt of the Exchequer. He was clerk to Downing when he commenced his diary on January 1st, 1660, and then lived in Axe Yard, close by King Street, Westminster, a place on the site of which was built Fludyer Street. This, too, was swept away for the Government offices in 1864–65. His salary was £50 a year.[1] Downing invited Pepys to accompany him to Holland, but he does not appear to have been very pressing, and a few days later in this same January he got him appointed one of the Clerks of the Council, but the recipient of the favour does not appear to have been very grateful. A great change was now about to take place in Pepys's fortunes, for in the following March he was made secretary to Sir Edward Montagu in his expedition to bring about the restoration of Charles II., and on the 23rd he went on board the "Swiftsure" with Montagu. On the 30th they transferred themselves to the "Naseby." Owing to this appointment of Pepys we have in the Diary a very full account of the daily movements of the fleet until, events having followed their natural course, Montagu had the honour of bringing Charles II. to Dover, where the King was received with great rejoicing. Several of the ships in the fleet had names which were obnoxious to Royalists, and on the 23rd May the King came on board the "Naseby" and altered there — the "Naseby" to the "Charles," the "Richard" to the "Royal James," the "Speaker" to the "Mary," the "Winsby" to the "Happy Return," the "Wakefield" to the "Richmond," the "Lambert" to the "Henrietta," the "Cheriton" to the "Speedwell," and the "Bradford" to the "Success."[2] This portion of the Diary is of particular interest, and the various excursions in Holland which the Diarist made are described in a very amusing manner.

When Montagu and Pepys had both returned to London, the former told the latter that he had obtained the promise of the office of Clerk of the Acts for him. Many difficulties

[1] Diary, Jan. 30th, 1659–60: "I taking my £12 10*s.* 0*d.* due to me for my last quarter's salary."

[2] *A List of such Shipps as were at Sceaueling in attending on his Maty at his returne to England, with an Account of the then Com-*

occurred before Pepys actually secured the place, so that at times he was inclined to accept the offers which were made to him to give it up. General Monk was anxious to get the office for Mr. Turner, who was Chief Clerk in the Navy Office, but in the end Montagu's influence secured it for Pepys. Then Thomas Barlow, who had been appointed Clerk of the Acts in 1638, turned up, and appeared likely to become disagreeable. Pepys bought him off with an annuity

manders in each Ship, as also an Account of the Gratuity. [*From a paper in the British Museum.* (June 19th, 1660.)]

Names.	Commanders.	Men.	Guns.	Gratuities.
Naseby, *alias* Charles	Roger Cuttance ..	500	80	801 19 6
London	John Lawson	360	64	580 13 6
Swiftsure	Sir Rich[d] Stayner.	300	40	444 13 6
Speaker, *alias* Mary.....	Rob. Clarke.....	220	52	295 17 0
Centurion	John Parke.....	150	40	209 17 0
Plymouth.....	Jo. Haywarde....	260	54	298 7 10
Cherriton, *alias* Speedwell.	Henry Cuttance..	90	20	122 15 6
Dartmouth	Rich[d] Rooth.....	100	22	134 4 2
Lark.....	Tho. Levidge	40	10	57 6 8
Hinde	Rich[d] Country ...	35	6	55 15 8
Nonsuch frigate	John Parker.....	120	34	194 18 0
Norwich.....	Mich. Untton....	100	22	133 0 0
Winsby, Happy Return...	Joseph Ames	160	44	173 6 9
Royal James	John Stoakes	400	70	369 4 3
Lamport, *alias* Henrietta.	John Coppin.....	210	50	274 1 4
Essex	Tho. Bunn	200	48	210 2 2
Portsmouth	Rob. Sansum	130	38	155 6 3
Yarmouth	Cha. Wager	160	44	215 2 0
Assistance	Tho[s] Sparling....	140	40	160 17 4
Foresight.....	Peter Mootham..	140	40	176 19 4
Elias.....	Mark Harrison...	110	36	172 10 3
Bradford, Success.....	Peter Bower.....	100	24	
Hampshire	Henry Terne	130	38	171 9 1
Greyhound	Jerem. Country ..	85	20	95 15 10
Francis	Will[m] Dale.....	45	10	37 15 6
Lilly.....	John Pearce.....	35	6	46 9 9
Hawk	And[w] Ashford...	35	8	48 16 3
Richmond, formerly Wakefield	John Pointz	100	22	118 2 0
Martin	W[m] Burrowes....	50		
Merlyn.....	Edw. Grove			34 16 0
Roe, ketch	Tho. Bowry.....			51 8 0

of £100, which he did not have to pay for any length of time, as Barlow died in February, 1664–65. It is not in human nature to be greatly grieved at the death of one to whom you have to pay an annuity, and Pepys expresses his feelings in a very naïve manner:—

"For which God knows my heart I could be as sorry as is possible for one to be for a stranger by whose death he gets £100 per annum, he being a worthy honest man; but when I come to consider the providence of God by this means unexpectedly to give me £100 a-year more in my estate, I have cause to bless God, and do it from the bottom of my heart."[1]

This office was one of considerable importance, for not only was the holder the secretary or registrar of the Navy Board, but he was also one of the principal officers of the navy, and, as member of the board, of equal rank with the other commissioners. This office Pepys held during the whole period of the Diary, and we find him constantly fighting for his position, as some of the other members wished to reduce his rank merely to that of secretary. In his contention Pepys appears to have been in the right, and a valuable MS. volume in the Pepysian library contains an extract from the Old Instructions of about 1649, in which this very point is argued out. The volume appears to have been made up by William Penn the Quaker, from a collection of manuscripts on the affairs of the navy found in his father's, "Sir William Penn's closet." It was presented to Charles II., with a dedication ending thus:—

"I hope enough to justifie soe much freedome with a Prince that is so easie to excuse things well intended as this is

"By,

"Great Prince,

"Thy faithfull subject,

"Wm. Penn."

"London, the 22 of the Mo. called June, 1680."

It does not appear how the volume came into Pepys's possession. It may have been given him by the king, or he may have taken it as a perquisite of his office. The book has an index, which was evidently added by Pepys; in this

[1] Diary, Feb. 9th, 1664–65.

are these entries, which show his appreciation of the contents of the MS.: —

"Clerk of the Acts,
his duty,
his necessity and usefulness."

The following description of the duty of the Clerk of the Acts shows the importance of the office, and the statement that if the clerk is not fitted to act as a commissioner he is a blockhead and unfit for his employment is particularly racy, and not quite the form of expression one would expect to find in an official document: —

"CLERKE OF THE ACTS.

"The clarke of the Navye's duty depends principally upon rateing (by the Board's approbation) of all bills and recording of them, and all orders, contracts & warrants, making up and casting of accompts, framing and writing answers to letters, orders, and commands from the Councell, Lord High Admirall, or Commissioners of the Admiralty, and he ought to be a very able accomptant, well versed in Navall affairs and all inferior officers dutyes.

"It hath been objected by some that the Clarke of the Acts ought to be subordinate to the rest of the Commissioners, and not to be joyned in equall power with them, although he was so constituted from the first institution, which hath been an opinion only of some to keep him at a distance, least he might be thought too forward if he had joynt power in discovering or argueing against that which peradventure private interest would have concealed; it is certaine no man sees more of the Navye's Transactions than himselfe, and possibly may speak as much to the project if required, or else he is a blockhead, and not fitt for that imployment. But why he should not make as able a Commissioner as a shipp wright lett wise men judge."

In Pepys's patent the salary is stated to be £33 6*s*. 8*d*., but this was only the ancient "fee out of the Exchequer," which had been attached to the office for more than a century. Pepys's salary had been previously fixed at £350 a-year.

Neither of the two qualifications upon which particular stress is laid in the above Instructions was possessed by Pepys. He knew nothing about the navy, and so little of accounts that he learned the multiplication table for the

first time in July, 1662. We see from the particulars given in the Diary how hard he worked to obtain the knowledge required in his office, and in consequence of his assiduity he soon became a model official. When Pepys became Clerk of the Acts he took up his residence at the Navy Office, a large building situated between Crutched Friars and Seething Lane, with an entrance in each of those places. On July 4th, 1660, he went with Commissioner Pett to view the houses, and was very pleased with them, but he feared that the more influential officers would jockey him out of his rights. His fears were not well grounded, and on July 18th he records the fact that he dined in his own apartments, which were situated in the Seething Lane front.

On July 23rd, 1660, Pepys was sworn in as Lord Sandwich's deputy for a Clerkship of the Privy Seal. This office, which he did not think much of at first, brought him in for a time £3 a day. In June, 1660, he was made Master of Arts by proxy, and soon afterwards he was sworn in as a Justice of the Peace for Middlesex, Essex, Kent, and Hampshire, the counties in which the chief dockyards were situated.

Pepys's life is written large in the Diary, and it is not necessary here to do more than catalogue the chief incidents of it in chronological order. In February, 1661–62, he was chosen a Younger Brother of the Trinity House, and in April, 1662, when on an official visit to Portsmouth Dockyard, he was made a burgess of the town. In August of the same year he was appointed one of the commissioners for the affairs of Tangier. Soon afterwards Thomas Povy, the treasurer, got his accounts into a muddle, and showed himself incompetent for the place, so that Pepys replaced him as treasurer to the commission.

In March, 1663–64, the Corporation of the Royal Fishery was appointed, with the Duke of York as governor, and thirty-two assistants, mostly "very great persons." Through Lord Sandwich's influence Pepys was made one of these.

The time was now arriving when Pepys's general ability and devotion to business brought him prominently into notice. During the Dutch war the unreadiness of the ships, more particularly in respect to victualling, was the cause of great trouble. The Clerk of the Acts did his utmost to set

things right, and he was appointed Surveyor-General of the Victualling Office. The kind way in which Mr. Coventry proposed him as "the fittest man in England" for the office, and the Duke of York's expressed approval, greatly pleased him.

During the fearful period when the Plague was raging, Pepys stuck to his business, and the chief management of naval affairs devolved upon him, for the meetings at the Navy Office were but thinly attended. In a letter to Coventry he wrote: —

"The sickness in general thickens round us, and particularly upon our neighbourhood. You, sir, took your turn of the sword; I must not, therefore, grudge to take mine of the pestilence."

At this time his wife was living at Woolwich, and he himself with his clerks at Greenwich; one maid only remained in the house in London.

Pepys rendered special service at the time of the Fire of London. He communicated the king's wishes to the Lord Mayor, and he saved the Navy Office by having up workmen from Woolwich and Deptford Dockyards to pull down the houses around, and so prevent the spread of the flames.

When peace was at length concluded with the Dutch, and people had time to think over the disgrace which the country had suffered by the presence of De Ruyter's fleet in the Medway, it was natural that a public inquiry into the management of the war should be undertaken. A Parliamentary Committee was appointed in October, 1667, to inquire into the matter. Pepys made a statement which satisfied the committee, but for months afterwards he was continually being summoned to answer some charge, so that he confesses himself as mad to "become the hackney of this office in perpetual trouble and vexation that need it least."[1]

At last a storm broke out in the House of Commons against the principal officers of the navy, and some members demanded that they should be put out of their places. In the end they were ordered to be heard in their own defence at the bar of the House. The whole labour of the defence fell upon Pepys, but having made out his case with great skill, he was rewarded by a most unexpected success.

[1] Diary, Feb. 11th, 1667–68.

On the 5th March, 1667–68, he made the great speech of his life, and spoke for three hours, with the effect that he so far removed the prejudice against the officers of the Navy Board, that no further proceedings were taken in parliament on the subject. He was highly praised for his speech, and he was naturally much elated at his brilliant success.

About the year 1664 we first hear of a defect in Pepys's eyesight. He consulted the celebrated Cocker, and began to wear green spectacles, but gradually this defect became more pronounced, and on the 31st of May, 1669, he wrote the last words in his Diary:—

"And thus ends all that I doubt I shall ever be able to do with my own eyes in the keeping of my Journal, I being not able to do it any longer, having done now as long as to undo my eyes almost every time that I take a pen in my hand."

He feared blindness and was forced to desist, to his lasting regret and our great loss.

At this time he obtained leave of absence from the duties of his office, and he set out on a tour through France and Holland accompanied by his wife. In his travels he was true to the occupation of his life, and made collections respecting the French and Dutch navies. Some months after his return he spoke of his journey as having been "full of health and content," but no sooner had he and his wife returned to London than the latter became seriously ill with a fever. The disease took a fatal turn, and on the 10th of November, 1669, Elizabeth Pepys died at the early age of twenty-nine years, to the great grief of her husband. She died at their house in Crutched Friars, and was buried at St. Olave's Church, Hart Street, where Pepys erected a monument to her memory with this inscription:—

H. S. E.
Cui
Cunas dedit SOMERSETIA, Octob: 23. 1640.
Patrem e præclarâ familiâ de S^t Michel, ANDEGAVIA,
Matrem e nobili Stirpe Cliffodorum, CUMBRIA,
ELIZABETHA PEPYS,
Samuelis Pepys (Classi Regiæ ab Actis) Uxor.
Quæ in Cænobio primum, Aulâ dein educata Gallicâ,

Utriusque unà claruit virtutibus,
Formâ, Artibus, Linguis, cultissima.
Prolem enixa, quia parem non potuit, nullam.
Huic demum placidè cum valedixerat
(Confecto per amæniora ferè Europæ itinere)
Potiorem abiit redux lustratura mundum.
Obiit 10 Novembris,
Anno { Ætatis 29. / Conjugii 15. / Domini 1669.

Arms. — Sable, on a Bend Or, between two Nags' Heads erased Argent, three Fleurs de Lis of the first; impaling Ermine, three Roses.

Pepys's successful speech at the bar of the House of Commons made him anxious to become a member, and the Duke of York and Sir William Coventry heartily supported him in his resolution. An opening occurred in due course, at Aldborough, in Suffolk, owing to the death of Sir Robert Brooke in 1669,[1] but, in consequence of the death of his wife, Pepys was unable to take part in the election. His cause was warmly espoused by the Duke of York and by Lord Henry Howard (afterwards Earl Norwich and sixth Duke of Norfolk), but the efforts of his supporters failed, and the contest ended in favour of John Bruce, who represented the popular party. In November, 1673, Pepys was more successful, and was elected for Castle Rising on the elevation of the member, Sir Robert Paston, to the peerage as Viscount Yarmouth. His unsuccessful opponent, Mr. Offley, petitioned against the return, and the election was determined to be void by the Committee of Privileges. The Parliament, however, being prorogued the following month without the House's coming to any vote on the subject, Pepys was permitted to retain his seat. A most irrelevant matter was introduced into the inquiry, and Pepys was charged with having a crucifix in his house, from which it was inferred that he was "a papist or popishly inclined." The charge was grounded upon reported assertions of Sir John Banks and the Earl of Shaftesbury, which they did not stand to when examined on the subject, and the charge was

[1] Sir Robert Brooke, Lord of the Manor of Wanstead from 1662 to 1667, M.P. for Aldborough 1660, 1661–69. He retired to France in bad circumstances, and from a letter among the Pepys MSS. it appears that he was drowned in the river at Lyons.

not proved to be good.[1] It will be seen from the extracts from the Journals of the House of Commons given in the note that Pepys denied ever having had an altar or crucifix in his house. In the Diary there is a distinct statement of his possession of a crucifix, but it is not clear from the following extracts whether it was not merely a varnished engraving of the Crucifixion which he possessed: —

July 20, 1666. "So I away to Lovett's, there to see how my picture goes on to be varnished, a fine crucifix which will be very fine." August 2. "At home find Lovett, who showed me my crucifix, which will be very fine when done." Nov. 3. "This morning comes Mr. Lovett and brings me my print of the Passion, varnished by him, and the frame which is indeed very fine, though not so fine as I expected; however pleases me exceedingly."

Whether he had or had not a crucifix in his house was a matter for himself alone, and the interference of the House

[1] "The House then proceeding upon the debate touching the Election for Castle Rising, between Mr. Pepys and Mr. Offley, did, in the first place, take into consideration what related personally to Mr. Pepys. Information being given to the House that they had received an account from a person of quality, that he saw an Altar with a Crucifix upon it, in the house of Mr. Pepys; Mr. Pepys, standing up in his place, did heartily and flatly deny that he ever had any Altar or Crucifix, or the image or picture of any Saint whatsoever in his house, from the top to the bottom of it; and the Members being called upon to name the person that gave them the information, they were unwilling to declare it without the order of the House; which, being made, they named the Earl of Shaftesbury; and the House being also informed that Sir J. Banks did likewise see the Altar, he was ordered to attend the Bar of the House, to declare what he knew of this matter. 'Ordered that Sir William Coventry, Sir Thomas Meeres, and Mr. Garraway do attend Lord Shaftesbury on the like occasion, and receive what information his Lordship can give on this matter.'" — *Journals of the House of Commons*, vol. ix., p. 306. —— "13th February, Sir W. Coventry reports that they attended the Earl of Shaftesbury, and received from him the account which they had put in writing. The Earl of Shaftesbury denieth that he ever saw an Altar in Mr. Pepys's house or lodgings; as to the Crucifix, he saith he hath some imperfect memory of seeing somewhat which he conceived to be a Crucifix. When his Lordship was asked the time, he said it was before the burning of the Office of the Navy. Being asked concerning the manner, he said he could not remember whether it were painted or carved, or in what manner the thing was; and that his memory was so very imperfect in it, that if he were upon his oath he could give no

of Commons was a gross violation of the liberty of the subject.

In connection with Lord Shaftesbury's part in this matter, the late Mr. W. D. Christie found the following letter to Sir Thomas Meres among the papers at St. Giles's House, Dorsetshire: —

"Exeter House, February 10th, 1674.

"Sir, — That there might be no mistake, I thought best to put my answer in writing to those questions that yourself, Sir William Coventry, and Mr. Garroway were pleased to propose to me this morning from the House of Commons, which is that I never designed to be a witness against any man for what I either heard or saw, and therefore did not take so exact notice of things inquired of as to be able to remember them so clearly as is requisite to do in a testimony upon honour or oath, or to so great and honourable a body as the House of Commons, it being some years' distance since I was at Mr. Pepys his lodging. Only that particular of an altar is so signal that I must needs have remembered it had I seen any such thing, which I am sure I do not. This I desire you to communicate with Sir William Coventry and Mr. Garroway to be delivered as my answer to the House of Commons, it being the same I gave you this morning.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"SHAFTESBURY."

After reading this letter Sir William Coventry very justly remarked, "There are a great many more Catholics than think themselves so, if having a crucifix will make one." Mr. Christie resented the remarks on Lord Shaftesbury's part in this persecution of Pepys made by Lord Braybrooke, who said, "Painful indeed is it to reflect to what length the bad passions which party violence inflames could in those

testimony." — *Ibid.*, vol. ix., p. 309. —— "16th February — Sir John Banks was called in — The Speaker desired him to answer what acquaintance he had with Mr. Pepys, and whether he used to have recourse to him to his house, and had ever seen there any Altar or Crucifix, or whether he knew of his being a Papist, or Popishly inclined. Sir J. Banks said that he had known and had been acquainted with Mr. Pepys several years, and had often visited him and conversed with him at the Navy Office, and at his house there upon several occasions; and that he never saw in his house there any Altar or Crucifix, and that he does not believe him to be a Papist, or that way inclined in the least, nor had any reason or ground to think or believe it." — *Ibid.*, vol. ix., p. 310.

days carry a man of Shaftesbury's rank, station, and abilities." Mr. Christie observes, "It is clear from the letter to Meres that Shaftesbury showed no malice and much scrupulousness when a formal charge, involving important results, was founded on his loose private conversations."[1] This would be a fair vindication if the above attack upon Pepys stood alone, but we shall see later on that Shaftesbury was the moving spirit in a still more unjustifiable attack.

Lord Sandwich died heroically in the naval action in Southwold Bay, and on June 24th, 1672, his remains were buried with some pomp in Westminster Abbey. There were eleven earls among the mourners, and Pepys, as the first among "the six Bannerolles," walked in the procession.

About this time Pepys was called from his old post of Clerk of the Acts to the higher office of Secretary of the Admiralty. His first appointment was a piece of favouritism, but it was due to his merits alone that he obtained the secretaryship. In the summer of 1673, the Duke of York having resigned all his appointments on the passing of the Test Act, the King put the Admiralty into commission, and Pepys was appointed Secretary for the Affairs of the Navy.[2] He was thus brought into more intimate connection with Charles II., who took the deepest interest in shipbuilding and all naval affairs. The Duke of Buckingham said of the King:—

"The great, almost the only pleasure of his mind to which he seemed addicted was shipping and sea affairs, which seemed to be so much his talent for knowledge as well as inclination, that a war of that kind was rather an entertainment than any disturbance to his thoughts."[3]

When Pepys ceased to be Clerk of the Acts he was able to obtain the appointment for his clerk, Thomas Hayter, and his brother, John Pepys, who held it jointly. The

[1] Christie's "Life of the First Earl of Shaftesbury," 1871, vol. ii., pp. 195–197.

[2] The office generally known as Secretary of the Admiralty dates back many years, but the officer who filled it was sometimes Secretary to the Lord High Admiral, and sometimes to the Commission for that office. "His Majesties Letters Patent for y^e^ erecting the office of Secretary of y^e^ Admiralty of England, and creating Samuel Pepys, Esq., first Secretary therein," is dated June 10th, 1684.

[3] Jesse's "Stuarts," vol. iii., p. 326.

latter does not appear to have done much credit to Samuel. He was appointed Clerk to the Trinity House in 1670 on his brother's recommendation, and when he died in 1677 he was in debt £300 to his employers, and this sum Samuel had to pay. In 1676 Pepys was Master of the Trinity House, and in the following year Master of the Clothworkers' Company, when he presented a richly-chased silver cup, which is still used at the banquets of the company. On Tuesday, 10th September, 1677, the Feast of the Hon. Artillery Company was held at Merchant Taylors' Hall, when the Duke of York, the Duke of Somerset, the Lord Chancellor, and other distinguished persons were present. On this occasion Viscount Newport, Sir Joseph Williamson, and Samuel Pepys officiated as stewards.[1]

About this time it is evident that the secretary carried himself with some haughtiness as a ruler of the navy, and that this was resented by some. An amusing instance will be found in the "Parliamentary Debates." On May 11th, 1678, the King's verbal message to quicken the supply was brought in by Mr. Secretary Williamson, when Pepys spoke to this effect:—

"When I promised that the ships should be ready by the 30th of May, it was upon the supposition of the money for 90 ships proposed by the King and voted by you, their sizes and rates, and I doubt not by that time to have 90 ships, and if they fall short it will be only from the failing of the Streights ships coming home and those but two. . . .

"*Sir Robert Howard* then rose and said, 'Pepys here speaks rather like an Admiral than a Secretary, "I" and "we." I wish he knows half as much of the Navy as he pretends.'"[2]

Pepys was chosen by the electors of Harwich as their member in the short Parliament that sat from March to July, 1679, his colleague being Sir Anthony Deane, but both members were sent to the Tower in May on a baseless charge, and they were superseded in the next Parliament that met on the 17th October, 1679.

The high-handed treatment which Pepys underwent at this time exhibits a marked instance of the disgraceful persecution connected with the so-called Popish plot. He was

[1] Raikes's "Hon. Artillery Company," vol. i., p. 196.
[2] Cobbett's "Parliamentary History," vol. iv., cols. 975, 976.

totally unconnected with the Roman Catholic party, but his association with the Duke of York was sufficient to mark him as a prey for the men who initiated this "Terror" of the seventeenth century. Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey came to his death in October, 1678, and in December Samuel Atkins, Pepys's clerk, was brought to trial as an accessory to his murder.[1] Shaftesbury and the others not having succeeded in getting at Pepys through his clerk, soon afterwards attacked him more directly, using the infamous evidence of Colonel Scott. Much light has lately been thrown upon the underhand dealings of this miscreant by Mr. G. D. Scull, who printed privately in 1883 a valuable work entitled, "Dorothea Scott, otherwise Gotherson, and Hogben of Egerton House, Kent, 1611–1680."

John Scott (calling himself Colonel Scott) ingratiated himself into acquaintance with Major Gotherson, and sold to the latter large tracts of land in Long Island, to which he had no right whatever. Dorothea Gotherson, after her husband's death, took steps to ascertain the exact state of her property, and obtained the assistance of Colonel Francis Lovelace, Governor of New York. Scott's fraud was dis-

[1] In Sir G. F. Duckett's "Naval Commissioners, 1660–1760" (privately printed, 1889), there are several particulars as to the life of Samuel Atkins. He was the son of "a colonel on the Parliament side in the late Rebellion," and from 1670 to 1672 was clerk to Colonel Middleton, one of the Commissioners of the Navy, who died in the latter year. He was then clerk in Chatham Dockyard, and in 1674 "he went as junior clerk . . . under Mr. Hewer," and afterwards chief or head-clerk under Pepys, to whom he is said to have been devoted. He was examined before a Committee of the House of Lords, and several times remanded back to Newgate touching the murder of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey. He was eventually acquitted, and having influential friends he subsequently obtained several good appointments. He was a Commissioner of the Navy from 1694 to 1702, and in 1700 he was one of five Commissioners appointed by the House of Lords to state the accounts due to the Army. He died in 1706. An account of Atkins's case, and other documents connected with Godfrey's murder, will be found among the Rawlinson MSS. in the Bodleian Library, A. 173. References to Atkins are given in the House of Lords MSS. ("Historical MSS. Commission," 11th Report, Appendix, part 2, pp. 49–51). Mr. J. R. Tanner communicated an interesting article on "Pepys and the Popish Plot" to the April number (1892) of the "English Historical Review." He shows how the *alibi* which caused the jury to acquit Atkins without leaving the box was prepared by Pepys himself.

covered, and a petition for redress was presented to the King. The result of this was that the Duke of York commanded Pepys "to collect evidence against Scott, and he accordingly brought together a great number of depositions and information as to his dishonest proceedings in New England, Long Island, Barbadoes, France, Holland, and England,"[1] and these papers are preserved among the Rawlinson Manuscripts in the Bodleian. Scott had his revenge, and accused Pepys of betraying the navy by sending secret particulars to the French Government, and of a design to dethrone the king and extirpate the Protestant religion. Pepys and Sir Anthony Deane were committed to the Tower under the Speaker's warrant on May 22nd, 1679, and Pepys's place at the Admiralty was filled by the appointment of Thomas Hayter. When the two prisoners were brought to the bar of the King's Bench on the 2nd of June, the Attorney-General refused bail, but subsequently they were allowed to find security for £30,000.[2]

Pepys was put to great expense in collecting evidence against Scott and obtaining witnesses to clear himself of the

[1] Scull's "Dorothea Scott," pp. 16, 17.

[2] In connection with this period of disgrace the following is of interest:

Extract from a paper without date.

[Endorsed — "The Coffee-House-Paper, wherein y^e^ scandalous intelligence touching M^r^ Pepys."]

"On Tuesday last, M^r^ Peeps went to Windsor, having y^e^ confidence y^t^ he might kisse y^e^ King's hand; and being at Court, mett the Lord Chamberlain and made his complent to his Lordshipp. But his Lordshipp told him y^t^ he wondered he should presume to come to Court before he had cleared himselfe, being charged with treason; whose answer was, his innocency was such, that he valued not any thing he was charged with; soe parted with his Lordshipp; but by the favour of some courtiers, he was brought into y^e^ King's presence: but so soon as his Maj^tie^ saw him, he frowned and turned aside, showing his dislike of seeing him there."

The following contradiction to this statement appeared in "The Domestic Intelligencer, and News from Town and Country," 15th and 26th September, 1679: "These are to give notice that all and every part of the relation published in 'The Domestic Intelligencer' the 9th of this instant September, is, as to the matter, and every particular circumstance therein mentioned, altogether false and scandalous, there having no such passage happened, nor any thing that might give occasion to that report."

charges brought against him. He employed his brother-in-law, Balthasar St. Michel, to collect evidence in France, as he himself explains in a letter to the Commissioners of the Navy: —

"His Majesty of his gracious regard to me, and the justification of my innocence, was then pleased at my humble request to dispence with my said brother goeing (with y^e^ shippe about that time designed for Tangier) and to give leave to his goeing into France (the scene of y^e^ villannys then in practice against me), he being the only person whom (from his relation to me, together with his knowledge in the place and language, his knowne dilligence and particular affection towards mee) I could at that tyme and in soe greate a cause pitch on, for committing the care of this affaire of detecting the practice of my enemies there."[1]

In the end Scott refused to acknowledge to the truth of his original deposition, and the prisoners were relieved from their bail on February 12th, 1679–80. John James, a butler previously in Pepys's service,[2] confessed on his deathbed in 1680 that he had trumped up the whole story relating to his former master's change of religion at the instigation of Mr. William Harbord, M.P. for Thetford.

Pepys wrote on July 1st, 1680, to Mrs. Skinner: —

"I would not omit giving you the knowledge of my having at last obtained what with as much reason I might have expected a year ago, my full discharge from the bondage I have, from one villain's practice, so long lain under."[3]

William Harbord, of Cadbury, co. Somerset, second son of Sir Charles Harbord, whom he succeeded in 1682 as Surveyor-General of the Land Revenues of the Crown, was Pepys's most persistent enemy. Several papers referring to Harbord's conduct were found at Scott's lodging after his flight, and are now preserved among the Rawlinson MSS. in the Bodleian. One of these was the following memorandum, which shows pretty plainly Pepys's opinion of Harbord: —

[1] Scull's "Dorothea Scott," pp. 21, 22.

[2] John James, of Glentworth, co. Lincoln, had been servant to Sir William Coventry, and was recommended to Pepys by Sir R. Mason. James's evidence against Pepys is given in Grey's "Debates," vol. vii., p. 304.

[3] "Pepys's Life, Journals, and Correspondence," 1841, vol. i., p. 216.

"That about the time of Mr. Pepys's surrender of his employment of Secretary of the Admiralty, Capt. Russell and myself being in discourse about Mr. Pepys, Mr. Russell delivered himself in these or other words to this purport: That he thought it might be of advantage to both, if a good understanding were had between his brother Harbord and Mr. Pepys, asking me to propose it to Mr. Pepys, and he would to his brother, which I agreed to, and went immediately from him to Mr. Pepys, and telling him of this discourse, he gave me readily this answer in these very words: That he knew of no service Mr. Harbord could doe him, or if he could, he should be the last man in England he would receive any from."[1]

Besides Scott's dishonesty in his dealings with Major Gotherson, it came out that he had cheated the States of Holland out of £7,000, in consequence of which he was hanged in effigy at the Hague in 1672. In 1682 he fled from England to escape from the law, as he had been guilty of wilful murder by killing George Butler, a hackney coachman, and he reached Norway in safety, where he remained till 1696. In that year some of his influential friends obtained a pardon for him from William III., and he returned to England.[2]

In October, 1680, Pepys attended on Charles II. at Newmarket, and there he took down from the King's own mouth the narrative of his Majesty's escape from Worcester, which was first published in 1766 by Sir David Dalrymple (Lord Hailes) from the MS., which now remains in the Pepysian library both in shorthand and in longhand.[3] It is creditable to Charles II. and the Duke of York that both brothers highly appreciated the abilities of Pepys, and availed themselves of his knowledge of naval affairs.

In the following year there was some chance that Pepys might retire from public affairs, and take upon himself the headship of one of the chief Cambridge colleges. On the death of Sir Thomas Page, the Provost of King's College, in August, 1681, Mr. S. Maryon, a Fellow of Clare Hall,

[1] William Harbord sat as M.P. for Thetford in several parliaments. In 1689 he was chosen on the Privy Council, and in 1690 became Vice-Treasurer for Ireland. He was appointed Ambassador to Turkey in 1692, and died at Belgrade in July of that year.

[2] Scull's "Dorothea Scott," p. 74.

[3] It is included in the "Boscobel Tracts," published with "Grammont's Memoirs" in Bohn's Standard Library (Bell and Sons).

recommended Pepys to apply to the King for the appointment, being assured that the royal mandate if obtained would secure his election. He liked the idea, but replied that he believed Colonel Legge (afterwards Lord Dartmouth) wanted to get the office for an old tutor. Nothing further seems to have been done by Pepys, except that he promised if he were chosen to give the whole profit of the first year, and at least half of that of each succeeding year, to "be dedicated to the general and public use of the college." In the end Dr. John Coplestone was appointed to the post.

On May 22nd, 1681, the Rev. Dr. Milles, rector of St. Olave's, who is so often mentioned in the Diary, gave Pepys a certificate as to his attention to the services of the Church. It is not quite clear what was the occasion of the certificate, but probably the Diarist wished to have it ready in case of another attack upon him in respect to his tendency towards the Church of Rome:—

"I, Daniel Milles, Doctor in Divinity, present (and for above twenty yeares last past) Rector of the parish of St. Olave's, Hart Street, London, doe hereby certify that Samuel Pepys, Esq., some time one of the principall Officers and Commissioners of his Majestie's Navy, and since Secretary of the Admiralty of England, became (with his family) an inhabitant of the said Parish, about the month of June, in the yeare of our Lord 1660, and so continued (without intermission) for the space of thirteen yeares — viz., untill about the same month in the yeare 1673, when he was called thence to attend his Majesty in his said Secretaryship: during all which time, the said Mr. Pepys and his whole family were constant attendants upon the public worship of God and his holy Ordinances, (under my ministration,) according to the Doctrine and Discipline of the Church of England, established by Law, without the least appearance or suggestion had of any inclination towards Popery, either in himself or any of his family; his Lady receiving the Holy Sacrament (in company with him, the said Mr. Pepys, her husband, and others) from my hand, according to the rites of the Church of England, upon her death-bed, few houres before her decease, in the yeare 1669.

"And I doe hereby further certify, that the said Mr. Pepys hath, from the determination of his said residence in this parish, continued to receive the Holy Communion with the inhabitants thereof, to this day; so that I verily believe, hee never failed, within the whole space of one and twenty yeares last past (viz., from June, 1660,) to this instant 22d of May, (being Whitsunday

in the same yeare 1681,) of communicating publickly in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper with the inhabitants of the Parish, from my hand, at any of the solemn Feasts of Christmas, Easter, and Pentecost, (besides his frequent monthly communicatings therein,) saving on Whitsunday, 1679, when, being a prisoner in the Tower, he appears to have received it in the publick Chappell there; and at Easter last, when, by a violent sickness, (which confined him to his bed,) he was, to my particular knowledge, rendered incapable of attending it. Witnesse my Hand, the day and the yeare above written.

"D. Milles, D.D., Rect^r of S^t Olave,
"Hart Street, Lond."

Early in 1682 Pepys accompanied the Duke of York to Scotland, and narrowly escaped shipwreck by the way. Before letters could arrive in London to tell of his safety, the news came of the wreck of the "Gloucester" (the Duke's ship), and of the loss of many lives. His friends' anxiety was relieved by the arrival of a letter which Pepys wrote from Edinburgh to Hewer on May 8th, in which he detailed the particulars of the adventure. The Duke invited him to go on board the "Gloucester" frigate, but he preferred his own yacht (the "Catherine"), in which he had more room, and in consequence of his resolution he saved himself from the risk of drowning. On May 5th the frigate struck upon the sand called "The Lemon and Oar," about sixteen leagues from the mouth of the Humber. This was caused by the carelessness of the pilot, to whom Pepys imputed "an obstinate over-weening in opposition to the contrary opinions of Sir I. Berry, his master, mates, Col. Legg, the Duke himself, and several others, concurring unanimously in not being yet clear of the sands." The Duke and his party escaped, but numbers were drowned in the sinking ship, and it is said that had the wreck occurred two hours earlier, and the accompanying yachts been at the distance they had previously been, not a soul would have escaped.

Pepys stayed in Edinburgh for a short time, and the Duke of York allowed him to be present at two councils. He then visited, with Colonel George Legge, some of the principal places in the neighbourhood, such as Stirling, Linlithgow, Hamilton, and Glasgow. The latter place he

describes as "a very extraordinary town indeed for beauty and trade, much superior to any in Scotland."[1]

Pepys had now been out of office for some time, but he was soon to have employment again. Tangier, which was acquired at the marriage of the King to Katharine of Braganza, had long been an incumbrance, and it was resolved at last to destroy the place. Colonel Legge (now Lord Dartmouth) was in August, 1683, consituted Captain-General of his Majesty's forces in Africa, and Governor of Tangier, and sent with a fleet of about twenty sail to demolish and blow up the works, destroy the harbour, and bring home the garrison. Pepys received the King's commands to accompany Lord Dartmouth on his expedition, but the latter's instructions were secret, and Pepys therefore did not know what had been decided upon. He saw quite enough, however, to form a strong opinion of the uselessness of the place to England. Lord Dartmouth carried out his instructions thoroughly, and on March 29th, 1684, he and his party (including Pepys) arrived in the English Channel.[2]

The King himself now resumed the office of Lord High Admiral, and appointed Pepys Secretary of the Admiralty,

[1] Pepys to Hewer, May 10th, 1682 ("Pepys's Life, Journals, and Correspondence," 1841, vol. i., p. 295).

[2] Pepys's true friend, Mr. Houblon, gave him the following letter of credit when he set out on the expedition: —

"London, August 8, 1683.

"Mr. Richard Gough — This goes by my deare friend Mr. Pepys, who is embarked on board the Grafton man-of-warr, commanded by our Lord Dartmouth, who is Admiral of the King's Fleet for this Expedition. If Mr. Pepys's occasions draw him to Cadiz, you know what love and respect I bear him, so that I need not use arguments with you for to serve him there, which I am sure you will do to the utmost of your power. And wherein you find yourself deficient either for want of language or knowing the country, oblige your friends to help you, that he may have all the pleasure and divertisement there that Cales can afford him. And if his occasions require any money, you will furnish him what he desires, placing it to my account. I shall write you per next post concerning other matters. I am, your loving friend,

"James Houblon."

— *Rawlinson MS.*

Pepys kept a journal of his proceedings at Tangier, which is now preserved among the Rawlinson MSS. in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. It was deciphered and published by the Rev. John Smith, in his "Life, Journals, and Correspondence of Pepys," 1841.

with a salary of £500 per annum. In the Pepysian Library is the original patent, dated June 10th, 1684: "His Majesty's Letters Patent for y^e^ erecting the office of Secretary of y^e^ Admiralty of England, and creating Samuel Pepys, Esq., first Secretary therein." In this office the Diarist remained until the period of the Revolution, when his official career was concluded.

A very special honour was conferred upon Pepys in this year, when he was elected President of the Royal Society in succession to Sir Cyril Wyche, and he held the office for two years. Pepys had been admitted a fellow of the society on February 15th, 1664–65, and from Birch's "History" we find that in the following month he made a statement to the society:—

"Mr. Pepys gave an account of what information he had received from the Master of the Jersey ship which had been in company with Major Holmes in the Guinea voyage concerning the pendulum watches (March 15th, 1664–5)."[1]

The records of the society show that he frequently made himself useful by obtaining such information as might be required in his department. After he retired from the presidency, he continued to entertain some of the most distinguished members of the society on Saturday evenings at his house in York Buildings. Evelyn expressed the strongest regret when it was necessary to discontinue these meetings on account of the infirmities of the host.

In 1685 Charles II. died, and was succeeded by James, Duke of York. From his intimate association with James it might have been supposed that a long period of official life was still before Pepys, but the new king's bigotry and incapacity soon made this a practical impossibility. At the coronation of James II. Pepys marched in the procession immediately behind the king's canopy, as one of the sixteen barons of the Cinque Ports.

In the year 1685 a new charter was granted to the Trinity Company, and Pepys was named in it the first master, this being the second time that he had held the office of master. Evelyn specially refers to the event in his Diary, and men-

[1] Birch's "History of the Royal Society," vol. ii., p. 23.

tions the distinguished persons present at the dinner on July 20th.

It is evident that at this time Pepys was looked upon as a specially influential man, and when a parliament was summoned to meet on May 19th, 1685, he was elected both for Harwich and for Sandwich. He chose to serve for Harwich, and Sir Philip Parker was elected to fill his place at Sandwich. This parliament was dissolved by proclamation July 2nd, 1687, and on August 24th the king declared in council that another parliament should be summoned for November 27th, 1688, but great changes took place before that date, and when the Convention Parliament was called together in January and February, 1689–90, Pepys found no place in it. The right-hand man of the exiled monarch was not likely to find favour in the eyes of those who were now in possession. When the election for Harwich came on, the electors refused to return him, and the streets echoed to the cry of "No Tower men, no men out of the Tower!" They did not wish to be represented in parliament by a disgraced official.

We have little or no information to guide us as to Pepys's proceedings at the period of the Revolution. We know that James II. just before his flight was sitting to Kneller for a portrait intended for the Secretary to the Admiralty, and that Pepys acted in that office for the last time on 20th February, 1688–89, but between those dates we know nothing of the anxieties and troubles that he must have suffered. On the 9th March an order was issued from the Commissioners of the Admiralty for him to deliver up his books, &c., to Phineas Bowles, who superseded him as secretary.

Pepys had many firm friends upon whom he could rely, but he had also enemies who lost no opportunity of worrying him. On June 10th, 1690, Evelyn has this entry in his Diary, which throws some light upon the events of the time:—

"Mr. Pepys read to me his Remonstrance, shewing with what malice and injustice he was suspected with Sir Anth. Deane about the timber of which the thirty ships were built by a late Act of Parliament, with the exceeding danger which the fleete would shortly be in, by reason of the tyranny and incompetency of those

who now managed the Admiralty and affairs of the Navy, of which he gave an accurate state, and shew'd his greate ability."

On the 25th of this same month Pepys was committed to the Gatehouse at Westminster on a charge of having sent information to the French Court of the state of the English navy. There was no evidence of any kind against him, and at the end of July he was allowed to return to his own house on account of ill-health. Nothing further was done in respect to the charge, but he was not free till some time after, and he was long kept in anxiety, for even in 1692 he still apprehended some fresh persecution.

Sir Peter Palavicini, Mr. James Houblon, Mr. Blackburne, and Mr. Martin bailed him, and he sent them the following circular letter:—

"October 15, 1690.

"Being this day become once again a free man in every respect, I mean but that of my obligation to you and the rest of my friends, to whom I stand indebted for my being so, I think it but a reasonable part of my duty to pay you and them my thanks for it in a body; but know not how otherwise to compass it than by begging you, which I hereby do, to take your share with them and me here, to-morrow, of a piece of mutton, which is all I dare promise you, besides that of being ever,

"Your most bounden and faithful humble servant,

"S. P."

He employed the enforced idleness caused by being thrust out of his employment in the collection of the materials for the valuable work which he published in 1690, under the title of "Memoirs of the Navy." Little more was left for him to do in life, but as the government became more firmly established, and the absolute absurdity of the idea of his disloyalty was proved, Pepys held up his head again as a man to be respected and consulted, and for the remainder of his life he was looked upon as the Nestor of the Navy.

There is little more to be told of Pepys's life. He continued to keep up an extended correspondence with his many friends, and as Treasurer of Christ's Hospital he took very great interest in the welfare of that institution. He succeeded in preserving from impending ruin the mathematical foundation which had been originally designed by

him, and through his anxious solicitations endowed and cherished by Charles II. and James II. One of the last public acts of his life was the presentation of the portrait of the eminent Dr. John Wallis, Savilian Professor of Geometry, to the University of Oxford. In 1701 he sent Sir Godfrey Kneller to Oxford to paint the portrait, and the University rewarded him with a Latin diploma containing in gorgeous language the expression of thanks for his munificence.[1]

[1] *The Diploma sent by the University of Oxford to Mr. Pepys,*

Upon his presenting the Portrait of Dr. Wallis to their Picture Gallery, October, 1702.

"Ornatissimo, Optimoque, Viro SAMUELI PEPYS, Armigero, Regibus Carolo Secundo et Jacobo Secundo a Secretis Admiraliæ, Universitas Oxoniensis.

"Te de litteris optimè mereri (Vir ornatissime!) si non multis aliis, hoc uno argumento probari possit, quod litteratorum honori tam impensè faves: certe ante oculos gratissimum simul atque splendidissimum munificentiæ vestræ atque in nos benevolentiæ exemplum quotidie cum laude tuâ observabitur, neque in doctissimi Professoris imagine ipsam quasi depictam mathematicen, insolitamque animi vestri descriptam benignitatem satis unquam mirabimur. Et quidem præclaræ indolis est posse magnum Wallisium in pretio habere, qui nihil unquam vulgare aut sapuit aut fecit, tendit in altos multâ curâ litterarum tractus, sublimesque aperit mathematum vias, cœlis proximus quos metitur et sideribus stellisque quorum numerus ejus arithmeticæ patet, omnesque nisi Lynceum atque Aquilinum oculum fugit. Tu solertissimus tam cœlestis ingenii æstimator, dum tantum in alio meritum suspicis, et dum tam eximii, tam perspicacis in rebus abstrusissimis Viri similitudinem nobis proponis, egregiæ mentis tuæ erigis immortalitatem: non illius formæ atque titulis tantum, verum famæ etiam nomen tuum inscribis, et quantus sis non obscurè inde judicare possumus, quod talem Virum Genti nostræ, et litterati Orbis tam grande ornamentum, in amicum tibi cooptasti; pulchrè similes unit amor, atque in eâdem tabulâ in secula juncti vivatis, utrique perpetuis nostris encomiis dignissimi, quorum alter Academiam exornat, alter ipsum ornantem. At non a solâ istius tabulæ diuturnitate utriusque immortalitas æstimanda est. Illum Motûs Leges et quicquid uspiam cœli terrarumque ab humanâ mente capi, quædam quæ a solâ Wallisianâ inveniri possunt non morituris descripta voluminibus omnium temporum admirationi consecravere; patet vero in laudes tuas ipse Oceanus, quem illâ tam bene instructâ classe contravisti, quæ et potentissimorum hostium, et voracissimorum fluctuum iras potuit contemnere. Tu felicioribus quam ullus unquam Dædalus armamentis naves tuas firmasti, ut navigantium non tantum gloriæ fuerint, vèrum etiam saluti. Tu certè Ligneis Muris Britanniam munivisti, et quod ad utrumque Polum (sive quiddam novi exploraturi, sive victoriam circumferentes)

On the 26th May, 1703, Samuel Pepys, after long continued suffering, breathed his last in the presence of the learned Dr. George Hickes, the nonjuring Dean of Worcester, and the following letter from John Jackson to his uncle's lifelong friend Evelyn contains particulars as to the cause of death:—

Mr. Jackson to Mr. Evelyn.

"Clapham, May 28th, 1703.
"Friday night.

"Honoured Sir,

"'Tis no small addition to my grief, to be obliged to interrupt the quiet of your happy recess with the afflicting tidings of my Uncle Pepys's death: knowing how sensibly you will partake with me herein. But I should not be faithful to his desires, if I did not beg your doing the honour to his memory of accepting mourning from him, as a small instance of his most affectionate respect and honour for you. I have thought myself extremely unfortunate to be out of the way at that only time when you were pleased lately to touch here, and express so great a desire of taking your leave of my Uncle; which could not but have been admitted by him as a most welcome exception to his general orders against being interrupted; and I could most heartily wish that the circumstances of your health and distance did not forbid me to ask the favour of your assisting in the holding up of the pawll at his interment, which is intended to be on Thursday next; for if the manes are affected with what passes below, I am sure this would have been very grateful to his.

"I must not omit acquainting you, sir, that upon opening his

vela nostri explicare potuissent, sola tua cura effecit. Alii res arduas mari aggredi ausi sunt, tuum vero profundius ipso Oceano ingenium audaces reddidit; quod mirâ arte, sive passis velis sive contractis ageretur, excogitavit, ut id tuto poterant præstare. Aliorum virtuti forsan debemus, ut res magnæ agerentur, sed ut agi potuissent, propria gloria est industriæ tuæ. Fruere ergo felix hâc parte laudis tuæ, quæ tamdiu duratura est, quamdiu erit in usu Pyxis nautica, aut cursus suos peragent Sidera: quam quidem (omissis aliis rebus a quibus immortali gloria viges) ideo tantum memoramus, ne sis nescius probè nos scire quanto a Viro benevolentia ista in nos conferatur, quam gratis animis amplectimur ut non plus debeant artes atque scientiæ Wallisio, neque Reges et Britannia tibi, quam ob hoc præclarum munus nos tibi obæratos læti sentimus, atque optamus ut hoc gratitudinis nostræ testimonium observatissimæ in te nostræ mentis viva imago parem cum vestrâ famâ perennitatis circulum describat, atque adeo sit æterna.

"Datum in Domo Convocationis, Vicesimo tertio die Mensis Octobris, Anno Domini millesimo septingesimo secundo.

"Sigillat: in Domo Convocationis, Vicesimo nono ejusdem Mensis Octobris Annoque Domini supradict."

body, (which the uncommonness of his case required of us, for our own satisfaction as well as public good,) there was found in his left kidney a nest of no less than seven stones, of the most irregular figures your imagination can frame, and weighing together four ounces and a half, but all fast linked together, and adhering to his back; whereby they solve his having felt no greater pains upon motion, nor other of the ordinary symptoms of the stone. Some other lesser defects there also were in his body, proceeding from the same cause. But his stamina, in general, were marvellously strong, and not only supported him, under the most exquisite pains, weeks beyond all expectations; but, in the conclusion, contended for nearly forty hours (unassisted by any nourishment) with the very agonies of death, some few minutes excepted, before his expiring, which were very calm.

"There remains only for me, under this affliction, to beg the consolation and honour of succeeding to your patronage, for my Uncle's sake; and leave to number myself, with the same sincerity he ever did, among your greatest honourers, which I shall esteem as one of the most valuable parts of my inheritances from him; being also, with the faithfullest wishes of health and a happy long life to you,

"Honoured Sir,
"Your most obedient and
"Most humble Servant,
"J. JACKSON.

"Mr. Hewer, as my Uncle's Executor, and equally your faithful Servant, joins with me in every part hereof.

"The time of my Uncle's departure was about three-quarters past three on Wednesday morning last."[1]

Evelyn alludes in his Diary to Pepys's death and the

[1] Communicated to Lord Braybrooke by the late Mr. William Upcott. It appears, from the Evelyn Papers in the British Museum (bought at Mr. Upcott's sale), that in September, 1705, Mr. John Jackson made a proposal of marriage to one of Evelyn's grand-daughters, through their common friend, William Hewer. The alliance was declined solely on account of Jackson's being unable to make an adequate settlement on the young lady; whilst Evelyn (the draught of whose answer is preserved) courteously acknowledged the respect entertained by him for Pepys's memory, and his sense of his nephew's extraordinary accomplishments. Mr. Jackson married Anne, daughter of the Rev. John Edgerley, Vicar of Wandsworth, Prebendary of St. Paul's, and Archdeacon, by Anne, daughter of —— Blackburn, William Hewer's uncle, often mentioned in the Diary. Mr. Jackson left two sons (at whose death, s. p., the male line became extinct) and five daughters, the youngest of whom married John Cockerell, of Bishop's Hull, Somerset, and the present representatives are the family of Pepys Cockerell.

present to him of a suit of mourning. He speaks in very high terms of his friend:—

"1703, May 26th. This day died Mr. Sam Pepys, a very worthy, industrious, and curious person, none in England exceeding him in knowledge of the navy, in which he had passed thro' all the most considerable offices, Clerk of the Acts and Secretary of the Admiralty, all which he performed with great integrity. When K. James II. went out of England, he laid down his office, and would serve no more, but withdrawing himselfe from all public affaires, he liv'd at Clapham with his partner Mr. Hewer, formerly his clerk, in a very noble and sweete place, where he enjoy'd the fruits of his labours in greate prosperity. He was universally belov'd, hospitable, generous, learned in many things, skill'd in music, a very greate cherisher of learned men of whom he had the conversation. . . . Mr. Pepys had been for neere 40 yeeres so much my particular friend that Mr. Jackson sent me compleat mourning, desiring me to be one to hold up the pall at his magnificent obsequies, but my indisposition hinder'd me from doing him this last office."

The body was brought from Clapham and buried in St. Olave's Church, Hart Street, on the 5th June, at nine o'clock at night, in a vault just beneath the monument to the memory of Mrs. Pepys. Dr. Hickes performed the last sad offices for his friend, as described in the following letter:—

Extract of a Letter from Dr. Hickes to Dr. Charlett.

"June 5, 1703.

"Last night, at 9 o'clock, I did the last office for your and my good friend, M^r^ Pepys, at S^t^ Olave's Church, where he was laid in a vault of his own makeing, by his wife and brother.

"The greatness of his behaviour, in his long and sharp tryall before his death, was in every respect answerable to his great life; and I believe no man ever went out of this world with greater contempt of it, or a more lively faith in every thing that was revealed of the world to come. I administered the Holy Sacrament twice in his illness to him, and had administered it a third time, but for a sudden fit of illness that happened at the appointed time of administering of it. Twice I gave him the absolution of the Church, which he desired, and received with all reverence and comfort; and I never attended any sick or dying person that dyed with so much Christian greatnesse of mind, or a more lively sense of immortality, or so much fortitude and

patience, in so long and sharp a tryall, or greater resignation to the will, which he most devoutly acknowledged to be the wisdom of God; and I doubt not but he is now a very blessed spirit, according to his motto, MENS CUJUSQUE IS EST QUISQUE.

"GEORGE HICKES."[1]

Pepys's faithful friend, Hewer, was his executor, and his nephew, John Jackson, his heir. Mourning was presented to forty persons, and a large number of rings to relations, godchildren, servants, and friends, also to representatives of the Royal Society, of the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, of the Admiralty, and of the Navy Office. A full list of these is printed at the end of this memoir. The bulk of the property was bequeathed to Jackson, but the money which was left was much less than might have been expected, for at the time of Pepys's death there was a balance of £28,007 2*s*. 1¼*d*. due to him from the Crown, and none of this was ever paid. The books and other collections were left to Magdalene College, Cambridge, but Jackson was to have possession of them during his lifetime. These were the most important portion of Pepys's effects, for with them was the manuscript of the immortal Diary. The following are the directions for the disposition of the library, taken from Harl. MS., No. 7301:—

"*For the further settlement and preservation of my said library, after the death of my nephew John Jackson, I do hereby declare*, That could I be sure of a constant succession of heirs from my said nephew, qualified like himself for the use of such a library, I should not entertain a thought of its ever being alienated from them. But this uncertainty considered, with the infinite pains, and time, and cost employed in my collecting, methodising and reducing the same to the state it now is, I cannot but be greatly solicitous that all possible provision should be made for its unalterable preservation and perpetual security against the ordinary fate of such collections falling into the hands

[1] From the original in the Bodleian Library:—

"London, June 5. Yesterday, in the evening, were performed the obsequies of Samuel Pepys, Esq., in Crutched-Friars' Church; whither his corpse was brought in a very honourable and solemn manner from Clapham, where he departed this life the 26th day of the last month."—*Post Boy*, No. 1257, June 5, 1703.

"June 4th, 1703.—Samuel Peyps, Esq^re, buried in a vault by y^e Comunion Table."—*Register of St. Olave's, Hart Street.*

of an incompetent heir, and thereby being sold, dissipated, or embezzled. And since it has pleased God to visit me in a manner that leaves little appearance of being myself restored to a condition of concerting the necessary measures for attaining these ends, I must and do with great confidence rely upon the sincerity and direction of my executor and said nephew for putting in execution the powers given them, by my forementioned will relating hereto, requiring that the same be brought to a determination in twelve months after my decease, and that special regard be had therein to the following particulars which I declare to be my present thoughts and prevailing inclinations in this matter, viz.: —

"1. That after the death of my said nephew, my said library be placed and for ever settled in one of our universities, and rather in that of Cambridge than Oxford.

"2. And rather in a private college there, than in the public library.

"3. And in the colleges of Trinity or Magdalen preferably to all others.

"4. And of these too, *cæteris paribus*, rather in the latter, for the sake of my own and my nephew's education therein.

"5. That in which soever of the two it is, a fair roome be provided therein.

"6. And if in Trinity, that the said roome be contiguous to, and have communication with, the new library there.

"7. And if in Magdalen, that it be in the new building there, and any part thereof at my nephew's election.

"8. That my said library be continued in its present form and no other books mixed therein, save what my nephew may add to them of his own collecting, in distinct presses.

"9. That the said room and books so placed and adjusted be called by the name of 'Bibliotheca Pepysiana.'

"10. That this 'Bibliotheca Pepysiana' be under the sole power and custody of the master of the college for the time being, who shall neither himself convey, nor suffer to be conveyed by others, any of the said books from thence to any other place, except to his own lodge in the said college, nor there have more than ten of them at a time; and that of those also a strict entry be made and account kept, at the time of their having been taken out and returned, in a book to be provided, and remain in the said library for that purpose only.

"11. That before my said library be put into the possession of either of the said colleges, that college for which it shall be designed, first enter into covenants for performance of the foregoing articles.

"12. And that for a yet further security herein, the said two colleges of Trinity and Magdalen have a reciprocal check upon

one another; and that college which shall be in present possession of the said library, be subject to an annual visitation from the other, and to the forfeiture thereof to the life, possession, and use of the other, upon conviction of any breach of their said covenants.

"S. PEPYS."

The library and the original book-cases were not transferred to Magdalene College until 1773, when Jackson died, and there they have been preserved in safety ever since.

A large number of Pepys's manuscripts appear to have remained unnoticed in York Buildings for some years. They never came into Jackson's hands, and were thus lost to Magdalene College. Dr. Rawlinson afterwards obtained them, and they were included in the bequest of his books to the Bodleian Library.

Pepys was partial to having his portrait taken, and he sat to Savill, Hales, Lely, and Kneller. Hales's portrait, painted in 1666, is now in the National Portrait Gallery, and an etching from it appears in the demy 8vo edition of the Diary. The portrait by Lely is in the Pepysian Library. Of the three portraits by Kneller, one is in the hall of Magdalene College, another at the Royal Society, and the third was lent to the First Special Exhibition of National Portraits, 1866, by the late Mr. Andrew Pepys Cockerell. Several of the portraits have been engraved, but the most interesting of these are those used by Pepys himself as book-plates. These were both engraved by Robert White, and taken from paintings by Kneller:—

"1. Portrait in a carved oval frame, bearing inscription 'SAM. PEPYS. CAR. ET. JAC. ANGL. REGIB. A. SECRETIS. ADMIRALIÆ.' Motto under the frame, 'Mens cujusque is est quisque.' Large book-plate.

"2. Portrait in a medallion on a scroll of paper. Motto over the head, 'Mens cujusque is est quisque;' underneath the same inscription as on No. 1. Small book-plate."

The church of St. Olave, Hart Street, is intimately associated with Pepys both in his life and in his death, and for many years the question had been constantly asked by visitors, "Where is Pepys's monument?" On Wednesday, July 5th, 1882, a meeting was held in the vestry of the church, when an influential committee was appointed, upon

which all the great institutions with which Pepys was connected were represented by their masters, presidents, or other officers, with the object of taking steps to obtain an adequate memorial of the Diarist. Mr. (now Sir) Alfred Blomfield, architect of the church, presented an appropriate design for a monument, and sufficient subscriptions having been obtained for the purpose, he superintended its erection. On Tuesday afternoon, March 18th, 1884, the monument, which was affixed to the wall of the church where the gallery containing Pepys's pew formerly stood, was unveiled in the presence of a large concourse of visitors. The Earl of Northbrook, First Lord of the Admiralty, consented to unveil the monument, but he was at the last moment prevented by public business from attending. The late Mr. Russell Lowell, then the American Minister, took Lord Northbrook's place, and made a very charming and appreciative speech on the occasion, from which the following passages are extracted: —

"It was proper," his Excellency said, "that he should read a note he had received from Lord Northbrook. This was dated that day from the Admiralty, and was as follows: —

"'My dear Mr. Lowell,

"'I am very much annoyed that I am prevented from assisting at the ceremony to-day. It would be very good if you would say that nothing but very urgent business would have kept me away. I was anxious to give my testimony to the merits of Pepys as an Admiralty official, leaving his literary merits to you. He was concerned with the administration of the Navy from the Restoration to the Revolution, and from 1673 as secretary. I believe his merits to be fairly stated in a contemporary account, which I send.

"'Yours very truly,

"'NORTHBROOK.'

"The contemporary account, which Lord Northbrook was good enough to send him, said: —

"'Pepys was, without exception, the greatest and most useful Minister that ever filled the same situations in England, the acts and registers of the Admiralty proving this beyond contradiction. The principal rules and establishments in present use in these offices are well known to have been of his introducing, and most of the officers serving therein since the Restoration of

his bringing-up. He was a most studious promoter and strenuous asserter of order and discipline. Sobriety, diligence, capacity, loyalty, and subjection to command were essentials required in all whom he advanced. Where any of these were found wanting, no interest or authority was capable of moving him in favour of the highest pretender. Discharging his duty to his Prince and country with a religious application and perfect integrity, he feared no one, courted no one, and neglected his own fortune.'

"That was a character drawn, it was true, by a friendly hand, but to those who were familiar with the life of Pepys, the praise hardly seemed exaggerated. As regarded his official life, it was unnecessary to dilate upon his peculiar merits, for they all knew how faithful he was in his duties, and they all knew, too, how many faithful officials there were working on in obscurity, who were not only never honoured with a monument but who never expected one. The few words, Mr. Lowell went on to remark, which he was expected to say upon that occasion, therefore, referred rather to what he believed was the true motive which had brought that assembly together, and that was by no means the character of Pepys either as Clerk of the Acts or as Secretary to the Admiralty. This was not the place in which one could go into a very close examination of the character of Pepys as a private man. He would begin by admitting that Pepys was a type, perhaps, of what was now called a 'Philistine.' We had no word in England which was equivalent to the French adjective *Bourgeois*; but, at all events, Samuel Pepys was the most perfect type that ever existed of the class of people whom this word described. He had all its merits as well as many of its defects. With all those defects, however — perhaps in consequence of them — Pepys had written one of the most delightful books that it was man's privilege to read in the English language or in any other. Whether Pepys intended this Diary to be afterwards read by the general public or not — and this was a doubtful question when it was considered that he had left, possibly by inadvertence, a key to his cypher behind him — it was certain that he had left with us a most delightful picture, or rather he had left the power in our hands of drawing for ourselves some of the most delightful pictures, of the time in which he lived. There was hardly any book which was analogous to it. . . . If one were asked what were the reasons for liking Pepys, it would be found that they were as numerous as the days upon which he made an entry in his Diary, and surely that was sufficient argument in his favour. There was no book, Mr. Lowell said, that he knew of, or that occurred to his memory, with which Pepys's Diary could fairly be compared, except the journal of L'Estoile, who had the same

anxious curiosity and the same commonness, not to say vulgarity of interest, and the book was certainly unique in one respect, and that was the absolute sincerity of the author with himself. Montaigne is conscious that we are looking over his shoulder, and Rousseau secretive in comparison with him. The very fact of that sincerity of the author with himself argued a certain greatness of character. Dr. Hickes, who attended Pepys at his death-bed, spoke of him as 'this great man,' and said he knew no one who died so greatly. And yet there was something almost of the ridiculous in the statement when the 'greatness' was compared with the garrulous frankness which Pepys showed towards himself. There was no parallel to the character or Pepys, he believed, in respect of *naïveté*, unless it were found in that of Falstaff, and Pepys showed himself, too, like Falstaff, on terms of unbuttoned familiarity with himself. Falstaff had just the same *naïveté*, but in Falstaff it was the *naïveté* of conscious humour. In Pepys it was quite different, for Pepys's *naïveté* was the inoffensive vanity of a man who loved to see himself in the glass. Falstaff had a sense, too, of inadvertent humour, but it was questionable whether Pepys could have had any sense of humour at all, and yet permitted himself to be so delightful. There was probably, however, more involuntary humour in Pepys's Diary than there was in any other book extant. When he told his readers of the landing of Charles II. at Dover, for instance, it would be remembered how Pepys chronicled the fact that the Mayor of Dover presented the Prince with a Bible, for which he returned his thanks and said it was the 'most precious Book to him in the world.' Then, again, it would be remembered how, when he received a letter addressed 'Samuel Pepys, *Esq.*,' he confesses in the Diary that this pleased him mightily. When, too, he kicked his cookmaid, he admits that he was not sorry for it, but was sorry that the footboy of a worthy knight with whom he was acquainted saw him do it. And the last instance he would mention of poor Pepys's *naïveté* was when he said in the Diary that he could not help having a certain pleasant and satisfied feeling when Barlow died. Barlow, it must be remembered, received during his life the yearly sum from Pepys of £100. The value of Pepys's book was simply priceless, and while there was nothing in it approaching that single page in St. Simon where he described that thunder of courtierly red heels passing from one wing of the Palace to another as the Prince was lying on his death-bed, and favour was to flow from another source, still Pepys's Diary was unequalled in its peculiar quality of amusement. The lightest part of the Diary was of value, historically, for it enabled one to see London of 200 years ago, and, what was more, to see it with the eager eyes of Pepys. It was not Pepys the official who had

brought that large gathering together that day in honour of his memory: it was Pepys the Diarist."

In concluding this account of the chief particulars of Pepys's life it may be well to add a few words upon the pronunciation of his name. Various attempts appear to have been made to represent this phonetically. Lord Braybrooke, in quoting the entry of death from St. Olave's Registers, where the spelling is "Peyps," wrote, "This is decisive as to the proper pronunciation of the name." This spelling may show that the name was pronounced as a monosyllable, but it is scarcely conclusive as to anything else, and Lord Braybrooke does not say what he supposes the sound of the vowels to have been. At present there are three pronunciations in use—*Peps*, which is the most usual; *Peeps*, which is the received one at Magdalene College, and *Peppis*, which I learn from Mr. Walter C. Pepys is the one used by other branches of the family. Mr. Pepys has paid particular attention to this point, and in his valuable "Genealogy of the Pepys Family" (1887) he has collected seventeen varieties of spelling of the name, which are as follows, the dates of the documents in which the form appears being attached:—1. Pepis (1273); 2. Pepy (1439); 3. Pypys (1511); 4. Pipes (1511); 5. Peppis (1518); 6. Peppes (1519); 7. Pepes (1520); 8. Peppys (1552); 9. Peaps (1636); 10. Pippis (1639); 11. Peapys (1653); 12. Peps (1655); 13. Pypes (1656); 14. Peypes (1656); 15. Peeps (1679); 16. Peepes (1683); 17. Peyps (1703). Mr. Walter Pepys adds:—

"The accepted spelling of the name 'Pepys' was adopted generally about the end of the seventeenth century, though it occurs many years before that time. There have been numerous ways of pronouncing the name, as 'Peps,' 'Peeps,' and 'Peppis.' The Diarist undoubtedly pronounced it 'Peeps,' and the lineal descendants of his sister Paulina, the family of 'Pepys Cockerell' pronounce it so to this day. The other branches of the family all pronounce it as 'Peppis,' and I am led to be satisfied that the latter pronunciation is correct by the two facts that in the earliest known writing it is spelt 'Pepis,' and that the French form of the name is 'Pepy.'"

The most probable explanation is that the name in the seventeenth century was either pronounced *Pĕps* or *Pāpes;*

for both the forms *ea* and *ey* would represent the latter pronunciation. The general change in the pronunciation of the spelling *ea* from *ai* to *ee* took place in a large number of words at the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth century, and three words at least (yea, break, and great) keep this old pronunciation still. The present Irish pronunciation of English is really the same as the English pronunciation of the seventeenth century, when the most extensive settlement of Englishmen in Ireland took place, and the Irish always pronounce *ea* like *ai* (as, He gave him a nate bating=neat beating). Again, the *ey* of *Peyps* would rhyme with they and obey. English literature is full of illustrations of the old pronunciation of *ea*, as in "Hudibras," —

> "Doubtless the pleasure is as great
> In being cheated as to cheat," —

which was then a perfect rhyme. In the "Rape of the Lock" tea (tay) rhymes with obey, and in Cowper's verses on Alexander Selkirk sea rhymes with survey.[1] It is not likely that the pronunciation of the name was fixed, but there is every reason to suppose that the spellings of *Peyps* and *Peaps* were intended to represent the sound *Pāpes* rather than *Peeps*.

In spite of all the research which has brought to light so many incidents of interest in the life of Samuel Pepys, we cannot but feel how dry these facts are when placed by the side of the living details of the Diary. It is in its pages that the true man is displayed, and it has therefore not been thought necessary here to do more than set down in chronological order such facts as are known of the life outside the Diary. A fuller "appreciation" of the man must be left for some future occasion.

H. B. W.

[1] See Ellis's "Early English Pronunciation," part iv., pp. 1230–1243.

A List of all the Persons to whom Rings and Mourning were presented upon the occasion of Mr. Pepys's Death and Funeral.

Persons.		Rings of			Mourning.
		20s.	15s.	10s.	
Relations, viz.	Mr. Saml and John Jackson, his 2 Nephews	v. v			v v 6 10 Brd. Pieces to Samuel.
	Captain St. Michel, his brother-in-law	v			v
	Ditto, his daughter, Mrs. Mary		v.		v
	E. of Sandwich	v.			
	Dr. Montagu, Dean of Durham	v.			
	Mr. Pickering	v.			
	Mr. Roger Pepys, of Impington		v.		
	Mr. and Mrs. Matthews	v.v.			vv &c. 10 Br. Pieces to each.
	Mr. Tim. Turner, Minister of Tooting		v.		
	Mr. Bellamy		v.		
Godchildren, viz.	Mr. Saml Gale — S. P.'s godson		v.		
	Lt. Edwards, Ditto			v.	
	Mrs. Frances Johnson, his goddaughter		v		v
	Mrs. Mary Skynner	v			
Domestics at his death, viz.	Ditto, her maid				v
	His own 7 men and women servants				vvvvvvv
	Mr. Richard Gibson		v		
	Mr. Paul Lorrain		v		
	Ditto, his Wife			v.	
	John Wetton			v.	
	Saml Holcroft			v.	
	Carried over	9	8	4	15

Persons.		Rings of 20s.	Rings of 15s.	Rings of 10s.	Mourning.
	Brought over	9	8	4	15
Mr. Pepys's former servants and dependents, viz.	Mrs. Jane Penny			v.	v 6 5 Gns.
	Mrs. Jane Fane		v.		
	Mrs. Mary Ballard				v
	Ditto, her Husband			v.	
	Mrs. Eliza Hughson				v
	Ditto, her Husband			v.	
Retainers General, viz.	Physicians: Dr. Sloane	v			v
	Physicians: Dr. Shadwell	v			v
	Chirurgeon, Serjt Bernard	v			
	Apothecary, Mr. Ethersey		v.		v
	Lawyer, Judge Powis		v.		
	Scrivener, Mr. West		v.		
	Ditto, his Clerk, Mr. Martin			v.	
	Goldsmith, St Rd Hoare	v			
	Ditto, his Foreman, Mr. Arnold		v		
	Bookbinder, Mr. Beresford			v.	
	Ditto, his Sewer, Mr. Wetton			v.	
	Self, as Executor	v			v
	Edgley, Mr. Saml and Mrs.	v v			v v
	Edgley, Do., their 3 Children		v v v		
	Edgley, Mr. Arthur		v		v v v
	Blackbourn, Mr. Wm and Isaac		v v		
Mr. Hewer's Relations.	Crawley, Mrs. the Mother		v		
	Crawley, Ditto, 2 Daughters, Eliz. and Margaret		v v		
	Sergison, Mr. John (vid. Navy Office.)				
Domestics.	Mr. Forbes, Chaplain		v		
	Mr. Foster, Steward				v
	Ditto, his Wife			v.	
Clapham.	Mr. Saville, the Minister		v		
	Mr. Horne, late Lecturer		v		
	Mr. Pritchard, present ditto		v		
	Mr. Urban Hall		v		
	Mr. Juxon		v		
	Carried over	16	28	11	28

Persons.		Rings of			Mourning.
		20s.	15s.	10s.	
	Brought over	16	28	11	28
Royal Society.	Sir John Hoskins, Vice-President		v.		
	Mr. Abraham Hill		v.		
	Mr. Hunt, Operator			v.	
Cambridge.	Dr. Quadring, Master of Magdalene College				
	Dr. Bentley, Master of Trinity College	v.			
Oxford.	Dr. Aldrich, Dean of Christ Church	v.			
	Dr. Wallis, Professor	v.			
	Dr. Gregory, Ditto	v.			
	Dr. Charlett, Master of University College	v.			
Admiralty.	Mr. Burchett, Secretary	v.	v		
	Sir Thos. Littleton, Treasurer, a Supporter				
	Sir Richard Haddock, Controller	v.	v		v.
	Mr. Furzer, Surveyor		v		
	Mr. Sergison, Clerk of the Acts		v		
	Mr. Atkins		v		v.
Commissioners.	Mr. Tollett		v		
	Mr. Hammond		v		
	Mr. Lyddall		v		
Officers.	Mr. Greenhill		v		
	Mr. Timewell		v		
Navy Clerks.	Mr. Johnson		v		
	Mr. John Crawley		v		
	Housekeeper, Mrs. Griffin.			v.	
Auditors.	Principal, Mr. Harley	v.			
	Principal, Mr. Bridges	v.			
	Deputys, Mr. Moody			v.	
	Deputys, Mr. Bythell			v.	
Clergy.	Archbishop of Canterbury.	v.			
	Bishop of London	v.			
	Dean of Worcester, Dr. Hickes, who performed the service	v			v
	Dr. Smith	v			v
	Dr. Millington		v		
	Dr. Gibson		v.		
	Carried over	29	44	15	32

	Persons.	Rings of 20s.	Rings of 15s.	Rings of 10s.	Mourning.
	Brought over	29	44	15	32
Sir.	Archdeacon Baynard		v		
Sir.	Mr. Coppin, Minister of Crutched Fryers		v		
Sir.	Ditto, his Reader		v		
	Earl of Clarendon, a Supporter	v			v
	Earl of Feversham, Ditto.	v			v
	Hon^ble^ Mr. Hatton, Ditto.	v			v
	Hon^ble^ Mr. Vernon, Ditto.	v			
Sir.	Ant^o^ Deane, Ditto	v			
Sir.	W^m^ Hodges	v			
Sir.	Ditto, his Son, Mr. Hodges		v		
Sir.	Ditto, his Partner, Mr. Haines		v		
Sir.	Sir Henry Shere		v.		
Sir.	Sir Richard Dutton	v.			
Sir.	Sir William Gore		v		
Laity.	Bowdler, Thomas		v		v
Laity.	Dégalénière, Mons^r^ et Mad^lle^		v. v.		
Laity.	Dubois, Charles		v.		
Laity.	Evelyn, John, Grandfather and Grandson	v.			v Grandfather
Laity.	Gauden, Benjamin		v		
Laity.	Houblon, Wynne and James	v v			v v
Laity.	Houghton, Apothecary		v		
Laity.	Hunter, Samuel		v		v
Mr.	Isted		v.		
Mr.	Lowndes	v.			
Mr.	Martin, Joseph, Father and Son		v v		
Mr.	Monro			v.	
Mr.	Mussard		v		
Mr.	Nelson		v		
Mr.	Penn, William	v.			
Mr.	Snow, Ralph		v.		
Mr.	Wind, Captain	v			
	Memorandum. — That 2 of the Rings placed in the 15^s^ Column were of the 20^s^ sort, and given to 2 (but which uncertain) of the 17 Persons thus marked,				
	Carried over	42	64	16	40

Persons.	Rings of 20s.	Rings of 15s.	Rings of 10s.	Mourning.
Brought over	42	64	16	40
v; so that the true number of each sort } distributed, either at the Funeral or since, to this 31st Dec., 1710, has been provided as per Sir R. Hoare's account thereof	45	62	16	
	46	62	20	40
Rings distributed *ut supra*.....	45	62	16	
Remaining in J. J.'s[1] hands, accompanying monumental pieces of gold.....	1		4	

Memorandum. — Also, That to the Persons thus marked, v., the Rings, &c. were delivered or sent as opportunity served; the rest were present at the Funeral.

Memorandum. — That Tickets were likewise directed to the following Persons, who did not come to the Funeral, nor had Rings; some of them being then at Sea, and others in the Country, viz. —

Admiralty. { Sir George Rook, Mr. Bridges, Mr. Hill, Mr. Churchill, Sir David Mitchell } Council.
Admiralty. { Mr. Clerk, Secretary

Navy. { Sir Cloudesly Shovel, Sir Thomas Hopson } Commissioners.

Friends, indefinite. { Colonel Graham, Mr. Henry Thynne, Mr. Blaithwait, Mr. Southwell, Sir Benjamin Bathurst, Captain David Lloyd.

Mr. Pepys's Verbal Request, after Execution of his Will, viz.

Money. — To be distributed amongst Mr. Hewer's Servants £20

In Plate to { Mrs. Skynner, Mr. Hewer, and J. J., 50 Pounds worth each, made good to them as per Schedules and Receipts.
Mr. West, some small Piece, made good to him by large pair of Tumblers, weighing 23oz. 10dwts.

[1] John Jackson.

Pictures and Goods to Mrs. Skynner, as per Schedule and Receipt.

Voluntary Presents and Benevolences, distributed per J. J., in respect to Mr. Pepys's Memory, viz. —

The Poor of the Parish of	Clapham, where he died....	£5 0 0		
	Crutched Fryars, where he was buried.....	10 0 0		
To	Several Relations, Friends, Former Servants and others, as per J. J.'s particular account thereof, delivered to Mr. Hewer, amounting in 17 articles to.....	48 12 0		£63 12 0
	Messrs. Wynne and James Houblon, their Father's, Mother's, and Grandfather's Pictures.			
	Monsieur Dégaléniere, the 1st Edition of Bayle's Dictionary, in Two Vols., fol.			

THE

DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS.

1659–60.[1]

BLESSED be God, at the end of the last year I was in very good health, without any sense of my old pain, but upon taking of cold.[2] I lived in Axe Yard,[3] having my wife, and

[1] The year did not legally begin in England before the 25th March until the act for altering the style fixed the 1st of January as the first day of the year, and previous to 1752 the year extended from March 25th to the following March 24th. Thus since 1752 we have been in the habit of putting the two dates for the months of January and February and March 1 to 24 in all years previous to 1752. Practically, however, many persons considered the year to commence with January 1st, as it will be seen Pepys did. The 1st of January was considered as New Year's day long before Pepys's time. The fiscal year has not been altered, and the national accounts are still reckoned from old Lady Day, which falls on the 6th of April.

[2] Pepys was successfully cut for the stone on March 26th, 1658. See March 26th below. Although not suffering from this cause again until the end of his life, there are frequent references in the Diary to pain whenever he caught cold. In a letter from Pepys to his nephew Jackson, April 8th, 1700, there is a reference to the breaking out three years before his death of the wound caused by the cutting for the stone: "It has been my calamity for much the greatest part of this time to have been kept bedrid, under an evil so rarely known as to have had it matter of universal surprise and with little less general opinion of its dangerousness; namely, that the cicatrice of a wound occasioned upon my cutting for the stone, without hearing anything of it in all this time, should after more than 40 years' perfect cure, break out again." At the post-mortem examination a nest of seven stones, weighing four and a half ounces, was found in the left kidney, which was entirely ulcerated.

[3] Pepys's house was on the south side of King Street, Westminster; it is singular that when he removed to a residence in the city, he should

servant Jane, and no more in family than us three. My wife . . . gave me hopes of her being with child, but on the last day of the year . . . [the hope was belied].

The condition of the State was thus; viz. the Rump, after being disturbed by my Lord Lambert,[1] was lately returned to sit again. The officers of the Army all forced to yield. Lawson[2] lies still in the river, and Monk[3] is with his army

have settled close to another Axe Yard. Fludyer Street stands on the site of Axe Yard, which derived its name from a great messuage or brew-house on the west side of King Street, called "The Axe," and referred to in a document of the 23rd of Henry VIII. — B.

[1] John Lambert, major-general in the Parliamentary army. The title Lord was not his by right, but it was frequently given to the republican officers. He was born in 1619, at Calton Hall, in the parish of Kirkby-in-Malham-Dale, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. In 1642 he was appointed captain of horse under Fairfax, and acted as major-general to Cromwell in 1650 during the war in Scotland. After this Parliament conferred on him a grant of lands in Scotland worth £1,000 per annum. He refused to take the oath of allegiance to Cromwell, for which the Protector deprived him of his commission. After Cromwell's death he tried to set up a military government. The Commons cashiered Lambert, Desborough, and other officers, October 12th, 1659, but Lambert retaliated by thrusting out the Commons, and set out to meet Monk. His men fell away from him, and he was sent to the Tower, March 3rd, 1660, but escaped. In 1662 he was tried on a charge of high treason and condemned, but his life was spared. It is generally stated that he passed the remainder of his life in the island of Guernsey, but this is proved to be incorrect by a MS. in the Plymouth Athenæum, entitled "Plimmouth Memoirs collected by James Yonge, 1684." This will be seen from the following extracts quoted by Mr. R. J. King, in "Notes and Queries," 1st S., iv. 340: "1667 Lambert the arch-rebel brought to this island [St. Nicholas, at the entrance of Plymouth harbour]." "1683 Easter day Lambert that olde rebell dyed this winter on Plimmouth Island where he had been prisoner 15 years and more."

[2] Sir John Lawson, the son of a poor man at Hull, entered the navy as a common sailor, rose to the rank of admiral, and distinguished himself during the Protectorate. Though a republican, he readily closed with the design of restoring the King. He was vice-admiral under the Earl of Sandwich, and commanded the "London" in the squadron which conveyed Charles II. to England. He was mortally wounded in the action with the Dutch off Harwich, June, 1665. He must not be confounded with another John Lawson, the Royalist, of Brough Hall, in Yorkshire, who was created a Baronet by Charles II., July 6th, 1665.

[3] George Monk, born 1608, created Duke of Albemarle, 1660, married Ann Clarges, March, 1654, died January 3rd, 1676.

in Scotland. Only my Lord Lambert is not yet come into the Parliament, nor is it expected that he will without being forced to it. The new Common Council of the City do speak very high; and had sent to Monk their sword-bearer, to acquaint him with their desires for a free and full Parliament, which is at present the desires, and the hopes, and expectation of all. Twenty-two of the old secluded members[1] having been at the House-door the last week to demand entrance, but it was denied them; and it is believed that [neither] they nor the people will be satisfied till the House be filled. My own private condition very handsome, and esteemed rich, but indeed very poor; besides my goods of my house, and my office, which at present is somewhat uncertain. Mr. Downing master of my office.[2]

Jan. 1st (Lord's day). This morning (we living lately in the garret,) I rose, put on my suit with great skirts, having not lately worn any other clothes but them. Went to Mr.

[1] "The City sent and invited him [Monk] to dine the next day at Guildhall, and there he declared for the members whom the army had forced away in year forty-seven and forty-eight, who were known by the names of secluded members." — Burnet's *Hist. of his Own Time*, book i.

[2] George Downing was one of the Four Tellers of the Receipt of the Exchequer, and in his office Pepys was a clerk. He was the son of Emmanuel Downing of the Inner Temple, afterwards of Salem, Massachusetts, and of Lucy, sister of Governor John Winthrop. He is supposed to have been born in August, 1623. He and his parents went to New England in 1638, and he was the second graduate of Harvard College. He returned to England about 1645, and acted as Colonel Okey's chaplain before he entered into political life. Anthony à Wood (who incorrectly describes him as the son of Dr. Calybute Downing, vicar of Hackney) calls Downing a sider with all times and changes: skilled in the common cant, and a preacher occasionally. He was sent by Cromwell to Holland in 1657, as resident there. At the Restoration, he espoused the King's cause, and was knighted and elected M.P. for Morpeth, in 1661. Afterwards, becoming Secretary to the Treasury and Commissioner of the Customs, he was in 1663 created a Baronet of East Hatley, in Cambridgeshire, and was again sent Ambassador to Holland. His grandson of the same name, who died in 1749, was the founder of Downing College, Cambridge. The title became extinct in 1764, upon the decease of Sir John Gerrard Downing, the last heir-male of the family. Sir George Downing's character will be found in Lord Clarendon's "Life," vol. iii. p. 4. Pepys's opinion seems to be somewhat of a mixed kind. He died in July, 1684.

Gunning's[1] chapel at Exeter House,[2] where he made a very good sermon upon these words: — "That in the fulness of time God sent his Son, made of a woman," &c.; showing, that, by "made under the law," is meant his circumcision, which is solemnized this day. Dined at home in the garret, where my wife dressed the remains of a turkey, and in the doing of it she burned her hand. I staid at home all the afternoon, looking over my accounts; then went with my wife to my father's, and in going observed the great posts which the City have set up at the Conduit in Fleet-street.[3] Supt at my father's, where in came Mrs. The. Turner[4] and Madam Morrice, and supt with us. After that my wife and I went home with them, and so to our own home.

2nd. In the morning before I went forth old East brought me a dozen of bottles of sack, and I gave him a shilling for his pains. Then I went to Mr. Sheply,[5] who was drawing of sack in the wine cellar to send to other places as a gift from my Lord, and told me that my Lord had given him order to give me the dozen of bottles. Thence I went to the

[1] Peter Gunning, afterwards Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, and successively Bishop of Chichester and Ely. He had continued to read the Liturgy at the chapel at Exeter House when the Parliament was most predominant, for which Cromwell often rebuked him. Evelyn relates that on Christmas Day, 1657, the chapel was surrounded with soldiers, and the congregation taken prisoners, he and his wife being among them. There are several notices of Dr. Gunning in Evelyn's Diary. When he obtained the mastership of St. John's College upon the ejection of Dr. Tuckney, he allowed that Nonconformist divine a handsome annuity during his life. He was a great controversialist, and a man of great reading. Burnet says he "was a very honest sincere man, but of no sound judgment, and of no prudence in affairs" ("Hist. of his Own Time"). He died July 6th, 1684, aged seventy-one.

[2] Exeter House, which stood on the north side of the Strand, to the east of Bedford House, was built by Sir William Cecil, Lord Burghley, whose eldest son was created first Earl of Exeter. It was also known as Cecil and Burleigh House. Exeter Street and Burleigh Street mark the site of the house.

[3] The conduit was situated near the north end of Salisbury Square. Monk's lodgings were close by.

[4] Theophila Turner, daughter of Sergeant John and Jane Turner, who married Sir Arthur Harris, Bart. She died 1686.

[5] W. Shepley was a servant of Admiral Sir Edward Montagu (afterwards Earl of Sandwich), with whom Pepys was frequently brought in contact. He was steward at Hinchinbroke.

Temple to speak with Mr. Calthropp about the £60 due to my Lord,[1] but missed of him, he being abroad. Then I went to Mr. Crew's[2] and borrowed £10 of Mr. Andrewes for my own use, and so went to my office, where there was nothing to do. Then I walked a great while in Westminster Hall, where I heard that Lambert was coming up to London; that my Lord Fairfax[3] was in the head of the Irish

[1] Sir Edward Montagu, born 1625, son of Sir Sidney Montagu, by Paulina, daughter of John Pepys of Cottenham, married Jemima, daughter of John Crew of Stene. He died in action against the Dutch in Southwold Bay, May 28th, 1672. The title of "My Lord" here applied to Montagu before he was created Earl of Sandwich is of the same character as that given to General Lambert.

[2] John Crew, born 1598, eldest son of Sir Thomas Crew, Sergeant-at-Law and Speaker of the House of Commons. He sat for Brackley in the Long Parliament. Created Baron Crew of Stene, in the county of Northampton, at the coronation of Charles II. He married Jemima, daughter and co-heir of Edward Walgrave (or Waldegrave) of Lawford, Essex. His house was in Lincoln's Inn Fields. He died December 12th, 1679.

[3] Thomas, Lord Fairfax, Generalissimo of the Parliament forces. After the Restoration, he retired to his country seat, where he lived in private till his death, 1671. In a volume (autograph) of Lord Fairfax's Poems, preserved in the British Museum, 11744, f. 42, the following lines occur upon the 30th of January, on which day the King was beheaded. It is believed that they have never been printed.

"O let that day from time be bloted quitt,
And beleef of 't in next age be waved,
In depest silence that act concealed might,
That so the creadet of our nation might be saved;
But if the powre devine hath ordered this,
His will's the law, and our must aquiess."

These wretched verses have obviously no merit; but they are curious as showing that Fairfax, who had refused to act as one of Charles I.'s judges, continued long afterwards to entertain a proper horror for that unfortunate monarch's fate. It has recently been pointed out to me, that the lines were not originally composed by Fairfax, being only a poor translation of the spirited lines of Statius (Sylvarum lib. v. cap. ii. l. 88): —

"Excidat illa dies ævo, ne postera credant
Secula, nos certè taceamus; et obruta multâ
Nocte tegi propriæ patiamur crimina gentis."

These verses were first applied by the President de Thou to the massacre of St. Bartholomew, 1572; and in our day, by Mr. Pitt, in his memorable speech in the House of Commons, January, 1793, after the murder of Louis XVI. — B.

brigade, but it was not certain what he would declare for. The House was to-day upon finishing the act for the Council of State, which they did; and for the indemnity to the soldiers; and were to sit again thereupon in the afternoon. Great talk that many places have declared for a free Parliament; and it is believed that they will be forced to fill up the House with the old members. From the Hall I called at home, and so went to Mr. Crew's (my wife she was to go to her father's), thinking to have dined, but I came too late, so Mr. Moore[1] and I and another gentleman went out and drank a cup of ale together in the new market,[2] and there I eat some bread and cheese for my dinner. After that Mr. Moore and I went as far as Fleet-street together and parted, he going into the City, I to find Mr. Calthrop, but failed again of finding him, so returned to Mr. Crew's again, and from thence went along with Mrs. Jemimah[3] home, and there she taught me how to play at cribbage.[4] Then I went home, and finding my wife gone to see Mrs. Hunt, I went to Will's,[5] and there sat with Mr. Ashwell talking and singing till nine o'clock, and so home, there, having not eaten anything but bread and cheese, my wife cut me a slice of brawn which I received from my Lady,[6] which

[1] This gentleman was a connection of Sir Edward Montagu's, whose daughter Jemima he wanted to marry, but he was not received with favour by her (see January 17th, 1659–60).

[2] Clare Market, named after John Holles, Earl of Clare, was at first known as New Market. John Willis's "Mnemonica, or the Art of Memory," was published in 1661, by "Leonard Sowerby at the Turnstile near New Market in Lincoln's Inn Fields."

[3] Mrs. Jemimah, or Mrs. Jem, was Jemima, eldest daughter of Sir Edward Montagu. At this time she and her sister, Mrs. Ann, seem to have been living alone with their maids in London, and Pepys's duty was to look after them.

[4] Pepys does not appear to have made any progress in learning the game, for on May 15th he writes that he cannot play it. "The game at cribbidge" is described in the "Complete Gamester," 1677, and subsequent editions.

[5] Pepys constantly visited "Will's" about this time; but this could not be the famous coffee-house in Covent Garden, because he mentions visiting there for the first time, February 3rd, 1663–64. It was most probably the house of William Joyce, who kept a place of entertainment at Westminster (see Jan. 29th).

[6] Jemima, wife of Sir Edward Montagu, daughter of John Crew of Stene, afterwards Lord Crew.

proves as good as ever I had any. So to bed, and my wife had a very bad night of it through wind and cold.

3rd. I went out in the morning, it being a great frost, and walked to Mrs. Turner's[1] to stop her from coming to see me to-day, because of Mrs. Jem's coming, thence I went to the Temple to speak with Mr. Calthrop, and walked in his chamber an hour, but could not see him, so went to Westminster, where I found soldiers in my office to receive money, and paid it them. At noon went home, where Mrs. Jem, her maid, Mr. Sheply, Hawly, and Moore dined with me on a piece of beef and cabbage, and a collar of brawn. We then fell to cards till dark, and then I went home with Mrs. Jem, and meeting Mr. Hawly got him to bear me company to Chancery Lane, where I spoke with Mr. Calthrop, he told me that Sir James Calthrop was lately dead, but that he would write to his Lady, that the money may be speedily paid. Thence back to White Hall, where I understood that the Parliament had passed the act for indemnity to the soldiers and officers that would come in, in so many days, and that my Lord Lambert should have benefit of the said act. They had also voted that all vacancies in the House, by the death of any of the old members, shall be filled up; but those that are living shall not be called in. Thence I went home, and there found Mr. Hunt and his wife, and Mr. Hawly, who sat with me till ten at night at cards, and so broke up and to bed.

4th. Early came Mr. Vanly[2] to me for his half-year's rent, which I had not in the house, but took his man to the office and there paid him. Then I went down into the Hall and to Will's, where Hawly brought a piece of his Cheshire cheese, and we were merry with it. Then into the Hall again, where I met with the Clerk and Quarter Master of my Lord's troop, and took them to the Swan[3] and gave them

[1] Jane, daughter of John Pepys of South Creake, Norfolk, married to John Turner, Sergeant-at-law, Recorder of York; their only child, Theophila, frequently mentioned as The. or Theoph., became the wife of Sir Arthur Harris, Bart., of Stowford, Devon, and died 1686, s. p.

[2] Mr. Vanley appears to have been Pepys's landlord; he is mentioned again in the Diary on September 20th, 1660.

[3] Pepys visited several Swan taverns, so that it is impossible to say which one is here referred to. It might have been either the one in the Palace Yard or the one in King Street, Westminster.

their morning's draft,[1] they being just come to town. Mr. Jenkins shewed me two bills of exchange for money to receive upon my Lord's and my pay. It snowed hard all this morning, and was very cold, and my nose was much swelled with cold. Strange the difference of men's talk! Some say that Lambert must of necessity yield up; others, that he is very strong, and that the Fifth-monarchy-men[2] [will] stick to him, if he declares for a free Parliament. Chillington was sent yesterday to him with the vote of pardon and indemnity from the Parliament. From the Hall I came home, where I found letters from Hinchinbroke[3] and news of Mr. Sheply's going thither the next week. I dined at home, and from thence went to Will's to Shaw, who promised me to go along with me to Atkinson's about some money, but I found him at cards with Spicer[4] and D. Vines,[5] and could not get him along with me. I was vext at this, and went and walked in the Hall, where I heard that the Parliament spent this day in fasting and prayer; and in the afternoon came letters from the North, that brought certain news that my Lord Lambert his forces were all forsaking him, and that he was left with only fifty horse, and that he

[1] It was not usual at this time to sit down to breakfast, but instead a morning draught was taken at a tavern.

[2] The rising of the Fifth Monarchy men is described later on.

[3] Hinchinbroke was Sir Edward Montagu's seat, from which he afterwards took his second title. Hinchinbroke House, so often mentioned in the Diary, stood about half a mile to the westward of the town of Huntingdon. It was erected late in the reign of Elizabeth, by Sir Henry Cromwell, on the site of a Benedictine nunnery, granted at the Dissolution, with all its appurtenances, to his father, Richard Williams, who had assumed the name of Cromwell, and whose grandson, Sir Oliver, was the uncle and godfather of the Protector. The knight, who was renowned for his hospitality, had the honour of entertaining King James at Hinchinbroke, but, getting into pecuniary difficulties, was obliged to sell his estates, which were conveyed, July 28th, 1627, to Sir Sidney Montagu of Barnwell, father of the first Earl of Sandwich, in whose descendant they are still vested. On the morning of the 22nd January, 1830, during the minority of the seventh Earl, Hinchinbroke was almost entirely destroyed by fire, but the pictures and furniture were mostly saved, and the house has been rebuilt in the Elizabethan style, and the interior greatly improved, under the direction of Edward Blore, Esq., R.A. — B.

[4] Dick Spicer, afterwards a brother clerk with Pepys of the Privy Seal.

[5] Dick Vines.

did now declare for the Parliament himself; and that my Lord Fairfax did also rest satisfied, and had laid down his arms, and that what he had done was only to secure the country against my Lord Lambert his raising of money, and free quarter. I went to Will's again, where I found them still at cards, and Spicer had won 14*s.* of Shaw and Vines. Then I spent a little time with G. Vines[1] and Maylard at Vines's at our viols.[2] So home, and from thence to Mr. Hunt's, and sat with them and Mr. Hawly at cards till ten at night, and was much made of by them. Home and so to bed, but much troubled with my nose, which was much swelled.

5th. I went to my office, where the money was again expected from the Excise office, but none brought, but was promised to be sent this afternoon. I dined with Mr. Sheply, at my Lord's lodgings, upon his turkey-pie. And so to my office again; where the Excise money was brought, and some of it told to soldiers till it was dark. Then I went home, and after writing a letter to my Lord and told him the news that the Parliament hath this night voted that the members that were discharged from sitting in the years 1648 and 49, were duly discharged; and that there should be writs issued presently for the calling of others in their places, and that Monk and Fairfax were commanded up to town, and that the Prince's lodgings[3] were to be provided for Monk at Whitehall. Then my wife and I, it being a great frost, went to Mrs. Jem's, in expectation to eat a sack-posset, but Mr. Edward[4] not coming it was put off; and so I left my wife playing at cards with her, and went myself with my lanthorn to Mr. Fage, to consult concerning my nose, who told me it was nothing but cold, and after that we did discourse concerning public business; and he told me it is true the City had not time enough to do much, but they are resolved

[1] George Vines.

[2] It was usual to have a "chest of viols," which consisted of six, viz., two trebles, two tenors, and two basses (see note in North's "Memoirs of Musick," ed. Rimbault, p. 70). The bass viol was also called the *viola da gamba*, because it was held between the legs.

[3] Later on (January 9th) it is said that Bradshaw's lodgings were being prepared for Monk.

[4] Edward Montagu, son of Sir Edward, and afterwards Lord Hinchinbroke.

to shake off the soldiers; and that unless there be a free Parliament chosen, he did believe there are half the Common Council will not levy any money by order of this Parliament. From thence I went to my father's, where I found Mrs. Ramsey and her grandchild, a pretty girl, and staid a while and talked with them and my mother, and then took my leave, only heard of an invitation to go to dinner to-morrow to my cosen Thomas Pepys.[1] I went back to Mrs. Jem, and took my wife and Mrs. Sheply, and went home.

6th. This morning Mr. Sheply and I did eat our breakfast at Mrs. Harper's, (my brother John[2] being with me,) upon a cold turkey-pie and a goose. From thence I went to my office, where we paid money to the soldiers till one o'clock, at which time we made an end, and I went home and took my wife and went to my cosen, Thomas Pepys, and found them just sat down to dinner, which was very good; only the venison pasty was palpable beef, which was not handsome. After dinner I took my leave, leaving my wife with my cozen Stradwick,[3] and went to Westminster to Mr. Vines, where George[4] and I fiddled a good while, Dick and his wife (who was lately brought to bed) and her sister being there, but Mr. Hudson not coming according to his promise, I went away, and calling at my house on the wench, I took her and the lanthorn with me to my cosen Stradwick, where, after a good supper, there being there my father, mother, brothers, and sister, my cosen Scott[5] and his wife, Mr. Drawwater and his wife, and her brother, Mr. Stradwick, we had a brave cake brought us, and in the choosing, Pall[6]

[1] Thomas Pepys, probably the son of Thomas Pepys of London (born 1595), brother of Samuel's father, John Pepys.

[2] John Pepys was born in 1641, and his brother Samuel took great interest in his welfare, but he did not do any great credit to his elder. He took orders in 1666, and in 1670 was, through the influence of his brother Samuel, appointed Clerk to the Trinity House. In 1674 he was appointed joint Clerk of the Acts with Thomas Hayter. He died in March, 1676–77, leaving some debts which Samuel paid.

[3] Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Pepys, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, and wife of Thomas Stradwick.

[4] George Vines and Dick Vines.

[5] J. Scott was husband of Judith, another daughter of Chief Justice Richard Pepys.

[6] Paulina, sister of Samuel, who was born 1640, and married John Jackson of Brampton, co. Hunts. She had two sons, Samuel and John, the second being heir to his uncle Samuel.

was Queen, and Mr. Stradwick was King. After that my wife and I bid adieu and came home, it being still a great frost.

7th. At my office as I was receiving money of the probate of wills, in came Mrs. Turner, Theoph., Madame Morrice, and Joyce,[1] and after I had done I took them home to my house, and Mr. Hawly came after, and I got a dish of steaks and a rabbit for them, while they were playing a game or two at cards. In the middle of our dinner a messenger from Mr. Downing came to fetch me to him, so leaving Mr. Hawly there, I went and was forced to stay till night in expectation of the French Embassador,[2] who at last came, and I had a great deal of good discourse with one of his gentlemen concerning the reason of the difference between the zeal of the French and the Spaniard. After he was gone I went home, and found my friends still at cards, and after that I went along with them to Dr. Whores (sending my wife to Mrs. Jem's to a sack-posset), where I heard some symphony and songs of his own making, performed by Mr. May,[3] Harding,[4] and Mallard. Afterwards I put my friends into a coach, and went to Mrs. Jem's, where I wrote a letter to my Lord by the post, and had my part of the posset which was saved for me, and so we went home, and put in at my Lord's lodgings, where we staid late, eating of part of his turkey-pie, and reading of Quarles' Emblems.[5] So home and to bed.

8th (Sunday). In the morning I went to Mr. Gunning's, where a good sermon, wherein he showed the life of Christ, and told us good authority for us to believe that Christ did follow his father's trade, and was a carpenter till thirty years of age. From thence to my father's to dinner, where I found my wife, who was forced to dine there, we not having one coal of fire in the house, and it being very hard frosty

[1] This was probably Joyce Norton, who was cousin to the Turners as well as to Pepys. She was the daughter of Richard Norton of South Creake and his wife, Barbara Pepys.

[2] Antoine de Neuville, Seigneur de Bordeaux.

[3] Probably Hugh May, who after 1662 was established as an architect.

[4] John Harding was one of the Gentlemen of the King's Private Music in 1674.

[5] The "Emblems, Divine and Moral" of Francis Quarles was first published in 1635. There is no copy of this book now in the Pepysian Library.

weather. In the afternoon my father, he going to a man's to demand some money due to my Aunt Bell,[1] my wife and I went to Mr. Mossum's,[2] where a strange doctor made a very good sermon. From thence sending my wife to my father's, I went to Mrs. Turner's, and staid a little while, and then to my father's, where I found Mr. Sheply, and after supper went home together. Here I heard of the death of Mr. Palmer, and that he was to be buried at Westminster to-morrow.

9th. For these two or three days I have been much troubled with thoughts how to get money to pay them that I have borrowed money of, by reason of my money being in my uncle's hands. I rose early this morning, and looked over and corrected my brother John's speech, which he is to make the next apposition,[3] and after that I went towards my office, and in my way met with W. Simons,[4] Muddiman, and Jack Price, and went with them to Harper's and in many sorts of talk I staid till two of the clock in the afternoon. I found Muddiman a good scholar, an arch rogue; and owns that though he writes new [s] books for the Parliament, yet he did declare that he did it only to get money; and did talk very basely of many of them. Among other things, W. Simons told me how his uncle Scobell[5] was on Saturday last called to the bar, for entering in the journal of the House, for the year 1653, these words: "This day his Excellence the Lord G[eneral] Cromwell dissolved this House;" which words the Parliament voted a forgery, and demanded of him how they came to be entered. He answered that they were his own handwriting, and that he did it by virtue of his office, and the practice of his prede-

[1] Mrs. Bell; she died of the plague.

[2] Dr. Robert Mossum, author of several sermons preached in London, and printed about the time of the Restoration, who was in 1666 made Bishop of Derry. In the title-page of his "Apology in behalf of the Sequestered Clergy," printed in 1660, he calls himself "Preacher of God's word at St. Peter's, Paul's Wharf, London," and at the end, "one of the sequestered clergy." This pamphlet is reprinted in "Somers Tracts," vol. vii. p. 237, edit. 1812.

[3] Declamations at St. Paul's School, in which there were opponents and respondents.

[4] William Simons.

[5] Henry Scobell was Clerk to the House of Commons.

cessor;[1] and that the intent of the practice was to let posterity know how such and such a Parliament was dissolved, whether by the command of the King, or by their own neglect, as the last House of Lords was; and that to this end, he had said and writ that it was dissolved by his Excellence the Lord G[eneral]; and that for the word dissolved, he never at the time did hear of any other term; and desired pardon if he would not dare to make a word himself when it was six years after, before they came themselves to call it an interruption; but they were so little satisfied with this answer, that they did chuse a committee to report to the House, whether this crime of Mr. Scobell's did come within the act of indemnity or no. Thence I went with Muddiman to the Coffee-House,[2] and gave 18*d.* to be entered of the Club. Thence into the Hall, where I heard for certain that Monk was coming to London, and that Bradshaw's[3] lodgings were preparing for him. Thence to Mrs. Jem's, and found her in bed, and she was afraid that it would prove the small-pox. Thence back to Westminster Hall, where I heard how Sir H. Vane[4] was this day voted out of the House, and to sit no more there; and that he would retire himself to his house at Raby,[5] as also all the rest of the nine officer that had their commissions formerly taken away from them were commanded to their farthest houses from London during the pleasure of the Parliament. Here I met with the Quarter Master of my Lord's troop, and his clerk Mr. Jennings,[6] and took them home, and gave them a bottle of wine, and the remainder of my collar of brawn, and so good night. After that came in Mr. Hawly, who told me that I was mist

[1] Henry Elsynge, born at Battersea, appointed Clerk of the House of Commons through the influence of Archbishop Laud, resigned in 1648 to avoid taking part in the proceedings against Charles I. He retired to Hounslow, where he died 1654.

[2] Miles's Coffee House in Old Palace Yard, where was held the Rota Club, founded by James Harrington, which is referred to again further on.

[3] John Bradshaw (born 1602), President of the Council of State, died at the Deanery, Westminster, on October 31st, 1659.

[4] Sir Harry Vane the younger, an inflexible republican. He was executed in 1662, on a charge of conspiring the death of Charles I.

[5] Raby Castle in Durham, now the seat of Sir Harry Vane's descendant, Lord Barnard.

[6] Mr. Jennings is mentioned again August 8th, 1660.

this day at my office, and that to-morrow I must pay all the money that I have, at which I was put to a great loss how I should get money to make up my cash, and so went to bed in great trouble.

10th. Went out early, and in my way met with Greatorex,[1] and at an alehouse he shewed me the first sphere of wire that ever he made, and indeed it was very pleasant; thence to Mr. Crew's, and borrowed £10, and so to my office, and was able to pay my money. Thence into the Hall, and meeting the Quarter Master, Jenings, and Captain Rider, we four went to a cook's to dinner. Thence Jenings and I into London (it being through heat of the sun a great thaw and dirty) to show our bills of return, and coming back drank a pint of wine at the Star in Cheapside.[2] So to Westminster, overtaking Captain Okeshott[3] in his silk cloak, whose sword got hold of many people in walking. Thence to the Coffee-house, where were a great confluence of gentlemen; viz. Mr. Harrington,[4] Poultny,[5] chairman, Gold,[6] Dr. Petty,[7]

[1] Ralph Greatorex, the well-known mathematical instrument maker of his day. He is frequently mentioned by Pepys.

[2] There are two tokens of the Star Tavern in Cheapside, one dated 1648 and the other 1652 (see "Boyne's Trade Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i. 1889, pp. 562, 563).

[3] Captain Okeshott is not mentioned again in the Diary.

[4] James Harrington, the political writer, born January, 1611, author of "Oceana," and founder of a club called The Rota, in 1659, which met at Miles's coffee-house in Old Palace Yard, and lasted only a few months. He attended Charles I. on the scaffold. In 1661 he was sent to the Tower, on suspicion of treasonable designs, and was removed from thence to St. Nicholas Island, near Plymouth, but his intellect having failed his friends obtained his discharge on giving security for his behaviour. He died September 11th, 1667. Henry Nevill and Harrington "had every night a meeting at the (then) Turke's Head, in the New Palace Yard, where they take water, the next house to the Staires, at one Miles's, where was made purposely a large oval table, with a passage in the middle, for Miles to deliver his coffee. About it sate his disciples and the virtuosi." — Aubrey's *Bodleian Letters*, 1813, vol. ii. pt. 2, p. 371.

[5] Sir William Poultny, or Pulteney, subsequently M.P. for Westminster, and a Commissioner of the Privy Seal under King William. Died 1671. Grandfather to William Earl of Bath.

[6] Edward Gold, the merchant. His name occurs among the Governors of Sir Roger Cholmley's school at Highgate.

[7] William Petty, M.D., an eminent physician and the founder of Political Economy (or Political Arithmetic, as he called it), born May

&c., where admirable discourse till 9 at night. Thence with Doling[1] to Mother Lam's, who told me how this day Scott[2] was made Intelligencer, and that the rest of the members that were objected against last night, their business was to be heard this day se'nnight. Thence I went home and wrote a letter, and went to Harper's, and staid there till Tom[3] carried it to the postboy at Whitehall. So home to bed.

11th. Being at Will's with Captain Barker, who hath paid me £300 this morning at my office, in comes my father, and with him I walked, and leave him at W. Joyce's, and went myself to Mr. Crew's, but came too late to dine, and therefore after a game at shittle-cocks[4] with Mr. Walgrave[5] and Mr. Edward, I returned to my father, and taking him from W. Joyce's, who was not abroad himself, we inquired of a porter, and by his direction went to an alehouse, where after a cup or two we parted. I went towards London, and in my way went in to see Crowly, who was now grown a very great loon and very tame. Thence to Mr. Steven's with a pair of silver snuffers, and bought a pair of shears to cut silver, and so homeward again. From home I went to see Mrs. Jem, who was in bed, and now granted to have the small-pox. Back again, and went to the Coffee-house, but tarried not, and so home.

12th. I drink my morning at Harper's with Mr. Sheply and a seaman, and so to my office, where Captain Holland[6]

16th, 1623. He was elected Professor of Music at Gresham College by the interest of Captain John Graunt. Knighted in 1661. He died December 16th, 1687. His widow was created Baroness Shelburne in the Peerage of Ireland, and their eldest son succeeded to the title.

[1] Thomas Doling.

[2] Thomas Scott, M.P., was made Secretary of State to the Commonwealth on the 17th of this same January. He signed the death warrant of Charles I., for which he was executed at Charing Cross, October 16th, 1660. He gloried in his offence, and desired to have written on his tombstone, "Thomas Scott who adjudged to death the late king."

[3] Thomas Pepys, Samuel's brother, born 1634 and died 1664. He carried on his father's business as a tailor.

[4] The game of battledore and shuttlecock was formerly much played even in tennis courts, and was a very violent game.

[5] Edward Walgrave, or Waldegrave, of Lawford, Essex, father of Mrs. Crew.

[6] Captain Philip Holland, at one time captain of "Assurance" (see December 11th, 1660); he renewed his commission on June 3rd, 1660.

came to see me, and appointed a meeting in the afternoon. Then wrote letters to Hinchinbroke and sealed them at Will's, and after that went home, and thence to the Half Moon, where I found the Captain and Mr. Billingsly and Newman, a barber, where we were very merry, and had the young man that plays so well on the Welsh harp. Billingsly paid for all. Thence home, and finding my letters this day not gone by the carrier I new sealed them, but my brother Tom coming we fell into discourse about my intention to feast the Joyces. I sent for a bit of meat for him from the cook's, and forgot to send my letters this night. So I went to bed, and in discourse broke to my wife what my thoughts were concerning my design of getting money by, &c.

13th. Coming in the morning to my office, I met with Mr. Fage and took him to the Swan.[1] He told me how high Haselrigge,[2] and Morly,[3] the last night began at my Lord Mayor's[4] to exclaim against the City of London, saying that they had forfeited their charter. And how the Chamberlain of the City did take them down, letting them know how much they were formerly beholding to the City, &c. He also told me that Monk's letter that came to them by the sword-bearer was a cunning piece, and that which they did not much trust to; but they were resolved to make no more applications to the Parliament, nor to pay any money, unless the secluded members be brought in, or a free Parliament chosen. Thence to my office, where nothing to do. So to Will's with Mr. Pinkney,[5] who in-

[1] The Swan tavern in Fenchurch Street.

[2] Sir Arthur Haselrigge, Bart., of Nosely, co. Leicester, and M.P. for that county. He brought forward the Bill in the House of Commons for the attainder of the Earl of Strafford, and he was one of the five members charged with high treason by Charles I. in 1642. Colonel of a regiment in the Parliament army, and much esteemed by Cromwell. In March, 1659–60, he was committed to the Tower by Monk, where he died, January, 1660–61. Although one of the King's judges, he did not sign the death-warrant.

[3] Colonel Morley, one of the Council of State, Lieutenant of the Tower. John Evelyn attempted to bring him over to the King's side, but he hesitated, and lost the honour of restoring the King.

[4] The Lord Mayor was Thomas Allen, created a baronet at the Restoration.

[5] Leonard Pinckney was one of the four tellers of the Receipt of the

vited me to their feast at his Hall the next Monday. Thence I went home and took my wife and dined at Mr. Wade's, and after that we went and visited Catan.[1] From thence home again, and my wife was very unwilling to let me go forth, but with some discontent would go out if I did, and I going forth towards Whitehall, I saw she followed me, and so I staid and took her round through Whitehall, and so carried her home angry. Thence I went to Mrs. Jem, and found her up and merry, and that it did not prove the small-pox, but only the swine-pox; so I played a game or two at cards with her. And so to Mr. Vines, where he and I and Mr. Hudson played half-a-dozen things, there being there Dick's wife and her sister. After that I went home and found my wife gone abroad to Mr. Hunt's, and came in a little after me. So to bed.

14th. Nothing to do at our office. Thence into the Hall, and just as I was going to dinner from Westminster Hall with Mr. Moore (with whom I had been in the lobby to hear news, and had spoke with Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper[2] about my Lord's lodgings) to his house, I met with Captain Holland, who told me that he hath brought his wife to my house, so I posted home and got a dish of meat for them. They staid with me all the afternoon, and went hence in the evening. Then I went with my wife, and left her at market, and went myself to the Coffee-house, and heard exceeding good argument against Mr. Harrington's assertion, that overbalance of propriety [*i.e.*, property] was the foundation of government. Home, and wrote to Hinchinbroke, and sent that and my other letter that missed of going on Thursday last. So to bed.

Exchequer, and he acted as Clerk of the Kitchen at Charles II.'s Coronation feast. His son, William Pinckney, was admitted into his place of Teller in 1661.

[1] Catan Stirpin, a girl who afterwards married a Monsieur Petit (see October 23rd, 1660). She is called Kate Sterpin on March 6th, 1659–60.

[2] Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper was born July 22nd, 1621, and received his early instruction from Puritan private tutors. He was admitted into the Society of Lincoln's Inn, February 18th, 1638, and was elected Member of Parliament for Tewkesbury in 1640. For a time he favoured the royal cause, but soon transferred his services to the Commonwealth. He had taken his seat for Downton on the 7th of this January. He was created Baron Ashley in 1661, and Earl of Shaftesbury in 1672.

15th. Having been exceedingly disturbed in the night with the barking of a dog of one of our neighbours that I could not sleep for an hour or two, I slept late, and then in the morning took physic, and so staid within all day. At noon my brother John came to me, and I corrected as well as I could his Greek speech to say at the Apposition, though I believe he himself was as well able to do it as myself. After that we went to read in the great Officiale about the blessing of bells in the Church of Rome.[1] After that my wife and I in pleasant discourse till night, then I went to supper, and after that to make an end of this week's notes in this book, and so to bed. It being a cold day and a great snow my physic did not work so well as it should have done.

16th. In the morning I went up to Mr. Crew's, and at his bedside he gave me direction to go to-morrow with Mr. Edward to Twickenham, and likewise did talk to me concerning things of state; and expressed his mind how just it was that the secluded members should come to sit again. I went from thence, and in my way went into an alehouse and drank my morning draft with Matthew Andrews and two or three more of his friends, coachmen. And of one of them I did hire a coach to carry us to-morrow to Twickenham. From thence to my office, where nothing to do; but Mr. Downing he came and found me all alone; and did mention to me his going back into Holland, and did ask me whether I would go or no, but gave me little encouragement, but bid me consider of it; and asked me whether I did not think that Mr. Hawly could perform the work of my office alone or no. I confess I was at a great loss, all the day after, to bethink myself how to carry this business. At noon, Harry Ethall came to me and went along with Mr. Maylard by coach as far as Salsbury Court,

[1] "Baronius informs us that Pope John XIII. in 968 consecrated a very large new cast bell in the Lateran Church, and gave it the name of John. This is the first instance I meet with of what has been since called 'The baptizing of bells,' a superstition which the reader may find ridiculed in the 'Beehive of the Romish Church,' 1579." A list of the ceremonies is quoted, and instance given of the practice in 14 Hen. VII., when Sir William Symys, Richard Clech, and Maistres Smyth were godfathers and godmother to a bell at Reading. See Brand's "Popular Antiquities," ed. Hazlitt, vol. ii. pp. 239–240.

and there we set him down, and we went to the Clerks, where we came a little too late, but in a closet we had a very good dinner by Mr. Pinkny's courtesy, and after dinner we had pretty good singing, and one, Hazard, sung alone after the old fashion, which was very much cried up, but I did not like it. Thence we went to the Green Dragon, on Lambeth Hill,[1] both the Mr. Pinkney's, Smith, Harrison, Morrice, that sang the bass, Sheply and I, and there we sang of all sorts of things, and I ventured with good success upon things at first sight, and after that I played on my flageolet,[2] and staid there till nine o'clock, very merry and drawn on with one song after another till it came to be so late. After that Sheply, Harrison and myself, we went towards Westminster on foot, and at the Golden Lion, near Charing Cross, we went in and drank a pint of wine, and so parted, and thence home, where I found my wife and maid a-washing. I staid up till the bell-man came by with his bell just under my window as I was writing of this very line, and cried, "Past one of the clock, and a cold, frosty, windy morning." I then went to bed, and left my wife and the maid a-washing still.

17th. Early I went to Mr. Crew's, and having given Mr. Edward money to give the servants, I took him into the coach that waited for us and carried him to my house, where the coach waited for me while I and the child went to Westminster Hall, and bought him some pictures. In the Hall I met Mr. Woodfine, and took him to Will's and drank with him. Thence the child and I to the coach, where my wife was ready, and so we went towards Twickenham. In our way, at Kensington we understood how that my Lord Chesterfield[3] had killed another gentleman about

[1] There is a token of the Green Dragon on Lambeth Hill, dated 1651 (see "Boyne's Trade Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i., 1889, p. 650).

[2] The flageolet is a small flute à bec.

[3] Philip Stanhope, second Earl of Chesterfield, ob. 1713, æt. suæ 80. We learn, from the memoir prefixed to his "Printed Correspondence," that he fought three duels, disarming and wounding his first and second antagonists, and killing the third. The name of the unfortunate gentleman who fell on this occasion was Woolly. Lord Chesterfield, absconding, went to Breda, where he obtained the royal pardon from Charles II. He acted a busy part in the eventful times in which he

half an hour before, and was fled. We went forward and came about one of the clock to Mr. Fuller's,[1] but he was out of town, so we had a dinner there, and I gave the child 40*s.* to give to the two ushers. After that we parted and went homewards, it being market day at Brainford [Brentford]. I set my wife down and went with the coach to Mr. Crew's, thinking to have spoke with Mr. Moore and Mrs. Jem, he having told me the reason of his melancholy was some unkindness from her after so great expressions of love, and how he had spoke to her friends and had their consent, and that he would desire me to take an occasion of speaking with her, but by no means not to heighten her discontent or distaste whatever it be, but to make it up if I can. But he being out of doors, I went away and went to see Mrs. Jem, who was now very well again, and after a game or two at cards, I left her. So I went to the Coffee Club, and heard very good discourse; it was in answer to Mr. Harrington's answer, who said that the state of the Roman government was not a settled government, and so it was no wonder that the balance of propriety [*i.e.*, property] was in one hand, and the command in another, it being therefore always in a posture of war; but it was carried by ballot, that it was a steady government, though it is true by the voices it had been caried before that it was an unsteady government; so to-morrow it is to be proved by the oppo-

lived, and was remarkable for his steady adherence to the Stuarts. Lord Chesterfield's letter to Charles II., and the King's answer granting the royal pardon, occur in the Correspondence published by General Sir John Murray, in 1829.

"Jan. 17th, 1659. The Earl of Chesterfield and Dr. Woolly's son of Hammersmith, had a quarrel about a mare of eighteen pounds price: the quarrel would not be reconciled, insomuch that a challenge passed between them. They fought a duel on the backside of Mr. Colby's house at Kensington, where the Earl and he had several passes. The Earl wounded him in two places, and would fain have then ended, but the stubbornness and pride of heart of Mr. Woolly would not give over, and the next pass [he] was killed on the spot. The Earl fled to Chelsea, and there took water and escaped. The jury found it chance-medley." — Rugge's "Diurnal," Addit. MSS., British Museum. — B

[1] William Fuller, of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, was a schoolmaster at Twickenham during the Rebellion, and at the Restoration became Dean of St. Patrick's, and, in 1663, Bishop of Limerick, from which see, in 1667, he was translated to Lincoln. He died April 23rd, 1675.

nents that the balance lay in one hand, and the government in another. Thence I went to Westminster, and met Shaw and Washington,[1] who told me how this day Sydenham[2] was voted out of the House for sitting any more this Parliament, and that Salloway[3] was voted out likewise and sent to the Tower, during the pleasure of the House. Home and wrote by the Post, and carried to Whitehall, and coming back turned in at Harper's, where Jack Price was, and I drank with him and he told me, among other things, how much the Protector[4] is altered, though he would seem to bear out his trouble very well, yet he is scarce able to talk sense with a man; and how he will say that "Who should a man trust, if he may not trust to a brother and an uncle;"[5] and "how much those men have to answer before God Almighty, for their playing the knave with him as they did." He told me also, that there was £100,000 offered, and would have been taken for his restitution, had not the

[1] Mr. Washington the purser, see July 2nd, 1660.

[2] Colonel William Sydenham had been an active officer during the Civil Wars, on the Parliament side; M.P. for Dorsetshire, Governor of Melcombe, and one of the Committee of Safety. He was the elder brother of the celebrated physician of that name. — B.

[3] In the Journals of that date, Major Richard Salwey. Colonel Salway is mentioned as a prisoner in the Tower, 1663–4, in Bayley's "History of the Tower of London," 1830, p. 590.

[4] Richard Cromwell, third son of Oliver Cromwell, born October 4th, 1626, admitted a member of Lincoln's Inn, May 27th, 1647, fell into debt and devoted himself to hunting and field sports. His succession to his father as Protector was universally accepted at first, but the army soon began to murmur because he was not a general. Between the dissensions of various parties he fell, and the country was left in a state of anarchy. He went abroad early in the summer of 1660, and lived abroad for some years, returning to England in 1680. After his fall he bore the name of John Clarke. Died at Cheshunt, July 12th, 1712.

[5] Fleetwood and Desborough played a double game. John Desborough, born 1608, second son of James Disbrowe, married, 1636, Jane, sister to Oliver Cromwell; Major-General, 1648. Charles Fleetwood, son of Sir William Fleetwood, Cup-bearer to James I. and Charles I.; Lord Deputy of Ireland (for a time being succeeded by Henry Cromwell), became Cromwell's son-in-law by his marriage with Ireton's widow, and a member of the Council of State. He seemed disposed to have espoused Charles II.'s interests, but had not resolution enough to execute his design. At the Restoration, he was excepted out of the Act of Indemnity, and spent the remainder of his life in retirement at Stoke Newington. He died 1692.

Parliament come in as they did again; and that he do believe that the Protector will live to give a testimony of his valour and revenge yet before he dies, and that the Protector will say so himself sometimes. Thence I went home, it being late and my wife in bed.

18th. To my office and from thence to Will's, and there Mr. Sheply brought me letters from the carrier and so I went home. After that to Wilkinson's,[1] where we had a dinner for Mr. Talbot, Adams, Pinkny and his son, but his son did not come. Here we were very merry, and while I was here Mr. Fuller came thither and staid a little while. After that we all went to my Lord's, whither came afterwards Mr. Harrison, and by chance seeing Mr. Butler[2] coming by I called him in and so we sat drinking a bottle of wine till night. At which time Mistress Ann[3] came with the key of my Lord's study for some things, and so we all broke up and after I had gone to my house and interpreted my Lord's letter by his character[4] I came to her again and went with her to her lodging and from thence to Mr. Crew's, where I advised with him what to do about my Lord's lodgings and what answer to give to Sir Ant. Cooper and so I came home and to bed. All the world is at a loss to think what Monk will do: the City saying that he will be for them, and the Parliament saying he will be for them.

19th. This morning I was sent for to Mr. Downing, and at his bed side he told me, that he had a kindness for me, and that he thought that he had done me one; and that was, that he had got me to be one of the Clerks of the Council; at which I was a little stumbled, and could not tell what to do, whether to thank him or no; but by and by I did; but not very heartily, for I feared that his doing of it was but only to ease himself of the salary[5] which he gives me. After that Mr. Sheply staying below all this time for

[1] Mr. Wilkinson was landlord of the Crown in King Street, Westminster.

[2] Mr. Butler is usually styled by Pepys Mons. l'Impertinent.

[3] Probably Mrs. (afterwards Lady) Anne Montagu, daughter of Sir Edward Montagu, and sister to Mrs. Jem.

[4] The making of ciphers was a popular amusement about this time. Pepys made several for Montagu, Downing, and others.

[5] This salary appears to have been £50 a year. See 30th of this month.

me we went thence and met Mr. Pierce,[1] so at the Harp and Ball drank our morning draft and so to Whitehall where I met with Sir Ant. Cooper and did give him some answer from my Lord and he did give us leave to keep the lodgings still. And so we did determine thereupon that Mr. Sheply might now go into the country and would do so to-morrow. Back I went by Mr. Downing's order and staid there till twelve o'clock in expectation of one to come to read some writings, but he came not, so I staid all alone reading the answer of the Dutch Ambassador to our State,[2] in answer to the reasons of my Lord's coming home, which he gave for his coming, and did labour herein to contradict my Lord's arguments for his coming home. Thence to my office and so with Mr. Sheply and Moore, to dine upon a turkey with Mrs. Jem, and after that Mr. Moore and I went to the French Ordinary, where Mr. Downing this day feasted Sir Arth. Haselrigge, and a great many more of the Parliament, and did stay to put him in mind of me. Here he gave me a note to go and invite some other members to dinner to-morrow. So I went to White Hall, and did stay at Marsh's, with Simons, Luellin, and all the rest of the Clerks of the Council, who I hear are all turned out, only the two Leighs, and they do all tell me that my name was mentioned the last night, but that nothing was done in it. Hence I went and did leave some of my notes at the lodgings of the members and so home. To bed.

20th. In the morning I went to Mr. Downing's bedside and gave him an account what I had done as to his guests, and I went thence to my Lord Widdrington[3] who I met in

[1] Pepys had two friends named Pierce, one the surgeon and the other the purser; he usually (but not always) distinguishes them. The one here alluded to was probably the surgeon, and husband of pretty Mrs. Pierce. After the Restoration James Pearse or Pierce became Surgeon to the Duke of York, and he was also Surgeon-General of the Fleet.

[2] Nieuport, who is described by Evelyn as "a judicious, crafty, and wise man."

[3] Sir Thomas Widdrington was admitted a member of Gray's Inn in 1618. As Recorder of Berwick he addressed a loyal speech to Charles I. in 1633, when he expressed the wish that his throne might be "established before the Lord for ever." He afterwards distinguished himself as a zealous Presbyterian, and in 1648 he was appointed a Commissioner of the Great Seal. When the trial of the King was arranged, he and his fellow Commissioner (Whitelocke) kept out of

the street, going to seal the patents for the Judges to-day, and so could not come to dinner. I called upon Mr. Calthrop about the money due to my Lord. Here I met with Mr. Woodfine and drank with him at the Sun in Chancery Lane and so to Westminster Hall, where at the lobby I spoke with the rest of my guests and so to my office. At noon went by water with Mr. Maylard and Hales to the Swan in Fish Street[1] at our Coal Feast, where we were very merry at our Jole of Ling, and from thence after a great and good dinner Mr. Falconberge[2] would go drink a cup of ale at a place where I had like to have shot at a scholar that lay over the house of office. Thence calling on Mr. Stephens and Wootton (with whom I drank) about business of my Lord's I went to the Coffee Club where there was nothing done but choosing of a Committee for orders. Thence to Westminster Hall where Mrs. Lane[3] and the rest of the maids had their white scarfs, all having been at the burial of a young bookseller in the Hall.[4] Thence to Mr. Sheply's

the way, so that they should have nothing to do with that criminal proceeding. Having declined to serve further as Commissioner, he was made Sergeant for the Commonwealth in 1650, and member of the Council of State in 1651. In 1654 he was again appointed Commissioner of the Great Seal, but was dismissed in 1655. He was elected in 1656 for York and for Northumberland, and chose to sit for the county. He was Speaker of this Parliament, which was dissolved in 1658. He was appointed Lord Chief Baron, but soon after was transferred to his former office of Commissioner of the Great Seal. He had the benefit of the Act of Indemnity at the Restoration, and was the first named of the re-appointed sergeants. He died May 13th, 1664, and was buried in the chancel of the church of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields.

[1] The Swan in Old Fish Street was an old tavern, as it is mentioned in 1413 as the Swan on the Hoop, at the south-east corner of old Fish Street and Bread Street. There is a token of the house. (See "Boyne's Trade Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i., 1889, p. 691.)

[2] Mr. Falconberge (or Falconbridge, as sometimes spelt) appears to have been a clerk in the Exchequer. Mrs. Barker, Mrs. Pepys's woman, was previously in the service of Mr. Falconberge.

[3] Mrs. Betty Lane, a haberdasher or seamstress who occupied a stall in the Hall. She is frequently mentioned in the Diary.

[4] These stationers and booksellers, whose shops disfigured Westminster Hall down to a late period, were a privileged class. In the statutes for appointing licensers and regulating the press, there is a clause exempting them from the pains and penalties of these obnoxious laws. The exception in the 14 Car. II. cap. 33, sec. xx., runs thus: "Pro-

and took him to my house and drank with him in order to his going to-morrow. So parted and I sat up late making up my accounts before he go. This day three citizens of London went to meet Monk from the Common Council.[1]

21st. Up early in finishing my accounts and writing to my Lord and from thence to my Lord's and took leave of Mr. Sheply and possession of all the keys and the house. Thence to my office for some money to pay Mr. Sheply and sent it him by the old man. I then went to Mr. Downing who chid me because I did not give him notice of some of his guests failed him but I told him that I sent our porter to tell him and he was not within, but he told me that he was within till past twelve o'clock. So the porter or he lied. Thence to my office where nothing to do. Then with Mr. Hawly, he and I went to Mr. Crew's and dined there. Thence into London to Mr. Vernon's and I received my £25 due by bill for my troopers' pay. Then back again to Steadman's. At the Mitre,[2] in Fleet-street, in our way

vided alsoe . . . that neither this act, nor any therein contained, shall be construed to prohibit any person or persons to sell books or papers who have sold books or papers within Westminster Hall, the Palace of Westminster, or in any shopp or shopps within twenty yards of the Great Gate of Westminster Hall aforesaid before the said 20th November, 1661, but they and every of them may sell books and papers as they have or did before the said 20th November, 1661, within the said Hall, Pallace, and twenty yards aforesaid, and not elsewhere, anything in this act to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding."

[1] "Jan. 20th. Then there went out of the City, by desire of the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen, Alderman Fowke and Alderman Vincett, *alias* Vincent, and Mr. Broomfield, to compliment General Monk, who lay at Harborough Town, in Leicestershire."

"Jan. 21st. Because the Speaker was sick, and Lord General Monk so near London, and everybody thought that the City would suffer for their affronts to the soldiery, and because they had sent the sword-bearer to the General without the Parliament's consent, and the three Aldermen were gone to give him the welcome to town, these four lines were in almost everybody's mouth: —

'Monk under a hood, not well understood,
The City pull in their horns;
The Speaker is out, and sick of the gout,
And the Parliament sit upon thorns.'" — Rugge's "Diurnal." — B.

[2] The Mitre in Fleet Street was opposite St. Dunstan's Church, and stood on the site of part of Messrs. Hoare's banking house. It is said to have dated back to Shakespeare's day. There is a token of "Will.

calling on Mr. Fage, who told me how the City have some hopes of Monk. Thence to the Mitre, where I drank a pint of wine, the house being in fitting for Banister to come hither from Paget's. Thence to Mrs. Jem and gave her £5. So home and left my money and to Whitehall where Luellin and I drank and talked together an hour at Marsh's and so up to the clerks' room, where poor Mr. Cook, a black man, that is like to be put out of his clerk's place, came and railed at me for endeavouring to put him out and get myself in, when I was already in a good condition.. But I satisfied him and after I had wrote a letter there to my Lord, wherein I gave him an account how this day Lenthall[1] took his chair again, and [the House] resolved a declaration to be brought in on Monday next to satisfy the world what they intend to do. So home and to bed.

22nd. I went in the morning to Mr. Messum's,[2] where I met with W. Thurburn and sat with him in his pew. A very eloquent sermon about the duty of all to give good example in our lives and conversation, which I fear he himself was most guilty of not doing. After sermon, at the door by appointment my wife met me, and so to my father's to dinner, where we had not been to my shame in a fortnight before. After dinner my father shewed me a letter from Mr. Widdrington,[3] of Christ's College, in Cambridge,

Pagget at the Miter in Fleet Street." Pagget appears to have succeeded John Bayly, who died January, 1648–9. Mitre Tavern, Mitre Court, is another tavern. (See "Boyne's Trade Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i., 1889, p. 604.)

[1] William Lenthall, born June, 1591, called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1616. He was chosen Speaker of Charles I.'s second parliament of 1640, but was forced to vacate his chair by Cromwell's forcible expulsion of the members from the House, 1653. He retired to the Rolls, having been sworn in Master of the Rolls in 1643. He was chosen Speaker of Cromwell's second parliament in 1654. Cromwell made him one of his Lords, but when the Long Parliament resumed its sittings, he was induced again to take his seat as Speaker. He was three times Keeper of the Great Seal for short periods of time. After the Restoration he was in fear for his safety, but eventually he obtained the royal pardon, and died September 3rd, 1662.

[2] Dr. Robert Mossum (afterwards Bishop of Derry). See *ante*, January 8th, 1659–60. His name is sometimes written Mossum and sometimes Messum in the Diary.

[3] Dr. Ralph Widdrington, Lady Margaret's Professor and Public Orator, having been ejected from his fellowship by the Master and

wherein he do express very great kindness for my brother, and my father intends that my brother shall go to him. To church in the afternoon to Mr. Herring,[1] where a lazy poor sermon. And so home with Mrs. Turner and sitting with her a while we went to my father's where we supt very merry, and so home. This day I began to put on buckles to my shoes, which I have bought yesterday of Mr. Wotton.

23rd. In the morning called out to carry £20 to Mr. Downing, which I did and came back, and finding Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, I took him to the Axe[2] and gave him his morning draft. Thence to my office and there did nothing but make up my balance. Came home and found my wife dressing of the girl's head, by which she was made to look very pretty. I went out and paid Wilkinson what I did owe him, and brought a piece of beef home for dinner. Thence I went out and paid Waters, the vintner, and went to see Mrs. Jem, where I found my Lady Wright,[3] but Scott was so drunk that he could not be seen. Here I staid and made up Mrs. Ann's bills, and played a game or two at cards, and thence to Westminster Hall, it being very dark. I paid Mrs. Michell,[4] my bookseller, and back to Whitehall, and in the garden, going through to the Stone Gallery[5] I fell into a ditch, it being very dark. At the Clerk's chamber I met with Simons and Luellin, and went with them to Mr. Mount's chamber at the Cock Pit, where we had some rare pot venison, and ale to abundance till almost twelve at night, and after a song round we went home. This day the

Fellows of Christ's College, Cambridge, October 28th, 1661, sued out a mandamus to be restored to it; and the matter being referred to commissioners — "The Bishop of London, the Lord Chancellor, and some of the judges" — he obtained restitution. — Kennett's *Register*, p. 552.

[1] John Herring, a Presbyterian minister, who was afterwards ejected from St. Bride's, Fleet Street. His farewell sermon is described in the Diary under date August 17th, 1662.

[2] Probably the Axe on the west side of King Street, Westminster, from the predecessor of which tavern Axe Yard, where Pepys lived, took its name.

[3] Anne, daughter of John, first Lord Crew, married to Sir Harry Wright, Bart., M.P. She was sister to Lady Montagu. Lived till 1708.

[4] Mrs. Michell, to whose shop in the Hall Pepys was a frequent visitor.

[5] The Stone Gallery was a long passage between the Privy Garden and the river. It led from the Bowling Green to the Court of the Palace.

Parliament sat late, and resolved of the declaration to be printed for the people's satisfaction, promising them a great many good things.

24th. In the morning to my office, where, after I had drank my morning draft at Will's with Ethell and Mr. Stevens, I went and told part of the excise money till twelve o'clock, and then called on my wife and took her to Mr. Pierce's, she in the way being exceedingly troubled with a pair of new pattens, and I vexed to go so slow, it being late. There when we came we found Mrs. Carrick very fine, and one Mr. Lucy, who called one another husband and wife, and after dinner a great deal of mad stir. There was pulling of Mrs. bride's and Mr. bridegroom's ribbons,[1] with a great deal of fooling among them that I and my wife did not like. Mr. Lucy and several other gentlemen com-

[1] The scramble for ribbons, here mentioned by Pepys in connection with weddings (see also January 26th, 1660–61, and February 8th, 1662–3), doubtless formed part of the ceremony of undressing the bridegroom, which, as the age became more refined, fell into disuse. All the old plays are silent on the custom; the earliest notice of which occurs in the old ballad of the wedding of Arthur O'Bradley, printed in the Appendix to "Robin Hood," 1795, where we read —

> "Then got they *his points and his garters,*
> *And cut them in pieces like martyrs;*
> And then they all did play
> For the honour of Arthur O'Bradley."

Sir Winston Churchill also observes ("Divi Britannici," p. 340) that James I. was no more troubled at his querulous countrymen robbing him than a bridegroom at the losing of his points and garters. Lady Fanshawe, in her "Memoirs," says, that at the nuptials of Charles II. and the Infanta, "the Bishop of London declared them married in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and then they caused the ribbons her Majesty wore to be cut in little pieces; and as far as they would go, every one had some." The practice still survives in the form of wedding favours.

A similar custom is still of every day's occurrence at Dieppe. Upon the morrow after their marriage, the bride and bridegroom perambulate the streets, followed by a numerous cortege, the guests at the wedding festival, two and two; each individual wearing two bits of narrow ribbon, about two inches in length, of different colours, which are pinned cross-ways upon the breast. These morsels of ribbons originally formed the garters of the bride and bridegroom, which had been divided amidst boisterous mirth among the assembled company, the moment the happy pair had been formally installed in the bridal bed. — Ex. inf. Mr. William Hughes, Belvedere, Jersey. — B.

ing in after dinner, swearing and singing as if they were mad, only he singing very handsomely. There came in afterwards Mr. Sotherne,[1] clerk to Mr. Blackburne, and with him Lambert,[2] lieutenant of my Lord's ship, and brought with them the declaration that came out to-day from the Parliament, wherein they declare for law and gospel, and for tythes; but I do not find people apt to believe them. After this taking leave I went to my father's, and my wife staying there, he and I went to speak with Mr. Crumlum[3] (in the meantime, while it was five o'clock, he being in the school, we went to my cozen Tom Pepys' shop,[4] the turner in Paul's Churchyard, and drank with him a pot of ale); he gave my father directions what to do about getting my brother an exhibition, and spoke very well of my brother. Thence back with my father home, where he and I spoke privately in the little room to my sister Pall about stealing of things as my wife's scissars and my maid's book, at which my father was much troubled. Hence home with my wife and so to Whitehall, where I met with Mr. Hunt and Luellin, and drank with them at Marsh's, and afterwards went up and wrote to my Lord by the post. This day the Parliament gave order that the late Committee of Safety should come before them this day se'nnight, and all their papers, and their model of Government that they had made, to be brought in with them. So home and talked with my wife about our dinner on Thursday.

25th. Called up early to Mr. Downing; he gave me a Character, such a one as my Lord's, to make perfect, and

[1] Robert Blackburne was Secretary to the Admiralty Committee, with a salary of £250 a year, until the appointment of the Duke of York as Lord High Admiral in July, 1660. James Sotherne, his clerk (afterwards clerk to Sir William Coventry), was Clerk of the Acts from 1677 till 1690, when he was appointed Secretary to the Admiralty.

[2] Lieutenant Lambert was appointed captain of the "Norwich" in June, 1661. His death is mentioned by Pepys under date September 14th, 1665.

[3] Samuel Cromleholme (or Crumlum), born in Wiltshire in 1618; Surmaster of St. Paul's School, 1647; High Master in 1657. He was a good scholar, and lost a valuable library when the school was burnt in the Great Fire. Died July 21st, 1672.

[4] Tom Pepys the turner was son of Thomas Pepys, the elder brother of Samuel's father. He had a shop in Bartholomew Fair in 1667.

likewise gave me his order for £500 to carry to Mr. Frost, which I did and so to my office, where I did do something about the character till twelve o'clock. Then home and found my wife and the maid at my Lord's getting things ready against to-morrow. I went by water to my Uncle White's[1] to dinner, where I met my father, where we alone had a fine jole of Ling to dinner. After dinner I took leave, and coming home heard that in Cheapside there had been but a little before a gibbet set up, and the picture of Huson[2] hung upon it in the middle of the street. I called at Paul's Churchyard, where I bought Buxtorf's Hebrew Grammar;[3] and read a declaration of the gentlemen of Northampton which came out this afternoon.[4] Thence to my father's, where I staid with my mother a while and then to Mr. Crew's about a picture to be sent into the country, of Mr. Thomas Crew,[5] to my Lord. So [to] my Lady Wright to speak with her, but she was abroad, so Mr. Evans, her butler, had me into his buttery, and gave me sack and a lesson on his lute, which he played very well. Thence I went to my Lord's and got most things ready against

[1] Pepys's uncle and aunt Wight are frequently mentioned in the Diary.

[2] John Hewson, who, from a low origin, became a colonel in the Parliament army, and sat in judgment on the King: he escaped hanging by flight, and died in 1662, at Amsterdam. A curious notice of Hewson occurs in Rugge's "Diurnal," December 5th, 1659, which states that "he was a cobbler by trade, but a very stout man, and a very good commander; but in regard of his former employment, they [the city apprentices] threw at him old shoes, and slippers, and turnip-tops, and brick-bats, stones, and tiles." . . . "At this time [January, 1659–60] there came forth, almost every day, jeering books: one was called 'Colonel Hewson's Confession; or, a Parley with Pluto,' about his going into London, and taking down the gates of Temple-Bar." He had but one eye, which did not escape the notice of his enemies. — B.

[3] "Johannis Buxtorfii Thesaurus Grammaticus Linguæ Sanctæ Hebrææ," 1651, is in the Pepysian Library.

[4] "Address to the King by his loyal subjects of the County of Northampton, 24 January, 1661." Declarations came in from the nobility, knights, and gentry of the several counties, and most of these Declarations appeared before this one from Northampton. These broadsides are in the Library of the British Museum.

[5] Thomas Crew, afterwards knighted, eldest son of John, afterwards Lord Crew, whom he succeeded in that title as second Lord. He died 1697.

to-morrow, as fires and laying the cloth, and my wife was making of her tarts and larding of her pullets till eleven o'clock. This evening Mr. Downing sent for me, and gave me order to go to Mr. Jessop[1] for his papers concerning his dispatch to Holland which were not ready, only his order for a ship to transport him he gave me. To my Lord's again and so home with my wife, tired with this day's work.

26th. To my office for £20 to carry to Mr. Downing, which I did and back again. Then came Mr. Frost to pay Mr. Downing his £500, and I went to him for the warrant and brought it Mr. Frost. Called for some papers at Whitehall for Mr. Downing, one of which was an Order of the Council for £1,800 per annum, to be paid monthly; and the other two, Orders to the Commissioners of Customs, to let his goods pass free. Home from my office to my Lord's lodgings where my wife had got ready a very fine dinner — viz. a dish of marrow bones; a leg of mutton; a loin of veal; a dish of fowl, three pullets, and two dozen of larks all in a dish; a great tart, a neat's tongue, a dish of anchovies; a dish of prawns and cheese. My company was my father, my uncle Fenner,[2] his two sons, Mr. Pierce, and all their wives, and my brother Tom. We were as merry as I could frame myself to be in the company, W. Joyce talking after the old rate and drinking hard, vexed his father and mother and wife. And I did perceive that Mrs. Pierce her coming so gallant, that it put the two young women quite out of courage. When it became dark they all went away but Mr. Pierce, and W. Joyce, and their wives and Tom, and drank a bottle of wine afterwards, so that Will did heartily vex his father and mother by staying. At which I and my wife were much pleased. Then they all went and I fell to writing of two characters for Mr. Downing, and carried them to him at nine o'clock at night, and he did not like them but corrected them, so that to-morrow I am

[1] William Jessop was Clerk of the Council under the Commonwealth, and Secretary to the Commissioners of Parliament for Accounts.

[2] Fenner lived in Old Bailey. Pepys's aunt Fenner died August 19th, 1661, after twenty-eight years of married life, and his uncle married again in January, 1661-62; see January 19th. Uncle Fenner himself died May 24th, 1664. Their daughter Kate married Anthony Joyce.

to do them anew. To my Lord's lodging again and sat by the great log, it being now a very good fire, with my wife, and ate a bit and so home. The news this day is a letter that speaks absolutely Monk's concurrence with this Parliament, and nothing else, which yet I hardly believe. After dinner to-day my father showed me a letter from my Uncle Robert,[1] in answer to my last, concerning my money which I would have out of my Coz. Beck's[2] hand, wherein Beck desires it four months longer, which I know not how to spare.

27th. Going to my office I met with Tom Newton, my old comrade, and took him to the Crown in the Palace,[3] and gave him his morning draft. And as he always did, did talk very high what he would do with the Parliament, that he would have what place he would, and that he might be one of the Clerks to the Council if he would. Here I staid talking with him till the offices were all shut, and then I looked in the Hall, and was told by my bookseller, Mrs. Michell, that Mr. G. Montagu[4] had inquired there for me. So I went to his house, and was forced by him to dine with him, and had a plenteous brave dinner and the greatest civility that ever I had from any man. Thence home and so to Mrs. Jem, and played with her at cards, and coming home again my wife told me that Mr. Hawly had been there to speak with me, and seemed angry that I had not been at the office that day, and she told me she was afraid that Mr. Downing may have a mind to pick some hole in my coat. So I made haste to him, but found no such thing from him, but he sent me to Mr. Sherwin's[5] about getting Mr. Squib to come to him to-morrow, and I carried him an answer. So home and fell a writing the characters for Mr. Downing, and about nine at night Mr. Hawly came, and after he was

[1] Robert Pepys of Brampton, whose will was proved August 23rd, 1661, uncle of Samuel.

[2] Ellenor Pepys (baptized 1598) married George Becke of Lolworth, co. Cambridge. This cousin was probably one of their children.

[3] The Crown was in Palace Yard.

[4] George Montagu, fifth son of Henry, first Earl of Manchester, afterwards M.P. for Dover, and father of the first Earl of Halifax. He was youngest brother of Lord Manchester.

[5] Mr. Sherwin was afterwards clerk to the Tangier Committee, see January 17th, 1664–65.

gone I sat up till almost twelve writing, and wrote two of them. In the morning up early and wrote another, my wife lying in bed and reading to me.

28th. I went to Mr. Downing and carried him three characters, and then to my office and wrote another, while Mr. Frost staid telling money. And after I had done it Mr. Hawly came into the office and I left him and carried it to Mr. Downing, who then told me that he was resolved to be gone for Holland this morning. So I to my office again, and dispatch my business there, and came with Mr. Hawly to Mr. Downing's lodging, and took Mr. Squib from White Hall in a coach thither with me, and there we waited in his chamber a great while, till he came in; and in the mean time, sent all his things to the barge that lay at Charing-Cross Stairs. Then came he in, and took a very civil leave of me, beyond my expectation, for I was afraid that he would have told me something of removing me from my office; but he did not, but that he would do me any service that lay in his power. So I went down and sent a porter to my house for my best fur cap, but he coming too late with it I did not present it to him. Thence I went to Westminster Hall, and bound up my cap at Mrs. Michell's, who was much taken with my cap, and endeavoured to overtake the coach at the Exchange and to give it him there, but I met with one that told me that he was gone, and so I returned and went to Heaven,[1] where Luellin and I dined on a breast of mutton all alone, discoursing of the changes that we have seen and the happiness of them that have estates of their own, and so parted, and I went by appointment to my office and paid young Mr. Walton £500; it being very dark he took £300 by content. He gave me half a piece and carried me in his coach to St. Clement's, from whence I went to Mr. Crew's and made even with Mr. Andrews, and took in all my notes and gave him one for all. Then to my

[1] A place of entertainment within or adjoining Westminster Hall. It is called in "Hudibras," "False Heaven, at the end of the Hall." There were two other alehouses near Westminster Hall, called Hell and Purgatory.

"Nor break his fast
In Heaven and Hell."
Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*, act v. sc. 2.

Lady Wright and gave her my Lord's letter which he bade me give her privately. So home and then to Will's for a little news, then came home again and wrote to my Lord, and so to Whitehall and gave them to the post-boy. Back again home and to bed.

29th. In the morning I went to Mr. Gunning's, where he made an excellent sermon upon the 2d of the Galatians, about the difference that fell between St. Paul and St. Peter (the feast day of St. Paul being a day or two ago), whereby he did prove, that, contrary to the doctrine of the Roman Church, St. Paul did never own any dependance, or that he was inferior to St. Peter, but that they were equal, only one a particular charge of preaching to the Jews, and the other to the Gentiles. Here I met with Mr. Moore, and went home with him to dinner to Mr. Crew's, where Mr. Spurrier being in town did dine with us. From thence I went home and spent the afternoon in casting up my accounts, and do find myself to be worth £40 and more, which I did not think, but am afraid that I have forgot something. To my father's to supper, where I heard by my brother Tom how W. Joyce would the other day have Mr. Pierce and his wife to the tavern after they were gone from my house, and that he had so little manners as to make Tom pay his share notwithstanding that he went upon his account, and by my father I understand that my uncle Fenner and my aunt were much pleased with our entertaining them. After supper home without going to see Mrs. Turner.

30th. This morning, before I was up, I fell a-singing of my song, "Great, good, and just," &c.[1] and put myself thereby in mind that this was the fatal day, now ten years since, his Majesty died. Scull the waterman came and

[1] This is the beginning of the Marquis of Montrose's verses on the execution of Charles I., which Pepys had set to music: —

"Great, good, and just, could I but rate
My grief and thy too rigid fate,
I'd weep the world to such a strain
That it should deluge once again.
But since thy loud-tongued blood demands supplies
More from Briareus' hands, than Argus' eyes,
I'll sing thy obsequies with trumpet sounds,
And write thy epitaph with blood and wounds."

brought me a note from the Hope[1] from Mr. Hawly with direction, about his money, he tarrying there till his master be gone. To my office, where I received money of the excise of Mr. Ruddyer, and after we had done went to Will's and staid there till 3 o'clock and then I taking my £12 10*s.* 0*d.* due to me for my last quarter's salary, I went with them by water to London to the house where Sign^r^ Torriano[2] used to be and staid there awhile with Mr. Ashwell, Spicer and Ruddier. Then I went and paid £12 17*s.* 6*d.* due from me to Capt^n^ Dick Matthews according to his direction the last week in a letter. After that I came back by water playing on my flageolette and not finding my wife come home again from her father's I went and sat awhile and played at cards with Mrs. Jem, whose maid had newly got an ague and was ill thereupon. So homewards again, having great need to do my business, and so pretending to meet Mr. Shott the wood monger of Whitehall I went and eased myself at the Harp and Ball, and thence home where I sat writing till bed-time and so to bed. There seems now to be a general cease of talk, it being taken for granted that Monk do resolve to stand to the Parliament, and nothing else. Spent a little time this night in knocking up nails for my hat and cloaks in my chamber.

31st. In the morning I fell to my lute till 9 o'clock. Then to my Lord's lodgings and set out a barrel of soap to be carried to Mrs. Ann. Here I met with Nick Bartlet, one that had been a servant of my Lord's at sea and at Harper's gave him his morning draft. So to my office where I paid £1,200 to Mr. Frost and at noon went to Will's to give one of the Excise office a pot of ale that came to-day to tell over a bag of his that wanted £7 in it, which he found over in another bag. Then home and dined with my wife when in came Mr. Hawly newly come from shipboard from his master, and brought me a letter of direction what to do in his lawsuit with Squib about his house and office.

[1] This may be the Hope Tavern, or more probably the reach of the Thames.

[2] Gio. Torriano, M.A., a teacher of Italian in London, who edited a new edition of Florio's "Italian Dictionary." His "Piazza Universale di Proverbi Italiani," published in 1666, is exceedingly rare, as the greater part of the impression was burnt in the Fire of London.

After dinner to Westminster Hall, where all we clerks had orders to wait upon the Committee, at the Star Chamber that is to try Colonel Jones,[1] and were to give an account what money we had paid him; but the Committee did not sit to-day. Hence to Will's, where I sat an hour or two with Mr. Godfrey Austin, a scrivener in King Street. Here I met and afterwards bought the answer to General Monk's letter, which is a very good one, and I keep it by me. Thence to Mrs. Jem, where I found her maid in bed in a fit of the ague, and Mrs. Jem among the people below at work and by and by she came up hot and merry, as if they had given her wine, at which I was troubled, but said nothing; after a game at cards, I went home and wrote by the post and coming back called in at Harper's and drank with Mr. Pulford, servant to Mr. Waterhouse,[2] who tells me, that whereas my Lord Fleetwood should have answered to the Parliament to-day, he wrote a letter and desired a little more time, he being a great way out of town. And how that he is quite ashamed of himself, and confesses how he had deserved this, for his baseness to his brother. And that he is like to pay part of the money, paid out of the Exchequer during the Committee of Safety, out of his own purse again, which I am glad of. Home and to bed, leaving my wife reading in Polixandre.[3] I could find nothing in Mr. Downing's letter, which Hawly brought me, concerning my office; but I could discern that Hawly had a mind that I would get to be Clerk of the Council, I suppose that he might have the greater salary; but I think it not safe yet to change this for a public employment.

[1] Colonel John Jones, impeached, with General Ludlow and Miles Corbet, for treasonable practices in Ireland.

[2] Probably Edward Waterhouse, an heraldic and miscellaneous writer, styled by Lloyd "as the learned, industrious, and ingenious E. W. of Sion College." His portrait was engraved by Loggan, and inserted in a book of his, entitled "Fortescue Illustratus," folio, 1663; he died in 1670.

[3] "Polexandre," by Louis Le Roy de Gomberville, was first published in 1632. "The History of Polexander" was "done into English by W. Browne," and published in folio, London, 1647. It was the earliest of the French heroic romances, and it appears to have been the model for the works of Calprenede and Mdlle. de Scuderi; see Dunlop's "History of Fiction" for the plot of the romance.

February 1st. In the morning went to my office where afterwards the old man brought me my letters from the carrier. At noon I went home and dined with my wife on pease porridge and nothing else. After that I went to the Hall and there met with Mr. Swan and went with him to Mr. Downing's Counsellor, who did put me in very little hopes about the business between Mr. Downing and Squib, and told me that Squib would carry it against him, at which I was much troubled, and with him went to Lincoln's Inn and there spoke with his attorney, who told me the day that was appointed for the trial. From thence I went to Sir Harry Wright's[1] and got him to give me his hand for the £60 which I am to-morrow to receive from Mr. Calthrop and from thence to Mrs. Jem and spoke with Madam Scott[2] and her husband who did promise to have the thing for her neck done this week. Thence home and took Gammer East, and James the porter, a soldier, to my Lord's lodgings, who told me how they were drawn into the field to-day, and that they were ordered to march away to-morrow to make room for General Monk; but they did shut their Colonel Fitch,[3] and the rest of the officers out of the field, and swore they would not go without their money, and if they would not give it them, they would go where they might have it, and that was the City. So the Colonel went to the Parliament, and commanded what money could be got, to be got against to-morrow for them, and all the rest of the soldiers in town, who in all places made a mutiny this day, and do agree together. Here I took some bedding to send to Mrs. Ann for her to lie in now she hath her fits of the ague. Thence I went to Will's and staid like a fool there and played at cards till 9 o'clock and so came home, where I found Mr. Hunt and his wife who staid and sat with me till 10 and so good night.

2d. Drank at Harper's with Doling, and so to my office,

[1] Sir Harry Wright, M.P. for Harwich; created a baronet by Cromwell, 1658, and by Charles II., 1660. He married Anne, daughter of the first Lord Crew, and sister to Sir E. Montagu's wife, and resided at Dagenham, Essex.

[2] Probably Judith Pepys, wife of J. Scott; see January 6th, 1659–60.

[3] Thomas Fitch, colonel of a regiment of foot in 1658, M.P. for Inverness; also Lieutenant of the Tower.

where I found all the officers of the regiments in town, waiting to receive money that their soldiers might go out of town, and what was in the Exchequer they had. At noon after dining at home I called at Harper's for Doling, and he and I met with Luellin and drank with him at the Exchequer at Charing Cross, and thence he and I went to the Temple to Mr. Calthrop's chamber, and from thence had his man by water to London Bridge to Mr. Calthrop, a grocer, and received £60 for my Lord. In our way we talked with our waterman, White,[1] who told us how the watermen had lately been abused by some that had a desire to get in to be watermen to the State, and had lately presented an address of nine or ten thousand hands to stand by this Parliament, when it was only told them that it was to a petition against hackney coaches; and that to-day they had put out another to undeceive the world and to clear themselves, and that among the rest Cropp, my waterman and one of great practice, was one that did cheat them thus. After I had received the money we went to the Bridge Tavern and drank a quart of wine and so back by water, landing Mr. Calthrop's man at the Temple and we went homewards, but over against Somerset House, hearing the noise of guns, we landed and found the Strand full of soldiers. So I took my money and went to Mrs. Johnson, my Lord's sempstress, and giving her my money to lay up, Doling and I went up stairs to a window, and looked out and see the foot face the horse and beat them back, and stood bawling and calling in the street for a free Parliament and money. By and by a drum was heard to beat a march coming towards them, and they got all ready again and faced them, and they proved to be of the same mind with them; and so they made a great deal of joy to see one another. After all this, I took my money, and went home on foot and laying up my money, and changing my stockings and shoes, I this day having left off my great skirt suit, and put on my white suit with silver lace coat, and went over to Harper's, where I met with W. Simons, Doling, Luellin and three merchants, one of which had occasion to use a porter, so they sent for one, and James the soldier came, who told us how they had been all day

[1] Waterman White went to sea in May, 1661, and Pepys tried to get his place for Waterman Payne.

and night upon their guard at St. James's, and that through the whole town they did resolve to stand to what they had began, and that to-morrow he did believe they would go into the City, and be received there. After all this we went to a sport called, selling of a horse for a dish of eggs and herrings, and sat talking there till almost twelve o'clock and then parted, they were to go as far as Aldgate. Home and to bed.

3rd. Drank my morning draft at Harper's, and was told there that the soldiers were all quiet upon promise of pay. Thence to St. James's Park, and walked there to my place for my flageolet and then played a little, it being a most pleasant morning and sunshine. Back to Whitehall, where in the guard-chamber I saw about thirty or forty 'prentices of the City, who were taken at twelve o'clock last night and brought prisoners hither. Thence to my office, where I paid a little more money to some of the soldiers under Lieut.-Col. Miller (who held out the Tower against the Parliament after it was taken away from Fitch by the Committee of Safety, and yet he continued in his office). About noon Mrs. Turner came to speak with me, and Joyce, and I took them and shewed them the manner of the Houses sitting, the doorkeeper very civilly opening the door for us. Thence with my cozen Roger Pepys,[1] it being term time, we took him out of the Hall to Prior's,[2] the Rhenish wine-house, and there had a pint or two of wine and a dish of anchovies, and bespoke three or four dozen bottles of wine for him against his wedding. After this done he went away, and left me order to call and pay for all that Mrs. Turner would have. So we called for nothing more there, but went and bespoke a shoulder of mutton at Wilkinson's to be

[1] Roger Pepys, son of Talbot Pepys of Impington, a barrister of the Middle Temple, M.P. for Cambridge, 1661–78, and Recorder of that town, 1660–88. He married, for the third time, Parnell, daughter and heiress of John Duke, of Workingham, co. Suffolk, and this was the wedding for which the posy ring was required.

[2] There were several Rhenish wine-houses in different parts of London. There was one in Cannon Row, and another on the east side of King Street, Westminster. This latter was about the middle of the street. There is a token of "John Garrew at ye old Renishe Wine house, King Street, Westminster," 1668 (see "Boyne's Trade Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i., 1889, p. 648).

roasted as well as it could be done, and sent a bottle of wine home to my house. In the meantime she and I and Joyce went walking all over White Hall, whither General Monk was newly come, and we saw all his forces march by in very good plight and stout officers. Thence to my house where we dined, but with a great deal of patience, for the mutton came in raw, and so we were fain to stay the stewing of it. In the meantime we sat studying a Posy[1] for a ring for her which she is to have at Roger Pepys his wedding. After dinner I left them and went to hear news, but only found that the Parliament House was most of them with Monk at White Hall, and that in his passing through the town he had many calls to him for a free Parliament, but little other welcome. I saw in the Palace Yard how unwilling some of the old soldiers were yet to go out of town without their money, and swore if they had it not in three days, as they were promised, they would do them more mischief in the country than if they had staid here; and that is very likely, the country being all discontented. The town and guards are already full of Monk's soldiers. I returned, and it growing dark I and they went to take a turn in the park, where Theoph. (who was sent for to us to dinner) outran my wife and another poor woman, that laid a pot of ale with me that she would outrun her. After that I set them as far as Charing Cross, and there left them and my wife, and I went to see Mrs. Ann, who began very high about a flock bed I sent her, but I took her down. Here I played at cards till 9 o'clock. So home and to bed.

4th. In the morning at my lute an hour, and so to my office, where I staid expecting to have Mr. Squib come to me, but he did not. At noon walking in the Hall I found Mr. Swan and got him and Captain Stone together, and there advised about Mr. Downing's business. So to Will's, and sat there till three o'clock and then to Mr. Swan's, where I found his wife in very genteel mourning for her father, and

[1] It is supposed that the fashion of having mottoes inscribed on rings was of Roman origin. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the posy was inscribed on the outside of the ring, and in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it was placed inside. A small volume was published in 1674, entitled "Love's Garland: or Posies for Rings, Handkerchers and Gloves, and such pretty tokens that Lovers send their Loves."

took him out by water to the Counsellor at the Temple, Mr. Stephens, and from thence to Gray's Inn, thinking to speak with Sotherton Ellis, but found him not, so we met with an acquaintance of his in the walks, and went and drank, where I ate some bread and butter, having ate nothing all day, while they were by chance discoursing of Marriot, the great eater, so that I was, I remember, ashamed to eat what I would have done. Here Swan shewed us a ballad to the tune of Mardike which was most incomparably wrote in a printed hand, which I borrowed of him, but the song proved but silly, and so I did not write it out. Thence we went and leaving Swan at his master's, my Lord Widdrington, I met with Spicer, Washington, and D. Vines in Lincoln's Inn Court, and they were buying of a hanging-jack to roast birds on of a fellow that was there selling of some. I was fain to slip from there and went to Mrs. Crew's to her and advised about a maid to come and be with Mrs. Jem while her maid is sick, but she could spare none. Thence to Sir Harry Wright's, but my lady not being within I spoke to Mrs. Carter about it, who will get one against Monday. So with a linkboy to Scott's, where Mrs. Ann was in a heat, but I spoke not to her, but told Mrs. Jem what I had done, and after that went home and wrote letters into the country by the post, and then played awhile on my lute, and so done, to supper and then to bed. All the news to-day is, that the Parliament this morning voted the House to be made up four hundred forthwith. This day my wife killed her turkeys that Mr. Sheply gave her, that came out of Zealand with my Lord, and could not get her maid Jane by no means at any time to kill anything.

5th (Lord's day). In the morning before church time Mr. Hawly, who had for this day or two looked something sadly, which methinks did speak something in his breast concerning me, came to me telling me that he was out £24 which he could not tell what was become of, and that he do remember that he had such a sum in a bag the other day, and could not tell what he did with it, at which I was very sorry but could not help him. In the morning to Mr. Gunning, where a stranger, an old man, preached a good honest sermon upon "What manner of love is this that we should be called the sons of God." After sermon I could not find

my wife, who promised to be at the gate against my coming out, and waited there a great while; then went to my house and finding her gone I returned and called at the Chequers, thinking to dine at the ordinary with Mr. Chetwind and Mr. Thomas, but they not being there I went to my father and found her there, and there I dined. To their church in the afternoon, and in Mrs. Turner's pew my wife took up a good black hood and kept it. A stranger preached a poor sermon, and so I read over the whole book of the story of Tobit. After sermon home with Mrs. Turner, staid with her a little while, then she went into the court to a christening and we to my father's, where I wrote some notes for my brother John to give to the Mercers[1] to-morrow, it being the day of their apposition. After supper home, and before going to bed I staid writing of this day its passages, while a drum came by, beating of a strange manner of beat, now and then a single stroke, which my wife and I wondered at, what the meaning of it should be. This afternoon at church I saw Dick Cumberland[2] newly come out of the country from his living, but did not speak to him.

6th. Before I went to my office I went to Mr. Crew's and paid Mr. Andrews the same £60 that he had received of Mr. Calthrop the last week. So back to Westminster and walked with him thither, where we found the soldiers all set in the Palace Yard, to make way for General Monk to come to the House.[3] At the Hall we parted, and meeting Swan, he and

[1] The Mercers Company as the patrons of St. Paul's School.

[2] Richard Cumberland, of St. Paul's School, in his seventeenth year, was admitted a pensioner of Magdalene College in 1649, and in 1653 he was elected a Fellow of the College. In 1658 he got possession of the rectory of Brampton, but he was not legally instituted till 1661. He was presented to the rectory of All Saints, Stamford, in 1668. See Diary, March 18th, 1667, where Pepys writes: "The truth is, if he would accept of my sister's fortune, I should give £100 more with him than to a man able to settle her four times as much as, I fear, he is able to do." He dedicated his work on Jewish measures, 1686, to the Hon. S. Pepys, "for that good affection being begun in your youth thirty years ago in Magdalene College, Cambridge." He was made Bishop of Peterborough 1691, and died 1719, aged 86.

[3] "Feb. 6th. General Monk being in his lodgings at Whitehall, had notice that the House had a desire to see him. He came into the Court of Wards, and being there, the Sergeant-at-Arms went to meet him with the mace, and his Lordship attended the Sergeant, who went

I to the Swan and drank our morning draft. So back again to the Hall, where I stood upon the steps and saw Monk go by, he making observance to the judges as he went along. At noon my father dined with me upon my turkey that was brought from Denmark, and after dinner he and I to the Bull Head Tavern, where we drank half a pint of wine and so parted. I to Mrs. Ann, and Mrs. Jem being gone out of the chamber she and I had a very high bout, I rattled her up, she being in her bed, but she becoming more cool, we parted pretty good friends. Thence I went to Will's, where I staid at cards till 10 o'clock, losing half a crown, and so home to bed.

7th. In the morning I went early to give Mr. Hawly notice of my being forced to go into London, but he having also business we left our office business to Mr. Spicer and he and I walked as far as the Temple, where I halted a little and then went to Paul's School, but it being too soon, went and drank my morning draft with my cozen Tom Pepys the turner,[1] and saw his house and shop, thence to school, where he that made the speech for the seventh form in praise of the founder, did show a book which Mr. Crumlum had lately got, which is believed to be of the Founder's own writing.[2] After all the speeches, in which my brother John came off as well as any of the rest, I went straight home and dined, then to the Hall, where in the Palace I saw Monk's soldiers abuse Billing[3] and all the Quakers, that were at a meeting-

before him with the mace on his shoulder, being accompanied with Mr. Scott and Mr. Robinson."—Rugge's *Diurnal.*

[1] His shop was in St. Paul's Churchyard. See *ante*, January 24th, 1659–60.

[2] John Colet, Dean of St. Paul's, born 1466, died September 16th, 1519.

[3] "Fox, or some other 'weighty' friend, on hearing of this, complained to Monk, who issued the following order, dated March 9th: 'I do require all officers and soldiers to forbear to disturb peaceable meetings of the Quakers, they doing nothing prejudicial to the Parliament or the Commonwealth of England. George Monk.' This order, we are told, had an excellent effect on the soldiers."—A. C. Bickley's *George Fox and the Early Quakers*, London, 1884, p. 179. The Quakers were at this time just coming into notice. The first preaching of George Fox, the founder, was in 1648, and in 1655 the preachers of the sect numbered seventy-three. Fox computed that there were seldom less than a thousand quakers in prison. The statute 13 and 14

place there, and indeed the soldiers did use them very roughly and were to blame. So after drinking with Mr. Spicer, who had received £600 for me this morning, I went to Capt. Stone and with him by coach to the Temple Gardens (all the way talking of the disease of the stone), where we met Mr. Squib, but would do nothing till to-morrow morning. Thence back on foot home, where I found a letter from my Lord in character, which I construed, and after my wife had shewn me some ribbon and shoes that she had taken out of a box of Mr. Montagu's which formerly Mr. Kipps had left here when his master was at sea, I went to Mr. Crew and advised with him about it, it being concerning my Lord's coming up to Town, which he desires upon my advice the last week in my letter. Thence calling upon Mrs. Ann I went home, and wrote in character to my Lord in answer to his letter. This day Mr. Crew told me that my Lord St. John[1] is for a free Parliament, and that he is very great with Monk, who hath now the absolute command and power to do anything that he hath a mind to do. Mr. Moore told me of a picture hung up at the Exchange of a great pair of buttocks shooting of a turd into Lawson's mouth, and over it was wrote "The thanks of the house." Boys do now cry "Kiss my Parliament," instead of "Kiss my [rump]," so great and general a contempt is the Rump come to among all the good and bad.

8th. A little practice on my flageolet, and afterwards walking in my yard to see my stock of pigeons, which begin now with the spring to breed very fast. I was called on by Mr. Fossan,[2] my fellow pupil at Cambridge, and I took him to

Car. II. cap. i. (1662) was "An act for preventing the mischiefs and dangers that may arise by certain persons called quakers and others, refusing to take lawful oaths." Billing is mentioned again on July 22nd, 1667, when he addressed Pepys in Westminster Hall.

[1] Oliver St. John, born about 1598; called to the Bar as a member of Lincoln's Inn, 1626; M.P. for Totnes, 1640; Solicitor-General, January, 1640–1; Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, 1648, and afterwards Lord Chief Justice of the Upper Bench. He died December 31st, 1673. His first wife, Johanna Altham, was aunt to Oliver Cromwell and to John Hampden. His second wife was Elizabeth Cromwell, first cousin to Oliver.

[2] College Entry Book, Junij 27, 1651: "Thomas ffossan, filius Thomæ ffossan, civis Londinensis, annum agens decimũ Septimũ e schola de

the Swan in the Palace yard, and drank together our morning draft. Thence to my office, where I received money, and afterwards Mr. Carter,[1] my old friend at Cambridge, meeting me as I was going out of my office I took him to the Swan, and in the way I met with Captain Lidcott, and so we three went together and drank there, the Captain talking as high as ever he did, and more because of the fall of his brother Thurlow.[2] Hence I went to Captain Stone, who told me how Squib had been with him, and that he could do nothing with him, so I returned to Mr. Carter and with him to Will's, where I spent upon him and Monsieur L'Impertinent, alias Mr. Butler, who I took thither with me, and thence to the Rhenish wine house, and in our way met with Mr. Hoole, where I paid for my cozen Roger Pepys his wine, and after drinking we parted. So I home, in my way delivering a letter which among the rest I had from my Lord to-day to Sir N. Wheeler. At home my wife's brother[3] brought her a pretty black dog which I liked very well, and went away again. Hence sending a porter with the hamper of bottles to the Temple I called in my way upon Mrs. Jem, who was much frighted till I came to tell her that her mother was well. So to the Temple, where I delivered the wine and received the money of my cos. Roger that I laid out, and thence to my father's, where he shewed me a base angry letter that he had newly received from my uncle Robert about my brother John, at which my father was very sad, but I comforted him and wrote an answer. My brother John has an exhibition granted him from the school. My father and I went down to his kitchen, and there we eat and

St. Mary Axe apud Londinenses, admissus est Pensionarius, tutore Dno. Moreland." — M. B.

[1] The Rev. Charles Carter, a minister in Huntingdonshire; see December 23rd, 1660.

[2] John Thurloe, born 1616; Secretary of State to Cromwell; M.P. for Ely, 1656, and for the University of Cambridge in Richard Cromwell's Parliament of December, 1658. He was never employed after the Restoration, although the King solicited his services. He died February 21st, 1668. Pepys spells the name Thurlow, which was a common spelling at the time.

[3] Balthasar St. Michel. Pepys seems to have done well for his brother-in-law in later life, although, from the entries in the Diary, he does not appear to have had a high opinion of him. St. Michel was Muster Master at Deal in 1674, Storekeeper at Tangier in 1681, and Naval Commissioner at Deptford in 1685.

drank, and about 9 o'clock I went away homewards, and in Fleet Street, received a great jostle from a man that had a mind to take the wall, which I could not help.[1] I came home and to bed. Went to bed with my head not well by my too much drinking to-day, and I had a boil under my chin which troubled me cruelly.

9th. Soon as out of my bed I wrote letters into the country to go by carrier to-day. Before I was out of my bed, I heard the soldiers very busy in the morning, getting their horses ready where they lay at Hilton's, but I knew not then their meaning in so doing. After I had wrote my letters I went to Westminster up and down the Hall, and with Mr. Swan walked a good [deal] talking about Mr. Downing's business. I went with him to Mr. Phelps's house where he had some business to solicit, where we met Mr. Rogers my neighbour, who did solicit against him and talked very high, saying that he would not for a £1,000 appear in a business that Swan did, at which Swan was very angry, but I believe he might be guilty enough. In the Hall I understand how Monk is this morning gone into London with his army; and met with Mr. Fage, who told me that he do believe that Monk is gone to secure some of the Common-council of the City, who were very high yesterday there, and did vote that they would not pay any taxes till the House was filled up. I went to my office, where I wrote to my Lord after I had been at the Upper Bench,[2] where Sir Robert Pye[3] this morning came to desire his discharge from the

[1] This was a constant trouble to the pedestrian until the rule of passing to the right of the person met was generally accepted. Gay commences his "Trivia" with an allusion to this —

"When to assert the wall, and when resign" —

and the epigram on the haughty courtier and the scholar is well known.

[2] The King's Bench was called the Upper Bench at the time of the Commonwealth, when the word King was abolished universally.

[3] Sir Robert Pye, the elder, was auditor of the Exchequer, and a staunch Royalist. He garrisoned his house at Faringdon, which was besieged by his son, of the same names, a decided Republican, son-in-law to Hampden, and colonel of horse under Fairfax. The son, here spoken of, was subsequently committed to the Tower for presenting a petition to the House of Commons from the county of Berks, which he represented in Parliament, complaining of the want of a settled form of government. He had, however, the courage to move for an habeas

Tower; but it could not be granted. After that I went to Mrs. Jem, who I had promised to go along with to her Aunt Wright's, but she was gone, so I went thither, and after drinking a glass of sack I went back to Westminster Hall, and meeting with Mr. Pierce the surgeon, who would needs take me home, where Mr. Lucy, Burrell, and others dined, and after dinner I went home and to Westminster Hall, where meeting Swan I went with him by water to the Temple to our Counsel, and did give him a fee to make a motion to-morrow in the Exchequer for Mr. Downing. Thence to Westminster Hall, where I heard an action very finely pleaded between my Lord Dorset[1] and some other noble persons, his lady and other ladies of quality being here, and it was about £330 *per annum*, that was to be paid to a poor Spittal,[2] which was given by some of his predecessors; and given on his side. Then Swan and I to a drinking-house near Temple Bar, where while he wrote I played on my flageolet till a dish of poached eggs was got ready for us, which we eat, and so by coach home. I called at Mr. Harper's, who told me how Monk had this day clapt up many of the Common-council, and that the Parliament had voted that he should pull down their gates and portcullisses, their posts and their chains, which he do intend to do, and do lie in the City all night. I went home and got some allum to my mouth, where I have the beginnings of a cancer, and had also a plaster to my boil underneath my chin.

10th. In the morning I went to Mr. Swan, who took me to the Court of Wards,[3] where I saw the three Lords Com-

corpus, but Judge Newdigate decided that the courts of law had not the power to discharge him. Upon Monk's coming to London, the secluded members passed a vote to liberate Pye, and at the Restoration he was appointed equerry to the King. He died in 1701. — B.

[1] Richard, fifth Earl of Dorset, died 1677.

[2] This was the Sackville College for the poor, at East Grinstead, founded by Robert Sackville, second Earl of Dorset, who died in 1608. There is a good account of Sackville College in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for December, 1848. — B.

[3] The Court of Wards and Liveries was first erected in the reign of Henry VIII. for the administration of the estates of the king's wards during their minority, and for delivery of seizin upon coming of age. The court was practically put an end to by the Long Parliament (by resolution of both houses), and was abolished 12 Car. II.

missioners sitting upon some cause where Mr. Scobell was concerned, and my Lord Fountaine[1] took him up very roughly about some things that he said. After that we went to the Exchequer, where the Barons were hearing of causes, and there I made affidavit that Mr. Downing was gone into Holland by order of the Council of State, and this affidavit I gave to Mr. Stevens our lawyer. Thence to my office, where I got money of Mr. Hawly to pay the lawyer, and there found Mr. Lenard, one of the Clerks of the Council, and took him to the Swan and gave him his morning draft. Then home to dinner, and after that to the Exchequer, where I heard all the afternoon a great many causes before the Barons; in the end came ours, and Squib proved clearly by his patent that the house and office did now belong to him. Our lawyer made some kind of opposition, but to no purpose, and so the cause was found against us, and the foreman of the Jury brought in £10 damages, which the whole Court cried shame of, and so he cried 12*d*. Thence I went home, vexed about this business, and there I found Mr. Moore, and with him went into London to Mr. Fage about the cancer in my mouth, which begins to grow dangerous, who gave me something for it, and also told me what Monk had done in the City, how he had pulled down the most part of the gates and chains that they could break down, and that he was now gone back to White Hall. The City look mighty blank, and cannot tell what in the world to do; the Parliament having this day ordered that the Common-council sit no more, but that new ones be chosen according to what qualifications they shall give them. Thence I went and drank with Mr. Moore at the Sugar Loaf[2] by Temple Bar, where Swan and I were last night, and so we parted. At home I found Mr. Hunt, who sat talking with me awhile, and so to bed.

11th. This morning I lay long abed, and then to my

[1] Sir Thomas Widdrington and Sergeants Thomas Tyrrell and John Fountaine had just been appointed Lords Commissioners of the Great Seal.

[2] There are tokens of George Bryan at the Sugar Loaf without Temple Bar (see "Boyne's Trade Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i., 1889, p. 761).

office, where I read all the morning my Spanish book of Rome. At noon I walked in the Hall, where I heard the news of a letter from Monk, who was now gone into the City again, and did resolve to stand for the sudden filling up of the House, and it was very strange how the countenance of men in the Hall was all changed with joy in half an hour's time. So I went up to the lobby, where I saw the Speaker reading of the letter; and after it was read, Sir A. Haselrigge came out very angry, and Billing [1] standing at the door, took him by the arm, and cried, "Thou man, will thy beast carry thee no longer? thou must fall!" The House presently after rose, and appointed to meet again at three o'clock. I went then down into the Hall, where I met with Mr. Chetwind, who had not dined no more than myself, and so we went toward London, in our way calling at two or three shops, but could have no dinner. At last, within Temple Bar, we found a pullet ready roasted, and there we dined. After that he went to his office in Chancery Lane, calling at the Rolls, where I saw the lawyers pleading. Then to his office, where I sat in his study singing, while he was with his man (Mr. Powell's son) looking after his business. Thence we took coach for the City to Guildhall, where the Hall was full of people expecting Monk and Lord Mayor [2] to come thither, and all very joyfull. Here we stayed a great while, and at last meeting with a friend of his we went to the 3 Tun tavern and drank half a pint of wine, and not liking the wine we went to an alehouse, where we met with company of this third man's acquaintance, and there we drank a little. Hence I went alone to Guildhall to see whether Monk was come again or no, and met with him coming out of the chamber where he had been with the Mayor and Aldermen, but such a shout I never heard in all my life, crying out, "God bless your Excellence." Here I met with Mr. Lock,[3] and took him to

[1] The quaker mentioned before on the 7th of this month.

[2] Thomas Allen, afterwards created a baronet.

[3] Matthew Lock, the famous composer, was a native of Exeter and a chorister in the cathedral of that city. He was employed to write some triumphal music for performance during the King's progress from the Tower to Whitehall. After which he was appointed composer in ordinary to the King. The music to "Macbeth," associated with his

an alehouse, and left him there to fetch Chetwind; when we were come together, Lock told us the substance of the letter that went from Monk to the Parliament; wherein, after complaints that he and his officers were put upon such offices against the City as they could not do with any content or honour, that there are many members now in the House that were of the late tyrannical Committee of Safety.[1] That Lambert and Vane are now in town, contrary to the vote of Parliament. That there were many in the House that do press for new oaths to be put upon men; whereas we have more cause to be sorry for the many oaths that we have already taken and broken. That the late petition of the fanatique people presented by Barebone,[2] for the imposing of an oath upon all sorts of people, was received by the House with thanks. That therefore he [Monk] do desire that all writs for filling up of the House be issued by Friday next, and that in the mean time, he would retire into the City and only leave them guards for the security of the House and Council. The occasion of this was the order that he had last night to go into the City and disarm them, and take away their charter; whereby he and his officers say that the House had a mind to put them upon things that should make them odious; and so it would be in their power to do what they would with them. He told us that they [the Parliament] had sent Scott[3] and Robinson to him [Monk] this afternoon, but he would not hear them. And

name, is by many attributed to Purcell. Lock became a Roman Catholic, and resigning his appointment at the Chapel Royal was made organist to the Queen at Somerset House. He died in August, 1677.

[1] The Committee of Public Safety consisted of the following members: Fleetwood, Lambert, Desborough, Steel, Whitelocke, Vane, Ludlow, Sydenham, Salloway, Strickland, Berry, Lawrence, Sir James Harrington, Johnston of Warriston, Henry Brandreth, Cornelius Holland, Colonels Hewson, Clarke, Bennet, and Lilburn.

[2] Praise God Barebone (or Barbon), an active member of the Parliament called by his name. About this period he had appeared at the head of a band of fanatics, and alarmed Monk, who well knew his influence. He was a leather seller in Fleet Street. He died January, 1679–80, and was buried at St. Andrew's, Holborn.

[3] Thomas Scott, referred to on January 10th of this year, and Luke Robinson. Both were members of Parliament and of the Council of State. They were selected, as firm adherents of the Rump, to watch Monk's proceedings.

that the Mayor and Aldermen had offered him their own houses for himself and his officers; and that his soldiers would lack for nothing. And indeed I saw many people give the soldiers drink and money, and all along in the streets cried, "God bless them!" and extraordinary good words. Hence we went to a merchant's house hard by, where Lock wrote a note and left, where I saw Sir Nich. Crisp,[1] and so we went to the Star Tavern[2] (Monk being then at Benson's), where we dined and I wrote a letter to my Lord from thence. In Cheapside there was a great many bonfires, and Bow bells and all the bells in all the churches as we went home were a-ringing. Hence we went homewards, it being about ten o'clock. But the common joy that was every where to be seen! The number of bonfires, there being fourteen between St. Dunstan's and Temple Bar, and at Strand Bridge[3] I could at one view tell thirty-one fires. In King-street seven or eight; and all along burning, and roasting, and drinking for rumps. There being rumps tied upon sticks and carried up and down. The butchers at the May Pole in the Strand[4] rang a peal with their knives when they were going to sacrifice their rump. On Ludgate Hill there was one turning of the spit that had a rump tied upon it, and another basting of it. Indeed it was past imagination, both the greatness and the suddenness of it. At one end of the street you would think there was a whole lane of fire, and so hot that we were fain to keep still on the further side merely for heat. We came to the Chequers at Charing Cross, where Chetwind wrote a

[1] An eminent merchant actively engaged in the African trade, and one of the farmers of the Customs. He had advanced large sums to assist Charles I., who knighted him, January 1st, 1641. He was elected member of Parliament for Winchelsea in the Long Parliament, but expelled February 2nd, 1641. He was one of the Commission sent to Charles II. at Breda, and created a baronet April 16th, 1665. He died February 26th, 1665–6, and was buried in the church of St. Mildred, Bread Street. His mansion at Hammersmith stood on the site of Brandenburgh House.

[2] The Star tavern was in Cheapside.

[3] Described in Maitland's "History of London" as a handsome bridge crossing the Strand, near the east end of Catherine Street, under which a small stream glided from the fields into the Thames near Somerset House.

[4] Where stands the church of St. Mary-le-Strand.

letter and I gave him an account of what I had wrote for him to write. Thence home and sent my letters to the post-house in London, and my wife and I (after Mr. Hunt was gone, whom I found waiting at my house) went out again to show her the fires, and after walking as far as the Exchange we returned and to bed.

12th. In the morning, it being Lord's day, Mr. Pierce came to me to enquire how things go. We drank our morning draft together and thence to White Hall, where Dr. Hones[1] preached; but I staid not to hear, but walking in the court, I heard that Sir Arth. Haselrigge was newly gone into the City to Monk, and that Monk's wife[2] removed from White Hall last night. Home again, where at noon came according to my invitation my cos. Thos. Pepys and his partner and dined with me, but before dinner we went and took a walk round the park, it being a most pleasant day as ever I saw. After dinner we three went into London together, where I heard that Monk had been at Paul's in the morning, and the people had shouted much at his coming out of the church. In the afternoon he was at a church in Broad-street,[3] whereabout he do lodge. But not knowing how to see him we went and walked half a hour in Moorfields, which were full of people, it being so fine a day. Here I took leave of them, and so to Paul's, where I met with Mr. Kirton's[4] apprentice (the crooked fellow)

[1] Nathaniel Holmes, D.D., of Exeter College, Oxford. He was the intruding incumbent of St. Mary Staining, London, and ejected by the Act of Uniformity, and died in 1676. He was a very learned, but voluminous and fanciful writer. A list of his works is given in Wood's "Athenæ" (ed. Bliss), vol. iii., 1160. See also Kennett's "Register," p. 827.

[2] Anne Clarges, said to be the daughter of a blacksmith, but a more distinguished parentage has been given to her brother. She was bred a milliner, and became first mistress of General Monk and afterwards (1654) his wife. It was said that when she married Monk she had a husband named Radford living.

[3] Monk lodged at the Glasshouse in Broad Street. "Feb. 12, 1659–60, Monk drew up his forces in Finsbury, dined with the Lord Mayor, had conference with him and the Court of Aldermen, retired to the Bull Head in Cheapside, and quartered at the Glass-House in Broad Street." — Whitelocke.

[4] Joseph Kirton was a bookseller in St. Paul's Churchyard, at the sign of "The King's Arms," ruined by the Fire of London. His death,

and walked up and down with him two hours, sometimes in the street looking for a tavern to drink in, but not finding any open, we durst not knock; other times in the churchyard, where one told me that he had seen the letter printed. Thence to Mr. Turner's, where I found my wife, Mr. Edw. Pepys,[1] and Roger[2] and Mr. Armiger being there, to whom I gave as good an account of things as I could, and so to my father's, where Charles Glascocke[3] was overjoyed to see how things are now; who told me the boys had last night broke Barebone's windows. Hence home, and being near home we missed our maid, and were at a great loss and went back a great way to find her, but when we could not see her we went homewards and found her there, got before us which we wondered at greatly. So to bed, where my wife and I had some high words upon my telling her that I would fling the dog which her brother gave her out of window if he [dirtied] the house any more.

13th. To my office till noon, thence home to dinner, my mouth being very bad of the cancer and my left leg beginning to be sore again. After dinner to see Mrs. Jem, and in the way met with Catan on foot in the street and talked with her a little, so home and took my wife to my father's. In my way I went to Playford's,[4] and for two books that I had and 6*s*. 6*d*. to boot I had my great book of songs which he sells always for 14*s*. At my father's I staid a while, while my mother sent her maid Bess to Cheapside for some herbs to make a water for my mouth. Then I went to see Mr. Cumberland, and after a little stay with him I returned, and

in October, 1667, is recorded in Smith's "Obituary," printed for the Camden Society. He was buried in St. Faith's.

[1] Edward Pepys of Broomsthorpe, co. Norfolk, and of the Middle Temple, born 1617; married Elizabeth, daughter and co-heiress of John Walpole of Broomsthorpe. He was brother of Mrs. Turner, and died December 22nd, 1663.

[2] Roger Pepys.

[3] Pepys calls Charles Glasscock cousin under July 29th, 1661, but he was really no relation. He was brother-in-law of his first cousin's wife (Judith Pepys, *née* Cutter). Glasscock lived in Fleet Street (see April 22nd, 1661).

[4] John Playford (1623–1693), the music-seller, whose shop was in the Temple. His "Introduction to the Skill of Musick," first published in 1655, went through many editions. He was known as "Honest John Playford," and was succeeded in his business by his son Henry.

took my wife home, where after supper to bed. This day Monk was invited to White Hall to dinner by my Lords; not seeming willing, he would not come. I went to Mr. Fage from my father's, who had been this afternoon with Monk, who do promise to live and die with the City, and for the honour of the City; and indeed the City is very open-handed to the soldiers, that they are most of them drunk all day, and have money given them. He did give me something for my mouth which I did use this night.

14th. Called out in the morning by Mr. Moore, whose voice my wife hearing in my dressing-chamber with me, got herself ready, and came down and challenged him for her valentine, this being the day.[1] To Westminster Hall, there being many new remonstrances and declarations from many counties to Monk and the City, and one coming from the North from Sir Thomas Fairfax.[2] Hence I took him to the Swan and gave him his morning draft. So to my office, where Mr. Hill of Worcestershire came to see me and my partner in our office, with whom we went to Will's to drink. At noon I went home and so to Mr. Crew's, but they had dined, and so I went to see Mrs. Jem where I stayed a while, and home again where I stayed an hour or two at my lute, and so forth to Westminster Hall, where I heard that the Parliament hath now changed the oath so much talked of to a promise; and that among other qualifications for the members that are to be chosen, one is, that no man, nor the son of any man that hath been in arms during the life of the father, shall be capable of being chosen to sit in Parliament. To Will's, where like a fool I staid and lost 6*d.* at cards. So home, and wrote a letter to my Lord by the post. So after supper to bed. This day, by an order of the House, Sir H. Vane[3] was sent out of town to his house in Lincolnshire.

[1] The practice of choosing valentines was very general at this time, but some of the best examples of the custom are found in this Diary.

[2] Thomas Lord Fairfax, mentioned before. He had succeeded to the Scotch barony of Fairfax of Cameron, on the death of his father in 1647; even after his accession to the title he is frequently styled "Sir Thomas" in the pamphlets and papers of the day.

[3] Sir H. Vane the younger had married Frances, daughter of Sir Christopher Wray of Ashby, Lincolnshire, Bart.

15th. Called up in the morning by Captain Holland and Captain Cuttance,[1] and with them to Harper's, thence to my office, thence with Mr. Hill of Worcestershire to Will's, where I gave him a letter to Nan Pepys,[2] and some merry pamphlets against the Rump to carry to her into the country. So to Mr. Crew's, where the dining room being full, Mr. Walgrave[3] and I dined below in the buttery by ourselves upon a good dish of buttered salmon. Thence to Hering[4] the merchant about my Lord's Worcester money and back to Paul's Churchyard, where I staid reading in Fuller's History of the Church of England[5] an hour or two, and so to my father's, where Mr. Hill came to me and I gave him direction what to do at Worcester about the money. Thence to my Lady Wright's and gave her a letter from my Lord privily. So to Mrs. Jem and sat with her, who dined at Mr. Crew's to-day, and told me that there was at her coming away at least forty gentlemen (I suppose members that were secluded, for Mr. Walgrave told me that there were about thirty met there the last night) came dropping in one after another thither. Thence home and wrote into the country against to-morrow by the carrier and so to bed. At my father's I heard how my cousin Kate Joyce[6] had a fall yesterday from her horse and had some hurt thereby. No news to-day, but all quiet to see what the Parliament will do about the issuing of the writs to-morrow for filling up of the House, according to Monk's desire.

16th. In the morning at my lute. Then came Shaw and Hawly, and I gave them their morning draft at my house.

[1] Roger Cuttance, a native of Weymouth, appointed captain of the "Peace" frigate in 1651, and to the "Naseby" in 1657. He was knighted, July 1st, 1665, after having in the battle of June 3rd mainly contributed to the defeat of the Dutch. He afterwards fell into disgrace.

[2] Anne Pepys, of Worcestershire, married Mr. Fisher for her second husband. (See June 12th, 1662.)

[3] Edward Walgrave (or Waldegrave) was the father of Jemima, wife of John Crew, afterwards Lord Crew.

[4] Mr. Herring was a merchant in Colman Street.

[5] Thomas Fuller's "Church History of Britain," London, 1656, folio, is in the Pepysian Library.

[6] Kate, wife of Anthony Joyce, who kept the Three Stags at Holborn Conduit.

So to my office, where I wrote by the carrier to my Lord and sealed my letter at Will's, and gave it old East to carry it to the carrier's, and to take up a box of china oranges and two little barrels of scallops at my house, which Captain Cuttance sent to me for my Lord. Here I met with Osborne[1] and with Shaw and Spicer, and we went to the Sun Tavern in expectation of a dinner, where we had sent us only two trenchers full of meat, at which we were very merry, while in came Mr. Wade and his friend Capt. Moyse (who told us of his hopes to get an estate merely for his name's sake), and here we staid till seven at night, I winning a quart of sack of Shaw that one trencherfull that was sent us was all lamb and he that it was veal. I by having but 3*d.* in my pocket made shift to spend no more, whereas if I had had more I had spent more as the rest did, so that I see it is an advantage to a man to carry little in his pocket. Home, and after supper, and a little at my flute, I went to bed.

17th. In the morning Tom that was my Lord's footboy came to see me and had 10*s.* of me of the money which I have to keep of his. So that now I have but 35*s.* more of his. Then came Mr. Hills the instrument maker, and I consulted with him about the altering my lute and my viall. After that I went into my study and did up my accounts, and found that I am about £40 beforehand in the world, and that is all. So to my office and from thence brought Mr. Hawly home with me to dinner, and after dinner wrote a letter to Mr. Downing about his business and gave it Hawly, and so went to Mr. Gunning's to his weekly fast, and after sermon, meeting there with Monsieur L'Impertinent, we went and walked in the park till it was dark. I played on my pipe at the Echo, and then drank a cup of ale at Jacob's. So to Westminster Hall, and he with me, where I heard that some of the members of the House were gone to meet with some of the secluded members and General Monk in the City. Hence we went to White Hall, thinking to hear more news, where I met with Mr. Hunt, who told me how Monk had sent for all his goods that he had here into the City; and yet again he told me, that some of the members of the House had this day laid in firing

[1] Nicholas Osborne, Mr. Gauden's clerk.

into their lodgings at White Hall for a good while, so that we are at a great stand to think what will become of things, whether Monk will stand to the Parliament or no. Hence Mons. L'Impertinent and I to Harper's, and there drank a cup or two to the King, and to his fair sister Frances'[1] good health, of whom we had much discourse of her not being much the worse for the small pox, which she had this last summer. So home and to bed. This day we are invited to my uncle Fenner's wedding feast, but went not, this being the 27th year.

18th. A great while at my vial and voice, learning to sing "Fly boy, fly boy," without book. So to my office, where little to do. In the Hall I met with Mr. Eglin and one Looker, a famous gardener, servant to my Lord Salsbury, and among other things the gardener told a strange passage in good earnest. . . . Home to dinner, and then went to my Lord's lodgings to my turret there and took away most of my books, and sent them home by my maid. Thither came Capt. Holland to me who took me to the Half Moon tavern and Mr. Southorne, Blackburne's clerk. Thence he took me to the Mitre in Fleet Street, where we heard (in a room over the music room) very plainly through the ceiling. Here we parted and I to Mr. Wotton's, and with him to an alehouse and drank while he told me a great many stories of comedies that he had formerly seen acted, and the names of the principal actors, and gave me a very good account of it. Thence to Whitehall, where I met with Luellin and in the clerk's chamber wrote a letter to my Lord. So home and to bed. This day two soldiers were hanged in the Strand for their late mutiny at Somerset-house.[2]

19th (Lord's day). Early in the morning I set my books that I brought home yesterday up in order in my study. Thence forth to Mr. Harper's to drink a draft of

[1] Frances Butler, the great beauty, who is sometimes styled *la belle Boteler*.

[2] "They were brought to the place of execution, which was at Charing Cross, and over against Somerset House in the Strand, where were two gibbets erected. These men were the grand actors in the mutinies at Gravesend, at Somerset House, and in St. James' Fields." — Rugge's *Diurnal*. — B.

purle,[1] whither by appointment Monsieur L'Impertinent, who did intend too upon my desire to go along with me to St. Bartholomew's, to hear one Mr. Sparks, but it raining very hard we went to Mr. Gunning's and heard an excellent sermon, and speaking of the character that the Scripture gives of Ann the mother of the blessed Virgin, he did there speak largely in commendation of widowhood, and not as we do to marry two or three wives or husbands, one after another. Here I met with Mr. Moore, and went home with him to dinner, where he told me the discourse that happened between the secluded members and the members of the House, before Monk last Friday. How the secluded said, that they did not intend by coming in to express revenge upon these men, but only to meet and dissolve themselves, and only to issue writs for a free Parliament. He told me how Haselrigge was afraid to have the candle carried before him, for fear that the people seeing him, would do him hurt; and that he is afraid to appear in the City. That there is great likelihood that the secluded members will come in, and so Mr. Crew and my Lord are likely to be great men, at which I was very glad. After dinner there was many secluded members come in to Mr. Crew, which, it being the Lord's day, did make Mr. Moore believe that there was something extraordinary in the business. Hence home and brought my wife to Mr. Mossum's to hear him, and indeed he made a very good sermon, but only too eloquent for a pulpit. Here Mr. L'Impertinent helped me to a seat. After sermon to my father's, and fell in discourse concerning our going to Cambridge the next week with my brother John. To Mrs. Turner where her brother, Mr. Edward Pepys, was there, and I sat a great while talking of public business of the times with him. So to supper to my Father's, all supper talking of John's going to Cambridge. So home, and it raining my wife got my mother's French mantle and my brother John's hat, and so we went all along home and to bed.

20th. In the morning at my lute. Then to my office, where my partner and I made even our balance. Took him home to dinner with me, where my brother John came to

[1] Purl is hot beer flavoured with wormwood or other aromatic herbs. The name is also given to hot beer flavoured with gin, sugar, and ginger.

dine with me. After dinner I took him to my study at home and at my Lord's, and gave him some books and other things against his going to Cambridge. After he was gone I went forth to Westminster Hall, where I met with Chetwind, Simons, and Gregory.[1] And with them to Marsh's at Whitehall to drink, and staid there a pretty while reading a pamphlet well writ and directed to General Monk, in praise of the form of monarchy which was settled here before the wars.[2] They told me how the Speaker Lenthall do refuse to sign the writs for choice of new members in the place of the excluded; and by that means the writs could not go out to-day. In the evening Simons and I to the Coffee Club, where nothing to do only I heard Mr. Harrington, and my Lord of Dorset and another Lord, talking of getting another place as the Cockpit, and they did believe it would come to something. After a small debate upon the question whether learned or unlearned subjects are the best the Club broke up very poorly, and I do not think they will meet any more. Hence with Vines, &c. to Will's, and after a pot or two home, and so to bed.

21st. In the morning going out I saw many soldiers going towards Westminster, and was told that they were going to admit the secluded members again. So I to Westminster Hall, and in Chancery Row[3] I saw about twenty of them who had been at White Hall with General Monk, who came thither this morning, and made a speech to them, and recommended to them a Commonwealth, and against Charles Stuart.[4] They came to the House and went in one after

[1] Thomas Gregory was, in 1672, Clerk of the Cheque at Chatham.

[2] This pamphlet is among the Thomason Collection of Civil War Tracts (British Museum), and dated in MS. this same day, February 20th — "A Plea for Limited Monarchy as it was established in this Nation before the late War. In an Humble Address to his Excellency General Monck. By a Zealot for the good old Laws of his Country, before any Faction or Caprice, with additions." "An Eccho to the Plea for Limited Monarchy, &c.," was published soon afterwards.

[3] Chancery Row must have been near the end of the hall where the Court of Chancery was situated.

[4] This remarkable speech is given at length by Rugge, who adds that about fourscore of the secluded members attended the first meeting of the House. It is highly probable that Monk had ascertained that they were ready to support him, before he committed himself to the Parliament. — B.

another, and at last the Speaker came. But it is very strange that this could be carried so private, that the other members of the House heard nothing of all this, till they found them in the House, insomuch that the soldiers that stood there to let in the secluded members, they took for such as they had ordered to stand there to hinder their coming in. Mr. Prin[1] came with an old basket hilt sword on, and had a great many great shouts upon his going into the Hall. They sat till noon, and at their coming out Mr. Crew saw me, and bid me come to his house, which I did, and he would have me dine with him, which I did; and he very joyful told me that the House had made General Monk, General of all the Forces in England, Scotland, and Ireland; and that upon Monk's desire, for the service that Lawson had lately done in pulling down the Committee of Safety, he had the command of the Sea for the time being. He advised me to send for my Lord forthwith, and told me that there is no question that, if he will, he may now be employed again; and that the House do intend to do nothing more than to issue writs, and to settle a foundation for a free Parliament. After dinner I back to Westminster Hall with him in his coach. Here I met with Mr. Lock and Pursell,[2] Masters of Music, and with them to the Coffee House, into a room next the water, by ourselves, where we spent an hour or two till Captain Taylor came to us, who told us, that the House had voted the gates of the City to be made up again, and the members of the City[3] that are in prison to be set at liberty; and that Sir G. Booth's[4] case be brought into the House to-morrow. Here we had variety of brave

[1] William Prynne, born 1600, well known by his voluminous publications, and the persecution which he endured. He was M.P. for Bath, 1660, and died October 24th, 1669. Appointed Keeper of Tower Records, 1660.

[2] Matthew Lock, see *ante*, February 11th, 1659–60. Henry Purcell, father of the celebrated composer, was gentleman of the Chapel Royal, member of the Royal Band, singing-man at Westminster Abbey, master of the boys there, and music copyist. He died 1664.

[3] Richard Brown, William Wilde, John Robinson, and William Vincent.

[4] Sir George Booth of Dunham Massey, Bart., created Baron de la Mere, 1661, for his services in behalf of the King. At this time he was a prisoner in the Tower, from which he was released the next day. Died 1684.

Italian and Spanish songs, and a canon for eight voices, which Mr. Lock had lately made on these words: "Domine salvum fac Regem," an admirable thing. Here also Capt. Taylor began a discourse of something that he had lately writ about Gavelkind[1] in answer to one that had wrote a piece upon the same subject; and indeed discovered a great deal of study in antiquity in his discourse. Here out of the window it was a most pleasant sight to see the City from one end to the other with a glory about it, so high was the light of the bonfires, and so thick round the City, and the bells rang everywhere. Hence home and wrote to my Lord, afterwards came down and found Mr. Hunt (troubled at this change) and Mr. Spong, who staid late with me singing of a song or two, and so parted. My wife not very well, went to bed before. This morning I met in the Hall with Mr. Fuller, of Christ's, and told him of my design to go to Cambridge, and whither. He told me very freely the temper of Mr. Widdrington, how he did oppose all the fellows in the College, and that there was a great distance between him and the rest, at which I was very sorry, for that he told me he feared it would be little to my brother's advantage to be his pupil.

22nd. In the morning intended to have gone to Mr. Crew's to borrow some money, but it raining I forbore, and went to my Lord's lodging and look that all things were well there. Then home and sang a song to my viall, so to my office and to Will's, where Mr. Pierce found me out, and told me that he would go with me to Cambridge, where Colonel Ayre's regiment, to which he was surgeon, lieth. Walking in the Hall, I saw Major-General Brown,[2] who had a long time been banished by the Rump, but now with his beard overgrown, he comes abroad and sat in the House. To my father's to dinner, where nothing but a small dish of

[1] Silas Taylor published "The History of Gavel-kind" in 1663.

[2] Richard Brown, a major-general of the Parliament forces, citizen of London and a woodmonger; Sheriff of London, 1647. He was imprisoned for five years, but in Richard Cromwell's Parliament he was one of the members for London. He was one of the deputation from the City of London to Charles II. at Breda, and he and his eldest son were knighted. Lord Mayor, 1660; he was created a baronet for his prompt action during Venner's insurrection, and the City rewarded him with a pension of £500. He died September 24th, 1669.

powdered beef[1] and dish of carrots; they being all busy to get things ready for my brother John to go to-morrow. After dinner, my wife staying there, I went to Mr. Crew's, and got £5 of Mr. Andrews, and so to Mrs. Jemimah, who now hath her instrument about her neck, and indeed is infinitely altered, and holds her head upright.[2] I paid her maid 40*s.* of the money that I have received of Mr. Andrews. Hence home to my study, where I only wrote thus much of this day's passages to this * and so out again. To White Hall, where I met with Will. Simons and Mr. Mabbot at Marsh's, who told me how the House had this day voted that the gates of the City should be set up at the cost of the State. And that Major-General Brown's being proclaimed a traitor be made void, and several other things of that nature. Home for my lanthorn and so to my father's, where I directed John what books to put for Cambridge. After that to supper, where my Uncle Fenner and my Aunt, The. Turner, and Joyce, at a brave leg of veal roasted, and were very merry against John's going to Cambridge. I observed this day how abominably Barebone's windows are broke again last night. At past 9 o'clock my wife and I went home.

23rd. Thursday, my birthday, now twenty-seven years. A pretty fair morning, I rose and after writing a while in my study I went forth. To my office, where I told Mr. Hawly of my thoughts to go out of town to-morrow. Hither Mr. Fuller comes to me and my Uncle Thomas too, thence I took them to drink, and so put off my uncle. So with Mr. Fuller home to my house, where he dined with me, and he told my wife and me a great many stories of his adversities, since these troubles, in being forced to travel in the Catholic countries, &c. He shewed me his bills, but I had not money to pay him. We parted, and I to Whitehall, where I was to see my horse which Mr. Garthwayt lends me to-morrow. So home, where Mr. Pierce comes to me about appointing time and place where and when to meet to-morrow. So to Westminster Hall, where, after the House rose,

[1] Boiled salt beef. To powder was to sprinkle with salt, and the powdering tub a vessel in which meat was salted.

[2] This support for the neck is mentioned on the previous February 1st, where Mrs. Scott and her husband are said to have promised to get it made

I met with Mr. Crew, who told me that my Lord was chosen by 73 voices, to be one of the Council of State. Mr. Pierpoint[1] had the most, 101, and himself the next, 100. He brought me in the coach home. He and Mr. Anslow being in it. I back to the Hall, and at Mrs. Michell's shop staid talking a great while with her and my Chaplain, Mr. Mumford, and drank a pot or two of ale on a wager that Mr. Prin is not of the Council. Home and wrote to my Lord the news of the choice of the Council by the post, and so to bed.

24th. I rose very early, and taking horse at Scotland Yard, at Mr. Garthwayt's stable, I rode to Mr. Pierce's, who rose, and in a quarter of an hour, leaving his wife in bed (with whom Mr. Lucy methought was very free as she lay in bed), we both mounted, and so set forth about seven of the clock, the day and the way very foul. About Ware we overtook Mr. Blayton, brother-in-law to Dick Vines, who went thenceforwards with us, and at Puckeridge we baited, where we had a loin of mutton fried, and were very merry, but the way exceeding bad from Ware thither. Then up again and as far as Foulmer, within six miles of Cambridge, my mare being almost tired: here we lay at the Chequer, playing at cards till supper, which was a breast of veal roasted. I lay with Mr. Pierce, who we left here the next morning upon his going to Hinchingbroke to speak with my Lord before his going to London, and we two come to Cambridge by eight o'clock in the morning.

25th. To the Falcon,[2] in the Petty Cury,[3] where we found

[1] William Pierrepont, M.P. of Thoresby, second son to Robert, first Earl of Kingston, and known as "Wise" Pierrepont. He died 1678, aged 71.

[2] The old Falcon Inn is on the south side of Petty Cury. It is now divided into three houses, one of which is the present Falcon Inn, the other two being houses with shops. The Falcon yard is but little changed. From the size of the whole building it must have been the principal inn of the town. The room said to have been used by Queen Elizabeth for receptions retains its original form. — M. B.

[3] The Petty Cury. The derivation of the name of this street, so well known to all Cambridge men, is a matter of much dispute among antiquaries. (See "Notes and Queries.") The most probable meaning of it is the *Parva Cokeria*, or *little cury*, where the cooks of the town lived, just as "The Poultry," where the Poulters (now Poulterers) had their shops. "*The Forme of Cury*," a Roll of Antient English Cookery, was compiled by the principal cooks of that "best and royal

my father and brother very well. After dressing myself, about ten o'clock, my father, brother, and I to Mr. Widdrington, at Christ's College, who received us very civilly, and caused my brother to be admitted,[1] while my father, he, and I, sat talking. After that done, we take leave. My father and brother went to visit some friends, Pepys's, scholars in Cambridge,[2] while I went to Magdalene College, to Mr. Hill,[3] with whom I found Mr. Zanchy,[4] Burton,[5] and Hollins, and was exceeding civilly received by them. I took leave on promise to sup with them, and to my Inn again, where I dined with some others that were there at an ordinary. After dinner my brother to the College, and my father and I to my Cozen Angier's,[6] to see them, where Mr. Fair-

est viander of all Christian Kings," Richard the Second, and edited with a copious Index and Glossary by Dr. Samuel Pegge, 1780. — M. B.

[1] Extract from admission-book of Christ's College, Cambridge:

"Febr. 25°. 1660.

"Johannes a Johanne Pepys Londini natus literas edoctus a D^no^ Crumbleholm Scholæ Paulinæ Moderatore annos natus 18 admissus est Sizator sub M^ro^. Widdrington.

"Hic cum prius admissus est in Collegium Magdalense Maii 26^to^. ut ex literis testimonialibus constat ejusdem etiam anni apud nos habendus est." — M. B.

[2] This might read "Pepys's scholars," but there do not appear to have been any such scholars.

[3] Joseph Hill, a native of Yorkshire, chosen in 1649 Fellow of Magdalene College, and in 1659 University Proctor: he afterwards retired to London, and, according to Calamy, was offered a bishopric by Charles II., which he declined, disliking the terms of conformity; and accepting a call to the English Church at Rotterdam in 1678, died there in 1707, aged 83. — *Nonconformists' Memorial.* — B.

[4] Clement Zanchy, admitted at Magdalene College, Cambridge, 1648, and Foundation Fellow, 1654. At the College meetings he spelt his name "Zanchy," at first, but in 1656 he changed it to "Sankey," and it is sometimes spelt "Sanchy." — M. B.

[5] Hezekiah Burton, of Lound, Nottinghamshire, pensioner of Magdalene College, 1647. His admission to a Wray Fellowship is curious:

"Mar. 8. 1650.

"Hezekias Burton in Artibus Baccalaureus hujus Collij, authoritate ordinationis Parliamentariæ, admissus est in sodalitium M^ri^. Johannis David, eadem authoritate vacant." The last word is not quite clear. — M. B.

[6] Percival Angier. His affairs appear to have got into disorder at the end of 1663, and he became a bankrupt. He died in January, 1664–65, and was buried on the 19th of that month.

brother[1] came to us. Here we sat a while talking. My father he went to look after his things at the carrier's, and my brother's chamber, while Mr. Fairbrother, my Cozen Angier, and Mr. Zanchy, whom I met at Mr. Merton's shop (where I bought *Elenchus Motuum*,[2] having given my former to Mr. Downing when he was here), to the Three Tuns, where we drank pretty hard and many healths to the King, &c., till it began to be darkish: then we broke up and I and Mr. Zanchy went to Magdalene College, where a very handsome supper at Mr. Hill's chambers, I suppose upon a club among them, where in their discourse I could find that there was nothing at all left of the old preciseness in their discourse, specially on Saturday nights. And Mr. Zanchy told me that there was no such thing now-a-days among them at any time. After supper and some discourse then to my Inn, where I found my father in his chamber, and after some discourse, and he well satisfied with this day's work, we went to bed, my brother lying with me, his things not being come by the carrier that he could not lie in the College.

26th (Sunday). My brother went to the College to Chapel. My father and I went out in the morning, and walked out in the fields behind King's College, and in King's College Chapel Yard, where we met with Mr. Fairbrother, who took us to Botolph's Church, where we heard Mr. Nicholas, of Queen's College, who I knew in my time to be Tripos,[3] with

[1] William Fairbrother, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, was made D.D. of Cambridge, *per Regias litteras*, in 1661. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Naseby while fighting on the King's side, and sent to London.

[2] A pamphlet by George Bate, M.D., first published anonymously in 1649, and frequently reprinted. It was translated into Italian and published at Venice in 1652. After the Restoration it was reprinted and a second part added. The following is the title: "Elenchus Motuum nuperorum in Anglia; simul ac juris Regii et Parlamentarii brevis enarratio. A. 2455 Lutetiæ Parisiorum pro R. R. An. Dom. 1649." 12°. Address to the reader signed "Theodorus Veridicus." "Elenchi Motuum Nuperorum in Anglia pars prima; simul ac Juris Regii & Parlamentarii brevis enarratio, ab autore Geor. Batio, M.D. Regiæ Majestatis Protomedico recognita & aucta Ære Christianæ Anno 1660. Londini typis J. Flesher & prostant apud R. Royston in Ivy Lane, 1661." 8vo. "Pars Secunda. Simul ac Regis Effugii mirabilis è Prætio Wigornia enarratio. Londini, 1663."

[3] The Tripos or Bachelor of the Stool, who made the speech on Ash Wednesday, when the senior Proctor called him up and exhorted him

great applause, upon this text, "For thy commandments are broad." Thence my father and I to Mr. Widdrington's chamber to dinner, where he used us very courteously again, and had two Fellow Commoners at table with him, and Mr. Pepper, a Fellow of the College. After dinner, while we sat talking by the fire, Mr. Pierce's man [came] to tell me that his master was come to town, so my father and I took leave, and found Mr. Pierce at our Inn, who told us that he had lost his journey, for my Lord was gone from Hinchingbroke to London on Thursday last, at which I was a little put to a stand. So after a cup of drink I went to Magdalene College to get the certificate of the College for my brother's entrance there, that he might save his year. I met with Mr. Burton in the Court, who took me to Mr. Pechell's chamber,[1] where he was and Mr. Zanchy. By and

to be witty but modest withal. Their speeches, especially after the Restoration, tended to be boisterous, and even scurrilous. "26 Martii 1669. D^s Hollis, fellow of Clare Hall is to make a publick Recantation in the Bac. Schools for his Tripos speeche." The Tripos verses still come out, and are circulated on Ash Wednesday. The list of successful candidates for honours is printed on the same paper, hence the term "Tripos" applied to it.

[1] John Peachell, Vicar of Stanwick and Prebendary of Carlisle, made Master of Magdalene College, 1679, suspended from that office and deprived of the Vice-Chancellorship, May 7th, 1687, for refusing to admit Alban Francis, a Benedictine monk, to the degree of Master of Arts without his taking the oaths. He was restored by James II.'s letter to the Mastership, October, 1688, and died 1690.

A copy of Dr. Peachell's sentence as it was fixed on the publick School Doors and Magdalene College Gates:

"By His Majesties Commissioners for Ecclesiastical Causes and for the Visitation of the University and of every Collegiate and Cathedral Churches, Colledges, Grammar Schools, Hospitals and other the like Incorporations or Foundations or Societies.

"Whereas John Peachell D^r. of Divinity, Vice Chancellour of Cambridge, Master of Magdalen Colledge, in the said University, has been convenēd before us for his disobedience to his Majesties Royal Letters mandatory and other his contempts: and the said D^r. John Peachell having been fully heard thereupon, we have thought fit after mature consideration of the matter to declare, decree and pronounce that the said D^r. John Peachell, shall for the said disobedience and contempt, be deprived from being Vice Chancellour of the said University, and from all power of acting in the same: and also that he be suspended ab officio et beneficio of his Mastership of the said Colledge, during his Majesties pleasure: and accordingly we do by these presents deprive him the said D^r. John Peachell from being Vice Chancellour of the said

by, Mr. Pechell and Sanchy and I went out, Pechell to Church, Sanchy and I to the Rose Tavern,[1] where we sat and drank till sermon done, and then Mr. Pechell came to us, and we three sat drinking the King's and his whole family's health till it began to be dark. Then we parted; Sanchy and I went to my lodging, where we found my father and Mr. Pierce at the door, and I took them both and Mr. Blayton to the Rose Tavern, and there gave them a quart or two of wine, not telling them that we had been there before. After this we broke up, and my father, Mr. Zanchy, and I to my Cosen Angier to supper, where I caused two bottles of wine to be carried from the Rose Tavern; that was drunk up, and I had not the wit to let them know at table that it was I that paid for them, and so I lost my thanks for them. After supper Mr. Fairbrother, who supped there with us, took me into a room by himself, and shewed me a pitiful copy of verses upon Mr. Prinn which he esteemed very good, and desired that I would get them given to Mr. Prinn, in hopes that he would get him some place for it, which I said I would do, but did laugh in my sleeve to think of his folly, though indeed a man that has always expressed great civility to me. After that we sat down and talked; I took leave of all my friends, and so to my Inn, where after I had wrote a

University and from all power of acting in the same. And we also suspend him ab officio et beneficio of his Mastership of the said Colledge, peremptorily admonishing and requiring him hereby to abstain from the function of Master of the said Colledge, during the said suspension under pain of deprivation from his said Mastership. And we also further order and decree, that the profit and perquisites belonging to his said Mastership, shall during the same suspension be applied to the use and benefit of the said Colledge.

"Given under our Seal, the 7th day of May 1687.

"Finis."

"I find in the first Lord Dartmouth's manuscript notes on Bishop Burnet's History, that Dr. Peachell afterwards starved himself to death, Archbishop Sancroft having rebuked him for setting an ill example in the University by drunkenness and other loose behaviour. He did penance by four days' abstinence, after which he would have eaten but could not." — From the Master of Magdalene's "private" book. For his *red nose*, which made Pepys ashamed to be seen with him, see Diary, May 3rd, 1667. — M. B.

[1] The Rose tavern opened on the Market Hill at the end of Rose Crescent. — M. B.

note and enclosed the certificate to Mr. Widdrington, I bade good night to my father, and John went to bed, but I staid up a little while, playing the fool with the lass of the house at the door of the chamber, and so to bed.

27th. Up by four o'clock, and after I was ready, took my leave of my father, whom I left in bed, and the same of my brother John, to whom I gave 10*s*. Mr. Blayton and I took horse and straight to Saffron Walden, where at the White Hart, we set up our horses, and took the master of the house to shew us Audley End House,[1] who took us on foot through the park, and so to the house, where the housekeeper shewed us all the house, in which the stateliness of the ceilings, chimney-pieces, and form of the whole was exceedingly worth seeing. He took us into the cellar, where we drank most admirable drink, a health to the King. Here I played on my flageolette, there being an excellent echo. He shewed us excellent pictures; two especially, those of the four Evangelists and Henry VIII. After that I gave the man 2*s*. for his trouble, and went back again. In our going, my landlord carried us through a very old hospital or almshouse, where forty poor people was maintained; a very old foundation; and over the chimney in the mantelpiece was an inscription in brass: "Orate pro animâ Thomæ Bird," &c.;[2] and the poor box also was on the same chimney-piece, with an iron door and locks to it, into which I put 6*d*. They brought me a draft of their drink in a brown bowl, tipt with silver, which I drank off, and at the bottom was a picture of the Virgin and the child in her arms, done in silver. So we went to our Inn, and after eating of something, and kissed the daughter of the house, she being very pretty, we took leave, and so that night, the road pretty good, but the weather rainy to Ep[p]ing, where we sat and

[1] Then the residence of James Howard, third Earl of Suffolk. It was built by Thomas, the first earl, at the commencement of the seventeenth century, and called after his maternal ancestor, Lord Chancellor Audley, to whom the monastery of Walden, the site of which is occupied by the present house, had been granted at the Dissolution. — B.

[2] The inscription and the bowl are still to be seen at King Edward VI.'s almshouses, Saffron Walden. There is an engraving and description of this bowl in Mr. W. H. St. John Hope's paper, "On the English mediæval drinking bowls called Mazers," in "Archæologia," vol. l. (p. 163 and plate xiii.).

played a game at cards, and after supper, and some merry talk with a plain bold maid of the house, we went to bed.

28th. Up in the morning, and had some red herrings to our breakfast, while my boot-heel was a-mending, by the same token the boy left the hole as big as it was before. Then to horse, and for London through the forest, where we found the way good, but only in one path, which we kept as if we had rode through a canal all the way. We found the shops all shut, and the militia of the red regiment in arms at the Old Exchange,[1] among whom I found and spoke to Nich. Osborne, who told me that it was a thanksgiving-day through the City for the return of the Parliament. At Paul's I light, Mr. Blayton holding my horse, where I found Dr. Reynolds[2] in the pulpit, and General Monk there, who was to have a great entertainment at Grocers' Hall.[3] So home, where my wife and all well. Shifted myself,[4] and so to Mr. Crew's, and then to Sir Harry Wright's, where I found my Lord at dinner, who called for me in, and was glad to see me. There was at dinner also Mr. John Wright and his lady, a very pretty lady, Alderman Allen's daughter. I dined here with Will. Howe,[5] and after dinner went out with him to buy a hat (calling in my way and saw my mother), which we did at the Plough in Fleet Street by my Lord's direction, but not as for him. Here we met with

[1] Royal Exchange.

[2] Edward Reynolds, D.D., Preacher of Lincoln's Inn; Dean of Christ Church, 1648–50; Bishop of Norwich, 1660–1676. He died July 28th, 1676, aged 76. The sermon which Pepys heard was printed, and has the following title: "The Wall and Glory of Jerusalem, in a Sermon preached in St. Paul's Church, London, before the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor, Lord General, Aldermen, Common Council and Companies of the Honourable City of London, February 28, 1659, being a day of solemn Thanksgiving unto God for restoring the Parliament and Common Council and for preserving the City. By Edward Reynolds, D.D. London, 1660."

[3] Grocers' Hall was the scene of many important occurrences during the period of the Great Rebellion. This was the first hall on the present site between the Poultry and Princes Street, which was built in 1427. The second hall was built after the Great Fire, and the present one was opened in 1802.

[4] Changed his dress.

[5] William Howe is frequently mentioned in the Diary, and he appears more than once to have got into trouble. He is mentioned as Deputy Treasurer of the Navy, under date September 18th, 1665.

Mr. Pierce a little before, and he took us to the Greyhound Tavern,[1] and gave us a pint of wine, and as the rest of the seamen do, talked very high again of my Lord. After we had done about the hat we went homewards, he to Mr. Crew's and I to Mrs. Jem, and sat with her a little. Then home, where I found Mr. Sheply, almost drunk, come to see me, afterwards Mr. Spong comes, with whom I went up and played with him a Duo or two, and so good night. I was indeed a little vexed with Mr. Sheply, but said nothing, about his breaking open of my study at my house, merely to give him the key of the stair door at my Lord's, which lock he might better have broke than mine.

29th. To my office, and drank at Will's with Mr. Moore, who told me how my Lord is chosen General at Sea by the Council, and that it is thought that Monk will be joined with him therein. Home and dined, after dinner my wife and I by water to London, and thence to Herring's, the merchant in Coleman Street, about £50 which he promises I shall have on Saturday next. So to my mother's, and then to Mrs. Turner's, of whom I took leave, and her company, because she was to go out of town to-morrow with Mr. Pepys into Norfolk. Here my cosen Norton[2] gave me a brave cup of metheglin,[3] the first I ever drank. To my mother's and supped there. She shewed me a letter to my father from my uncle inviting him to come to Brampton while he is in the country. So home and to bed. This day my Lord came to the House, the first time since he came to town; but he had been at the Council before.

March 1st. In the morning went to my Lord's lodgings, thinking to have spoke with Mr. Sheply, having not been to visit him since my coming to town. But he being not within I went up, and out of the box where my Lord's pamphlets lay, I chose as many as I had a mind to have for my own use and left the rest. Then to my office, where

[1] As the Greyhound is mentioned so soon after the Plough it also may have been in Fleet Street. See November 12th, 1661.

[2] Probably Joyce Norton, see *ante*, January 7th, 1659–60.

[3] A liquor made of honey and water, boiled and fermenting. By 12 Charles II. cap. 23, a grant of certain impositions upon beer, ale, and other liquors, a duty of ½*d.* per gallon was laid upon "all metheglin or mead."

little to do, but Mr. Sheply comes to me, so at dinner time he and I went to Mr. Crew's, whither Mr. Thomas[1] was newly come to town, being sent with Sir H. Yelverton,[2] my old school-fellow at Paul's School, to bring the thanks of the county to General Monk for the return of the Parliament. But old Mr. Crew and my Lord not coming home to dinner, we tarried late before we went to dinner, it being the day that John, Mr. John Crew's coachman, was to be buried in the afternoon, he being a day or two before killed with a blow of one of his horses that struck his skull into his brain. From thence Mr. Sheply and I went into London to Mr. Laxton's, my Lord's apothecary, and so by water to Westminster, where at the Sun[3] he and I spent two or three hours in a pint or two of wine, discoursing of matters in the country, among other things telling me that my uncle did to him make a very kind mention of me, and what he would do for me. Thence I went home, and went to bed betimes. This day the Parliament did vote that they would not sit longer than the 15th day of this month.

2d. This morning I went early to my Lord at Mr. Crew's where I spoke to him. Here were a great many come to see him, as Secretary Thurlow who is now by this Parliament chosen again Secretary of State. There were also General Monk's trumpeters to give my Lord a sound of their trumpets this morning. Thence I went to my office, and wrote a letter to Mr. Downing about the business of his house. Then going home, I met with Mr. Eglin, Chetwind, and Thomas, who took me to the Leg in King's street,[4]

[1] Thomas Crew, eldest son of John, afterwards first Lord Crew.

[2] Son of Sir Christopher Yelverton, the first baronet, grandson of Sir Henry Yelverton, Judge C. P., author of the "Reports." He married Susan, Baroness Grey de Ruthyn, which title descended to his issue. His son was afterwards advanced to the dignity of Viscount Longueville, and his grandson to the earldom of Sussex. The Yelverton Collection of MSS. belongs to Lord Calthorpe, whose ancestor married a daughter of the first Viscount Longueville. — B.

[3] Probably the Sun tavern in King Street, Westminster (see August 3rd, 1668). There is a token of this house described in "Boyne's Trade Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i., 1889, p. 649.

[4] The Leg tavern in King Street appears to have been a house of good resort. It is mentioned in Burton's Diary as the scene of a dinner of the Clothworkers' Company, December 18th, 1656, who had then a cause before the House of Commons. Pepys frequently visited it.

where we had two brave dishes of meat, one of fish, a carp and some other fishes, as well done as ever I ate any. After that to the Swan tavern, where we drank a quart or two of wine, and so parted. So I to Mrs. Jem and took Mr. Moore with me (who I met in the street), and there I met W. Howe and Sheply. After that to Westminster Hall, where I saw Sir G. Booth at liberty. This day I hear the City militia is put into good posture, and it is thought that Monk will not be able to do any great matter against them now, if he have a mind. I understand that my Lord Lambert did yesterday send a letter to the Council, and that to-night he is to come and appear to the Council in person. Sir Arthur Haselrigge do not yet appear in the House. Great is the talk of a single person, and that it would now be Charles, George, or Richard again.[1] For the last of which, my Lord St. John is said to speak high. Great also is the dispute now in the House, in whose name the writs shall run for the next Parliament; and it is said that Mr. Prin, in open House, said, "In King Charles's."[2] From Westminster Hall home. Spent the evening in my study, and so after some talk with my wife, then to bed.

3d. To Westminster Hall, where I found that my Lord was last night voted one of the Generals at Sea, and Monk the other. I met my Lord in the Hall, who bid me come to him at noon. I met with Mr. Pierce the purser, Lieut. Lambert, Mr. Creed,[3] and Will. Howe, and went with them

[1] Charles II., or George Monk, or Richard Cromwell.

[2] Compare a letter of Mr. Luttrell to Ormond, March 9th, 1660, in Carte's "Letters," vol. ii. p. 312: "Yesterday there was a debate about the form of the dissolution, when M^r. Prynne asserted the King's right in such bold language that I think he may be styled the Cato of this age." — *Notes and Queries*, vol. x. p. 2. — M. B.

[3] John Creed of Oundle, Esq. From the way in which Pepys speaks of his friend, he was probably of humble origin, and nothing is known of his history previously to the Restoration, when he seems to have been a retainer in the service of Sir Edward Montagu. In 1662 he was made Secretary to the Commissioners for Tangier, and in 1668 he married Elizabeth Pickering, the niece of his original patron, by whom he had eleven children. Major Richard Creed, the eldest son, who was killed at the battle of Blenheim, lies buried in Tichmarsh Church, in Northamptonshire, where there is also a monument erected to his father, describing him as "of Oundle," and as having served King Charles II. in divers honourable employments at home and abroad,

to the Swan tavern. Up to my office, but did nothing. At noon home to dinner to a sheep's head. My brother Tom came and dined with me, and told me that my mother was not very well, and that my Aunt Fenner was very ill too. After dinner I to Warwick House,[1] in Holborn, to my Lord, where he dined with my Lord of Manchester,[2] Sir Dudley North,[3] my Lord Fiennes,[4] and my Lord Barkly.[5] I staid in the great hall, talking with some gentlemen there, till they all come out. Then I, by coach with my Lord, to Mr. Crew's, in our way talking of publick things, and how I should look after getting of his Commissioner's despatch. He told me he feared there was new design hatching, as if Monk had a mind to get into the saddle. Here I left him, and went by appointment to Hering, the merchant, but

lived with honour, and died lamented, A.D. 1701. What these employments were cannot now be ascertained. There exists still a cenotaph to the memory of the major in Westminster Abbey. Mrs. Creed, wife of John Creed of Oundle, Esq., was the only daughter of Sir Gilbert Pickering, Bart., by Elizabeth, only daughter of Sir Edward Montagu, and sister of Edward Montagu, first Earl of Sandwich. See Malone's "Life of Dryden," p. 339. — B.

[1] Warwick House, on the north side of Holborn, a little to the west of Gray's Inn Gate. It had given place to Warwick Court in 1708.

[2] Edward Montagu, second Earl of Manchester, the Parliamentary General, afterwards particularly instrumental in the King's Restoration, became Chamberlain of the Household, K.G., a Privy Councillor, and Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. He died in 1671, having been five times married.

[3] Sir Dudley North, K.B., became the fourth Lord North on the death of his father in 1666. He died 1677.

[4] John, third son of William, first Viscount Say and Sele, and one of Oliver's Lords.

[5] George, fourteenth Lord Berkeley of Berkeley, created Viscount Dursley and Earl of Berkeley, 1679. There were at this time two Lord Berkeleys, each possessing a town house called after his name, which misled Pennant. George, fourteenth Lord Berkeley of Berkeley, advanced to an earldom in 1679, the peer here spoken of, lived at Berkeley House, in the parish of St. John's, Clerkenwell, which had been in his family for three generations, and he had a country-seat at Durdans, near Epsom, mentioned by Evelyn and Pepys. He presented the library of his uncle, Sir Robert Coke, to Sion College, and that institution possesses a painted portrait of the earl in his robes. He died October 14th, 1698. The other nobleman, originally known as Sir John Berkeley, and in the service of Charles I., created in 1658 Baron Berkeley of Stratton, subsequently filled many high offices in the State. See *post*, July 12th, 1660.

missed of my money, at which I was much troubled, but could not help myself. Returning, met Mr. Gifford, who took me and gave me half a pint of wine, and told me, as I hear this day from many, that things are in a very doubtful posture, some of the Parliament being willing to keep the power in their hands. After I had left him, I met with Tom Harper, who took me into a place in Drury Lane, where we drank a great deal of strong water,[1] more than ever I did in my life at one time before. He talked huge high that my Lord Protector would come in place again, which indeed is much discoursed of again, though I do not see it possible. Hence home and wrote to my father at Brampton by the post. So to bed. This day I was told that my Lord General Fleetwood told my Lord that he feared the King of Sweden[2] is dead of a fever at Gottenburg.

4th. Lord's day. Before I went to church I sang Orpheus' Hymn[3] to my viall. After that to Mr. Gunning's, an excellent sermon upon charity. Then to my mother to dinner, where my wife and the maid were come. After dinner we three to Mr. Messum's where we met Mons. L'Impertinent, who got us a seat and told me a ridiculous story how that last week he had caused a simple citizen to spend £80 in entertainments of him and some friends of his upon pretence of some service that he would do him in his suit after a widow. Then to my mother again, and after supper she and I talked very high about religion, I in defence of the religion I was born in. Then home.

5th. Early in the morning Mr. Hill comes to string my theorbo,[4] which we were about till past ten o'clock, with a

[1] There is a token of "Edmund Browne at the Pall Mall," on which he describes himself as "Strong water man" (see "Boyne's Trade Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i., 1889, p. 694).

[2] Charles X., Gustavus, King of Sweden, died on February 3rd, 1659–60 (see March 8th).

[3] Orpheus' hymn, "King of Heaven and Hell and Sea and Earth," by Henry Lawes, is printed in "The Second Book of Ayres and Dialogues. London (Playford), 1655."

[4] The theorbo was a bass lute. Having gut strings it was played with the fingers. There is a humorous comparison of the long waists of ladies, which came into fashion about 1621, with the theorbo, by Bishop Corbet:

> "She was barr'd up in whale-bones, that did leese
> None of the whale's length, for they reached her knees;

great deal of pleasure. Then to Westminster, where I met with Mr. Sheply and Mr. Pinkney at Will's, who took me by water to Billingsgate, at the Salutation Tavern,[1] whither by-and-by, Mr. Talbot and Adams came, and bring a great [deal of] good meat, a ham of bacon, &c. Here we staid and drank till Mr. Adams began to be overcome. Then we parted, and so to Westminster by water, only seeing Mr. Pinkney at his own house, where he shewed me how he had alway kept the Lion and Unicorn, in the back of his chimney, bright, in expectation of the King's coming again. At home I found Mr. Hunt, who told me how the Parliament had voted that the Covenant be printed and hung in churches again. Great hopes of the King's coming again. To bed.

6th. (Shrove Tuesday.) I called Mr. Sheply and we both went up to my Lord's lodgings at Mr. Crew's, where he bade us to go home again, and get a fire against an hour after. Which we did at White Hall, whither he came, and after talking with him and me about his going to sea, he called me by myself to go along with him into the garden, where he asked me how things were with me, and what he had endeavoured to do with my uncle to get him to do something for me but he would say nothing too. He likewise bade me look out now at this turn some good place, and he would use all his own, and all the interest of his friends that he had in England, to do me good. And asked me whether I could, without too much inconvenience, go to sea as his secretary, and bid me think of it. He also began to talk of things of State, and told me that he should want one in that capacity at sea, that he might trust in, and therefore he would have me to go. He told me also, that he did believe the King would come in, and did discourse with me about it, and about the affection of the people and City, at which I was full glad. After he was gone, I wait-

> Off with her head, and then she hath a middle
> As her waste stands, just like the new found fiddle,
> The favourite *Theorbo*, truth to tell ye,
> Whose neck and throat are deeper than the belly."
> Corbet, *Iter Boreale.*

[1] There is a token of the Salutation at Billingsgate (see "Boyne's Trade Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i., 1889, p. 531).

ing upon him through the garden till he came to the Hall, where I left him and went up to my office, where Mr. Hawly brought one to me, a seaman, that had promised £10 to him if he get him a purser's place, which I think to endeavour to do. Here comes my uncle Tom, whom I took to Will's and drank with, poor man, he comes to inquire about the knights of Windsor,[1] of which he desires to get to be one. While we were drinking, in comes Mr. Day, a carpenter in Westminster, to tell me that it was Shrove Tuesday, and that I must go with him to their yearly Club upon this day, which I confess I had quite forgot. So I went to the Bell, where were Mr. Eglin, Veezy, Vincent a butcher, one more, and Mr. Tanner, with whom I played upon a viall, and he a viallin, after dinner, and were very merry, with a special good dinner, a leg of veal and bacon, two capons and sausages and fritters, with abundance of wine. After that I went home, where I found Kate Sterpin who hath not been here a great while before. She gone I went to see Mrs. Jem, at whose chamber door I found a couple of ladies, but she not being there, we hunted her out, and found that she and another had hid themselves behind a door. Well, they all went down into the dining-room, where it was full of tag, rag, and bobtail, dancing, singing, and drinking, of which I was ashamed, and after I had staid a dance or two I went away. Going home, called at my Lord's for Mr. Sheply, but found him at the Lion with a pewterer, that he had bought pewter to-day of. With them I drank, and so home and wrote by the post, by my Lord's command, for J. Goods[2] to come up presently. For my Lord intends to go forthwith into the Swiftsure[3] till the Nazeby[4] be ready. This day I hear that the Lords do

[1] The body of Poor Knights of Windsor was founded by Edward III. The intention of the king with regard to the poor knights was to provide relief and comfortable subsistence for such valiant soldiers as happened in their old age to fall into poverty and decay. On September 20th, 1659, a Report having been read respecting the Poor Knights of Windsor, the House "ordered that it be referred to a Committee, to look into the revenue for maintenance of the Poor Knights of Windsor," &c. (See Tighe and Davis's "Annals of Windsor.")

[2] John Goods. He went to sea with Sir Edward Montagu.

[3] The "Swiftsure" was a second-rate of sixty guns, built at Woolwich in 1654 by Christopher Pett.

[4] The "Nazeby" was commanded by Captain, afterwards Sir Richard

intend to sit, and great store of them are now in town, and I see in the Hall to-day. Overton[1] at Hull do stand out, but can, it is thought, do nothing; and Lawson, it is said, is gone with some ships thither, but all that is nothing. My Lord told me, that there was great endeavours to bring in the Protector again; but he told me, too, that he did believe it would not last long if he were brought in; no, nor the King neither (though he seems to think that he will come in), unless he carry himself very soberly and well. Every body now drinks the King's health without any fear, whereas before it was very private that a man dare do it. Monk this day is feasted at Mercers' Hall, and is invited one after another to all the twelve Halls in London.[2] Many think that he is honest yet, and some or more think him to be a fool that would raise himself, but think that he will undo himself by endeavouring it. My mind, I must needs remember, has been very much eased and joyed at my Lord's great expressions of kindness this day, and in discourse thereupon my wife and I lay awake an hour or two in our bed.

7th. (Ash Wednesday.) In the morning I went to my Lord at Mr. Crew's, in my way Washington overtook me and told me upon my question whether he knew of any place now void that I might have, by power over friends, that this day Mr. G. Montagu was to be made Custos Rotulorum for Westminster, and that by friends I might get to be named by him Clerk of the Peace, with which I was, as I am at all new things, very much joyed, so when I came to Mr. Crew's, I spoke to my Lord about it, who told me he believed Mr. Montagu had already promised it, and that it was given him only that he might gratify one person with the place I look for. Here, among many that were here, I met with Mr. Lynes, the surgeon, who promised me some seeds of the sensitive plant.[3] I spoke too with Mr. Pierce

Stayner. It was a first-rate of eighty guns, built at Woolwich in 1655 by Christopher Pett.

[1] Major-General Overton was committed to the Tower in 1649, 1655, and in December, 1660.

[2] See note, April 11th, 1660, where it is stated that Monk had dined at nine of the halls.

[3] Evelyn, about the same date (August 9th, 1661), "tried several experiments on the sensitive plant and humilis, which contracted with

the surgeon, who gave me great encouragement to go to sea with my Lord. Thence going homewards, my Lord overtook me in his coach, and called me in, and so I went with him to St. James's, and G. Montagu being gone to White Hall, we walked over the Park thither, all the way he discoursing of the times, and of the change of things since the last year, and wondering how he could bear with so great disappointment as he did. He did give me the best advice that he could what was best for me, whether to stay or go with him, and offered all the ways that could be, how he might do me good, with the greatest liberty and love that could be. I left him at Whitehall, and myself went to Westminster to my office, whither nothing to do, but I did discourse with Mr. Falconbridge about Le Squire's place, and had his consent to get it if I could. I afterwards in the Hall met with W. Simons, who put me in the best way how to get it done. Thence by appointment to the Angel[1] in King Street, where Chetwind, Mr. Thomas and Doling were at oysters, and beginning Lent this day with a fish dinner. After dinner Mr. Thomas and I by water to London, where I went to Herring's and received the £50 of my Lord's upon Frank's bill from Worcester. I gave in the bill and set my hand to his bill. Thence I went to the Pope's Head Alley and called on Adam Chard, and bought a catcall there, it cost me two groats. Thence went and gave him a cup of ale. After that to the Sun behind the Exchange,[2] where meeting my uncle Wight by the way, took him with me thither, and after drinking a health or two round at the Cock[3] (Mr. Thomas being gone thither), we parted, he and I homewards, parted at Fleet Street, where I found my

the least touch of the sun through a burning glass, though it rises and opens only when it shines on it."

[1] The Angel tavern in King Street, Westminster. A token of this house, kept by Will. Carter, is described in "Boyne's Trade Tokens," by Williamson, vol. i., 1889, p. 647.

[2] The Sun tavern behind the Royal Exchange was a famous house in its day. A token of it is described in "Boyne's Trade Tokens," by Williamson, vol. i., 1889, p. 591. It was rebuilt by John Wadlow after the Great Fire.

[3] The Cock alehouse at Temple Bar was originally called the Cock and Bottle, and dates back to the reign of James I. It was pulled down in 1882. There is a very scarce token of the house, dated 1665 (see "Boyne's Trade Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i., 1889, p. 762).

father newly come home from Brampton[1] very well. He left my uncle with his leg very dangerous, and do believe he cannot continue in that condition long. He tells me that my uncle did acquaint him very largely what he did intend to do with his estate, to make me his heir and give my brother Tom something, and that my father and mother should have likewise something, to raise portions for John and Pall.[2] I pray God he may be as good as his word. Here I staid and supped and so home, there being Joyce Norton there and Ch. Glascock. Going home I called at Wotton's and took home a piece of cheese. At home Mr. Sheply sat with me a little while, and so we all to bed. This news and my Lord's great kindness makes me very cheerful within. I pray God make me thankful. This day, according to order, Sir Arthur [Haselrigge] appeared at the House; what was done I know not, but there was all the Rumpers almost come to the House to-day. My Lord did seem to wonder much why Lambert was so willing to be put into the Tower, and thinks he has some design in it; but I think that he is so poor that he cannot use his liberty for debts, if he were at liberty; and so it is as good and better for him to be there, than any where else.

8th. To Whitehall to bespeak some firing for my father at Short's, and likewise to speak to Mr. Blackburne about Batters being gunner in the "Wexford." Then to Westminster Hall, where there was a general damp over men's minds and faces upon some of the Officers of the Army being about making a remonstrance against Charles Stuart or any single person; but at noon it was told, that the General had put a stop to it, so all was well again. Here I met with Jasper, who was to look for me to bring me to my Lord at the lobby; whither sending a note to my Lord, he comes out to me and gives me direction to look after getting some money for him from the Admiralty, seeing that things are so unsafe, that he would not lay out a farthing for the State, till he had received some money of theirs. Home about two o'clock, and took my wife by

[1] Brampton in Huntingdonshire, where Pepys was probably born, and where his father afterwards retired.

[2] John Pepys, younger brother of Samuel; Paulina, sister of Samuel, afterwards Mrs. Jackson.

land to Paternoster Row, to buy some Paragon for a petticoat and so home again. In my way meeting Mr. Moore, who went home with me while I ate a bit and so back to Whitehall again, both of us. He waited at the Council for Mr. Crew. I to the Admiralty, where I got the order for the money, and have taken care for the getting of it assigned upon Mr. Hutchinson,[1] Treasurer for the Navy, against tomorrow. Hence going home I met with Mr. King that belonged to the Treasurers at War and took him to Harper's, who told me that he and the rest of his fellows are cast out of office by the new Treasurers. This afternoon, some of the Officers of the Army, and some of the Parliament, had a conference at White Hall to make all right again, but I know not what is done. This noon I met at the Dog tavern[2] Captain Philip Holland, with whom I advised how to make some advantage of my Lord's going to sea, which he told me might be by having of five or six servants entered on board, and I to give them what wages I pleased, and so their pay to be mine; he was also very urgent to have me take the Secretary's place, that my Lord did proffer me. At the same time in comes Mr. Wade and Mr. Sterry, secretary to the plenipotentiary in Denmark, who brought the news of the death of the King of Sweden[3] at Gottenburgh the 3rd of the last month, and he told me what a great change he found when he came here, the secluded members being restored. He also spoke very freely of Mr. Wade's profit, which he made while he was in Zeeland, how he did believe that he cheated Mr. Powell, and that he made above £500 on the voyage, which Mr. Wade did very angrily deny, though I believe he was guilty enough.

9th. To my Lord at his lodging, and came to Westmin-

[1] Richard Hutchinson was Deputy Treasurer to Sir Henry Vane, whom he succeeded as Treasurer of the Navy in 1651. He continued to hold the office until the Restoration.

[2] There were several Dog taverns in London, but the one at Westminster mentioned by Pepys was the famous tavern in King Street, which was frequented previously by Ben Jonson. It was chiefly resorted to by Cavaliers. There is a token of the "Black Dogg" (see "Boyne's Trade Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i., 1889, p. 649).

[3] Charles X., Gustavus, son of John Casimir, Count Palatine of the Rhine. He succeeded his cousin Christina, who resigned the crown in 1654.

ster with him in the coach, with Mr. Dudley with him, and he in the Painted Chamber[1] walked a good while; and I telling him that I was willing and ready to go with him to sea, he agreed that I should, and advised me what to write to Mr. Downing about it, which I did at my office, that by my Lord's desire I offered that my place might for a while be supplied by Mr. Moore, and that I and my security should be bound by the same bond for him. I went and dined at Mr. Crew's, where Mr. Hawly comes to me, and I told him the business and shewed him the letter promising him £20 a year, which he liked very well of. I did the same to Mr. Moore, which he also took for a courtesy. In the afternoon by coach, taking Mr. Butler with me to the Navy Office,[2] about the £500 for my Lord, which I am promised to have to-morrow morning. Then by coach back again, and at White Hall at the Council Chamber spoke with my Lord and got him to sign the acquittance for the £500, and he also told me that he had spoke to Mr. Blackburne to put off Mr. Creed and that I should come to him for direction in the employment. After this Mr. Butler and I to Harper's, where we sat and drank for two hours till ten at night; the old woman she was drunk and began to talk foolishly in commendation of her son James. Home and to bed. All night troubled in my thoughts how to order my business upon this great change with me that I could not sleep, and being overheated with drink I made a promise the next morning to drink no strong drink this week, for I find that it makes me sweat and puts me quite out of order. This day it was resolved that the writs do go out in the name of the Keepers of the Liberty, and I hear that it is resolved privately that a treaty be offered with the King. And that Monk did check his soldiers highly for what they did yesterday.

10th. In the morning went to my father's, whom I took in his cutting house,[3] and there I told him my resolution to

[1] The Painted Chamber, or St. Edward's Chamber, in the old Palace at Westminster. The first name was given to it from the curious paintings on the walls, and the second from the tradition that Edward the Confessor died in it.

[2] This is the first notice in the Diary of the Navy Office in Crutched Friars.

[3] His father was a tailor, and this was his cutting-out room.

go to sea with my Lord, and consulted with him how to dispose of my wife, and we resolve of letting her be at Mr. Bowyer's.[1] Thence to the Treasurer of the Navy, where I received £500 for my Lord, and having left £200 of it with Mr. Rawlinson[2] at his house for Sheply, I went with the rest to the Sun tavern on Fish Street Hill, where Mr. Hill, Stevens and Mr. Hater[3] of the Navy Office had invited me, where we had good discourse and a fine breakfast of Mr. Hater. Then by coach home, where I took occasion to tell my wife of my going to sea, who was much troubled at it, and was with some dispute at last willing to continue at Mr. Bowyer's in my absence. After this to see Mrs. Jem and paid her maid £7, and then to Mr. Blackburne, who told me what Mr. Creed did say upon the news of my coming into his place, and that he did propose to my Lord that there should be two Secretaries, which made me go to Sir H. Wright's where my Lord dined and spoke with him about it, but he seemed not to agree to the motion. Hither W. Howe comes to me and so to Westminster. In the way he told me, what I was to provide and so forth against my going. He went with me to my office, whither also Mr. Madge comes half foxed and played the fool upon the violin that made me weary. Then to Whitehall and so home and set many of my things in order against my going. My wife was late making of caps for me, and the wench making an end of a pair of stockings that she was knitting of. So to bed.

11th. (Sunday.) All the day busy without my band on, putting up my books and things, in order to my going to sea. At night my wife and I went to my father's to supper, where J. Norton and Chas. Glascocke supt with us, and after supper home, where the wench had provided all things

[1] Mr. Bowyer, of Huntsmore, Bucks, was an old friend of Pepys, and, according to a habit of the time, he sometimes styled him father (see November 7th, 1660). This misled Lord Braybrooke into supposing that he was Mrs. Pepys's stepfather.

[2] Daniel Rawlinson, the Royalist host of the Mitre in Fenchurch Street.

[3] Thomas Hater appears to have been a clerk at the Navy Office before Pepys went there. In July, 1660, he became Pepys's clerk; in 1674 he was appointed Clerk of the Acts, and in 1679 Secretary of the Admiralty.

against to-morrow to wash, and so to bed, where I much troubled with my cold and coughing.

12th. This day the wench rose at two in the morning to wash, and my wife and I lay talking a great while. I by reason of my cold could not tell how to sleep. My wife and I to the Exchange, where we bought a great many things, where I left her and went into London, and at Bedells the bookseller's at the Temple gate I paid £12 10*s.* 6*d.* for Mr. Fuller by his direction. So came back and at Wilkinson's found Mr. Sheply and some sea people, as the cook of the Nazeby and others, at dinner. Then to the White Horse in King Street, where I got Mr. Buddle's horse to ride to Huntsmore[1] to Mr. Bowyer's, where I found him and all well, and willing to have my wife come and board with them while I was at sea, which was the business I went about. Here I lay and took a thing for my cold, namely a spoonful of honey and a nutmeg scraped into it, by Mr. Bowyer's direction, and so took it into my mouth, which I found did do me much good.

13th. It rained hard and I got up early, and got to London by 8 o'clock at my Lord's lodgings, who told me that I was to be secretary, and Creed to be deputy treasurer to the Fleet, at which I was troubled, but I could not help it. After that to my father's to look after things, and so at my shoemaker's and others. At night to Whitehall, where I met with Simons and Luellin at drink with them at Roberts at Whitehall. Then to the Admiralty, where I talked with Mr. Creed till the Brothers, and they were very seemingly willing and glad that I have the place since my Lord would dispose of it otherwise than to them. Home and to bed. This day the Parliament voted all that had been done by the former Rump against the House of Lords be void, and to-night that the writs go out without any qualification. Things seem very doubtful what will be the end of all; for the Parliament seems to be strong for the King, while the soldiers do all talk against.

14th. To my Lord, where infinity of applications to him and to me. To my great trouble, my Lord gives me all the papers that was given to him, to put in order and give him

[1] Huntsmore, a hamlet belonging to Iver, in which parish Robert Bowyer founded a free school about 1750. — Lysons' *Hist. of Bucks*, p. 587.

an account of them. Here I got half-a-piece of a person of Mr. Wright's recommending to my Lord to be Preacher of the Speaker frigate.[1] I went hence to St. James's and Mr. Pierce the surgeon with me, to speak with Mr. Clerke,[2] Monk's secretary, about getting some soldiers removed out of Huntingdon to Oundle, which my Lord told me he did to do a courtesy to the town, that he might have the greater interest in them, in the choice of the next Parliament; not that he intends to be chosen himself, but that he might have Mr. G. Montagu and my Lord Mandeville[3] chose there in spite of the Bernards.[4] This done (where I saw General Monk and methought he seemed a dull heavy man), he and I to Whitehall, where with Luellin we dined at Marsh's. Coming home telling my wife what we had to dinner, she had a mind to some cabbage, and I sent for some and she had it. Went to the Admiralty, where a strange thing how I am already courted by the people. This morning among others that came to me I hired a boy of Jenkins of Westminster and Burr[5] to be my clerk. This night I went to Mr. Creed's chamber where he gave me the former book of the proceedings in the fleet and the Seal. Then to Harper's where old Beard was and I took him by coach to my Lord's, but he was not at home, but afterwards I found him out at Sir H. Wright's. Thence by coach, it raining hard, to Mrs. Jem, where I staid a while, and so home, and late in the night put up my things in a sea-chest that Mr. Sheply lent me, and so to bed.

15th. Early packing up my things to be sent by cart with

[1] The "Speaker" was renamed the "Mary" after the Restoration. It was built at Woolwich by Christopher Pett in 1649. It was a third-rate of fifty-four guns and 395 tonnage.

[2] Clement Clerke of Lawnde Abbey, co. Leicester, created a baronet in 1661.

[3] Robert Montagu, Viscount Mandeville, eldest son of the Earl of Manchester, whom he succeeded in 1671.

[4] Robert Bernard, created a baronet in 1662, served in Parliament for Huntingdon, before and after the Restoration, and died in 1666. His son and successor, Sir John Bernard, the second baronet, at the time of his death, in 1669, was one of the knights of the shire for the county of Huntingdon. The inscription upon his monument in Brampton Church is given in the "Topographer and Genealogist," vol. i. p. 113. Sir Nicholas Pedley, who was also burgess for Huntingdon, married a daughter of Sir Robert Bernard. — B.

[5] John Burr, the clerk who accompanied Pepys to sea.

the rest of my Lord's. So to Will's, where I took leave of some of my friends. Here I met Tom Alcock, one that went to school with me at Huntingdon, but I had not seen him these sixteen years. So in the Hall paid and made even with Mrs. Michell; afterwards met with old Beale, and at the Axe paid him this quarter to Ladyday next. In the afternoon Dick Mathews comes to dine, and I went and drank with him at Harper's. So into London by water, and in Fish Street my wife and I bought a bit of salmon for 8*d.* and went to the Sun Tavern and ate it, where I did promise to give her all that I have in the world but my books, in case I should die at sea. From thence homewards; in the way my wife bought linen for three smocks and other things. I went to my Lord's and spoke with him. So home with Mrs. Jem by coach and then home to my own house. From thence to the Fox in King-street to supper on a brave turkey of Mr. Hawly's, with some friends of his there, Will Bowyer, &c. After supper I went to Westminster Hall, and the Parliament sat till ten at night, thinking and being expected to dissolve themselves to-day, but they did not. Great talk to-night that the discontented officers did think this night to make a stir, but prevented. To the Fox again. Home with my wife, and to bed extraordinary sleepy.

16th. No sooner out of bed but troubled with abundance of clients, seamen. My landlord Vanly's man came to me by my direction yesterday, for I was there at his house as I was going to London by water, and I paid him rent for my house for this quarter ending at Lady day, and took an acquittance that he wrote me from his master. Then to Mr. Sheply, to the Rhenish Tavern House, where Mr. Pim, the tailor, was, and gave us a morning draft and a neat's tongue. Home and with my wife to London, we dined at my father's, where Joyce Norton and Mr. Armiger dined also. After dinner my wife took leave of them in order to her going to-morrow to Huntsmore. In my way home I went to the Chapel[1] in Chancery Lane to bespeak papers of all sorts and other things belonging to writing against my

[1] The Rolls Chapel, where were kept the rolls and records of the Court of Chancery until the erection of the Record Office in Fetter Lane in 1856.

voyage. So home, where I spent an hour or two about my business in my study. Thence to the Admiralty, and staid a while, so home again, where Will Bowyer came to tell us that he would bear my wife company in the coach to-morrow. Then to Westminster Hall, where I heard how the Parliament had this day dissolved themselves, and did pass very cheerfully through the Hall, and the Speaker without his mace. The whole Hall was joyful thereat, as well as themselves, and now they begin to talk loud of the King. To-night I am told, that yesterday, about five o'clock in the afternoon, one came with a ladder to the Great Exchange,[1] and wiped with a brush the inscription that was upon King Charles, and that there was a great bonfire made in the Exchange, and people called out "God bless King Charles the Second!"[2] From the Hall I went home to bed, very sad in mind to part with my wife, but God's will be done.

17th. This morning bade adieu in bed to the company of my wife. We rose and I gave my wife some money to serve her for a time, and what papers of consequence I had. Then I left her to get her ready and went to my Lord's with my boy Eliezer to my Lord's lodging at Mr. Crew's. Here I had much business with my Lord, and papers, great store, given me by my Lord to dispose of as of the rest. After that, with Mr. Moore home to my house and took my wife

[1] On February 28th Pepys styles the Royal Exchange the Old Exchange; now it is the Great Exchange.

[2] "Then the writing in golden letters, that was engraven under the statue of Charles I., in the Royal Exchange (*Exit tyrannus, Regum ultimus, anno libertatis Angliæ, anno Domini* 1648, *Januarie* xxx.) was washed out by a painter, who in the day time raised a ladder, and with a pot and brush washed the writing quite out, threw down his pot and brush, and said it should never do him any more service, in regard that it had the honour to put out rebels' hand-writing. He then came down, took away his ladder, not a misword said to him, and by whose order it was done was not then known. The merchants were glad and joyful, many people were gathered together, and against the Exchange made a bonfire." — Rugge's *Diurnal.* In the Thomason Collection of Civil War Tracts at the British Museum is a pamphlet which is dated in MS. March 21st, 1659–60, where this act is said to be by order of Monk: "The Loyal Subjects Teares for the Sufferings and Absence of their Sovereign Charles II., King of England, Scotland, and Ireland; with an Observation upon the expunging of *Exit Tyrannus, Regum ultimus*, by order of General Monk, and some Advice to the Independents, Anabaptists, Phanatiques, &c. London, 1660."

by coach to the Chequer in Holborn, where, after we had drank, &c., she took coach and so farewell. I staid behind with Tom Alcock and Mr. Anderson, my old chamber fellow at Cambridge his brother, and drank with them there, who were come to me thither about one that would have a place at sea. Thence with Mr. Hawly to dinner at Mr. Crew's. After dinner to my own house, where all things were put up into the dining-room and locked up, and my wife took the keys along with her. This day, in the presence of Mr. Moore (who made it) and Mr. Hawly, I did before I went out with my wife, seal my will to her, whereby I did give her all that I have in the world, but my books which I give to my brother John, excepting only French books, which my wife is to have. In the evening at the Admiralty, I met my Lord there and got a commission for Williamson to be captain of the Harp frigate,[1] and afterwards went by coach taking Mr. Crips with me to my Lord and got him to sign it at table as he was at supper. And so to Westminster back again with him with me, who had a great desire to go to sea and my Lord told me that he would do him any favour. So I went home with him to his mother's house by me in Axe Yard, where I found Dr. Clodius's wife and sat there talking and hearing of old Mrs. Crisp playing of her old lessons upon the harpsichon till it was time to go to bed. After that to bed, and Laud, her son,[2] lay with me in the best chamber in her house, which indeed was finely furnished.

18th. I rose early and went to the barber's (Jervas) in Palace Yard and I was trimmed by him, and afterwards drank with him a cup or two of ale, and did begin to hire his man to go with me to sea. Then to my Lord's lodging where I found Captain Williamson and gave him his commission to be Captain of the Harp, and he gave me a piece of gold and 20*s.* in silver. So to my own house, where I staid a while and then to dinner with Mr. Shepley at my Lord's lodgings. After that to Mr. Mossum's, where he made a very gallant sermon upon "Pray for the life of the King and the King's son." (Ezra vi. 10.) From thence to

[1] The "Harp" was a sixth-rate of eight guns, built at Dublin in 1656.

[2] Laud Crisp was afterwards page to Lady Sandwich.

Mr. Crew's, but my Lord not being within I did not stay, but went away and met with Mr. Woodfine, who took me to an alehouse in Drury Lane, and we sat and drank together, and ate toasted cakes which were very good, and we had a great deal of mirth with the mistress of the house about them. From thence homewards, and called at Mr. Blagrave's,[1] where I took up my note that he had of mine for 40*s*., which he two years ago did give me as a pawn while he had my lute. So that all things are even between him and I. So to Mrs. Crisp, where she and her daughter and son and I sat talking till ten o'clock at night, I giving them the best advice that I could concerning their son, how he should go to sea, and so to bed.

19th. Early to my Lord, where infinity of business to do, which makes my head full; and indeed, for these two or three days, I have not been without a great many cares and thoughts concerning them. After that to the Admiralty, where a good while with Mr. Blackburne, who told me that it was much to be feared that the King would come in, for all good men and good things were now discouraged. Thence to Wilkinson's, where Mr. Sheply and I dined; and while we were at dinner, my Lord Monk's lifeguard come by with the Serjeant at Arms before them, with two Proclamations, that all Cavaliers do depart the town; but the other that all officers that were lately disbanded should do the same. The last of which Mr. R. Creed,[2] I remember, said, that he looked upon it as if they had said, that all God's people should depart the town. Thence with some sea officers to the Swan, where we drank wine till one comes to me to pay me some money from Worcester, viz., £25. His name is Wilday. I sat in another room and took my money and drank with him till the rest of my company were gone and so we parted. Going home the water was high, and so I got Crockford to carry me over it. So home, and

[1] Thomas Blagrave was one of the Gentlemen of the Royal Chapel and a cornet-player of repute.

[2] Major Richard Creed, who commanded a troop under Lambert when that general surrendered to Ingoldsby: see April 24th following. He was imprisoned with the rest of the officers, but his name does not recur in the Diary, nor is it known whether he was related to John Creed, so frequently mentioned hereafter.

left my money there. All the discourse now-a-day is, that the King will come again; and for all I see, it is the wishes of all; and all do believe that it will be so. My mind is still much troubled for my poor wife, but I hope that this undertaking will be worth my pains. To Whitehall and staid about business at the Admiralty late, then to Tony Robins's, where Capt. Stokes, Mr. Luddington and others were, and I did solicit the Captain for Laud Crisp, who gave me a promise that he would entertain him. After that to Mrs. Crisp's where Dr. Clodius and his wife were. He very merry with drink. We played at cards late and so to bed. This day my Lord dined at my Lord Mayor's [Allen], and Jasper was made drunk, which my Lord was very angry at.

20th. This morning I rose early and went to my house to put things in a little order against my going, which I conceive will be to-morrow (the weather still very rainy). After that to my Lord, where I found very great deal of business, he giving me all letters and papers that come to him about business, for me to give him account of when we come on shipboard. Hence with Capt. Isham by coach to Whitehall to the Admiralty. He and I and Chetwind, Doling and Luellin dined together at Marsh's at Whitehall. So to the Bull Head whither W. Simons comes to us and I gave them my foy[1] against my going to sea; and so we took leave one of another, they promising me to write to me to sea. Hither comes Pim's boy, by my direction, with two monteeres[2] for me to take my choice of, and I chose the saddest colour and left the other for Mr. Sheply. Hence by coach to London, and took a short melancholy leave of my father and mother, without having them to drink, or say anything of business one to another. And indeed I had a fear upon me I should scarce ever see my mother again, she having a great cold then upon her.[3] Then to Westminster, where by reason of rain and an east-

[1] Foy. A feast given by one who is about to leave a place. In Kent, according to Grose, a treat to friends, either at going abroad or coming home. See Diary, November 25th, 1661.

[2] Monteeres, montero (Spanish), a kind of huntsman's cap.

[3] In the MS. there is the following note appended to this: "In an error here, for I did not take leave of them till the next day."

erly wind, the water was so high that there was boats rowed in King Street and all our yard was drowned, that one could not go to my house, so as no man has seen the like almost, most houses full of water.[1] Then back by coach to my Lord's, where I met Mr. Sheply, who staid with me waiting for my Lord's coming in till very late. Then he and I, and William Howe went with our swords to bring my Lord home from Sir H. Wright's. He resolved to go to-morrow if the wind ceased. Sheply and I home by coach. I to Mrs. Crisp's, who had sat over a good supper long looking for me. So we sat talking and laughing till it was very late, and so Laud and I to bed.

21st. To my Lord's, but the wind very high against us, and the weather bad we could not go to-day; here I did very much business, and then to my Lord Widdrington's from my Lord, with his desire that he might have the disposal of the writs of the Cinque Ports. My Lord was very civil to me, and called for wine, and writ a long letter in answer. Thence I went to a tavern over against Mr. Pierce's with Judge Advocate Fowler and Mr. Burr, and sat and drank with them two or three pints of wine. After that to Mr. Crew's again and gave my Lord an account of what I had done, and so about my business to take leave of my father and mother, which by a mistake I have put down yesterday. Thence to Westminster to Crisp's, where we were very merry; the old woman sent for a supper for me, and gave me a handkercher with strawberry buttons on it, and so to bed.

22nd. Up very early and set things in order at my house, and so took leave of Mrs. Crispe and her daughter (who was in bed) and of Mrs. Hunt. Then to my Lord's lodging at the gate and did so there, where Mr. Hawly came to me and I gave him the key of my house to keep, and he went with me to Mr. Crew's, and there I took my last leave of him. But the weather continuing very bad my Lord would

[1] "In this month the wind was very high, and caused great tides, so that great hurt was done to the inhabitants of Westminster, King Street being quite drowned. The Maidenhead boat was cast away, and twelve persons with her. Also, about Dover the waters brake in upon the mainland; and in Kent was very much damage done; so that report said, there was £20,000 worth of harm done." — Rugge's *Diurnal.* — B.

not go to-day. My Lord spent this morning private in sealing of his last will and testament with Mr. W. Montagu.[1] After that I went forth about my own business to buy a pair of riding grey serge stockings and sword and belt and hose, and after that took Wotton and Brigden to the Pope's Head Tavern[2] in Chancery Lane, where Gilb. Holland and Shelston were, and we dined and drank a great deal of wine, and they paid all. Strange how these people do now promise me anything; one a rapier, the other a vessel of wine or a gun, and one offered me his silver hatband to do him a courtesy. I pray God to keep me from being proud or too much lifted up hereby. After that to Westminster, and took leave of Kate Sterpin who was very sorry to part with me, and after that of Mr. George Mountagu, and received my warrant of Mr. Blackburne, to be Secretary to the two Generals of the Fleet. Then to take my leave of the Clerks of the Council, and thence Doling and Luellin would have me go with them to Mount's chamber, where we sat and talked and then I went away. So to my Lord (in my way meeting Chetwind and Swan and bade them farewell) where I lay all night with Mr. Andrews. This day Mr. Sheply went away on board and I sent my boy with him. This day also Mrs. Jemimah went to Marrowbone,[3] so I could not see her. Mr. Moore being out of town to-night I could not take leave of him nor speak to him about business which troubled me much. I left my small case therefore with Mr. Andrews for him.

23rd. Up early, carried my Lord's will in a black box to Mr. William Montagu for him to keep for him. Then to the barber's and put on my cravat there. So to my Lord again, who was almost ready to be gone and had staid for me. Hither came Gilb. Holland, and brought me a stick rapier and Shelston a sugar-loaf, and had brought his wife who he said was a very pretty woman to the Ship tavern

[1] William, second son of Edward, first Lord Montagu of Boughton, and first cousin to Sir Edward Montagu. He was appointed Lord Chief Baron 1676. Died 1707, aged 89.

[2] There is a token of the Pope's Head tavern in Chancery Lane described in "Boyne's Trade Tokens," by Williamson, 1889, vol. i. p. 554.

[3] The name Mary-le-bone has been corrupted from St. Mary-le-bourne, but this is a still further corruption, and an amazing instance of popular etymology.

hard by for me to see but I could not go. Young Reeve also brought me a little perspective glass which I bought for my Lord, it cost me *8s.* So after that my Lord in Sir H. Wright's coach with Captain Isham,[1] Mr. Thomas, John Crew, W. Howe, and I in a Hackney to the Tower, where the barges staid for us; my Lord and the Captain in one, and W. Howe and I, &c., in the other, to the Long Reach,[2] where the Swiftsure lay at anchor; (in our way we saw the great breach which the late high water had made, to the loss of many £1000 to the people about Limehouse.) Soon as my Lord on board, the guns went off bravely from the ships. And a little while after comes the Vice-Admiral Lawson,[3] and seemed very respectful to my Lord, and so did the rest of the Commanders of the frigates that were thereabouts. I to the cabin allotted for me, which was the best that any had that belonged to my Lord. I got out some things out of my chest for writing and to work presently, Mr. Burr and I both. I supped at the deck table with Mr. Sheply. We were late writing of orders for the getting of ships ready, &c.; and also making of others to all the seaports between Hastings and Yarmouth, to stop all dangerous persons that are going or coming between Flanders and there. After that to bed in my cabin, which was but short; however I made shift with it and slept very well, and the weather being good I was not sick at all yet, I know not what I shall be.

24th. At work hard all the day writing letters to the Council, &c. This day Mr. Creed came on board and dined very boldly with my Lord, but he could not get a bed there. At night Capt. Isham who had been at Gravesend all last night and to-day came and brought Mr. Lucy (one acquainted with Mrs. Pierce, with whom I had been at her house), I drank with him in the Captain's cabin, but my business could not stay with him. I despatch many letters to-day abroad and it was late before we could get to bed. Mr. Sheply and Howe supped with me in my cabin. The

[1] Sir Sidney Montagu, brother of the first Earl of Manchester, and the father of "my Lord," had married for his second wife one of the Isham family, of Lamport.

[2] Long Reach, between Erith and Gravesend.

[3] Vice-Admiral John Lawson, knighted by Charles II. in September, 1660.

boy Eliezer flung down a can of beer upon my papers which made me give him a box of the ear, it having all spoiled my papers and cost me a great deal of work. So to bed.

25th (Lord's day). About two o'clock in the morning, letters came from London by our coxon, so they waked me, but I would not rise but bid him stay till morning, which he did, and then I rose and carried them in to my Lord, who read them a-bed. Among the rest, there was the writ and mandate for him to dispose to the Cinque Ports for choice of Parliament-men. There was also one for me from Mr. Blackburne, who with his own hand superscribes it to S. P. Esq., of which God knows I was not a little proud. After that I wrote a letter to the Clerk of Dover Castle, to come to my Lord about issuing of those writs. About ten o'clock Mr. Ibbott,[1] at the end of the long table, begun to pray and preach and indeed made a very good sermon, upon the duty of all Christians to be stedfast in faith. After that Captain Cuttance[2] and I had oysters, my Lord being in his cabin not intending to stir out to-day. After that up into the great cabin above to dinner with the Captain, where was Captain Isham and all the officers of the ship. I took place of all but the Captains; after dinner I wrote a great many letters to my friends at London. After that, sermon again, at which I slept, God forgive me! After that, it being a fair day, I walked with the Captain upon the deck talking. At night I supped with him and after that had orders from my Lord about some business to be done against to-morrow, which I sat up late and did and then to bed.

26th. This day it is two years since it pleased God that I was cut of the stone at Mrs. Turner's in Salisbury Court. And did resolve while I live to keep it a festival, as I did the last year at my house, and for ever to have Mrs. Turner and her company with me. But now it pleases God that I am where I am and so prevented to do it openly; only within my soul I can and do rejoice, and bless God, being at this time, blessed be his holy name, in as good health as ever I was in my life. This morning I rose early, and went about

[1] Edmund Ibbott, S.T.B., chaplain of the ship, in 1662 made rector of Deal. Died 1677.

[2] Captain Roger Cuttance, commander of the "Naseby," afterwards the "Charles."

making of an establishment of the whole Fleet, and a list of all the ships, with the number of men and guns. About an hour after that, we had a meeting of the principal commanders and seamen, to proportion out the number of these things. After that to dinner, there being very many commanders on board. All the afternoon very many orders were made, till I was very weary. At night Mr. Sheply and W. Howe came and brought some bottles of wine and some things to eat in my cabin, where we were very merry, remembering the day of being cut for the stone. Captain Cuttance came afterwards and sat drinking a bottle of wine till eleven, a kindness he do not usually do the greatest officer in the ship. After that to bed.

27th. Early in the morning at making a fair new establishment of the Fleet to send to the Council. This morning, the wind came about, and we fell into the Hope,[1] and in our passing by the Vice-Admiral, he and the rest of the frigates with him, did give us abundance of guns and we them, so much that the report of them broke all the windows in my cabin and broke off the iron bar that was upon it to keep anybody from creeping in at the Scuttle.[2] This noon I sat the first time with my Lord at table since my coming to sea. All the afternoon exceeding busy in writing of letters and orders. In the afternoon, Sir Harry Wright came on board us, about his business of being chosen Parliament-man. My Lord brought him to see my cabin, when I was hard a-writing. At night supped with my Lord too, with the Captain, and after that to work again till it be very late. So to bed.

28th. This morning and the whole day busy, and that the more because Mr. Burr was about his own business all the day at Gravesend. At night there was a gentleman very well bred, his name was Banes, going for Flushing, who spoke French and Latin very well, brought by direction from Captain Clerke[3] hither, as a prisoner, because he called out of the vessel that he went in, "Where is your King, we

[1] A reach of the Thames near Tilbury.

[2] "A small hole or port cut either in the deck or side of a ship, generally for ventilation. That in the deck is a small hatch-way."—Smyth's *Sailors' Word-Book*.

[3] Robin Clerke, Captain of the "Speaker," afterwards the "Mary."

have done our business, Vive le Roi." He confessed himself a Cavalier in his heart, and that he and his whole family had fought for the King; but that he was then drunk, having been all night taking his leave at Gravesend the night before, and so could not remember what it was that he said; but in his words and carriage showed much of a gentleman. My Lord had a great kindness for him, but did not think it safe to release him, but commanded him to be used civilly, so he was taken to the Master's Cabin and had supper there. In the meantime I wrote a letter to the Council about him, and an order for the vessel to be sent for back that he was taken out of. But a while after, he sent a letter down to my Lord, which my Lord did like very well, and did advise with me what was best to be done. So I put in something to my Lord and then to the Captain that the gentleman was to be released and the letter stopped, which was done. So I went up and sat and talked with him in Latin and French, and drank a bottle or two with him; and about eleven at night he took boat again, and so God bless him. Thence I to my cabin and to bed. This day we had news of the election at Huntingdon for Bernard and Pedly,[1] at which my Lord was much troubled for his friends' missing of it.

29th. We lie still a little below Gravesend. At night Mr. Sheply returned from London, and told us of several elections for the next Parliament. That the King's effigies was new making to be set up in the Exchange again. This evening was a great whispering of some of the Vice-Admiral's captains that they were dissatisfied, and did intend to fight themselves, to oppose the General. But it was soon hushed, and the Vice-Admiral did wholly deny any such thing, and protested to stand by the General. At night Mr. Sheply, W. Howe, and I supped in my cabin. So up to the Master's cabin, where we sat talking, and then to bed.

30th. I was saluted in the morning with two letters, from some that I had done a favour to, which brought me in each a piece of gold. This day, while my Lord and we were at dinner, the Nazeby came in sight towards us, and at last

[1] John Bernard and Nicholas Pedley, re-elected in the next Parliament. The latter had been a Commissioner of the Wine Office. Sir Edward Montagu had set up Lord Mandeville, the Earl of Manchester's eldest son, and Mr. G. Montagu, as candidates. See *ante*, March 14th.

came to anchor close by us. After dinner my Lord and many others went on board her, where every thing was out of order, and a new chimney made for my Lord in his bedchamber, which he was much pleased with. My Lord, in his discourse, discovered a great deal of love to this ship.[1]

31st. This morning Captain Jowles of the "Wexford" came on board, for whom I got commission from my Lord to be commander of the ship. Upon the doing thereof he was to make the 20*s*. piece that he sent me yesterday, up £5; wherefore he sent me a bill that he did owe me £4, which I sent my boy to Gravesend with him, and he did give the boy £4 for me, and the boy gave him the bill under his hand. This morning, Mr. Hill[2] that lives in Axe-yard was here on board with the Vice-Admiral. I did give him a bottle of wine, and was exceedingly satisfied of the power that I have to make my friends welcome. Many orders to make all the afternoon. At night Mr. Sheply, Howe, Ibbott, and I supped in my cabin together.

April 1st (Lord's day). Mr. Ibbott preached very well. After dinner my Lord did give me a private list of all the ships that were to be set out this summer, wherein I do discern that he hath made it his care to put by as much of the Anabaptists as he can. By reason of my Lord and my being busy to send away the packet by Mr. Cooke of the Nazeby, it was four o'clock before we could begin sermon again. This day Captain Guy come on board from Dunkirk, who tells me that the King will come in, and that the soldiers at Dunkirk do drink the King's health in the streets. At night the Captain, Sir R. Stayner, Mr. Sheply, and I did sup together in the Captain's cabin. I made a commission for Captain Wilgness, of the Bear, to-night, which got me 30*s*. So after writing a while I went to bed.

2d. Up very early, and to get all my things and my boy's packed up. Great concourse of commanders here this morning to take leave of my Lord upon his going into the Nazeby, so that the table was full, so there dined below many com-

[1] Sir E. Montagu's flag was on board the "Naseby" when he went to the Sound in 1658.

[2] Mr. Hill, who was a neighbour of Pepys's in Axe Yard, is mentioned again under date August 5th, 1660, when Pepys sat in his pew at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

manders, and Mr. Creed, who was much troubled to hear that he could not go along with my Lord, for he had already got all his things thither, thinking to stay there, but W. Howe was very high against it, and he indeed did put him out, though everybody was glad of it. After dinner I went in one of the boats with my boy before my Lord, and made shift before night to get my cabin in pretty good order. It is but little, but very convenient, having one window to the sea and another to the deck, and a good bed. This morning comes Mr. Ed. Pickering,[1] like a coxcomb as he always was. He tells me that the King will come in, but that Monk did resolve to have the doing of it himself, or else to hinder it.

3d. Late to bed. About three in the morning there was great knocking at my cabin, which with much difficulty (so they say) waked me, and I rose, but it was only for a packet, so went to my bed again, and in the morning gave it my Lord. This morning Capt. Isham comes on board to see my Lord and drunk his wine before he went into the Downs, there likewise come many merchants to get convoy to the Baltique, which a course was taken for. They dined with my Lord, and one of them by name Alderman Wood talked much to my Lord of the hopes that we have now to be settled, (under the King he meant); but my Lord took no notice of it. After dinner which was late my Lord went on shore, and after him I and Capt. Sparling went in his boat,

[1] Younger brother of Sir Gilbert Pickering, Bart., born 1618, and bred to the law; and in 1681 a resident in Lincoln's Inn. He married Dorothy, one of the daughters of Sir John Weld of Arnolds, in Edmonton, Middlesex, and died in 1698, s. p. s.; his widow survived till December, 1707. Roger North ("Life of Lord Keeper Guildford," 1742, p. 58) has drawn a very unfavourable picture of Edward Pickering, calling him a subtle fellow, a money-hunter, a great trifler, and avaricious, but withal a great pretender to puritanism, frequenting the Rolls' Chapel, and most busily writing the sermon in his hat, *that he might not be seen*. We learn from the same authority that Sir John Cutts of Childerley, having left his aunt, Mrs. Edward Pickering, an estate worth £300 per annum, for ninety-nine years, *if she should so long live*, her husband, who was the executor, erased from the will the words of reference to her life, with intention to possess himself of the property for the term, absolutely, which fraud being suspected, the question was tried in a court of law, and the jury without hesitation found Pickering the author of the erasure, before the publication of the will. — B.

but the water being almost at low water we could not stay for fear of not getting into our boat again. So back again. This day come the Lieutenant of the Swiftsure, who was sent by my Lord to Hastings, one of the Cinque Ports, to have got Mr. Edward Montagu[1] to have been one of their burgesses, but could not, for they were all promised before. After he had done his message, I took him and Mr. Pierce, the surgeon (who this day came on board, and not before), to my cabin, where we drank a bottle of wine. At night, busy a-writing, and so to bed. My heart exceeding heavy for not hearing of my dear wife, and indeed I do not remember that ever my heart was so apprehensive of her absence as at this very time.

4th. This morning I dispatch many letters of my own private business to London. There come Colonel Thomson with the wooden leg, and General Pen,[2] and dined with my Lord and Mr. Blackburne, who told me that it was certain now that the King must of necessity come in, and that one of the Council told him there is something doing in order to a treaty already among them. And it was strange to hear how Mr. Blackburne did already begin to commend him for a sober man, and how quiet he would be under his government, &c. I dined all alone to prevent company, which was exceeding great to-day, in my cabin. After these two

[1] Edward Montagu, eldest son of Edward, second Lord Montagu of Boughton, killed in the action in Bergen, 1665.

[2] This is the first mention in the Diary of Admiral (afterwards Sir William) Penn, with whom Pepys was subsequently so particularly intimate. At this time admirals were sometimes styled generals. William Penn was born at Bristol in 1621, of the ancient family of the Penns of Penn Lodge, Wilts. He was Captain at the age of twenty-one; Rear-Admiral of Ireland at twenty-three; Vice-Admiral of England and General in the first Dutch war, at thirty-two. He was subsequently M.P. for Weymouth, Governor of Kingsale, and Vice-Admiral of Munster. He was a highly successful commander, and in 1654 he obtained possession of Jamaica. He was appointed a Commissioner of the Navy in 1660, in which year he was knighted. After the Dutch fight in 1665, where he distinguished himself as second in command under the Duke of York, he took leave of the sea, but continued to act as a Commissioner for the Navy till 1669, when he retired to Wanstead, on account of his bodily infirmities, and dying there, September 16th, 1670, aged forty-nine, was buried in the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, in Bristol, where a monument to his memory was erected.

were gone Sir W. Wheeler and Sir John Petters came on board and staid about two or three hours, and so went away. The Commissioners came to-day, only to consult about a further reducement of the Fleet, and to pay them as fast as they can. I did give Davis, their servant, £5 10*s*. to give to Mr. Moore from me, in part of the £7 that I borrowed of him, and he is to discount the rest out of the 36*s*. that he do owe me. At night, my Lord resolved to send the Captain of our ship to Waymouth and promote his being chosen there, which he did put himself into a readiness to do the next morning.

5th. Infinity of business all the morning of orders to make, that I was very much perplexed that Mr. Burr had failed me of coming back last night, and we ready to set sail, which we did about noon, and came in the evening to Lee roads and anchored. At night Mr. Sheply overtook us who had been at Gray's Market[1] this morning. I spent all the afternoon upon the deck, it being very pleasant weather. This afternoon Sir Rich. Stayner and Mr. Creed, after we were come to anchor, did come on board, and Creed brought me £30, which my Lord had ordered him to pay me upon account, and Captain Clerke brought me a noted caudle. At night very sleepy to bed.

6th. This morning came my brother-in-law Balty[2] to see me, and to desire to be here with me as Reformado,[3] which did much trouble me. But after dinner (my Lord using him very civilly, at table), I spoke to my Lord, and he presented me a letter to Captain Stokes[4] for him that he should be there. All the day with him walking and talking, we under sail as far as the Spitts. In the afternoon, W. Howe and I to our viallins, the first time since we came on board. This afternoon I made even with my Lord to this day, and did give him all the money remaining in my hands. In the evening, it being fine moonshine, I staid late walking upon

[1] Gray's Thurrock, a market town on the Thames, in the county of Essex.

[2] Balthasar St. Michel, Mrs. Pepys's brother.

[3] Reformado, "a broken or disbanded officer." Boyer translates "*Officier* reformé, a *reformado*." See Diary, October 1st, 1660.

[4] John Stokes, or Stoakes, was captain of the "Royal James." He died at Portsmouth, February, 1664–65.

the quarter-deck with Mr. Cuttance, learning of some sea terms; and so down to supper and to bed, having an hour before put Balty into Burr's cabin, he being out of the ship.

7th. This day, about nine o'clock in the morning, the wind grew high, and we being among the sands lay at anchor; I began to be dizzy and squeamish. Before dinner my Lord sent for me down to eat some oysters, the best my Lord said that ever he ate in his life, though I have ate as good at Bardsey.[1] After dinner, and all the afternoon I walked upon the deck to keep myself from being sick, and at last about five o'clock, went to bed and got a caudle made me, and sleep upon it very well. This day Mr. Sheply went to Sheppy.

8th (Lord's day). Very calm again, and I pretty well, but my head aked all day. About noon set sail; in our way I see many vessels and masts, which are now the greatest guides for ships. We had a brave wind all the afternoon, and overtook two good merchantmen that overtook us yesterday, going to the East Indies. The lieutenant and I lay out of his window with his glass, looking at the women that were on board them, being pretty handsome. This evening Major Willoughby, who had been here three or four days on board with Mr. Pickering,[2] went on board a catch[3] for Dunkirk. We continued sailing when I went to bed, being somewhat ill again, and Will Howe, the surgeon, parson, and Balty supped in the Lieutenant's cabin and afterwards sat disputing, the parson for and I against extemporary prayers, very hot.

9th. We having sailed all night, were come in sight of the Nore and South Forelands in the morning, and so sailed all day. In the afternoon we had a very fresh gale, which I brooked better than I thought I should be able to do. This afternoon I first saw France and Calais, with which I was

[1] Perhaps Bawdsey, north of Felixstowe in Suffolk.

[2] Probably Edward Pickering, see p. 97 (note).

[3] "A vessel of the galliot order, equipped with two masts, viz., the main and mizen masts, usually from 100 to 250 tons burden. Ketches were principally used as yachts for conveying great personages from one place to another." — Smyth's *Sailor's Word-Book*, 1867.

much pleased, though it was at a distance. About five o'clock we came to the Goodwin, so to the Castles about Deal,[1] where our Fleet lay, among whom we anchored. Great was the shout of guns from the castles and ships, and our answers, that I never heard yet so great rattling of guns. Nor could we see one another on board for the smoke that was among us, nor one ship from another. Soon as we came to anchor, the captains came from on board their ships all to us on board. This afternoon I wrote letters for my Lord to the Council, &c., which Mr. Pickering was to carry, who took his leave this night of my Lord, and Balty after I had wrote two or three letters by him to my wife and Mr. Bowyer, and had drank a bottle of wine with him in my cabin which J. Goods and W. Howe brought on purpose, he took leave of me too to go away to-morrow morning with Mr. Pickering. I lent Balty 15*s.* which he was to pay to my wife. It was one in the morning before we parted. This evening Mr. Sheply came on board, having escaped a very great danger upon a sand coming from Chatham.

10th. This morning many or most of the commanders in the Fleet came on board and dined here, so that some of them and I dined together in the Round-house, where we were very merry. Hither came the Vice-Admiral to us, and sat and talked and seemed a very good-natured man. At night as I was all alone in my cabin, in a melancholy fit playing on my viallin, my Lord and Sir R. Stayner came into the coach[2] and supped there, and called me out to supper with them. After that up to the Lieutenant's cabin, where he and I and Sir Richard sat till 11 o'clock talking, and so to bed. This day my Lord Goring[3] returned from France, and landed at Dover.

[1] The castles were Walmer, Sandgate, Sandwich, Deal, and Dover.

[2] "A sort of chamber or apartment in a large ship of war, just before the great cabin. The floor of it is formed by the aftmost part of the quarter deck, and the roof of it by the poop: it is generally the habitation of the flag-captain." — Smyth's *Sailor's Word-Book.*

[3] Charles, who succeeded his father as second Earl of Norwich. He had been banished eleven years before by the Parliament for heading an army, and keeping the town of Colchester for the use of the King. At his first coming he went to the Council of State, and had leave to remain in London, provided he did not disturb the peace of the nation. — Rugge's *Diurnal.* — B.

11th. A Gentleman came this morning from my Lord of Manchester to my Lord for a pass for Mr. Boyle,[1] which was made him. I ate a good breakfast by my Lord's orders with him in the great cabin below. The wind all this day was very high, so that a gentleman that was at dinner with my Lord that came along with Sir John Bloys[2] (who seemed a fine man) was forced to rise from table. This afternoon came a great packet of letters from London directed to me, among the rest two from my wife, the first that I have since coming away from London. All the news from London is that things go on further towards a King. That the Skinners' Company the other day at their entertaining of General Monk[3] had took down the Parliament Arms in their Hall, and set up the King's. In the evening my Lord and I had a great deal of discourse about the several Captains of the Fleet and his interest among them, and had his mind clear to bring in the King. He confessed to me that he was not sure of his own Captain [Cuttance] to be true to him, and that he did not like Captain Stokes. At night W. Howe and I at our viallins in my cabin, where Mr. Ibbott and the lieutenant were late. I staid the lieutenant late, shewing him my manner of keeping a journal. After that to bed. It comes now into my mind to observe that I am sensible that I have been a little too free to make mirth with the minister of our ship, he being a very sober and an upright man.

12th. This day, the weather being very bad, we had no strangers on board. In the afternoon came the Vice-Admiral on board, with whom my Lord consulted, and I sent a packet to London at night with several letters to my friends, as to my wife about my getting of money for her when she should need it, to Mr. Bowyer that he tell me when the Messieurs

[1] The Hon. Robert Boyle, youngest son of Richard, first Earl of Cork.

[2] Probably a miswriting for Sir John Boys, the celebrated Royalist commander, who was released from Dover Castle on February 23rd, 1659-60, having been imprisoned for petitioning for a free parliament. See *post* April 21st (note).

[3] "His Excellency had now dined at nine of the chief Halls; at every Hall there was after dinner a kind of stage-play, and many pretty conceits, and dancing and singing and many shapes and ghosts, and the like, and all to please Lord Monk." — Rugge's *Diurnal.* — B.

of the offices be paid, to Mr. Moore about the business of my office, and making even with him as to matter of money. At night after I had despatched my letters, to bed.

13th. This day very foul all day for rain and wind. In the afternoon set my own things in my cabin and chests in better order than hitherto, and set my papers in order. At night sent another packet to London by the post, and after that was done I went up to the lieutenant's cabin and there we broached a vessel of ale that we had sent for among us from Deal to-day. There was the minister and doctor with us. After that till one o'clock in the morning writing letters to Mr. Downing about my business of continuing my office to myself, only Mr. Moore to execute it for me. I had also a very serious and effectual letter from my Lord to him to that purpose. After that done then to bed, and it being very rainy, and the rain coming upon my bed, I went and lay with John Goods in the great cabin below, the wind being so high that we were fain to lower some of the masts. I to bed, and what with the goodness of the bed and the rocking of the ship I slept till almost ten o'clock, and then —

14th. Rose and drank a good morning draught there with Mr. Sheply, which occasioned my thinking upon the happy life that I live now, had I nothing to care for but myself. The sea was this morning very high, and looking out of the window I saw our boat come with Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, in it in great danger, who endeavouring to come on board us, had like to have been drowned had it not been for a rope. This day I was informed that my Lord Lambert is got out of the Tower[1] and that there is £100 proffered to

[1] The manner of the escape of John Lambert, out of the Tower, on the 11th inst., as related by Rugge: — "That about eight of the clock at night he escaped by a rope tied fast to his window, by which he slid down, and in each hand he had a handkerchief; and six men were ready to receive him, who had a barge to hasten him away. She who made the bed, being privy to his escape, that night, to blind the warder when he came to lock the chamber-door, went to bed, and possessed Colonel Lambert's place, and put on his night-cap. So, when the said warder came to lock the door, according to his usual manner, he found the curtains drawn, and conceiving it to be Colonel John Lambert, he said, 'Good night, my Lord.' To which a seeming voice replied, and prevented all further jealousies. The next morning, on coming to unlock the door, and espying her face, he cried out, 'In the name of God, Joan, what makes you here? Where is my Lord Lambert?'

whoever shall bring him forth to the Council of State. My Lord is chosen at Waymouth this morning; my Lord had his freedom brought him by Captain Tiddiman [1] of the port of Dover, by which he is capable of being elected for them. This day I heard that the Army had in general declared to stand by what the next Parliament shall do. At night supped with my Lord.

15th (Lord's day). Up early and was trimmed by the barber in the great cabin below. After that to put my clothes on and then to sermon, and then to dinner, where my Lord told us that the University of Cambridge had a mind to choose him for their burgess, which he pleased himself with, to think that they do look upon him as a thriving man, and said so openly at table. At dinner-time Mr. Cook came back from London with a packet which caused my Lord to be full of thoughts all day, and at night he bid me privately to get two commissions ready, one for Capt. Robert Blake to be captain of the Worcester,[2] in the room of Capt. Dekings, an anabaptist, and one that had witnessed a great deal of discontent with the present proceedings. The other for Capt. Coppin [3] to come out of that into the Newbury in the room of Blake, whereby I perceive that General Monk do resolve to make a thorough change, to make way for the King. From London I hear that since Lambert got out of the Tower, the Fanatiques had held up their heads high, but I hope all that will come to nothing. Late a writing of letters to London to get ready for Mr. Cook. Then to bed.

16th. And about 4 o'clock in the morning Mr. Cook waked me where I lay in the great cabin below, and I did give him his packet and directions for London. So to sleep again. All the morning giving out orders and tickets to the Commanders of the Fleet to discharge all supernum-

She said, 'He is gone; but I cannot tell whither.' Whereupon he caused her to rise, and carried her before the officer in the Tower, and [she] was committed to custody. Some said that a lady knit for him a ladder of silk, by which he was conveyed down, and that she received £100 for her pains." — B.

[1] Captain, afterwards Admiral Sir Thomas Teddiman.

[2] The "Worcester" (formerly the "Dunkirk") was a third-rate of forty-eight guns, built at Woolwich in 1651 by Mr. Russell.

[3] John Coppin was captain of the "Lambert," afterwards the "Henrietta."

eraries that they had above the number that the Council had set in their last establishment. After dinner busy all the afternoon writing, and so till night, then to bed.

17th. All the morning getting ready commissions for the Vice-Admiral[1] and the Rear-Admiral,[2] wherein my Lord was very careful to express the utmost of his own power, commanding them to obey what orders they should receive from the Parliament, &c., or both or either of the Generals.[3] The Vice-Admiral dined with us, and in the afternoon my Lord called me to give him the commission for him, which I did, and he gave it him himself. A very pleasant afternoon, and I upon the deck all the day, it was so clear that my Lord's glass shewed us Calais very plain, and the cliffs were as plain to be seen as Kent, and my Lord at first made me believe that it was Kent. At night, after supper, my Lord called for the Rear-Admiral's commission, which I brought him, and I sitting in my study heard my Lord discourse with him concerning D. King's and Newberry's being put out of commission. And by the way I did observe that my Lord did speak more openly his mind to me afterwards at night than I can find that he did to the Rear-Admiral, though his great confidant. For I was with him an hour together, when he told me clearly his thoughts that the King would carry it, and that he did think himself very happy that he was now at sea, as well for his own sake, as that he thought he might do his country some service in keeping things quiet. To bed, and shifting myself from top to toe, there being J. Goods and W. Howe sat late by my bedside talking. So to sleep, every day bringing me a fresh sense of the pleasure of my present life.

18th. This morning very early came Mr. Edward Montagu on board, but what was the business of his coming again or before without any servant and making no stay at all I can-

[1] Sir John Lawson (see *ante*, January 1st, note).

[2] Sir Richard Stayner, knighted and made a Vice-Admiral by Cromwell, 1657, and after the Restoration sent to command at Tangier till the Governor arrived.

[3] Sir Edward Montagu afterwards recommended the Duke of York as High Admiral, to give regular and lawful commissions to the Commanders of the Fleet, instead of those which they had received from Sir Edward himself, or from the Rump Parliament. — Kennett's *Register*, p. 163.

not guess. This day Sir R. Stayner, Mr. Sheply, and as many of my Lord's people as could be spared went to Dover to get things ready against to-morrow for the election there. I all the afternoon dictating in my cabin (my own head being troubled with multiplicity of business) to Burr, who wrote for me above a dozen letters, by which I have made my mind more light and clear than I have had it yet since I came on board. At night sent a packet to London, and Mr. Cook returned hence bringing me this news, that the Sectaries do talk high what they will do, but I believe all to no purpose, but the Cavaliers are something unwise to talk so high on the other side as they do. That the Lords do meet every day at my Lord of Manchester's, and resolve to sit the first day of the Parliament. That it is evident now that the General and the Council do resolve to make way for the King's coming. And it is now clear that either the Fanatiques must now be undone, or the gentry and citizens throughout England, and clergy must fall, in spite of their militia and army, which is not at all possible I think. At night I supped with W. Howe and Mr. Luellin (being the first time that I had been so long with him) in the great cabin below. After that to bed, and W. Howe sat by my bedside, and he and I sang a psalm or two and so I to sleep.

19th. A great deal of business all this day, and Burr being gone to shore without my leave did vex me much. At dinner news was brought us that my Lord was chosen at Dover. This afternoon came one Mr. Mansell on board as a Reformado, to whom my Lord did shew exceeding great respect, but upon what account I do not yet know. This day it has rained much, so that when I came to go to bed I found it wet through, so I was fain to wrap myself up in a dry sheet, and so lay all night.

20th. All the morning I was busy to get my window altered, and to have my table set as I would have it, which after it was done I was infinitely pleased with it, and also to see what a command I have to have every one ready to come and go at my command. This evening came Mr. Boyle on board, for whom I writ an order for a ship to transport him to Flushing. He supped with my Lord, my Lord using him as a person of honour. This evening too came Mr. John

Pickering on board us. This evening my head ached exceedingly, which I impute to my sitting backwards in my cabin, otherwise than I am used to do. To-night Mr. Sheply told me that he heard for certain at Dover that Mr. Edw. Montagu did go beyond sea when he was here first the other day, and I am at to believe that he went to speak with the King. This day one told me how that at the election at Cambridge for knights of the shire, Wendby[1] and Thornton[2] by declaring to stand for the Parliament and a King and the settlement of the Church, did carry it against all expectation against Sir Dudley North and Sir Thomas Willis.[3] I supped to-night with Mr. Sheply below at the half-deck table, and after that I saw Mr. Pickering whom my Lord brought down to his cabin, and so to bed.

21st. This day dined Sir John Boys[4] and some other gentlemen formerly great Cavaliers, and among the rest one Mr. Norwood,[5] for whom my Lord gave a convoy to carry him to the Brill,[6] but he is certainly going to the King. For my Lord commanded me that I should not enter his name in my book. My Lord do show them and that sort of people great civility. All their discourse and others are of the King's coming, and we begin to speak of it very freely. And heard how in many churches in London, and upon many signs there, and upon merchants' ships in the river they had set up the King's arms. In the afternoon the Captain would by all means have me up to his cabin, and there treated me huge nobly, giving me a barrel of pickled oysters, and opened another for me, and a bottle of wine, which was a very great favour. At night late singing with W. Howe, and under the barber's hands in the

[1] Thomas Wendy of Haselingfield.

[2] Isaac Thornton of Smallwell.

[3] He had represented Cambridgeshire in the preceding Parliament.

[4] Of Bonnington and Sandwich, Gentleman of the Privy-Chamber to Charles I. He defended Donnington Castle, Berkshire, for the King against Jeremiah Horton, 1644, and received an augmentation to his arms in consequence. See *ante*, April 11th (note).

[5] A Major Norwood had been Governor of Dunkirk: and a person of the same name occurs as one of the esquires of the body at the Coronation of Charles II. Richard Norwood of Danes Court, in the Isle of Thanet, see December 1st, 1662. — B.

[6] Brielle, or Den Briel, a seaport town in the province of South Holland.

coach. This night there came one with a letter from Mr. Edw. Montagu to my Lord, with command to deliver it to his own hands. I do believe that he do carry some close business on for the King.[1] This day I had a large letter from Mr. Moore, giving me an account of the present dispute at London that is like to be at the beginning of the Parliament, about the House of Lords, who do resolve to sit with the Commons, as not thinking themselves dissolved yet. Which, whether it be granted or no, or whether they will sit or no, it will bring a great many inconveniences. His letter I keep, it being a very well writ one.

22d (Easter Sunday). Several Londoners, strangers, friends of the Captains, dined here, who, among other things told us, how the King's Arms are every day set up in houses and churches, particularly in Allhallows Church in Thames-street,[2] John Simpson's church, which being privately done was a great eye-sore to his people when they came to church and saw it. Also they told us for certain, that the King's statue is making by the Mercers' Company (who are bound to do it)[3] to set up in the Exchange. After sermon in the afternoon I fell to writing letters against tomorrow to send to London. After supper to bed.

23rd. All the morning very busy getting my packet ready for London, only for an hour or two had the Captain and Mr. Sheply in my cabin at the barrel of pickled oysters that the Captain did give me on Saturday last. After dinner I sent Mr. Dunn to London with the packet. This afternoon I had 40*s*. given me by Captain Cowes of the Paradox.[4] In the evening the first time that we had any sport among the seamen, and indeed there was extraordinary good sport after my Lord had done playing at ninepins. After that W. Howe and I went to play two trebles in the great cabin

[1] Pepys's guess at E. Montagu's business is confirmed by Clarendon's account of his employment of him to negotiate with Lord Sandwich on behalf of the King. ("History of the Rebellion," book xvi.) — *Notes and Queries*, vol. x. p. 3. — M. B.

[2] Allhallows the Great, a church in Upper Thames Street. The old church destroyed in the Great Fire was also known as "Allhallows in the Ropery."

[3] As trustees for Sir Thomas Gresham, the founder of the Royal Exchange.

[4] The "Paradox" was a sixth-rate of twelve guns.

below, which my Lord hearing, after supper he called for our instruments, and played a set of Lock's, two trebles, and a base, and that being done, he fell to singing of a song made upon the Rump, with which he played himself well, to the tune of "The Blacksmith."[1] After all that done, then to bed.

24th. This morning I had Mr. Luellin and Mr. Sheply to the remainder of my oysters that were left yesterday. After that very busy all the morning. While I was at dinner with my Lord, the Coxon of the Vice-Admiral came for me to the Vice-Admiral to dinner. So I told my Lord and he gave me leave to go. I rose therefore from table and went, where there was very many commanders, and very pleasant we were on board the London,[2] which hath a state-room much bigger than the Nazeby, but not so rich. After that, with the Captain on board our own ship, where we were saluted with the news of Lambert's being taken, which news was brought to London on Sunday last. He was taken in Northamptonshire by Colonel Ingoldsby,[3] at the head of a party, by which means their whole design is broke, and things now very open and safe. And every man begins to be merry and full of hopes. In the afternoon my Lord gave a great large character to write out, so I spent all the day about it, and after supper my Lord and we had some more very good musique and singing of "Turne Amaryllis," as it is printed in the song book, with which my Lord was very much pleased. After that to bed.

25th. All the morning about my Lord's character. Dined to-day with Captain Clerke on board the Speaker (a very brave ship) where was the Vice-Admiral, Rear-Admiral,

[1] "The Blacksmith" was the same tune as "Green Sleeves." The earliest known copy of "The Praise of the Blacksmith" is in "An Antidote against Melancholy," 1661. See "Roxburghe Ballads," ed. W. Chappell, 1872, vol. ii. p. 126. (Ballad Society.)

[2] The "London" was a second-rate of sixty-four guns, built at Chatham in 1657 by Captain Taylor.

[3] Colonel Richard Ingoldsby had been Governor of Oxford under his kinsman Cromwell. He signed the warrant for the execution of Charles I., but was pardoned for the service here mentioned, and made K.B. at the Coronation of Charles II. He afterwards retired to his seat at Lethenborough, Bucks, and died 1685. He was buried in the church of Hartwell, near Aylesbury.

and many other commanders. After dinner home, not a little contented to see how I am treated, and with what respect made a fellow to the best commanders in the Fleet. All the afternoon finishing of the character, which I did and gave it my Lord, it being very handsomely done and a very good one in itself, but that not truly Alphabetical. Supped with Mr. Sheply, W. Howe, &c. in Mr. Pierce, the Purser's cabin, where very merry, and so to bed. Captain Isham came hither to-day.

26th. This day came Mr. Donne back from London, who brought letters with him that signify the meeting of the Parliament yesterday. And in the afternoon by other letters I hear, that about twelve of the Lords met and had chosen my Lord of Manchester[1] Speaker of the House of Lords (the young lords that never sat yet, do forbear to sit for the present); and Sir Harbottle Grimstone,[2] Speaker for the House of Commons. The House of Lords sent to have a conference with the House of Commons, which, after a little debate, was granted. Dr. Reynolds[3] preached before the Commons before they sat. My Lord told me how Sir H. Yelverton[4] (formerly my school-fellow) was chosen in the first place for Northamptonshire and Mr. Crew in the second. And told me how he did believe that the Cavaliers have now the upper hand clear of the Presbyterians. All the afternoon I was writing of letters, among the rest one to W. Simons, Peter Luellin and Tom Doling, which because it is somewhat merry I keep a copy of. After that done Mr. Sheply, W. Howe and I down with J. Goods into my Lord's storeroom of wine and other drink, where it was very pleasant to observe the massy timbers that the ship is made of. We in the room were wholly under water and yet a deck below that. After that to supper, where Tom Guy supped with us, and we had very good laughing, and after that some musique, where Mr. Pickering beginning to play

[1] Edward, second Earl of Manchester, whose father, Henry, first earl, had been chosen Speaker of the House of Lords in 1641.

[2] Ancestor of the Earls of Verulam. He was made Master of the Rolls, November following. Born 1594, and died December 31st, 1683.

[3] See *ante*, February 28th, 1659–60.

[4] Of Easton Mauduit, Bart., grandson to the Attorney-General of both his names. Died 1679.

a bass part upon the viall did it so like a fool that I was ashamed of him. After that to bed.

27th. This morning Burr was absent again from on board, which I was troubled at, and spoke to Mr. Pierce, Purser, to speak to him of it, and it is my mind. This morning Pim [the tailor] spent in my cabin, putting a great many ribbons to a suit. After dinner in the afternoon came on board Sir Thomas Hatton[1] and Sir R. Maleverer[2] going for Flushing; but all the world know that they go where the rest of the many gentlemen go that every day flock to the King at Breda.[3] They supped here, and my Lord treated them as he do the rest that go thither, with a great deal of civility. While we were at supper a packet came, wherein much news from several friends. The chief is that, that I had from Mr. Moore, viz. that he fears the Cavaliers in the House will be so high, that the others will be forced to leave the House and fall in with General Monk, and so offer things to the King so high on the Presbyterian account that he may refuse, and so they will endeavour some more mischief; but when I told my Lord it, he shook his head and told me, that the Presbyterians are deceived, for the General is certainly for the King's interest, and so they will not be able to prevail that way with him. After supper the two knights went on board the Grantham, that is to convey them to Flushing. I am informed that the Exchequer is now so low, that there is not £20 there, to give the messenger that brought the news of Lambert's being taken; which story is very strange that he should lose his reputation of being a man of courage now at one blow, for that he was not able to fight one stroke, but desired of Colonel Ingoldsby several times for God's sake to let him escape. Late reading my letters, my mind being much troubled to think that, after all our hopes, we should have any cause to fear any more disappointments therein. To bed. This day I made even with Mr. Creed, by sending him my bill and he me my money by Burr, whom I sent for it.

[1] Of Long Stanton, co. Cambridge, Bart.

[2] Of Allerton Maleverer, Yorkshire, Bart.

[3] The King arrived at Breda on the 14th April (new style). Sir W. Lower writes ("Voiage and Residence of Charles II. in Holland," p. 5): "Many considerations obliged him to depart the territories under the obedience of the King of Spain in this conjuncture of affairs."

28th. This morning sending a packet by Mr. Dunne to London. In the afternoon I played at ninepins with Mr. Pickering, I and Mr. Pett[1] against him and Ned Osgood, and won a crown apiece of him. He had not money enough to pay me. After supper my Lord exceeding merry, and he and I and W. Howe to sing, and so to bed.

29th (Sunday). This day I put on first my fine cloth suit made of a cloak that had like to have been [dirted] a year ago, the very day that I put it on. After sermon in the morning Mr. Cook came from London with a packet, bringing news how all the young lords that were not in arms against the Parliament do now sit. That a letter is come from the King to the House, which is locked up by the Council 'till next Tuesday that it may be read in the open House when they meet again, they having adjourned till then to keep a fast to-morrow. And so the contents is not yet known. £13,000 of the £20,000 given to General Monk is paid out of the Exchequer, he giving £12 among the teller clerks of Exchequer. My Lord called me into the great cabin below, where I opened my letters and he told me that the Presbyterians are quite mastered by the Cavaliers, and that he fears Mr. Crew did go a little too far the other day in keeping out the young lords from sitting. That he do expect that the King should be brought over suddenly, without staying to make any terms at all, saying that the Presbyterians did intend to have brought him in with such conditions as if he had been in chains. But he shook his shoulders when he told me how Monk had betrayed him, for it was he that did put them upon standing to put out the lords and other members that came not within the qualifications, which he [Montagu] did not like, but however he [Monk] had done his business, though it be with some kind of baseness. After dinner I walked a great while upon the deck with the chyrurgeon and purser, and other officers of the ship, and they all pray for the King's coming, which I pray God send.

30th. All the morning getting instructions ready for the Squadron of ships that are going to-day to the Streights, among others Captain Teddiman, Curtis, and Captain

[1] As there were several of this name it is impossible to say which Mr. Pett is meant.

Robert Blake to be commander of the whole Squadron. After dinner to ninepins, W. Howe and I against Mr. Creed and the Captain. We lost 5*s.* apiece to them. After that W. Howe, Mr. Sheply and I got my Lord's leave to go to see Captain Sparling.[1] So we took boat and first went on shore, it being very pleasant in the fields; but a very pitiful town Deal is. We went to Fuller's (the famous place for ale), but they have none but what was in the vat. After that to Poole's, a tavern in the town, where we drank, and so to boat again, and went to the Assistance, where we were treated very civilly by the Captain, and he did give us such music upon the harp by a fellow that he keeps on board that I never expect to hear the like again, yet he is a drunken simple fellow to look on as any I ever saw. After that on board the Nazeby, where we found my Lord at supper, so I sat down and very pleasant my Lord was with Mr. Creed and Sheply, who he puzzled about finding out the meaning of the three notes which my Lord had cut over the chrystal of his watch. After supper some musique. Then Mr. Sheply, W. Howe and I up to the Lieutenant's cabin, where we drank, and I and W. Howe were very merry, and among other frolics he pulls out the spigot of the little vessel of ale that was therein the cabin and drew some into his mounteere, and after he had drank, I endeavouring to dash it in his face, he got my velvet studying cap and drew some into mine too, that we made ourselves a great deal of mirth, but spoiled my clothes with the ale that we dashed up and down. After that to bed very late with drink enough in my head.

May 1st. This morning, I was told how the people of Deal have set up two or three Maypoles, and have hung up their flags upon the top of them, and do resolve to be very merry to-day. It being a very pleasant day, I wished myself in Hide Park.[2] This day I do count myself to have had full two years of perfect cure for the stone, for which God of heaven be blessed. This day Captain Parker came

[1] Captain Thomas Sparling, of the "Assistance."

[2] In 1656 was published "The Yellow Book, or a serious letter sent by a private Christian to the Lady Consideration the first of May 1656, which she is desired to communicate in Hide Park to the Gallants of the Times a little after sunset. Also a brief account of the names of some vain persons that intend to be there."

on board, and without his expectation I had a commission for him for the Nonsuch[1] frigate (he being now in the Cheriton), for which he gave me a French pistole. Captain H. Cuttance[2] has commission for the Cheriton. After dinner to nine-pins, and won something. The rest of the afternoon in my cabin writing and piping. While we were at supper we heard a great noise upon the Quarter Deck, so we all rose instantly, and found it was to save the coxon of the Cheriton, who, dropping overboard, could not be saved, but was drowned. To-day I put on my suit that was altered from the great skirts to little ones. To-day I hear they were very merry at Deal, setting up the King's flag upon one of their maypoles, and drinking his health upon their knees in the streets, and firing the guns, which the soldiers of the Castle threatened, but durst not oppose.

2nd. In the morning at a breakfast of radishes at the Purser's cabin. After that to writing till dinner. At which time comes Dunne from London, with letters that tell us the welcome news of the Parliament's votes yesterday, which will be remembered for the happiest May-day that hath been many a year to England. The King's letter was read in the House, wherein he submits himself and all things to them, as to an Act of Oblivion[3] to all, unless they shall please to except any, as to the confirming of the sales of the King's and Church lands, if they see good. The House upon reading the letter, ordered £50,000 to be forthwith provided to send to His Majesty for his present supply; and a committee chosen to return an answer of

[1] The "Nonsuch" was a fourth-rate of thirty-two guns, built at Deptford in 1646 by Peter Pett, jun. The captain was John Parker.

[2] Captain Henry Cuttance, of the "Cheriton," afterwards the "Speedwell."

[3] "His Majesty added thereunto an excellent Declaration for the safety and repose of those, who tortured in their consciences, for having partaken in the rebellion, might fear the punishment of it, and in that fear might oppose the tranquillity of the Estate, and the calling in of their lawful Prince. It is printed and published as well as the letter, but that shall not hinder me to say, that there was never seen a more perfect assemblage of all the most excellent natural qualities, and of all the vertues, as well Royal as Christian, wherewith a great Prince may be endowed, than was found in those two wonderful productions." — Sir William Lower's *Relation . . . of the Voiage and Residence which . . . Charles the II. hath made in Holland*, Hague, 1660, folio, p. 3.

thanks to His Majesty for his gracious letter; and that the letter be kept among the records of the Parliament; and in all this not so much as one No. So that Luke Robinson[1] himself stood up and made a recantation for what he had done, and promises to be a loyal subject to his Prince for the time to come. The City of London have put out a Declaration, wherein they do disclaim their owing any other government but that of a King, Lords, and Commons. Thanks was given by the House to Sir John Greenville,[2] one of the bedchamber to the King, who brought the letter, and they continued bare all the time it was reading. Upon notice made from the Lords to the Commons, of their desire that the Commons would join with them in their vote for King, Lords, and Commons; the Commons did concur and voted that all books whatever that are out against the Government of King, Lords, and Commons, should be brought into the House and burned. Great joy all yesterday at London, and at night more bonfires than ever, and ringing of bells, and drinking of the King's health upon their knees in the streets, which methinks is a little too much. But every body seems to be very joyfull in the business, insomuch that our sea-commanders now begin to say so too, which a week ago they would not do.[3] And our seamen, as many as had money or credit for drink, did do nothing else this evening. This day came Mr. North[4] (Sir Dudley North's son) on board, to spend a little time here, which my Lord was a little troubled at, but he seems to be a fine gentleman, and at night did play his part ex-

[1] Of Pickering Lyth, in Yorkshire, M.P. for Scarborough; discharged from sitting in the House of Commons, July 21st, 1660.

[2] Created Earl of Bath, 1661; son of Sir Bevil Grenville, killed at the battle of Lansdowne; he was, when a boy, left for dead on the field at the second battle of Newbury, and said to have been the only person entrusted by Charles II. and Monk in bringing about the Restoration.

[3] "The picture of King Charles II. was often set up in houses, without the least molestation, whereas a while ago, it was almost a hanging matter so to do; but now the Rump Parliament was so hated and jeered at, that the butchers' boys would say, Will you buy any Parliament rumps and kidneys?' And it was a very ordinary thing to see little children make a fire in the streets, and burn rumps." — Rugge's *Diurnal.* — B.

[4] Charles, eldest son of Dudley, afterwards fourth Lord North. On the death of his father in 1677 he became fifth Lord North.

ceeding well at first sight. After musique I went up to the Captain's Cabin with him and Lieutenant Ferrers, who came hither to-day from London to bring this news to my Lord, and after a bottle of wine we all to bed.

3d. This morning my Lord showed me the King's declaration and his letter to the two Generals to be communicated to the fleet.[1] The contents of the letter are his offer of grace to all that will come in within forty days, only excepting them that the Parliament shall hereafter except. That the sales of lands during these troubles, and all other things, shall be left to the Parliament, by which he will stand. The letter dated at Breda, April $\frac{4}{14}$ 1660, in the 12th year of his reign. Upon the receipt of it this morning by an express, Mr. Phillips, one of the messengers of the Council from General Monk, my Lord summoned a council of war, and in the mean time did dictate to me how he would have the vote ordered which he would have pass this council. Which done, the Commanders all came on board, and the council sat in the coach (the first council of war that had been in my time), where I read the letter and declaration; and while they were discoursing upon it, I seemed to draw up a vote, which being offered, they passed. Not one man seemed to say no to it, though I am confident many in their hearts were against it. After this was done, I went up to the quarter-deck with my Lord and the Commanders, and there read both the papers and the vote; which done, and demanding their opinion, the seamen did all of them cry out, "God bless King Charles!" with the greatest joy imaginable. That being done, Sir R. Stayner, who had invited us yesterday, took all the Commanders and myself on board him to dinner, which not being ready, I went with Captain Hayward to the Plimouth and Essex,[2] and did what I had to do there and returned,

[1] "King Charles II. his Declaration to all his loving Subjects of the Kingdome of England, dated from his Court at Breda in Holland $\frac{4}{14}$ of April, 1660, and read in Parliament with his Majesties Letter of the same date to his Excellence the Ld. Gen. Monck to be communicated to the Ld. President of the Council of State and to the Officers of the Army under his Command. London, Printed by W. Godbid for John Playford in the Temple, 1660." 4to, pp. 8.

[2] John Hayward was captain of the "Plymouth." Thomas Binns commanded the "Essex."

where very merry at dinner. After dinner, to the rest of the ships (staid at the Assistance to hear the harper a good while) quite through the fleet. Which was a very brave sight to visit all the ships, and to be received with the respect and honour that I was on board them all; and much more to see the great joy that I brought to all men; not one through the whole fleet showing the least dislike of the business. In the evening as I was going on board the Vice-Admiral, the General began to fire his guns, which he did all that he had in the ship, and so did all the rest of the Commanders, which was very gallant, and to hear the bullets go hissing over our heads as we were in the boat. This done and finished my Proclamation, I returned to the Nazeby, where my Lord was much pleased to hear how all the fleet took it in a transport of joy, showed me a private letter of the King's to him, and another from the Duke of York in such familiar style as to their common friend, with all kindness imaginable. And I found by the letters, and so my Lord told me too, that there had been many letters passed between them for a great while, and I perceive unknown to Monk. And among the rest that had carried these letters Sir John Boys is one, and that Mr. Norwood, which had a ship to carry him over the other day, when my Lord would not have me put down his name in the book. The King speaks of his being courted to come to the Hague, but do desire my Lord's advice whither to come to take ship. And the Duke offers to learn the seaman's trade of him, in such familiar words as if Jack Cole and I had writ them. This was very strange to me, that my Lord should carry all things so wisely and prudently as he do, and I was over joyful to see him in so good condition, and he did not a little please himself to tell me how he had provided for himself so great a hold on the King.

After this to supper, and then to writing of letters till twelve at night, and so up again at three in the morning. My Lord seemed to put great confidence in me, and would take my advice in many things. I perceive his being willing to do all the honour in the world to Monk, and to let him have all the honour of doing the business, though he will many times express his thoughts of him to be but a thick-sculled fool. So that I do believe there is some

agreement more than ordinary between the King and my Lord to let Monk carry on the business, for it is he that must do the business, or at least that can hinder it, if he be not flattered and observed. This, my Lord will hint himself sometimes. My Lord, I perceive by the King's letter, had writ to him about his father, Crew,[1] and the King did speak well of him; but my Lord tells me, that he is afeard that he hath too much concerned himself with the Presbyterians against the House of Lords, which will do him a great discourtesy.

4th. I wrote this morning many letters, and to all the copies of the vote of the council of war I put my name, that if it should come in print my name may be at it. I sent a copy of the vote to Doling, inclosed in this letter: —

"Sir,

"He that can fancy a fleet (like ours) in her pride, with pendants loose, guns roaring, caps flying, and the loud 'Vive le Roys,' echoed from one ship's company to another, he, and he only, can apprehend the joy this inclosed vote was received with, or the blessing he thought himself possessed of that bore it, and is

"Your humble servant."

About nine o'clock I got all my letters done, and sent them by the messenger that came yesterday. This morning came Captain Isham on board with a gentleman going to the King, by whom very cunningly, my Lord tells me, he intends to send an account of this day's and yesterday's actions here, notwithstanding he had writ to the Parliament to have leave of them to send the King the answer of the fleet. Since my writing of the last paragraph, my Lord called me to him to read his letter to the King, to see whether I could find any slips in it or no. And as much of the letter[2] as I can remember, is thus: —

[1] When only seventeen years old, Montagu had married Jemima, daughter of John Crew, created afterwards Baron Crew of Stene.

[2] See the letter printed in Lister's "Life of Lord Clarendon," vol. iii. p. 404. It is dated 4th May.

"May it please your Most Excellent Majesty," and so begins.

"That he yesterday received from General Monk his Majesty's letter and direction; and that General Monk had desired him to write to the Parliament to have leave to send the vote of the seamen before he did send it to him, which he had done by writing to both Speakers; but for his private satisfaction he had sent it thus privately (and so the copy of the proceedings yesterday was sent him), and that this come by a gentleman that came this day on board, intending to wait upon his Majesty, that he is my Lord's countryman, and one whose friends have suffered much on his Majesty's behalf. That my Lords Pembroke[1] and Salisbury[2] are put out of the House of Lords. That my Lord is very joyful that other countries do pay him the civility and respect due to him; and that he do much rejoice to see that the King do resolve to receive none of their assistance (or some such words), from them, he having strength enough in the love and loyalty of his own subjects to support him. That his Majesty had chosen the best place, Scheveling,[3] for his embarking, and that there is nothing in the world of which he is more ambitious, than to have the honour of attending his Majesty, which he hoped would be speedy. That he had commanded the vessel to attend at Helversluce[4] till this gentleman returns, that so if his Majesty do not think it fit to command the fleet himself, yet that he may be there to receive his commands and bring them to his Lordship. He ends his letter, that he is confounded with the thoughts of the high expressions of love to him in the King's letter, and concludes,

"Your most loyall, dutifull, faithfull and obedient subject and servant,

"E. M."

[1] Philip, fifth Earl of Pembroke, and second Earl of Montgomery, died 1669. Clarendon says, "This young earl's affections were entire for his Majesty."

[2] William, second Earl of Salisbury. After Cromwell had put down the House of Peers, he was chosen a member of the House of Commons, and sat with them. Died 1668.

[3] Scheveningen, the port of the Hague.

[4] Hellevoetsluis, in South Holland.

The rest of the afternoon at ninepins. In the evening came a packet from London, among the rest a letter from my wife, which tells me that she has not been well, which did exceedingly trouble me, but my Lord sending Mr. Cook at night, I wrote to her and sent a piece of gold enclosed to her, and wrote also to Mrs. Bowyer, and enclosed a half piece to her for a token. After supper at the table in coach, my Lord talking concerning the uncertainty of the places of the Exchequer to them that had them now; he did at last think of an office which do belong to him in case the King do restore every man to his places that ever had been patent, which is to be one of the clerks of the signet, which will be a fine employment for one of his sons. After all this discourse we broke up and to bed.

In the afternoon came a minister on board, one Mr. Sharpe, who is going to the King; who tells me that Commissioners are chosen both of Lords and Commons to go to the King; and that Dr. Clarges[1] is going to him from the Army, and that he will be here to-morrow. My letters at night tell me, that the House did deliver their letter to Sir John Greenville, in answer to the King's sending, and that they give him £500 for his pains, to buy him a jewel, and that besides the £50,000 ordered to be borrowed of the City for the present use of the King, the twelve companies of the City do give every one of them to his Majesty, as a present, £1,000.

5th. All the morning very busy writing letters to London, and a packet to Mr. Downing, to acquaint him with what had been done lately in the fleet. And this I did by my Lord's command, who, I thank him, did of himself think of doing it, to do me a kindness, for he writ a letter himself to him, thanking him for his kindness to me. All the afternoon at ninepins, at night after supper good musique,

[1] Thomas Clarges, physician to the army, created a baronet, 1674, died 1695. He had been previously knighted; his sister Anne married General Monk. "The Parliament also permitted General Monk to send Mr. Clarges, his brother-in-law, accompanied with some officers of the army, to assure his Majesty of the fidelity and obedience of the army, which had made publick and solemn protestations thereof, after the Letter and Declaration was communicated unto them by the General." — Sir William Lower's *Relation . . . of the Voiage and Residence which . . . Charles the II. hath made in Holland*, Hague, 1660, folio.

my Lord, Mr. North, I and W. Howe. After that to bed. This evening came Dr. Clarges to Deal, going to the King; where the towns-people strewed the streets with herbes against his coming, for joy of his going. Never was there so general a content as there is now. I cannot but remember that our parson did, in his prayer to-night, pray for the long life and happiness of our King and dread Soveraign, that may last as long as the sun and moon endureth.

6th (Lord's day). This morning while we were at sermon comes in Dr. Clarges and a dozen gentlemen to see my Lord, who, after sermon, dined with him; I remember that last night upon discourse concerning Clarges my Lord told me that he was a man of small *entendimiento*.[1] This afternoon there was a gentleman with me, an officer of Dunkirk going over, who came to me for an order and told me he was lately with my uncle and Aunt Fenner and that Kate's[2] fits of the convulsions did hold her still. It fell very well to-day, a stranger preached here for Mr. Ibbot, one Mr. Stanley, who prayed for King Charles, by the Grace of God, &c., which gave great contentment to the gentlemen that were on board here, and they said they would talk of it, when they come to Breda, as not having it done yet in London so publickly. After they were gone from on board, my Lord writ a letter to the King and give it to me to carry privately to Sir William Compton[3] on board the Assistance, which I did, and after a health to his Majesty on board there, I left them under sail for Breda. Back again and found them at sermon. I went up to my cabin and looked over my accounts, and find that, all my debts paid and my preparations to sea paid for, I have £40 clear in my purse. After supper to bed.

7th. This morning Captain Cuttance sent me 12 bottles of Margate ale. Three of them I drank presently with some

[1] Entendimiento, *Spanish:* the understanding.

[2] Kate Fenner married Anthony Joyce.

[3] Third son of Spencer, Earl of Northampton, a Privy Councillor and Master of the Ordnance, ob. 1663, aged 39. When only eighteen years of age, he had charged with his gallant father at the battle of Edgehill. His mother was first cousin to George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and to John Ashburnham; and his great uncle, Sir Thomas Compton, had been the third husband of the Duke's mother, Mary, Countess of Buckingham. — B.

friends in the Coach. My Lord went this morning about the flag-ships in a boat, to see what alterations there must be, as to the arms and flags. He did give me order also to write for silk flags and scarlett waistcloathes.[1] For a rich barge; for a noise of trumpets,[2] and a set of fidlers. Very great deal of company come to-day, among others Mr. Bellasses,[3] Sir Thomas Lenthropp,[4] Sir Henry Chichley, Colonel Philip Honiwood,[5] and Captain Titus,[6] the last of whom my Lord showed all our cabins, and I suppose he is to take notice what room there will be for the King's entertainment. Here were also all the Jurates of the town of Dover[7] come to give my Lord a visit, and after dinner all went away. I could not but observe that the Vice-Admiral after dinner came into the great cabin below, where the Jurates and I and the commanders for want of room dined, and there told us we must drink a health to the King, and himself called for a bottle of wine, and begun his and the Duke of York's. In the afternoon I lost 5*s.* at ninepins. After supper musique, and to bed. Having also among us at the Coach table wrote a letter to the French ambassador, in French, about the release of a ship we had taken. After I was in bed Mr. Sheply and W. Howe came and sat in my cabin, where I gave them three bottles of Margate ale, and sat laughing and very merry, till almost one o'clock in the morning, and so good night.

8th. All the morning busy. After dinner come several persons of honour, as my Lord St. John and others, for convoy to Flushing, and great giving of them salutes. My Lord

[1] Waist-cloths are the painted canvas coverings of the hammocks which are stowed in the waist-nettings.

[2] A set or company of musicians, an expression constantly used by old writers without any disparaging meaning. It is sometimes applied to voices as well as to instruments.

[3] Henry, eldest son of Lord Bellasis, made K.B. at Charles II.'s coronation.

[4] Sir Thomas Leventhorpe, Bart., married Mary, daughter of Sir Capell Bedell, Bart. Died 1671.

[5] Colonel, afterwards Sir Philip Honywood, son of Robert Honywood of Charing, Kent.

[6] Colonel Silas Titus, Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Charles II., author of "Killing no Murder."

[7] The jurats of the Cinque Ports answered to the aldermen of other towns.

and we at nine-pins: I lost 9*s*. While we were at play Mr. Cook brings me word of my wife. He went to Huntsmore to see her, and brought her and my father Bowyer to London, where he left her at my father's, very well, and speaks very well of her love to me. My letters to-day tell me how it was intended that the King should be proclaimed to-day in London, with a great deal of pomp. I had also news who they are that are chosen of the Lords and Commons to attend the King. And also the whole story of what we did the other day in the fleet, at reading of the King's declaration, and my name at the bottom of it. After supper some musique and to bed. I resolving to rise betimes to-morrow to write letters to London.

9th. Up very early, writing a letter to the King, as from the two Generals of the fleet, in answer to his letter to them, wherein my Lord do give most humble thanks for his gracious letter and declaration; and promises all duty and obedience to him. This letter was carried this morning to Sir Peter Killigrew,[1] who came hither this morning early to bring an order from the Lords' House to my Lord, giving him power to write an answer to the King. This morning my Lord St. John and other persons of honour were here to see my Lord, and so away to Flushing. After they were gone my Lord and I to write letters to London, which we sent by Mr. Cook, who was very desirous to go because of seeing my wife before she went out of town. As we were sitting down to dinner, in comes Noble with a letter from the House of Lords to my Lord, to desire him to provide ships to transport the Commissioners to the King, which are expected here this week. He brought us certain news that the King was proclaimed yesterday with great pomp, and brought down one of the Proclamations, with great joy to us all; for which God be praised. After dinner to ninepins and lost 5*s*. This morning came Mr. Saunderson,[2] that

[1] Sir Peter Killigrew, Knight, of Arwenack, Cornwall, was known as "Peter the Post," from the alacrity with which he despatched "like wild fire" all the messages and other commissions entrusted to him in the King's cause. His son Peter, who succeeded his uncle as second baronet in 1665, was M.P. for Camelford in 1660.

[2] Afterwards Sir William Sanderson, gentleman of the chamber, author of the "History of Mary Queen of Scots, James I., and Charles I." His wife, Dame Bridget, was mother of the maids.

writ the story of the King, hither, who is going over to the King. He calls me cozen and seems a very knowing man. After supper to bed betimes, leaving my Lord talking in the Coach with the Captain.

10th. This morning came on board Mr. Pinkney and his son, going to the King with a petition finely writ by Mr. Whore, for to be the King's embroiderer; for whom and Mr. Saunderson I got a ship. This morning come my Lord Winchelsea[1] and a great deal of company, and dined here. In the afternoon, while my Lord and we were at musique in the great cabin below, comes in a messenger to tell us that Mr. Edward Montagu,[2] my Lord's son, was come to Deal, who afterwards came on board with Mr. Pickering with him. The child was sick in the evening. At night, while my Lord was at supper, in comes my Lord Lauderdale[3] and Sir John Greenville, who supped here, and so went away. After they were gone, my Lord called me into his cabin, and told me how he was commanded to set sail presently for the King,[4] and was very glad thereof, and so put me to writing of letters and other work that night till it was very late, he going to bed. I got him afterwards to sign things in bed. After I had done some more work I to bed also.

11th. Up very early in the morning, and so about a great deal of business in order to our going hence to-day. Burr going on shore last night made me very angry. So that I sent for Mr. Pitts[5] to come to me from the Vice-Admiral's, intending not to have employed Burr any more. But Burr

[1] Heneage Finch, second Earl of Winchelsea, constituted by General Monk Governor of Dover Castle, July, 1660; made Lord Lieutenant of Kent, and afterwards ambassador to Turkey. Died 1689.

[2] Sir Edward Montagu's eldest son, afterwards second Earl of Sandwich, called by Pepys "The Child."

[3] John Maitland, second Earl, and afterwards created Marquis of March, Duke of Lauderdale, and Earl of Guilford (in England), and K.G. He became sole Secretary of State for Scotland in 1661, and was a Gentleman of his Majesty's Bedchamber, and died in 1682, s.p. — B.

[4] "Ordered that General Montagu do observe the command of His Majesty for the disposing of the fleet, in order to His Majesty's returning home to England to his kingly government: and that all proceedings in law be in His Majesty's name." — Rugge's *Diurnal*. — B.

[5] Mr. Pitts was secretary to Sir J. Lawson, Vice-Admiral.

by and by coming and desiring humbly that I would forgive him and Pitts not coming I did set him to work. This morning we began to pull down all the State's arms in the fleet, having first sent to Dover for painters and others to come to set up the King's.[1] The rest of the morning writing of letters to London which I afterwards sent by Dunne. I had this morning my first opportunity of discoursing with Dr. Clarke,[2] whom I found to be a very pretty man and very knowing. He is now going in this ship to the King. There dined here my Lord Crafford[3] and my Lord Cavendish,[4] and other Scotchmen whom I afterwards ordered to be received on board the Plymouth, and to go along with us. After dinner we set sail from the Downs, I leaving my boy to go to Deal for my linen. In the afternoon overtook us three or four gentlemen; two of the Berties,[5] and one Mr. Dormerhoy,[6] a Scotch gentleman, whom I afterwards found

[1] "Die Mercurii 9 Maii 1660. Ordered by the Lords and Commons in Parliament assembled that the armes of this Common-wealth whereever they are standing be forthwith taken down, and that the Kings Majesties armes be set up in stead thereof."

[2] Timothy Clarke, M.D., one of the original Fellows of the Royal Society. He was appointed one of the physicians in ordinary to Charles II. on the death of Dr. Quartermaine in 1667.

[3] John, fourteenth Earl of Crauford, restored in 1661 to the office of High Treasurer of Scotland, which he had held eight years under Charles I. — B.

[4] William, Lord Cavendish, afterwards fourth Earl and first Duke of Devonshire.

[5] Robert and Edward Bertie, two of the surviving sons of Robert, first Earl of Lindsay, killed at Edgehill. Their mother was Elizabeth, only child of Edward, first Lord Montagu of Boughton; they were, therefore, nearly connected with Sir E. Montagu, and with Pepys in some degree. — B.

[6] Probably Thomas Dalmahoy, who had married the Duchess Dowager of Hamilton: see (*infra*) Speaker Onslow's note to Burnet. The husband of the loyal Duchess would be naturally one of the first to welcome the King; and Onslow says he was in the interest of the Duke of York: — "Lord Middleton retired, after his disgrace, to the Friary, near Guildford, to one Dalmahoy there, a genteel, generous man, who was of Scotland: had been Gentleman of the Horse to William Duke of Hamilton (killed at the battle of Worcester); married that Duke's widow; and by her had this house, &c. This man, Dalmahoy, being much in the interest of the Duke of York, and a man to be relied upon, and long a candidate for the town of Guildford, at the election of the Parliament after the Long one, in 1678, and being opposed, I think, by the famous Algernon Sidney, the Duke of York

to be a very fine man, who, telling my Lord that they heard the Commissioners were come out of London to-day, my Lord dropt anchor over against Dover Castle (which give us about thirty guns in passing), and upon a high debate with the Vice and Rear-Admiral whether it were safe to go and not stay for the Commissioners, he did resolve to send Sir R. Stayner to Dover, to enquire of my Lord Winchelsea, whether or no they are come out of London, and then to resolve to-morrow morning of going or not; which was done. It blew very hard all this night that I was afeard of my boy. About 11 at night came the boats from Deal, with great store of provisions, by the same token John Goods told me that above 20 of the fowls are smothered, but my boy was put on board the Northwich. To bed.

12th. This morning I inquired for my boy, whether he was come well or no, and it was told me that he was well in bed. My Lord called me to his chamber, he being in bed, and gave me many orders to make for direction for the ships that are left in the Downs, giving them the greatest charge in the world to bring no passengers with them, when they come after us to Scheveling Bay, excepting Mr. Edward Montagu, Mr. Thomas Crew, and Sir H. Wright. Sir R. Stayner hath been here early in the morning and told my Lord, that my Lord Winchelsea understands by letters, that the Commissioners are only to come to Dover to attend the coming over of the King. So my Lord did give order for weighing anchor, which we did, and sailed all day. In our way in the morning, coming in the midway between Dover and Calais, we could see both places very easily, and very pleasant it was to me that the further we went the more we lost sight of both lands. In the afternoon at cards with Mr. North and the Doctor.[1] There by us, in the Lark frigate,[2] Sir R. Freeman and some others, going from the King to England, come to see my Lord and so onward on their voyage. In the afternoon upon the quarter-deck the Doctor

came from Windsor to Dalmahoy's house, to countenance his election, and appeared for him in the open court, when the election was taken." —Note to Burnet's *O. T.*, vol. i. p. 350.

[1] Dr. Timothy Clarke; see note on the previous day.

[2] The "Lark" carried ten guns and forty men. Its captain was Thomas Levidge.

told Mr. North and me an admirable story called "The Fruitless Precaution," an exceeding pretty story and worthy my getting without book when I can get the book. This evening came Mr. Sheply on board, whom we had left at Deal and Dover getting of provision and borrowing of money. In the evening late, after discoursing with the Doctor, &c., to bed.

13th (Lord's day). Trimmed in the morning, after that to the cook's room with Mr. Sheply, the first time that I was there this voyage. Then to the quarter-deck, upon which the tailors and painters were at work, cutting out some pieces of yellow cloth into the fashion of a crown and C. R. and put it upon a fine sheet, and that into the flag instead of the State's arms, which after dinner was finished and set up after it had been shewn to my Lord, who took physic to-day and was in his chamber, and liked it so well as to bid me give the tailors 20*s.* among them for doing of it. This morn Sir J. Boys and Capt. Isham met us in the Nonsuch, the first of whom, after a word or two with my Lord, went forward, the other staid. I heard by them how Mr. Downing had never made any address to the King, and for that was hated exceedingly by the Court, and that he was in a Dutch ship which sailed by us, then going to England with disgrace. Also how Mr Morland[1] was knighted by the

[1] Samuel Morland, son of the Rev. Thomas Morland, of Sulhamstead Banister, near Reading, Berks, was born about 1625. He was educated at Winchester School, whence he removed to Magdalene College, Cambridge; admitted to a scholarship, July 8th, 1645; to a quinquennial fellowship, November 30th, 1649; and to a foundation fellowship, September 24th, 1651. One of the fellows who signed Pepys's admission entry, October 1st, 1650. He became afterwards one of Thurloe's under-secretaries, and was employed in several embassies, particularly to the Vaudois, by Cromwell, whose interests he betrayed, by secretly communicating with Charles II. He published in 1658, in a folio volume, his "History of the Evangelical Churches of the Valleys of Piemont." He was knighted at Breda, and afterwards created a baronet. He was an ingenious mechanic, and made some improvements in the steam engine. At the Restoration he was made Master of Mechanics to Charles II., who presented him with a medal as an "honourable badge of his signal loyalty." He subsequently received a pension of £400, but he sold it for ready money. He died December 30th, 1695, and was buried in Hammersmith church on the 6th of the following January. His MSS. are at Cambridge, in the Public Library.

"We think to relate here, as a thing most remarkable that the same

King this week, and that the King did give the reason of it openly, that it was for his giving him intelligence all the time he was clerk to Secretary Thurloe. In the afternoon a council of war, only to acquaint them that the Harp must be taken out of all their flags,[1] it being very offensive to the King. Mr. Cook, who came after us in the Yarmouth, bringing me a letter from my wife and a Latin letter from my brother John, with both of which I was exceedingly pleased. No sermon all day, we being under sail, only at night prayers, wherein Mr. Ibbott prayed for all that were related to us in a spiritual and fleshly way. We came within sight of Middle's shore. Late at night we writ letters to the King of the news of our coming, and Mr. Edward Pickering carried them. Capt. Isham went on shore, nobody showing of him any respect; so the old man very fairly took leave of my Lord, and my Lord very coldly bid him "God be with you," which was very strange, but that I hear that he keeps a great deal of prating and talking on shore, on board, at the King's Courts, what command he had with my Lord, &c. After letters were gone then to bed.

14th. In the morning when I woke and rose, I saw myself out of the scuttle close by the shore, which afterwards I was told to be the Dutch shore; the Hague was clearly to be seen by us. My Lord went up in his nightgown into the

day Mr. Moorland, Chief Commissioner under Mr. Thurlo, who was Secretary of Estate under Oliver Cromwell, his chief and most confident minister of his tyranny, arrived at Breda, where he brought divers letters and notes of most great importance, forasmuch as the King discovered there a part of the intricate plots of the interreign, and likewise the perfidiousness of some of those who owed him, without doubt, the greatest fidelity of the world. The King received him perfectly well, made him knight, and rendered him this publick testimony, that he had received most considerable services from him for some years past." — Sir William Lower's *Relation . . . of the Voiage and Residence which . . . Charles the II. hath made in Holland*, Hague, 1660, folio.

[1] In May, 1658, the old Union Jack (being the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew combined) was revived, with the Irish harp over the centre of the flag. This harp was taken off at the Restoration. (See "The National Flags of the Commonwealth," by H. W. Henfrey, "Journ. Brit. Arch. Assoc.," vol. xxxi. p. 54.) The sign of the "Commonwealth Arms" was an uncommon one, but a token of one exists — "Francis Wood at ye Commonwealth arms in Mary Maudlens" [St. Mary Magdalen, Old Fish Street].

cuddy,[1] to see how to dispose thereof for himself and us that belong to him, to give order for our removal to-day. Some nasty Dutchmen came on board to proffer their boats to carry things from us on shore, &c., to get money by us. Before noon some gentlemen came on board from the shore to kiss my Lord's hands. And by and by Mr. North and Dr. Clerke went to kiss the Queen of Bohemia's[2] hands, from my Lord, with twelve attendants from on board to wait on them, among which I sent my boy, who, like myself, is with child to see any strange thing. After noon they came back again after having kissed the Queen of Bohemia's hand, and were sent again by my Lord to do the same to the Prince of Orange.[3] So I got the Captain to ask leave for me to go, which my Lord did give, and I taking my boy and Judge Advocate[4] with me, went in company with them. The weather bad; we were sadly washed when we came near the shore, it being very hard to land there. The shore is, as all the country between that and the Hague, all sand. The rest of the company got a coach by themselves; Mr. Creed and I went in the fore part of a coach wherein were two very pretty ladies, very fashionable and with black patches, who very merrily sang all the way and that very well, and were very free to kiss the two blades that were with them. I took out my flageolette and piped, but in piping I dropped my rapier-stick, but when I came to the Hague, and I sent my boy back again for it and he found it, for which I did give him 6*d*., but some horses had gone over it and broke the scabbard. The Hague is a most neat place in all respects. The houses so neat in all places and things as is possible. Here we walked up and down a great while, the town being now very full of Englishmen, for

[1] "A sort of cabin or cook-room, generally in the fore-part, but sometimes near the stern of lighters and barges of burden." — Smyth's *Sailor's Word-Book*.

[2] Elizabeth, daughter of James I. and widow of Frederick, Elector Palatine and titular King of Bohemia. She was known as the "Queen of Hearts" and the "White Queen." She is supposed to have married Lord Craven, and died February 12th, 1661–63.

[3] Son of the Prince of Orange and Mary, eldest daughter of Charles I., afterwards William III. He was then in his tenth year, having been born in 1650.

[4] Fowler, see *ante*, March 21st.

that the Londoners were come on shore to-day. But going to see the Prince,[1] he was gone forth with his governor, and so we walked up and down the town and court to see the place; and by the help of a stranger, an Englishman, we saw a great many places, and were made to understand many things, as the intention of may-poles, which we saw there standing at every great man's door, of different greatness according to the quality of the person. About 10 at night the Prince comes home, and we found an easy admission. His attendance very inconsiderable as for a prince; but yet handsome, and his tutor a fine man, and himself a very pretty boy. It was bright moonshine to-night. This done we went to a place we had taken to sup in, where a sallet and two or three bones of mutton were provided for a matter of ten of us which was very strange. After supper the Judge and I to another house, leaving them there, and he and I lay in one press bed, there being two more in the same room, but all very neat and handsome, my boy sleeping upon a bench by me.

15th. We lay till past three o'clock, then up and down the town, to see it by daylight, where we saw the soldiers of the Prince's guard, all very fine, and the burghers of the town with their arms and muskets as bright as silver. And meeting this morning a schoolmaster that spoke good English and French, he went along with us and shewed us the whole town, and indeed I cannot speak enough of the gallantry of the town. Every body of fashion speaks French or Latin, or both. The women many of them very pretty and in good habits, fashionable and black spots. He went with me to buy a couple of baskets, one of them for Mrs. Pierce, the other for my wife. After he was gone, we having first drank with him at our lodging, the Judge and I to the Grande Salle where we were shewed the place where the States General sit in council. The hall is a great place, where the flags that they take from their enemies are all hung up; and things to be sold, as in Westminster Hall, and not much unlike it, but that not so big, but much neater. After that to a bookseller's and bought for the love of the binding three books: the French Psalms in four

[1] Prince of Orange, afterwards William III.

parts, Bacon's Organon, and Farnab. Rhetor.[1] After that the Judge, I and my boy by coach to Scheveling again, where we went into a house of entertainment and drank there, the wind being very high, and we saw two boats overset and the gallant forced to be pulled on shore by the heels, while their trunks, portmanteaus, hats, and feathers, were swimming in the sea. Among others I saw the ministers that come along with the Commissioners (Mr. Case[2] among the rest) sadly dipped. So they came in where we were, and I being in haste left my Copenhagen knife, and so lost it. Having staid here a great while a gentleman that was going to kiss my Lord's hand, from the Queen of Bohemia, and I hired a Dutch boat for four rixdollars to carry us on board. We were fain to wait a great while before we could get off from the shore, the sea being very rough. The Dutchman would fain have made all pay that came into our boat besides us two and our company, there being many of our ship's company got in who were on shore, but some of them had no money, having spent all on shore. Coming on board we found all the Commissioners of the House of Lords at dinner with my Lord, who after dinner went away for shore. Mr. Morland, now Sir Samuel, was here on board, but I do not find that my Lord or any body did give him any respect, he being looked upon by him and all men as a knave. Among others he betrayed Sir Rich. Willis[3] that married Dr. F. Jones's daugh-

[1] "Index Rhetoricus" of Thomas Farnaby was a book which went through several editions. The first was published at London by R. Allot in 1633.

[2] Thomas Case, born 1598, was a famous preacher and a zealous advocate for the Solemn League and Covenant, a member of the assembly of divines, and rector of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields. He was one of the deputation to Charles II. at Breda, and appointed a royal chaplain. He was ejected by the Act of Uniformity, but remained in London after his ejection. Died May 30th, 1682.

[3] This is somewhat different to the usual account of Morland's connection with Sir Richard Willis. In the beginning of 1659 Cromwell, Thurloe, and Willis formed a plot to inveigle Charles II. into England and into the hands of his enemies. The plot was discussed in Thurloe's office, and Morland, who pretended to be asleep, heard it and discovered it. Willis sent for Morland, and received him in a cellar. He said that one of them must have discovered the plot. He laid his hand upon the Bible and swore that he had not been the discoverer,

ter, that he had paid him £1000 at one time by the Protector's and Secretary Thurloe's order, for intelligence that he sent concerning the King. In the afternoon my Lord called me on purpose to show me his fine cloathes which are now come hither, and indeed are very rich as gold and silver can make them, only his sword he and I do not like. In the afternoon my Lord and I walked together in the coach two hours, talking together upon all sorts of discourse: as religion, wherein he is, I perceive, wholly sceptical, as well as I, saying, that indeed the Protestants as to the Church of Rome are wholly fanatiques: he likes uniformity and form of prayer; about State-business, among other things he told me that his conversion to the King's cause (for so I was saying that I wondered from what time the King could look upon him to become his friend), commenced from his being in the Sound, when he found what usage he was likely to have from a Commonwealth. My Lord, the Captain, and I supped in my Lord's chamber, where I did perceive that he did begin to show me much more respect than ever he did yet. After supper, my Lord sent for me, intending to have me play at cards with him, but I not knowing cribbage, we fell into discourse of many things, till it was so rough sea and the ship rolled so much that I was not able to stand, and so he bid me go to bed.

16th. Soon as I was up I went down to be trimmed below in the great cabin, but then come in some with visits, among the rest one from Admiral Opdam,[1] who spoke Latin well, but not French nor English, to whom my Lord made me to give his answer and to entertain; he brought my Lord a

calling upon Morland to do the same. Morland, with presence of mind, said he was ready to do so if Willis would give him a reason why he should suspect him. By this ready answer he is said to have escaped the ordeal (see Birch's "Life of Thurloe").

[1] The admiral celebrated in Lord Dorset's ballad, "To all you ladies now at land."

"Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal story;
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Goree:
For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind?" — B.

tierce of wine and a barrel of butter, as a present from the Admiral. After that to finish my trimming, and while I was doing of it in comes Mr. North very sea-sick from shore, and to bed he goes. After that to dinner, where Commissioner Pett[1] was come to take care to get all things ready for the King on board. My Lord in his best suit, this the first day, in expectation to wait upon the King. But Mr. Edw. Pickering coming from the King brought word that the King would not put my Lord to the trouble of coming to him; but that he would come to the shore to look upon the fleet to-day, which we expected, and had our guns ready to fire, and our scarlet waistcloathes out and silk pendants, but he did not come. My Lord and we at ninepins this afternoon upon the Quarter-deck, which was very pretty sport. This evening came Mr. John Pickering[2] on board, like an ass, with his feathers and new suit that he had made at the Hague. My Lord very angry for his staying on shore, bidding me a little before to send to him, telling me that he was afraid that for his father's sake he might have some mischief done him, unless he used the General's name. To supper, and after supper to cards. I stood by and looked on till 11 at night and so to bed. This afternoon Mr. Edwd. Pickering told me in what a sad, poor condition for clothes and money the king was, and all his attendants, when he came to him first from my Lord, their

[1] Peter Pett succeeded his father, Phineas Pett, as Commissioner of the Navy at Chatham, in 1647; he was continued in his office after the Restoration, but in 1667, in consequence of the Dutch attack upon Chatham, he was superseded, sent to the Tower, and threatened with impeachment. The threat was not carried out, but he was never restored to office. Fuller observes that the mystery of shipwrights for some descents hath been preserved successively in families, "of which the Pettes of Chatham are of singular regard." — *Worthies of England.* There is an interesting autobiographical memoir of Phineas Pett, in his own handwriting, in the British Museum (Harl. MS. 6279). Extracts from a copy of this MS. were printed in the "Archæologia" (vol. xii.).

[2] Eldest son of Sir Gilbert Pickering, whom he succeeded in his titles and estates in 1668. His father had been an active Commonwealth man, and was one of the knights of the shire for the county of Northampton in 1656; he was also of Cromwell's council, chamberlain of the court, and high steward of Westminster. Sir Gilbert Pickering's petition being read, he was ordered to be excepted as to the penalties to be inflicted not reaching to life, by an act provided for that purpose. — *Commons' Journals;* see June 19th, 1660. — B.

clothes not being worth forty shillings the best of them.[1] And how overjoyed the King was when Sir J. Greenville brought him some money; so joyful, that he called the Princess Royal[2] and Duke of York to look upon it as it lay in the portmanteau before it was taken out. My Lord told me, too, that the Duke of York is made High Admiral of England.[3]

17th. Up early to write down my last two days' observations. Dr. Clerke came to me to tell me that he heard this morning, by some Dutch that are come on board already to see the ship, that there was a Portuguese taken yesterday at the Hague, that had a design to kill the King. But this I heard afterwards was only the mistake upon one being observed to walk with his sword naked, he having lost his scabbard. Before dinner Mr. Edw. Pickering and I, W. Howe, Pim, and my boy,[4] to Scheveling, where we took coach, and so to the Hague, where walking, intending to find one that might show us the King incognito, I met with Captain Whittington (that had formerly brought a letter to my Lord from the Mayor of London) and he did promise me to do it, but first we went and dined at a French house, but paid 16*s.* for our part of the club. At dinner in came Dr. Cade, a merry mad parson of the King's. And they two after dinner got the child and me (the others not being able to crowd in) to see the King, who kissed the child very affectionately. Then we kissed his, and the Duke of York's, and the Princess Royal's hands. The King seems to be a very sober man; and a very splendid Court he hath in the number of persons of quality that are about him, English very rich in habit. From the King to the Lord Chancellor,[5]

[1] Andrew Marvell alludes to the poor condition, for clothes and money, in which the King was at this time, in "A Historical Poem:"—

> "At length, by wonderful impulse of fate,
> The people call him back to help the State;
> And what is more, they send him money, too,
> And clothe him all from head to foot anew."

[2] Mary, Princess of Orange.

[3] James's patent was dated June 6th, 1660.

[4] Edward Montagu, afterwards Lord Hinchinbroke.

[5] On January 29th, 1658, Charles II. entrusted the Great Seal to Sir Edward Hyde, with the title of Lord Chancellor, and in that character Sir Edward accompanied the King to England.

who did lie bed-rid of the gout: he spoke very merrily to the child and me. After that, going to see the Queen of Bohemia, I met with Dr. Fuller,[1] whom I sent to a tavern with Mr. Edw. Pickering, while I and the rest went to see the Queen,[2] who used us very respectfully; her hand we all kissed. She seems a very debonaire, but plain lady. After that to the Dr.'s, where we drank a while or so. In a coach of a friend's of Dr. Cade we went to see a house of the Princess Dowager's in a park about half-a-mile or a mile from the Hague, where there is one, the most beautiful room for pictures in the whole world.[3] She had here one picture upon the top, with these words, dedicating it to the memory of her husband: — "Incomparabili marito inconsolabilis vidua."[4] Here I met with Mr. Woodcock of Cambridge, Mr. Hardy and another, and Mr. Woodcock beginning we had two or three fine songs, he and I, and W. Howe to the Echo, which was very pleasant, and the more because in a heaven of pleasure and in a strange country, that I never was taken up more with a sense of pleasure in my life. After that we parted and back to the Hague and took a tour or two about the Forehault,[5] where the ladies in the evening do as our ladies do in Hide Park. But for my life I could not find one handsome, but their coaches very rich and themselves so too. From thence, taking leave of the Doctor, we took wagon to Scheveling, where we had a fray with the Boatswain of the Richmond, who would not freely carry us

[1] Thomas Fuller, born June, 1608; D.D. 1660; one of the most delightful writers in the English language; Chaplain to the King, Lecturer at the Savoy, Prebendary of Salisbury and Rector of Cranford. He died at his lodgings in Covent Garden, August 16th, 1661, and was buried at Cranford.

[2] Henrietta Maria.

[3] The House in the Wood (Huis ten Bosch) at the Hague is still a show place, and the picture described by Pepys can still be seen in the Oranje Zaal (Orange Hall). The hall was built by a Princess of Solms, grandmother of our William III., and decorated with paintings in honour of her husband, Prince Frederick Henry of Orange.

[4] Mary, Princess Royal, eldest daughter of Charles I., and widow of William of Nassau, Prince of Orange. She was not supposed to be inconsolable, and scandal followed her at the court of Charles II., where she died of small-pox, December 24th, 1660.

[5] The Voorhout is the principal street of the Hague, and it is lined with handsome trees.

on board, but at last he was willing to ft, but then it was so late we durst not go. So we returned between 10 and 11 at night in the dark with a wagon with one horse to the Hague, where being come we went to bed as well as we could be accommodated, and so to sleep.

18th. Very early up, and, hearing that the Duke of York, our Lord High Admiral, would go on board to-day, Mr. Pickering and I took waggon for Scheveling, leaving the child in Mr. Pierce's hands, with directions to keep him within doors all day till he heard from me. But the wind being very high that no boats could get off from shore, we returned to the Hague (having breakfasted with a gentleman of the Duke's, and Commissioner Pett, sent on purpose to give notice to my Lord of his coming), where I hear that the child is gone to Delfe[1] to see the town. So we all and Mr. Ibbott, the Minister, took a schuit[2] and very much pleased with the manner and conversation of the passengers, where most speak French; went after them, but met them by the way. But however we went forward making no stop. Where when we were come we got a smith's boy of the town to go along with us, but could speak nothing but Dutch, and he showed us the church where Van Trump lies entombed with a very fine monument. His epitaph concluded thus: — "Tandem Bello Anglico tantum non victor, certe invictus, vivere et vincere desiit." There is a sea-fight cut in marble, with the smoke, the best expressed that ever I saw in my life.[3] From thence to the great church, that stands in a fine great market-place, over against the Stadthouse, and there I saw a stately tomb of the old Prince of Orange,[4] of marble and brass; wherein among other rarities there are the angels with their trumpets expressed as it were crying. Here were very fine organs in both the churches. It is a most sweet town, with bridges, and a river in every street. Observing that in every house of entertainment

[1] Delft is about five miles from the Hague.

[2] The trekschuit (drag-boat) along the canal is still described as an agreeable conveyance from Leyden to Delft.

[3] Admiral Martin van Tromp's monument here described is in the Oude Kerk (*Old Church*) at Delft.

[4] The costly but clumsy monument erected by the United Provinces to the memory of William I., Prince of Orange (who was assassinated at Delft, 10th July, 1584), is in the so-called *New Church* at Delft.

there hangs in every room a poor-man's box, and desiring to know the reason thereof, it was told me that it is their custom to confirm all bargains by putting something into the poor people's box, and that that binds as fast as any thing. We also saw the Guesthouse, where it was very pleasant to see what neat preparation there is for the poor. We saw one poor man a-dying there. After we had seen all, we light by chance of an English house to drink in, where we were very merry, discoursing of the town and the thing that hangs up in the Stadthouse [1] like a bushel, which I was told is a sort of punishment for some sort of offenders to carry through the streets of the town over his head, which is a great weight. Back by water, where a pretty sober Dutch lass sat reading all the way, and I could not fasten any discourse upon her. At our landing we met with Commissioner Pett going down to the water-side with Major Harly,[2] who is going upon a dispatch into England. They having a coach I left the Parson [3] and my boy and went along with Commissioner Pett, Mr. Ackworth [4] and Mr. Dawes his friends, to the Princess Dowager's house again. Thither also my Lord Fairfax and some other English Lords did come to see it, and my pleasure was increased by seeing of it again. Besides we went into the garden, wherein are gallant nuts better than ever I saw, and a fine Echo under the house in a vault made on purpose with pillars, where I played on my flageolette to great advantage. Back to the Hague, where not finding Mr. Edward, I was much troubled, but went with the Parson to supper to Commissioner Pett, where we sat late. And among other mirth Mr. Ackworth vyed wives, each endeavouring to set his own wife out to the best advantage, he having as they said an extraordinary handsome wife. But Mr. Dawes could not be got to say anything of his. After that to our lodging where W. Howe

[1] The Stadhuis is a fine building situated in the market-place.

[2] Afterwards Colonel Edward Harley, M.P. for Hereford, and Governor of Dunkirk; ancestor of the Earls of Oxford of that race, now extinct in the male line. He was afterwards made a Knight of the Bath at the Coronation of Charles II.

[3] Edmond Ibbott, made rector of Deal in 1662. See *ante*, March 25th.

[4] Mr. Ackworth seems to have held some office in Deptford Yard, see January 14th, 1660–61.

and I exceeding troubled not to know what is become of our young gentleman. So to bed.

19th. Up early, hearing nothing of the child, and went to Scheveling, where I found no getting on board, though the Duke of York sent every day to see whether he could do it or no. Here I met with Mr. Pinkney and his sons, and with them went back to the Hague, in our way lighting and going to see a woman that makes pretty rock-work in shells, &c., which could I have carried safe I would have bought some of. At the Hague we went to buy some pictures, where I saw a sort of painting done upon woollen cloth, drawn as if there was a curtain over it, which was very pleasant, but dear. Another pretty piece of painting I saw, on which there was a great wager laid by young Pinkney and me whether it was a principal or a copy. But not knowing how to decide, it was broken off, and I got the old man to lay out as much as my piece of gold come to, and so saved my money, which had been 24*s.* lost, I fear. While we were here buying of pictures, we saw Mr. Edward and his company land. Who told me that they had been at Leyden all night, at which I was very angry with Mr. Pierce, and shall not be friends I believe a good while. To our lodging to dinner. After that out to buy some linen to wear against to-morrow, and so to the barber's. After that by waggon to Lausdune, where the 365 children were born. We saw the hill where they say the house stood and sunk wherein the children were born. The basins wherein the male and female children were baptized do stand over a large table that hangs upon a wall, with the whole story of the thing in Dutch and Latin, beginning, "Margarita Herman Comitissa," &c. The thing was done about 200 years ago.

The town is a little small village which answers much to one of our small villages, such a one as Chesterton in all respects, and one could have thought it in England but for the language of the people. We went into a little drinking house where there were a great many Dutch boors eating of fish in a boorish manner, but very merry in their way. But the houses here as neat as in the great places. From thence to the Hague again playing at crambo[1] in the waggon, Mr.

[1] Crambo is described as "a play at short verses in which a word is given, and the parties contend who can find most rhymes to it."

Edward, Mr. Ibbott, W. Howe, Mr. Pinkney, and I. When we were come thither W. Howe, and Mr. Ibbott, and Mr. Pinckney went away for Scheveling, while I and the child to walk up and down the town, where I met my old chamberfellow, Mr. Ch. Anderson, and a friend of his (both Physicians), Mr. Wright, who took me to a Dutch house, where there was an exceeding pretty lass, and right for the sport, but it being Saturday we could not have much of her company, but however I staid with them (having left the child with my uncle Pickering,[1] whom I met in the street) till 12 at night. By that time Charles was almost drunk, and then broke up, he resolving to go thither again, after he had seen me at my lodging, and lie with the girl, which he told me he had done in the morning. Going to my lodging we met with the bellman, who struck upon a clapper, which I took in my hand, and it is just like the clapper that our boys frighten the birds away from the corn with in summer time in England. To bed.

20th. Up early, and with Mr. Pickering and the child by waggon to Scheveling, where it not being yet fit to go off, I went to lie down in a chamber in the house, where in another bed there was a pretty Dutch woman in bed alone, but though I had a month's-mind[2] I had not the boldness to go to her. So there I slept an hour or two. At last she rose, and then I rose and walked up and down the chamber, and saw her dress herself after the Dutch dress, and talked to her as much as I could, and took occasion, from her ring which she wore on her first finger, to kiss her hand, but had not the face to offer anything more. So at last I left her there and went to my company. About 8 o'clock I went into the church at Scheveling, which was pretty handsome, and in the chancel a very great upper part of the mouth of a whale, which indeed was of a prodigious bigness, bigger than one of our long boats that belong to one of our ships. Commissioner Pett at last came to our lodging, and caused

[1] There were several Pickerings, and it is not easy to say which of them Pepys would style "uncle."

[2] Month's mind. An earnest desire or longing, explained as alluding to "a woman's longing." See Shakespeare, "Two Gentlemen of Verona," act i. sc. 2:

"I see you have a *month's mind* to them." — M. B.

the boats to go off; so some in one boat and some in another we all bid adieu to the shore. But through badness of weather we were in great danger, and a great while before we could get to the ship, so that of all the company not one but myself that was not sick. I keeping myself in the open air, though I was soundly wet for it. This hath not been known four days together such weather at this time of year, a great while. Indeed our fleet was thought to be in great danger, but we found all well, and Mr. Thos. Crew came on board. I having spoke a word or two with my Lord, being not very well settled, partly through last night's drinking and want of sleep, I lay down in my gown upon my bed and slept till the 4 o'clock gun the next morning waked me, which I took for 8 at night, and rising . . . mistook the sun rising for the sun setting on Sunday night.

21st. So into my naked bed[1] and slept till 9 o'clock, and then John Goods waked me, [by] and by the captain's boy brought me four barrels of Mallows oysters, which Captain Tatnell had sent me from Murlace.[2] The weather foul all this day also. After dinner, about writing one thing or other all day, and setting my papers in order, having been so long absent. At night Mr. Pierce, Purser (the other Pierce and I having not spoken to one another since we fell out about Mr. Edward), and Mr. Cook sat with me in my cabin and supped with me, and then I went to bed. By letters that came hither in my absence, I understand that the Parliament had ordered all persons to be secured, in order to a trial, that did sit as judges in the late King's death, and all the officers too attending the

[1] This is a somewhat late use of an expression which was once universal. It was formerly the custom for both sexes to sleep in bed without any night-linen.

> "Who sees his true love in her *naked bed*,
> Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white."
> Shakespeare, *Venus and Adonis*.

Nares ("Glossary") notes the expression so late as in the very odd novel by T. Amory, called "John Buncle," where a young lady declares, after an alarm, "that she would never go into *naked bed* on board ship again." Octavo edition, vol. i. p. 90.

[2] Apparently Mallows stands for St. Malo and Murlace for Morlaise.

Court. Sir John Lenthall[1] moving in the House, that all that had borne arms against the King should be exempted from pardon, he was called to the bar of the House, and after a severe reproof he was degraded his knighthood. At Court I find that all things grow high. The old clergy talk as being sure of their lands again, and laugh at the Presbytery; and it is believed that the sales of the King's and Bishops' lands will never be confirmed by Parliament, there being nothing now in any man's power to hinder them and the King from doing what they have a mind, but every body willing to submit to any thing. We expect every day to have the King and Duke on board as soon as it is fair. My Lord do nothing now, but offers all things to the pleasure of the Duke as Lord High Admiral. So that I am at a loss what to do.

22nd. Up very early, and now beginning to be settled in my wits again, I went about setting down my last four days' observations this morning. After that, was trimmed by a barber that has not trimmed me yet, my Spaniard being on shore. News brought that the two Dukes are coming on board, which, by and by, they did, in a Dutch boat, the Duke of York in yellow trimmings, the Duke of Gloucester[2] in grey and red. My Lord went in a boat to meet them,

[1] Sir John Lenthall, who survived till 1681, was the only son of Speaker Lenthall, and Cromwell's Governor of Windsor Castle. He had been knighted by the Protector in 1657; but is styled "Mr. Lenthall" in the "Commons' Journals of the House," May 12th, 1660, where the proceedings alluded to by Pepys are fully detailed. Mrs. Hutchinson also gives an account of them, in her "Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson," p. 367, 4to edit. On the 22nd of May following, Lenthall lost his seat for Abingdon, the double return for that borough having been decided in favour of Sir John Stonehouse; probably the then recent offence which Lenthall had given to the House of Commons had more influence in the adverse issue of the petition than the actual merits of the case. Sir John Lenthall, of whom Pepys speaks, August 10th, 1663, was the brother to the Speaker. See that passage. — B.

[2] Henry, Duke of Gloucester, the youngest child of Charles I., born July 6th, 1640, who, with his sister Elizabeth, was allowed a meeting with his father on the night before the King's execution. Burnet says: "He was active, and loved business; was apt to have particular friendships, and had an insinuating temper which was generally very acceptable. The King loved him much better than the Duke of York." He died of small-pox at Whitehall, September 13th, 1660, and was buried in Henry VII.'s Chapel.

the Captain, myself, and others, standing at the entering port. So soon as they were entered we shot the guns off round the fleet. After that they went to view the ship all over, and were most exceedingly pleased with it. They seem to be both very fine gentlemen. After that done, upon the quarter-deck table, under the awning, the Duke of York and my Lord, Mr. Coventry,[1] and I, spent an hour at allotting to every ship their service, in their return to England; which having done, they went to dinner, where the table was very full: the two Dukes at the upper end, my Lord Opdam next on one side, and my Lord on the other. Two guns given to every man while he was drinking the King's health, and so likewise to the Duke's health. I took down Monsieur d'Esquier to the great cabin below, and dined with him in state alone with only one or two friends of his. All dinner the harper belonging to Captain Sparling played to the Dukes. After dinner, the Dukes and my Lord to see the Vice and Rear-Admirals, and I in a boat after them. After that done, they made to the shore in the Dutch boat that brought them, and I got into the boat with them; but the shore was so full of people to expect their coming, as that it was as black (which otherwise is white sand), as every one could stand by another. When we came near the shore, my Lord left them and came into his own boat, and General Pen[2] and I with him; my Lord being very well pleased with this day's work. By the time we came on board again, news

[1] William Coventry, to whom Pepys became so warmly attached afterwards, was the fourth son of Thomas, first Lord Coventry, the Lord Keeper. He was born in 1628, and entered at Queen's College, Oxford, in 1642; after the Restoration he became private secretary to the Duke of York, his commission as Secretary to the Lord High Admiral not being conferred until 1664; elected M.P. for Great Yarmouth in 1661. In 1662 he was appointed an extra Commissioner of the Navy, an office he held until 1667; in 1665, knighted and sworn a Privy Councillor, and, in 1667, constituted a Commissioner of the Treasury; but, having been forbid the court on account of his challenging the Duke of Buckingham, he retired into the country, nor could he subsequently be prevailed upon to accept of any official employment. Burnet calls Sir William Coventry the best speaker in the House of Commons, and "a man of the finest and best temper that belonged to the court," and Pepys never omits an opportunity of paying a tribute to his public and private worth. He died, 1686, of gout in the stomach.

[2] Admiral Sir William Penn (see *ante*, April 4th).

is sent us that the King is on shore; so my Lord fired all his guns round twice, and all the fleet after him, which in the end fell into disorder, which seemed very handsome. The gun over against my cabin I fired myself to the King, which was the first time that he had been saluted by his own ships since this change; but holding my head too much over the gun, I had almost spoiled my right eye. Nothing in the world but going of guns almost all this day. In the evening we began to remove cabins; I to the carpenter's cabin, and Dr. Clerke with me, who came on board this afternoon, having been twice ducked in the sea to-day coming from shore, and Mr. North and John Pickering the like. Many of the King's servants came on board to-night; and so many Dutch of all sorts came to see the ship till it was quite dark, that we could not pass by one another, which was a great trouble to us all. This afternoon Mr. Downing (who was knighted yesterday by the King[1]) was here on

[1] "About midnight arrived there Mr. Downing, who did the affairs of England to the Lords the Estates, in quality of Resident under Oliver Cromwell, and afterward under the pretended Parliament, which having changed the form of the government, after having cast forth the last Protector, had continued him in his imploiment, under the quality of Extraordinary Envoy. He began to have respect for the King's person, when he knew that all England declared for a free parliament, and departed from Holland without order, as soon as he understood that there was nothing that could longer oppose the re-establishment of monarchal government, with a design to crave letters of recommendation to General Monk. This lord considered him, as well because of the birth of his wife, which is illustrious, as because Downing had expressed some respect for him in a time when that eminent person could not yet discover his intentions. He had his letters when he arrived at midnight at the house of the Spanish Embassador, as we have said. He presented them forthwith to the King, who arose from table a while after, read the letters, receiv'd the submissions of Downing, and granted him the pardon and grace which he asked for him to whom he could deny nothing. Some daies after the King knighted him, and would it should be believed, that the strong aversions which this minister of the Protector had made appear against him on all occasions, and with all sorts of persons indifferently, even a few daies before the publick and general declaration of all England, proceeded not from any evil intention, but only from a deep dissimulation, wherewith he was constrained to cover his true sentiments, for fear to prejudice the affairs of his Majesty." — Sir William Lower's *Relation . . . of the Voiage and Residence which . . . Charles the II. hath made in Holland*, Hague, 1660, folio, pp. 72–73.

board, and had a ship for his passage into England, with his lady and servants. By the same token he called me to him when I was going to write the order, to tell me that I must write him Sir G. Downing. My Lord lay in the round-house to-night. This evening I was late writing a French letter myself by my Lord's order to Monsieur Kragh,[1] Embassador de Denmarke à la Haye, which my Lord signed in bed. After that I to bed, and the Doctor, and sleep well.

23rd. The Doctor and I waked very merry, only my eye was very red and ill in the morning from yesterday's hurt. In the morning came infinity of people on board from the King to go along with him. My Lord, Mr. Crew, and others, go on shore to meet the King as he comes off from shore, where Sir R. Stayner bringing His Majesty into the boat, I hear that His Majesty did with a great deal of affection kiss my Lord upon his first meeting. The King, with the two Dukes and Queen of Bohemia, Princess Royal, and Prince of Orange, came on board, where I in their coming in kissed the King's, Queen's, and Princess's hands, having done the other before. Infinite shooting off of the guns, and that in a disorder on purpose, which was better than if it had been otherwise. All day nothing but Lords and persons of honour on board, that we were exceeding full. Dined in a great deal of state, the Royall company by themselves in the coach, which was a blessed sight to see. I dined with Dr. Clerke, Dr. Quarterman,[2] and Mr. Darcy[3] in my cabin. This morning Mr. Lucy came on board, to whom

[1] Otte Krag was one of the two extraordinary ambassadors from the King of Denmark to Charles II. at the Hague. See Lower's "Voiage and Residence of Charles II. in Holland," 1660, p. 41.

[2] William Quartermain, M.D., matriculated as member of Brasenose College, Oxford, and afterwards removed to Pembroke College. He was appointed one of the physicians in ordinary to Charles II., and died in June, 1667.

[3] Marmaduke, fifth son of Conyers, Lord Darcy, one of the companions of Charles's exile, whom the King was wont to call "'Duke Darcey," and he is so styled in Charles's narrative of his escape, as given to Pepys. On the pavement in the south aisle of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, is the following inscription: — "Here lyeth the body of the Honourable Marmaduke Darcy, Esq., brother to the Earl of Holderness, first gentleman usher of the privy-chamber to his Majesty, who died in this castle on Sunday, the 3d of July, in the seventy-third year of his age, A.D. 1687." — Pote's *History of Windsor*, p. 365. — B.

and his company of the King's Guard in another ship my Lord did give three dozen of bottles of wine. He made friends between Mr. Pierce and me. After dinner the King and Duke altered the name of some of the ships, viz. the Nazeby into Charles;[1] the Richard, James;[2] the Speaker,[3] Mary; the Dunbar (which was not in company with us), the Henry;[4] Winsly, Happy Return;[5] Wakefield, Richmond;[6] Lambert, the Henrietta;[7] Cheriton, the Speedwell;[8] Bradford, the Success.[9] That done, the Queen, Princess Royal, and Prince of Orange, took leave of the King, and the Duke of York went on board the London, and the Duke of Gloucester, the Swiftsure. Which done, we weighed anchor, and with a fresh gale and most happy weather we set sail for England. All the afternoon the King walked here and there, up and down (quite contrary to what I thought him to have been), very active and stirring. Upon the quarter-deck he fell into discourse of his escape from Worcester,[10] where it made me ready to weep to hear the stories that he told of his difficulties that he had passed through, as his travelling four days and three nights on foot, every step up to his knees in dirt, with nothing but a green coat and a pair of country breeches on, and a pair

[1] "The Naseby now no longer England's shame,
But better to be lost in Charles his name."
Dryden, *Astræa Redux.*

Another "Charles" was built at Deptford in 1667 by Jo. Shish.

[2] The "Richard" was a second-rate of seventy guns, built at Woolwich in 1658 by Christopher Pett.

[3] The "Speaker" was a third-rate of fifty-two guns, built at Woolwich in 1649 by Christopher Pett.

[4] The "Henry," then "Dunbar," was a second-rate of sixty-four guns, built at Deptford in 1656 by Mr. Callis.

[5] The "Happy Return," then the "Winsley," was built at Yarmouth in 1654 by Edgar; it was a fourth-rate of forty-six guns.

[6] The "Richmond," then the "Wakefield," was built at Portsmouth in 1655 by Sir J. Tippets; it was a fifth-rate of twenty-six guns.

[7] The "Henrietta," then the "Lambert," was built at Horslydown in 1653-4 by Bright; it was a third-rate of fifty guns.

[8] The "Speedwell," then the "Cheriton," was a fifth-rate of twenty guns, built at Deptford in 1655 by Mr. Callis.

[9] The "Success," then the "Bradford," was a fifth-rate built at Chatham in 1657 by Captain Taylor.

[10] For the King's own account of his escape dictated to Pepys, see "Boscobel" (Bohn's "Standard Library").

of country shoes that made him so sore all over his feet, that he could scarce stir. Yet he was forced to run away from a miller and other company, that took them for rogues. His sitting at table at one place, where the master of the house, that had not seen him in eight years, did know him, but kept it private; when at the same table there was one that had been of his own regiment at Worcester, could not know him, but made him drink the King's health, and said that the King was at least four fingers higher than he. At another place he was by some servants of the house made to drink, that they might know him not to be a Roundhead, which they swore he was. In another place at his inn, the master of the house,[1] as the King was standing with his hands upon the back of a chair by the fire-side, kneeled down and kissed his hand, privately, saying, that he would not ask him who he was, but bid God bless him whither he was going. Then the difficulty of getting a boat to get into France, where he was fain to plot with the master thereof to keep his design from the four men and a boy (which was all his ship's company), and so got to Fécamp in France.[2]

[1] This was at Brighton. The inn was the "George," and the innkeeper was named Smith. Charles related this circumstance again to Pepys in October, 1680. He then said, "And here also I ran into another very great danger, as being confident I was known by the master of the inn; for, as I was standing after supper by the fireside, leaning my hand upon a chair, and all the rest of the company being gone into another room, the master of the inn came in and fell a-talking with me, and just as he was looking about, and saw there was nobody in the room, he upon a sudden kissed my hand that was upon the back of the chair, and said to me, 'God bless you wheresoever you go! I do not doubt before I die, but to be a lord, and my wife a lady.' So I laughed, and went away into the next room."

[2] On Saturday, October 11th, 1651, Colonel Gunter made an agreement at Chichester with Nicholas Tettersell, through Francis Mansell (a French merchant), to have Tettersell's vessel ready at an hour's warning. Charles II., in his narrative dictated to Pepys in 1680, said, "We went to a place, four miles off Shoreham, called Brighthelmstone, where we were to meet with the master of the ship, as thinking it more convenient to meet there than just at Shoreham, where the ship was. So when we came to the inn at Brighthelmstone we met with one, the merchant [Francis Mansell] who had hired the vessel, in company with her master [Tettersell], the merchant only knowing me, as having hired her only to carry over a person of quality that was escaped from the battle of Worcester without naming anybody."

The boat was supposed to be bound for Poole, but Charles says in

At Rouen he looked so poorly, that the people went into the rooms before he went away to see whether he had not stole something or other. In the evening I went up to my Lord to write letters for England, which we sent away with word of our coming, by Mr. Edw. Pickering. The King supped alone in the coach; after that I got a dish, and we four supped in my cabin, as at noon. About bed-time my Lord Bartlett [1] (who I had offered my service to before) sent for me to get him a bed, who with much ado I did get to bed to my Lord Middlesex [2] in the great cabin below, but I was cruelly troubled before I could dispose of him, and quit myself of him. So to my cabin again, where the company still was, and were talking more of the King's difficulties; as how he was fain to eat a piece of bread and cheese out of a poor boy's pocket; how, at a Catholique house, he was fain to lie in the priest's hole a good while in the house for his privacy. After that our company broke up, and the Doctor and I to bed. We have all the Lords Commissioners on board us, and many others. Under sail all night, and most glorious weather.

24th. Up, and make myself as fine as I could, with the linning stockings on and wide canons [3] that I bought the other day at Hague. Extraordinary press of noble company, and great mirth all the day. There dined with me in my

his narrative: "As we were sailing the master came to me, and desired me that I would persuade his men to use their best endeavours with him to get him to set us on shore in France, the better to cover him from any suspicion thereof, upon which I went to the men, which were four and a boy."

After the Restoration Mansell was granted a pension of £200 a year, and Tettersell one of £100 a year. (See "Captain Nicholas Tettersell and the Escape of Charles II.," by F. E. Sawyer, F.S.A., "Sussex Archæological Collections," vol. xxxii. pp. 81–104.)

[1] A mistake for Lord Berkeley of Berkeley, who had been deputed, with Lord Middlesex and four other Peers, by the House of Lords to present an address of congratulation to the King. — B.

[2] Lionel Cranfield, third and last Earl of Middlesex. Died 1674, when the title became extinct.

[3] Canons, canions, or cannions. Thus defined in *Kersey's* Dictionary: "Cannions, boot hose tops; an old-fashioned ornament for the legs." That is to say, a particular addition to breeches. *Coles* says, "Cannions, Perizomata." *Cotgrave*, "Canons de chausses." *Minshew* says, "On les appelle ainsi pourceque, &c., because they are like cannons of artillery, or cans, or pots." — Nares, *Glossary*. — M. B.

cabin (that is, the carpenter's) Dr. Earle[1] and Mr. Hollis,[2] the King's Chaplins, Dr. Scarborough,[3] Dr. Quarterman, and Dr. Clerke, Physicians, Mr. Darcy, and Mr. Fox[4] (both very fine gentlemen), the King's servants, where we had brave discourse. Walking upon the decks, where persons of honour all the afternoon, among others, Thomas Killigrew[5] (a merry droll, but a gentleman of great esteem with

[1] John Earle, born about 1601; appointed in 1643 one of the Westminster Assembly of Divines, but his principles did not allow him to act. He accompanied Charles II. when he was obliged to fly from England. Dean of Westminster at the Restoration, Bishop of Worcester, November 30th, 1662, and translated to Salisbury, September 28th, 1663. He was tender to the Nonconformists, and Baxter wrote of him, "O that they were all such!" Author of "Microcosmography." Died November 17th, 1665, and was buried in the chapel of Merton College, of which he had been a Fellow. Charles II. had the highest esteem for him.

[2] Denzil Holles, second son of John, first Earl of Clare, born at Houghton, Notts, in 1597. He was one of the five members charged with high treason by Charles I. in 1641. He was a Presbyterian, and one of the Commissioners sent by Parliament to wait on Charles II. at the Hague. Sir William Lower, in his "Relation," 1660, writes: "All agreed that never person spake with more affection nor expressed himself in better terms than Mr. Denzil Hollis, who was orator for the Deputies of the Lower House, to whom those of London were joined." He was created Baron Holles on April 20th, 1661, on the occasion of the coronation of Charles II.

[3] Charles Scarburgh, M.D., an eminent physician who suffered for the royal cause during the Civil Wars. He was born in London, and educated at St. Paul's School and Caius College, Cambridge. He was ejected from his fellowship at Caius, and withdrew to Oxford. He entered himself at Merton College, then presided over by Harvey, with whom he formed a lifelong friendship. He was knighted by Charles II. in 1669, and attended the King in his last illness. He was also physician to James II. and to William III., and died February 26th, 1693–4.

[4] Stephen Fox, born 1627, and said to have been a choir-boy in Salisbury Cathedral. He was the first person to announce the death of Cromwell to Charles II., and at the Restoration he was made Clerk of the Green Cloth, and afterwards Paymaster of the Forces. He was knighted in 1665. He married Elizabeth, daughter of William Whittle of Lancashire. (See June 25th, 1660.) Fox died in 1716. His sons Stephen and Henry were created respectively Earl of Ilchester and Lord Holland.

[5] Thomas Killigrew, fourth son of Sir Robert Killigrew of Hanworth, Middlesex, page of honour to Charles I., and groom of the bedchamber to Charles II., whose fortunes he had followed. He was Resident

the King), who told us many merry stories: one, how he wrote a letter three or four days ago to the Princess Royal, about a Queen Dowager of Judæa and Palestine, that was at the Hague *incognita*, that made love to the King, &c., which was Mr. Cary (a courtier's) wife that had been a nun, who are all married to Jesus. At supper the three Drs. of Physic again at my cabin; where I put Dr. Scarborough in mind of what I heard him say about the use of the eyes, which he owned, that children do, in every day's experience, look several ways with both their eyes, till custom teaches them otherwise. And that we do now see but with one eye, our eyes looking in parallel lines. After this discourse I was called to write a pass for my Lord Mandeville to take up horses to London, which I wrote in the King's name,[1] and carried it to him to sign, which was the first and only one that ever he signed in the ship Charles.[2] To bed, coming in sight of land a little before night.

25th. By the morning we were come close to the land, and every body made ready to get on shore. The King and the two Dukes did eat their breakfast before they went, and there being set some ship's diet before them, only to show them the manner of the ship's diet, they eat of nothing else but pease and pork, and boiled beef. I had Mr. Darcy in my cabin and Dr. Clerke, who eat with me, told me how the King had given £50 to Mr. Sheply for my Lord's servants, and £500 among the officers and common men of the ship. I spoke with the Duke of York about business, who called me Pepys by name, and upon my desire did promise me his future favour. Great expectation of the King's making some Knights, but there was none. About noon (though the brigantine that Beale made was there ready to carry him) yet he would go in my Lord's barge with the

for the King at Venice, 1650; a great favourite with his master on account of his uncommon vein of humour, and author of several plays. He was born in the parish of St. Margaret, Lothbury, February 7th, 1611–12, and died March, 1682–3, being buried in Westminster Abbey. He married twice: 1, June 29th, 1636, Cicely, daughter of Sir James Crofts of Saxham, co. Suffolk, maid of honour to Queen Henrietta Maria (she died January 1st, 1637–8); 2, January 28th, 1654–5, Charlotte, daughter of John de Hesse (she died at the Hague in 1716).

[1] This right of purveyance was abolished in Charles's reign.

[2] Late the "Naseby."

two Dukes. Our Captain steered, and my Lord went along bare with him. I went, and Mr. Mansell, and one of the King's footmen, with a dog that the King loved,[1] (which [dirted] the boat, which made us laugh, and methink that a King and all that belong to him are but just as others are), (in a boat by ourselves, and so got on shore when the King did, who was received by General Monk with all imaginable love and respect at his entrance upon the land of Dover. Infinite the crowd of people and the horsemen, citizens, and noblemen of all sorts. The Mayor of the town came and gave him his white staff, the badge of his place, which the King did give him again. The Mayor also presented him from the town a very rich Bible, which he took and said it was the thing that he loved above all things in the world. A canopy was provided for him to stand under, which he did, and talked awhile with General Monk and others, and so into a stately coach there set for him, and so away through the town towards Canterbury, without making any stay at Dover. The shouting and joy expressed by all is past imagination. Seeing that my Lord did not stir out of his barge, I got into a boat, and so into his barge, whither Mr. John Crew stepped, and spoke a word or two to my Lord, and so returned, we back to the ship, and going did see a man almost drowned that fell out of his boat into the sea, but with much ado was got out. My Lord almost transported with joy that he had done all this without any the least blur or obstruction in the world, that could give an offence to any, and with the great honour he thought it would be to him. Being overtook by the brigantine, my

[1] Charles II.'s love of dogs is well known, but is not so well known that his dogs were continually being stolen from him. In the "Mercurius Publicus," June 28–July 5, 1660, is the following advertisement, apparently drawn up by the King himself: "We must call upon you again for a Black Dog between a greyhound and a spaniel, no white about him, onely a streak on his brest, and his tayl a little bobbed. It is His Majesties own Dog, and doubtless was stoln, for the dog was not born nor bred in England, and would never forsake His master. Whosoever findes him may acquaint any at Whitehal for the Dog was better known at Court, than those who stole him. Will they never leave robbing his Majesty! Must he not keep a Dog? This dog's place (though better than some imagine) is the only place which nobody offers to beg." (Quoted in "Notes and Queries," 7th S., vii. 26, where are printed two other advertisements of Charles's lost dogs.)

Lord and we went out of our barge into it, and so went on board with Sir W. Batten[1] and the Vice and Rear-Admirals. At night my Lord supped and Mr. Thomas Crew with Captain Stoakes, I supped with the Captain, who told me what the King had given us. My Lord returned late, and at his coming did give me order to cause the marke to be gilded, and a Crown and C. R. to be made at the head of the coach table, where the King to-day with his own hand did mark his height, which accordingly I caused the painter to do, and is now done as is to be seen.

26th. Thanks to God I got to bed in my own poor cabin, and slept well till 9 o'clock this morning. Mr. North and Dr. Clerke and all the great company being gone, I found myself very uncouth all this day for want thereof. My Lord dined with the Vice-Admiral to-day (who is as officious, poor man! as any spaniel can be; but I believe all to no purpose, for I believe he will not hold his place), so I dined commander at the coach table to-day, and all the officers of the ship with me, and Mr. White of Dover. After a game or two at nine-pins, to work all the afternoon, making above twenty orders. In the evening my Lord having been a-shore, the first time that he hath been a-shore since he came out of the Hope (having resolved not to go till he had brought his Majesty into England), returned on board with a great

[1] Clarendon describes William Batten as an obscure fellow, and, although unknown to the service, a good seaman, who was in 1642 made Surveyor to the Navy; in which employ he evinced great animosity against the King. The following year, while Vice-Admiral to the Earl of Warwick, he chased a Dutch man-of-war into Burlington Bay, knowing that Queen Henrietta Maria was on board; and then, learning that she had landed and was lodged on the quay, he fired above a hundred shot upon the house, some of which passing through her majesty's chamber, she was obliged, though indisposed, to retire for safety into the open fields. This act, brutal as it was, found favour with the Parliament. But Batten became afterwards discontented; and, when a portion of the fleet revolted, he carried the "Constant Warwick," one of the best ships in the Parliament navy, over into Holland, with several seamen of note. For this act of treachery he was knighted and made a Rear-Admiral by Prince Charles. We hear no more of Batten till the Restoration, when he became a Commissioner of the Navy, and was soon after M.P. for Rochester. See an account of his second wife, in note to November 24th, 1660, and of his illness and death, October 5th, 1667. He had a son, Benjamin, and a daughter, Martha, by his first wife. — B.

deal of pleasure. I supped with the Captain in his cabin with young Captain Cuttance, and afterwards a messenger from the King came with a letter, and to go into France, and by that means we supped again with him at 12 o'clock at night. This night the Captain told me that my Lord had appointed me £30 out of the 1000 ducats which the King had given to the ship, at which my heart was very much joyed. To bed.

27th (Lord's day). Called up by John Goods to see the Garter and Heralds coat, which lay in the coach, brought by Sir Edward Walker,[1] King at Arms, this morning, for my Lord. My Lord hath summoned all the Commanders on board him, to see the ceremony, which was thus: Sir Edward putting on his coat, and having laid the George and Garter, and the King's letter to my Lord, upon a crimson cushion (in the coach, all the Commanders standing by), makes three congees to him, holding the cushion in his arms. Then laying it down with the things upon it upon a chair, he takes the letter, and delivers it to my Lord, which my Lord breaks open and gives him to read. It was directed to our trusty and well beloved Sir Edward Montagu, Knight, one of our Generals at sea, and our Companion elect of our Noble Order of the Garter. The contents of the letter is to show that the Kings of England have for many years made use of this honour, as a special mark of favour, to persons of good extraction and virtue (and that many Emperors, Kings and Princes of other countries have borne this honour), and that whereas my Lord is of a noble family, and hath now done the King such service by sea, at this time, as he hath done; he do send him this George and Garter to wear as Knight of the Order, with a dispensation for the other ceremonies of the habit of the Order, and other things, till

[1] Edward Walker was knighted February 2nd, 1644–5, and on the 24th of the same month was sworn in as Garter King at Arms. He adhered to the cause of the king, and published "Iter Carolinum, being a succinct account of the necessitated marches, retreats, and sufferings of his Majesty King Charles I., from Jan. 10, 1641, to the time of his death in 1648, collected by a daily attendant upon his sacred Majesty during all that time." He joined Charles II. in exile, and received the reward of his loyalty at the Restoration. He died at Whitehall, February 19th, 1676–7, and was buried at Stratford-on-Avon, his daughter having married Sir John Clopton of that place.

hereafter, when it can be done. So the herald putting the ribbon about his neck, and the Garter about his left leg, he salutes him with joy as Knight of the Garter, and that was all. After that was done, and the Captain and I had breakfasted with Sir Edward while my Lord was writing of a letter, he took his leave of my Lord, and so to shore again to the King at Canterbury, where he yesterday gave the like honour to General Monk,[1] who are the only two for many years that have had the Garter given them, before they had other honours of Earldom, or the like, excepting only the Duke of Buckingham, who was only Sir George Villiers when he was made Knight of the Garter.[2] A while after Mr. Thos. Crew and Mr. J. Pickering (who had staid long enough to make all the world see him to be a fool), took ship for London. So there now remain no strangers with my Lord but Mr. Hetley,[3] who had been with us a day before the King went from us. My Lord and the ship's company down to sermon. I staid above to write and look over my new song book, which came last night to me from London in lieu of that that my Lord had of me. The officers being all on board, there was not room for me at table, so I dined in my cabin, where, among other things, Mr. Dunn brought me a lobster and a bottle of oil, instead of a bottle of vinegar, whereby I spoiled my dinner. Many orders in the ordering of ships this afternoon. Late to a sermon. After that up to the Lieutenant's cabin, where Mr. Sheply, I, and the Minister supped, and after that I went down to W. Howe's cabin, and there, with a great deal of pleasure, singing till it was late. After that to bed.

28th. Called up at two in the morning for letters for my Lord from the Duke of York, but I went to bed again till 5. Trimmed early this morning. This morning the Captain did call over all the men in the ship (not the boys), and give every one of them a ducat[4] of the King's money that he gave the ship, and the officers according to their

[1] "His Majesty put the George on his Excellency, and the two Dukes put on the Garter. The Princes thus honoured the Lord-General for the restoration of that lawful family." — Rugge's *Diurnal*.

[2] Sir George Villiers received the Garter in 1616.

[3] Mr. Hetley died in the following year, see January 19th, 1660–61.

[4] The gold ducat is valued at about 9*s*. 6*d*., and the silver at 3*s*. 4*d*.

quality. I received in the Captain's cabin, for my share, sixty ducats. The rest of the morning busy writing letters. So was my Lord that he would not come to dinner. After dinner to write again in order to sending to London, but my Lord did not finish his, so we did not send to London to-day. A great part of the afternoon at nine-pins with my Lord and Mr. Hetley. I lost about 4*s*. Supped with my Lord, and after that to bed. At night I had a strange dream of — myself, which I really did, and having kicked my clothes off, I got cold, and found myself all much wet in the morning, and had a great deal of pain . . . which made me very melancholy.

29th. The King's birthday. Busy all the morning writing letters to London, among the rest one to Mr. Chetwind to give me an account of the fees due to the Herald for the Order of the Garter, which my Lord desires to know. After dinner got all ready and sent away Mr. Cook to London with a letter and token to my wife. After that abroad to shore with my Lord (which he offered me of himself, saying that I had a great deal of work to do this month, which was very true). On shore we took horses, my Lord and Mr. Edward, Mr. Hetly and I, and three or four servants, and had a great deal of pleasure in riding. Among other things my Lord showed me a house that cost a great deal of money, and is built in so barren and inconvenient a place that my Lord calls it the fool's house. At last we came upon a very high cliff by the sea-side, and rode under it, we having laid great wagers, I and Dr. Mathews, that it was not so high as Paul's; my Lord and Mr. Hetly, that it was. But we riding under it, my Lord made a pretty good measure of it with two sticks, and found it to be not above thirty-five yards high, and Paul's is reckoned to be about ninety.[1] From thence toward the barge again, and in our way found the people at Deal going to make a bonfire for joy of the day, it being the King's birthday, and had some guns which they did fire at my Lord's coming by. For which I did give twenty shillings among them to drink. While we were on the top of the cliffe, we saw and heard

[1] The spire of St. Paul's (which was 208 feet high) was injured by fire in 1561, and taken down soon afterwards. The height of the remaining tower was 285 feet.

our guns in the fleet go off for the same joy. And it being a pretty fair day we could see above twenty miles into France. Being returned on board, my Lord called for Mr. Sheply's book of Paul's,[1] by which we were confirmed in our wager. After that to supper and then to musique, and so to bed. The pain that I have got last night by cold is not yet gone, but troubles me at the time of . . . . This day, it is thought, the King do enter the city of London.[2]

30th. About eight o'clock in the morning the lieutenant came to me to know whether I would eat a dish of mackerel, newly catched, for my breakfast, which the Captain and we did in the coach. All yesterday and to-day I had a great deal of pain . . . and in my back, which made me afeard. But it proved nothing but cold, which I took yesterday night. All this morning making up my accounts, in which I counted that I had made myself now worth about £80, at which my heart was glad, and blessed God. Many Dover men come and dine with my Lord. My Lord at ninepins in the afternoon. In the afternoon Mr. Sheply told me how my Lord had put me down for 70 guilders among the money which was given to my Lord's servants, which my heart did much rejoice at. My Lord supped alone in his chamber. Sir R. Stayner supped with us, and among other things told us how some of his men did grumble that no more of the Duke's money come to their share and so would not receive any; whereupon he called up those that had taken it, and gives them three shares apiece more, which was very good, and made good sport among the seamen. To bed.

31st. This day my Lord took physic, and came not out of his chamber. All the morning making orders. After dinner a great while below in the great cabin trying with W. Howe some of Mr. Laws' songs,[3] particularly that of

[1] Probably a book on St. Paul's in the possession of Mr. Shepley.

[2] "Divers maidens, in behalf of themselves and otners, presented a petition to the Lord Mayor of London, wherein they pray his Lordship to grant them leave and liberty to meet His Majesty on the day of his passing through the city; and if their petition be granted, that they will all be clad in white waistcoats and crimson petticoats, and other ornaments of triumph and rejoicing." — Rugge's *Diurnal*, May, 1660. — B.

[3] *A Dialogue on a Kisse ;* Book 3, Henry Lawes' *Treasury of Musick*, 1669, p. 29.

"What is a kiss," with which we had a great deal of pleasure. After that to making of orders again. Captain Sparling of the Assistance brought me a pair of silk stockings of a light blue, which I was much pleased with. The Captain and I to supper, and after that a most pleasant walk till 10 at night with him upon the deck, it being a fine evening. My pain was gone again that I had yesterday, blessed be God. This day the month ends, I in very good health, and all the world in a merry mood because of the King's coming. This day I began to teach Mr. Edward,[1] who I find to have a very good foundation laid for his Latin by Mr. Fuller. I expect every minute to hear how my poor wife do. I find myself in all things well as to body and mind, but troubled for the absence of my wife.

June 1st. This morning Mr. Sheply disposed of the money that the Duke of York did give my Lord's servants, 22 ducatoons[2] came to my share, whereof he told me to give Jaspar something because my Lord left him out. I did give Mr. Sheply the fine pair of buckskin gloves that I bought myself about five years ago. My Lord took physic to-day, and so come not out all day. The Captain on shore all day. After dinner Captain Jefferys and W. Howe, and the Lieutenant and I to ninepins, where I lost about two shillings and so fooled away all the afternoon. At night Mr. Cooke comes from London with letters, leaving all things there very gallant and joyful. And brought us word that the Parliament had ordered the 29th of May, the King's birthday,[3] to be for ever kept as a day of thanksgiving for our redemption from tyranny, and the King's return to his Government, he entering London that day. My wife was in London when he came thither, and had been there a week with Mr. Bowyer and his wife. My poor wife has not been

[1] Young Edward Montagu.

[2] Foreign coins were in frequent use at this time. A Proclamation, January 29th, 1660–61, declared certain foreign gold and silver coins to be current at certain rates. The rate of the ducatoon was at 5*s.* 9*d.*

[3] 12 Car. II. cap. 14, "An Act for a perpetual Anniversary Thanksgiving on the nine-and-twentieth day of May."

well a week before, but thanks be to God is well again. She would fain see me and be at her house again, but we must be content. She writes word how the Joyces grow very rich and very proud, but it is no matter, and that there was a talk that I should be knighted by the King, which they (the Joyces) laugh at; but I think myself happier in my wife and estate than they are in theirs. To bed. The Captain come on board, when I was going to bed, quite fuddled; and himself the next morning told me so too, that the Vice-Admiral, Rear-Admiral, and he had been drinking all day.

2d. Being with my Lord in the morning about business in his cabin, I took occasion to give him thanks for his love to me in the share that he had given me of his Majesty's money, and the Duke's. He told me he hoped to do me a more lasting kindness, if all things stand as they are now between him and the King, but, says he, "We must have a little patience and we will rise together; in the mean time I will do you all the good jobs I can." Which was great content for me to hear from my Lord. All the morning with the Captain, computing how much the thirty ships that come with the King from Scheveling their pay comes to for a month (because the King promised to give them all a month's pay), and it comes to £6,538, and the Charles particularly £777. I wish we had the money. All the afternoon with two or three captains in the Captain's cabin, drinking of white wine and sugar, and eating pickled oysters, where Captain Sparling told us the best story that ever I heard, about a gentleman that persuaded a country fool to let him gut his oysters or else they would stink. At night writing letters to London and Weymouth, for my Lord being now to sit in the House of Peers he endeavours to get Mr. Edward Montagu for Weymouth and Mr. George for Dover.[1] Mr. Cooke late with me in my cabin while I wrote to my wife, and drank a bottle of wine and so took leave of me on his journey and I to bed.

3d. Waked in the morning by one who when I asked who it was, he told me one from Bridewell, which proved Captain Holland. I rose presently to him. He is come to get

[1] One only of these two was elected, for Bullen Reymes became M.P. for Weymouth on June 22nd.

an order for the setting out of his ship, and to renew his commission. He tells me how every man goes to the Lord Mayor to set down their names, as such as do accept of his Majesty's pardon, and showed me a certificate under the Lord Mayor's hand that he had done so.

At sermon in the morning; after dinner into my cabin, to cast my accounts up, and find myself to be worth near £100, for which I bless Almighty God, it being more than I hoped for so soon, being I believe not clearly worth £25 when I came to sea besides my house and goods. Then to set my papers in order, they being increased much upon my hands through want of time to put them in order. The ship's company all this while at sermon. After sermon my Lord did give me instruction to write to London about business, which done, after supper to bed.

4th. Waked in the morning at four o'clock to give some money to Mr. Hetly, who was to go to London with the letters that I wrote yesterday night. After he was gone I went and lay down in my gown upon my bed again an hour or two. At last waked by a messenger come for a Post Warrant for Mr. Hetly and Mr. Creed, who stood to give so little for their horses that the men would not let them have any without a warrant, which I sent them. All the morning getting Captain Holland's commission done, which I did, and he at noon went away. I took my leave of him upon the quarter-deck with a bottle of sack, my Lord being just set down to dinner. Then he being gone I went to dinner and after dinner to my cabin to write. This afternoon I showed my Lord my accounts, which he passed, and so I think myself to be worth near £100 now. In the evening I made an order for Captain Sparling of the Assistance to go to Middleburgh, to fetch over some of the King's goods. I took the opportunity to send all my Dutch money, 70 ducatoons and 29 gold ducats to be changed, if he can, for English money, which is the first venture that ever I made, and so I have been since a little afeard of it. After supper some music and so to bed. This morning the King's Proclamation against drinking, swearing, and debauchery, was read to our ships' companies in the fleet, and indeed it gives great satisfaction to all.[1]

[1] The King's "Proclamation against vicious, debauched, and pro-

5th. A-bed late. In the morning my Lord went on shore with the Vice-Admiral a-fishing, and at dinner returned. In the afternoon I played at ninepins with my Lord, and when he went in again I got him to sign my accounts for £115, and so upon my private balance I find myself confirmed in my estimation that I am worth £100. In the evening in my cabin a great while getting the song without book, "Help, help Divinity, &c."[1] After supper my Lord called for the lieutenant's cittern,[2] and with two candlesticks with money in them for symballs,[3] we made barber's music,[4] with which my Lord was well pleased. So to bed.

6th. In the morning I had letters come, that told me among other things, that my Lord's place of Clerk of the Signet was fallen to him, which he did most lovingly tell me that I should execute, in case he could not get a better employment for me at the end of the year. Because he thought that the Duke of York would command all, but he hoped that the Duke would not remove me but to my advantage.

I had a great deal of talk about my uncle Robert,[5] and he told me that he could not tell how his mind stood as to his estate, but he would do all that lay in his power for me. After dinner came Mr. Cooke from London, who told me that my wife he left well at Huntsmore, though her health not altogether so constant as it used to be, which my heart is troubled for. Mr. Moore's letters tell me that he thinks

phane Persons" is dated May 30th. It is printed in "Somers's Tracts," ed. 1812, vol. vii. p. 423.

[1] "Help, help, O help, Divinity of Love," by Henry Lawes, printed in "The Second Book of Ayres and Dialogues." London (Playford), 1655. It is entitled "A Storme."

[2] Cittern (cither), a musical instrument having wire strings, sounded with a plectrum.

[3] Symballs, *i.e.* cymbals.

[4] In the "Notices of Popular Histories," printed for the Percy Society, there is a curious woodcut representing the interior of a barber's shop, in which, according to the old custom, the person waiting to be shaved is playing on the "ghittern" till his turn arrives. Decker also mentions a "barber's cittern," for every serving-man to play upon. This is no doubt "the barber's music" with which Lord Sandwich entertained himself. — B.

[5] Robert Pepys of Brampton, eldest son of Thomas Pepys the red and brother of Samuel's father.

my Lord will be suddenly sent for up to London, and so I got myself in readiness to go.

My letters tell me, that Mr. Calamy [1] had preached before the King in a surplice (this I heard afterwards to be false); that my Lord, Gen. Monk, and three more Lords, are made Commissioners for the Treasury; [2] that my Lord had some great place conferred on him, and they say Master of the Wardrobe; [3] that the two Dukes [4] do haunt the Park much, and that they were at a play, Madam Epicene,[5] the other day; that Sir Ant. Cooper, Mr. Hollis, and Mr. Annesly,[6] late President of the Council of State, are made Privy Councillors to the King. At night very busy sending Mr. Donne away to London, and wrote to my father for a coat to be made me against I come to London, which I think will not be long. At night Mr. Edward Montagu came on board and staid long up with my Lord. I to bed and about one in the morning.

7th. W. Howe called me up to give him a letter to carry

[1] Edmund Calamy, D.D., the celebrated Nonconformist divine, born February, 1600, appointed Chaplain to Charles II., 1660. He refused the bishopric of Lichfield which was offered to him. Died October 29th, 1666.

[2] The names of the Commissioners were — Sir Edward Hyde, afterwards Earl of Clarendon, General Monk, Thomas, Earl of Southampton, John, Lord Robartes, Thomas, Lord Colepeper, Sir Edward Montagu, with Sir Edward Nicholas and Sir William Morrice as principal Secretaries of State. The patents are dated June 19th, 1660.

[3] The duty of the Master of the Wardrobe was to provide "proper furniture for coronations, marriages, and funerals" of the sovereign and royal family, "cloaths of state, beds, hangings, and other necessaries for the houses of foreign ambassadors, cloaths of state for Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Prince of Wales, and ambassadors abroad," as also to provide robes for Ministers of State, Knights of the Garter, &c. The last Master of the Wardrobe was Ralph, Duke of Montague, who died 1709.

[4] Duke of York and Duke of Gloucester.

[5] "Epicene, or the Silent Woman," a comedy, by Ben Jonson.

[6] Arthur Annesley, afterwards second Viscount Valentia, born July 10th, 1614. He had been chosen President of the Council of State in February, 1660. He was a Parliamentarian as long as that cause was in the ascendant, but was instrumental in the restoration of Charles II., for which service he was amply rewarded. He was Treasurer of the Navy from 1666 to 1668, and held the office of Lord Privy Seal from 1672 to 1682. Created Earl of Anglesea, 1661. He wrote several books, and died April 26th, 1686.

to my Lord that came to me to-day, which I did and so to sleep again. About three in the morning the people began to wash the deck, and the water came pouring into my mouth, which waked me, and I was fain to rise and get on my gown, and sleep leaning on my table. This morning Mr. Montagu went away again. After dinner come Mr. John Wright and Mr. Moore, with the sight of whom my heart was very glad. They brought an order for my Lord's coming up to London, which my Lord resolved to do to-morrow. All the afternoon getting my things in order to set forth to-morrow. At night walked up and down with Mr. Moore, who did give me an account of all things at London. Among others, how the Presbyterians would be angry if they durst, but they will not be able to do any thing. Most of the Commanders on board and supped with my Lord. Late at night came Mr. Edw. Pickering from London, but I could not see him this night. I went with Mr. Moore to the Master's cabin, and saw him there in order to going to bed. After that to my own cabin to put things in order and so to bed.

8th. Out early, took horses at Deale. I troubled much with the King's gittar, and Fairbrother, the rogue that I intrusted with the carrying of it on foot, whom I thought I had lost. Col. Dixwell's horse taken by a soldier and delivered to my Lord, and by him to me to carry to London. Came to Canterbury, dined there. I saw the minster and the remains of Becket's tomb. To Sittingborne and Rochester. At Chatham and Rochester the ships and bridge. Mr. Hetly's mistake about dinner. Come to Gravesend. A good handsome wench I kissed, the first that I have seen a great while. Supped with my Lord, drank late below with Penrose, the Captain. To bed late, having first laid out all my things against to-morrow to put myself in a walking garb. Weary and hot to bed to Mr. Moore.

9th. Up betimes, 25*s.* the reckoning for very bare. Paid the house and by boats to London, six boats. Mr. Moore, W. Howe, and I, and then the child in the room of W. Howe. Landed at the Temple. To Mr. Crew's. To my father's and put myself into a handsome posture to wait upon my Lord, dined there. To White Hall with my Lord

and Mr. Edwd. Montagu. Found the King in the Park. There walked. Gallantly great.

10th. (Lord's day.) At my father's found my wife and to walk with her in Lincoln's Inn walks.[1]

11th. Betimes to my Lord. Extremely much people and business. So with him to Whitehall to the Duke. Back with him by coach and left him in Covent Garden. I back to Will's and the Hall to see my father. Then to the Leg in King Street with Mr. Moore, and sent for L'Impertinent to dinner with me. After that with Mr. Moore about Privy Seal business. To Mr. Watkins, so to Mr. Crew's. Then towards my father's met my Lord and with him to Dorset House[2] to the Chancellor. So to Mr. Crew's and saw my Lord at supper, and then home, and went to see Mrs. Turner, and so to bed.

12th. Visited by the two Pierces, Mr. Blackburne, Dr. Clerk and Mr. Creed, and did give them a ham of bacon. So to my Lord and with him to the Duke of Gloucester. The two Dukes dined with the Speaker, and I saw there a fine entertainment and dined with the pages. To Mr. Crew's, whither came Mr. Greatorex, and with him to the Faithornes,[3] and so to the Devils tavern. To my Lord's and staid till 12 at night about business. So to my father's, my father and mother in bed, who had been with my uncle Fenner, &c., and my wife all day and expected me. But I found Mr. Cook there, and so to bed.

[1] Lincoln's Inn Gardens were originally known as Coneygarth, from the rabbits which burrowed there. Ben Jonson mentions them: —

"The walks of Lincoln's Inn
Under the Elms." — *The Devil is an Ass.*

[2] Dorset House, in Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, at this time occupied by the Chancellor, once the residence of the Bishops of Salisbury, one of whom (Jewel) alienated it to the Sackville family. The house being afterwards pulled down, a theatre was built on its site, in which the Duke of York's troop performed. The name is still preserved in Dorset Street.

[3] William Faithorne the elder, engraver and portrait painter, born in London in 1616. On the outbreak of the Civil War he took up arms for the King, and was confined for a time in Aldersgate as a prisoner of war. He was banished for refusing to take the oath to Oliver Cromwell, but obtained permission to return to England in 1650, when he settled at the sign of the Drake, outside Temple Bar. About 1680 he went to Printing House Yard, Blackfriars, and died May, 1691.

13th. To my Lord's and thence to the Treasurer's of the Navy,[1] with Mr. Creed and Pierce the Purser to Rawlinson's, whither my uncle Wight came, and I spent 12*s.* upon them. So to Mr. Crew's, where I blotted a new carpet that was hired, but got it out again with fair water.[2] By water with my Lord in a boat to Westminster, and to the Admiralty, now in a new place. After business done there to the Rhenish wine-house with Mr. Blackburne, Creed, and Wivell. So to my Lord's lodging and to my father's, and to bed.

14th. Up to my Lord and from him to the Treasurer of the Navy for £500. After that to a tavern with Washington the Purser, very gallant, and ate and drank. To Mr. Crew's and laid my money. To my Lady Pickering[3] with the plate that she did give my Lord the other day. Then to Will's and met William Symons and Doling and Luellin, and with them to the Bull-head,[4] and then to a new alehouse in Brewer's Yard, where Winter that had the fray with Stoakes, and from them to my father's.

15th. All the morning at the Commissioners of the Navy about getting out my bill for £50 for the last quarter, which I got done with a great deal of ease, which is not common. After that with Mr. Turner to the Dolphin and drunk, and so by water to W. Symons, where D. Scobell with his wife, a pretty and rich woman. Mrs. Symons, a very fine woman, very merry after dinner with marrying of Luellin and D. Scobell's kinswoman that was there. Then to my Lord who told me how the King has given him the place of the great Wardrobe.[5] My Lord resolves to have Sarah

[1] Sir George Carteret had been appointed Treasurer of the Navy at the Restoration in succession to Richard Hutchinson. See *post*, July 3rd, 1660.

[2] It was customary to use carpets as table cloths.

[3] Elizabeth Montagu, sister to the Earl of Sandwich, who had married Sir Gilbert Pickering, Bart., of Nova Scotia, and of Tichmersh, co. Northampton.

[4] There was another Bull Head at Charing Cross. There were several Brewer's Yards in London, but this was probably the one on the south side of the Strand, near Hungerford Market; and the Bull Head tavern was doubtless the one at Charing Cross.

[5] The house attached to the office of the Master of the Wardrobe was near Puddle Wharf, Blackfriars. It was built by Sir John Beauchamp (d. 1359), and his executors sold it to Edward III. When Stow drew up his Survey, Sir John Fortescue was lodged in the house as Master of the Wardrobe.

again.[1] I to my father's, and then to see my uncle and aunt Fenner. So home and to bed.

16th. Rose betimes and abroad in one shirt, which brought me a great cold and pain. Muford took me to Harvey's by my father's to drink and told me of a business that I hope to get £5 by. To my Lord, and so to White Hall with him about the Clerk of the Privy Seal's place, which he is to have. Then to the Admiralty, where I wrote some letters. Here Coll. Thompson told me, as a great secret, that the Nazeby was on fire when the King was there, but that is not known; when God knows it is quite false. Got a piece of gold from Major Holmes[2] for the horse of Dixwell's I brought to town. Dined at Mr. Crew's, and after dinner with my Lord to Whitehall. Court attendance infinite tedious. Back with my Lord to my Lady Wright's and staid till it had done raining, which it had not done a great while. After that at night home to my father's and to bed.

17th (Lord's day). Lay long abed. To Mr. Mossum's; a good sermon. This day the organs did begin to play at White Hall before the King.[3] Dined at my father's. After dinner to Mr. Mossum's again, and so in the garden, and heard Chippell's father preach, that was Page to the Protector, and just by the window that I stood at sat Mrs. Butler, the great beauty.[4] After sermon to my Lord. Mr. Edward and I into Gray's Inn walks, and saw many beauties. So to my father's, where Mr. Cook, W. Bowyer, and my coz Roger Wharton supped and to bed.

18th. To my Lord's, where much business and some hopes of getting some money thereby. With him to the Parliament House, where he did intend to have gone to have made his appearance to-day, but he met Mr. Crew upon the stairs, and would not go in. He went to Mrs. Brown's, and

[1] Mrs. Sarah, Lord Sandwich's housekeeper.

[2] Afterwards Sir Robert Holmes. He is styled "Major," although in the navy. Thus Lord Sandwich and Sir W. Penn were called "Generals;" see also January 6th, 1661–2.

[3] All organs were removed from churches by an ordinance dated 1644.

[4] Frances Butler, sister to Mons. l'Impertinent; see February 17th, 1659–60.

staid till word was brought him what was done in the House. This day they made an end of the twenty men to be excepted from pardon to their estates. By barge to Stepny with my Lord, where at Trinity House we had great entertainment.[1] With my Lord there went Sir W. Pen, Sir H. Wright, Hetly, Pierce, Creed, Hill, I and other servants. Back again to the Admiralty, and so to my Lord's lodgings, where he told me that he did look after the place of the Clerk of the Acts[2] for me. So to Mr. Crew's and my father's and to bed. My wife went this day to Huntsmore for her things, and I was very lonely all night. This evening my wife's brother, Balty, came to me to let me know his bad condition and to get a place for him, but I perceive he stands upon a place for a gentleman, that may not stain his family when, God help him, he wants bread.

19th. Called on betimes by Murford, who showed me five pieces to get a business done for him and I am resolved to do it. Much business at my Lord's. This morning my Lord went into the House of Commons, and there had the thanks of the House, in the name of the Parliament and Commons of England, for his late service to his King and Country. A motion was made for a reward for him, but it was quashed by Mr. Annesly, who, above most men, is engaged to my Lord's and Mr. Crew's families. Meeting with Captain Stoakes at Whitehall, I dined with him and Mr. Gullop, a parson (with whom afterwards I was much offended at his importunity and impertinence, such another as Elborough),[3] and Mr. Butler, who complimented much after the same manner as the parson did. After that towards my Lord's at Mr. Crew's, but was met with by a servant of my Lady Pickering, who took me to her and she told me the story of her husband's case and desired my assistance with my Lord, and did give me, wrapped up in paper, £5 in silver. After that to my Lord's, and with him to Whitehall and my lady Pickering. My Lord went at night with

[1] The old hall of the Trinity House was at Deptford. The present building on Tower Hill was erected 1793–95.

[2] The letters patent appointing Pepys to the office of Clerk of the Acts is dated July 13th, 1660.

[3] Thomas Elborough was one of Pepys's schoolfellows, and afterwards parson of St. Lawrence Poultney.

the King to Baynard's Castle[1] to supper, and I home to my father's to bed. My wife and the girl and dog came home to-day. When I came home I found a quantity of chocolate left for me, I know not from whom. We hear of W. Howe being sick to-day, but he was well at night.

20th. Up by 4 in the morning to write letters to sea and a commission for him that Murford solicited for. Called on by Captain Sparling, who did give me my Dutch money again, and so much as he had changed into English money, by which my mind was eased of a great deal of trouble. Some other sea captains. I did give them a good morning draught, and so to my Lord (who lay long in bed this day, because he came home late from supper with the King). With my Lord to the Parliament House, and, after that, with him to General Monk's, where he dined at the Cockpit. I home and dined with my wife, now making all things ready there again. Thence to my Lady Pickering, who did give me the best intelligence about the Wardrobe. Afterwards to the Cockpit to my Lord with Mr. Townsend, one formerly and now again to be employed as Deputy of the Wardrobe. Thence to the Admiralty, and despatched away Mr. Cooke to sea; whose business was a letter from my Lord about Mr. G. Montagu to be chosen as a Parliament-man in my Lord's room at Dover;[2] and another to the Vice-Admiral to give my Lord a constant account of all things in the fleet, merely that he may thereby keep up his power there; another letter to Captn. Cuttance to send the barge that brought the King on shore, to Hinchingbroke by Lynne.[3] To my own house, meeting G. Vines, and drank with him at Charing Cross, now the King's Head Tavern.[4] With my wife to my father's, where met with Swan,[5] an old hypocrite, and with him, his friend and my father, and my cozen Scott to the Bear Tavern. To my father's and to bed.

[1] Baynard's Castle, Thames Street, was garrisoned by the Parliament in 1648. It was destroyed in the Great Fire.

[2] The Hon. George Montagu of Horton, co. Northampton, was elected M.P. for Dover, August 16th, 1660, in place of the Earl of Sandwich.

[3] Whence it would go by water carriage.

[4] At the King's Head there was a half-crown ordinary.

[5] William Swan is called a fanatic and a very rogue in other parts of the Diary.

21st. To my Lord, much business. With him to the Council Chamber, where he was sworn; and the charge of his being admitted Privy Counsellor is £26. To the Dog Tavern at Westminster, where Murford with Captain Curle and two friends of theirs went to drink. Captain Curle, late of the Maria, gave me five pieces in gold and a silver can for my wife for the Commission I did give him this day for his ship, dated April 20, 1660 last. Thence to the Parliament door and came to Mr. Crew's to dinner with my Lord, and with my Lord to see the great Wardrobe, where Mr. Townsend brought us to the governor of some poor children in tawny clothes, who had been maintained there these eleven years, which put my Lord to a stand how to dispose of them, that he may have the house for his use. The children did sing finely, and my Lord did bid me give them five pieces in gold at his going away. Thence back to White Hall, where, the King being gone abroad, my Lord and I walked a great while discoursing of the simplicity of the Protector, in his losing all that his father had left him. My Lord told me, that the last words that he parted with the Protector with (when he went to the Sound), were, that he should rejoice more to see him in his grave at his return home, than that he should give way to such things as were then in hatching, and afterwards did ruin him: and the Protector said, that whatever G. Montagu, my Lord Broghill,[1] Jones,[2] and the Secretary, would have him to do, he would do it, be it what it would. Thence to my wife, meeting Mr. Blagrave, who went home with me, and did give me a lesson upon the flageolet, and handselled my silver can with my wife and me. To my father's, where Sir Thomas Honeywood and his family were come of a sudden, and so we forced to lie all together in a little chamber, three stories high.

22d. To my Lord, where much business. With him to White Hall, where the Duke of York not being up, we walked a good while in the Shield Gallery. Mr. Hill (who

[1] Roger Boyle, fifth son of Richard, Earl of Cork, born April 25th, 1621, and at the age of seven created Lord Broghill. He was created Earl of Orrery in 1660. Died October 16th, 1679.

[2] Colonel John Jones was M.P. for the City of London in the Parliament summoned to meet May 8th, 1661.

for these two or three days hath constantly attended my Lord) told me of an offer of £500 for a Baronet's dignity, which I told my Lord of in the balcone in this gallery, and he said he would think of it. I to my Lord's and gave order for horses to be got to draw my Lord's great coach to Mr. Crew's. Mr. Morrice the upholsterer came himself to-day to take notice what furniture we lack for our lodgings at Whitehall. My dear friend Mr. Fuller of Twickenham [1] and I dined alone at the Sun Tavern, where he told me how he had the grant of being Dean of St. Patrick's, in Ireland; and I told him my condition, and both rejoiced one for another. Thence to my Lord's, and had the great coach to Brigham's, who went with me to the Half Moon, and gave me a can of good julep,[2] and told me how my Lady Monk [3] deals with him and others for their places, asking him £500, though he was formerly the King's coach-maker, and sworn to it. My Lord abroad, and I to my house and set things in a little order there. So with Mr. Moore to my father's, I staying with Mrs. Turner who stood at her door as I passed. Among other things she told me for certain how my old Lady Middlesex —— herself the other day in the presence of the King, and people took notice of it. Thence called at my father's, and so to Mr. Crew's, where Mr. Hetley had sent a letter for me, and two pair of silk stockings, one for W. Howe, and the other for me. To Sir H. Wright's to my Lord, where he was, and took direction about business, and so by link home about 11 o'clock. To bed, the first time since my coming from sea, in my own house, for which God be praised.

23d. By water with Mr. Hill towards my Lord's lodging and so to my Lord. With him to Whitehall, where I left him and went to Mr. Holmes to deliver him the horse of Dixwell's that had staid there fourteen days at the Bell. So to my Lord's lodgings, where Tom Guy came to me, and there staid to see the King touch people for the King's evil.[4] But he did not come at all, it rayned so; and the

[1] See *ante*, January 17th, 1660.

[2] A sweet drink which still survives in pharmacy, and the name is used in the United States for a special drink called mint julep.

[3] Anne Clarges, Lady Monk, and Duchess of Albemarle.

[4] This ceremony is usually traced to Edward the Confessor, but there

poor people were forced to stand all the morning in the rain in the garden. Afterward he touched them in the Banquetting-house. With my Lord, to my Lord Frezendorfe's,[1] where he dined to-day. Where he told me that he had obtained a promise of the Clerk of the Acts place for me, at which I was glad. Met with Mr. Chetwind, and dined with him at Hargrave's, the Cornchandler, in St. Martin's Lane, where a good dinner, where he showed me some good pictures, and an instrument he called an Angelique.[2] With

is no direct evidence of the early Norman kings having touched for the evil. Sir John Fortescue, in his defence of the House of Lancaster against that of York, argued that the crown could not descend to a female, because the Queen is not qualified by the form of anointing her, used at the coronation, to cure the disease called the King's evil. Burn asserts, "History of Parish Registers," 1862, p. 179, that "between 1660 and 1682, 92,107 persons were touched for the evil." Everyone coming to the court for that purpose, brought a certificate signed by the minister and church-wardens, that he had not at any time been touched by His Majesty. The practice was supposed to have expired with the Stuarts, but the point being disputed, reference was made to the library of the Duke of Sussex, and four several Oxford editions of the Book of Common Prayer were found, all printed after the accession of the house of Hanover, and all containing, as an integral part of the service, "The Office for the Healing." The stamp of gold with which the King crossed the sore of the sick person was called an angel, and of the value of ten shillings. It had a hole bored through it, through which a ribbon was drawn, and the angel was hanged about the patient's neck till the cure was perfected. The stamp has the impression of St. Michael the Archangel on one side, and a ship in full sail on the other. "My Lord Anglesey had a daughter cured of the King's evil with three others on Tuesday." — MS. Letter of William Greenhill to Lady Bacon, dated December 31st, 1629, preserved at Audley End. Charles II. "touched" before he came to the throne. "It is certain that the King hath very often touched the sick, as well at Breda, where he touched 260 from Saturday the 17 of April to Sunday the 23 of May, as at Bruges and Bruxels, during the residence he made there; and the English assure . . . it was not without success, since it was the experience that drew thither every day, a great number of those diseased even from the most remote provinces of Germany." — Sir William Lower's *Relation of the Voiage and Residence which Charles the II. hath made in Holland*, Hague, 1660, p. 78. Sir William Lower gives a long account of the touching for the evil by Charles before the Restoration.

[1] John Frederic de Friesendorff, ambassador from Sweden to Charles II., who created him a baronet, 1661.

[2] An angelique is described as a species of guitar in Murray's "New English Dictionary," and this passage from the Diary is given as a

him to London, changing all my Dutch money at Backwell's[1] for English, and then to Cardinal's Cap, where he and the City Remembrancer who paid for all. Back to Westminster, where my Lord was, and discoursed with him awhile about his family affairs. So he went away, I home and wrote letters into the country, and to bed.

24th. Sunday. Drank my morning draft at Harper's, and bought a pair of gloves there. So to Mr. G. Montagu, and told him what I had received from Dover, about his business likely to be chosen there. So home and thence with my wife towards my father's. She went thither, I to Mr. Crew's, where I dined and my Lord at my Lord Montagu of Boughton in Little Queen Street. In the afternoon to Mr. Mossum's with Mr. Moore, and we sat in Mr. Butler's pew. Then to Whitehall looking for my Lord but in vain, and back again to Mr. Crew's where I found him and did give him letters. Among others some simple ones from our Lieutenant, Lieut. Lambert to him and myself, which made Mr. Crew and us all laugh. I went to my father's to tell him that I would not come to supper, and so after my business done at Mr. Crew's I went home and my wife within a little while after me, my mind all this while full of thoughts for my place of Clerk of the Acts.

25th. With my Lord at White Hall all the morning. I spoke with Mr. Coventry about my business, who promised me all the assistance I could expect. Dined with young Mr. Powell, lately come from the Sound, being amused at our great changes here, and Mr. Southerne, now Clerk to Mr. Coventry, at the Leg in King-street. Thence to the Admiralty, where I met with Mr. Turner,[2] of the Navy-office, who

quotation. The word appears as *angelot* in Phillips's "English Dictionary" (1678), and is used in Browning's "Sordello," as a "plaything of page or girl."

[1] Alderman Edward Backwell, an eminent banker and goldsmith, who is frequently mentioned in the Diary. His shop was in Lombard Street. He was ruined by the closing of the Exchequer by Charles II. in 1672. The crown then owed him £295,994 16*s.* 6*d.*, in lieu of which the King gave him an annuity of £17,759 13*s.* 8*d.* Backwell retired into Holland after the closing of the Exchequer, and died there in 1679. See Hilton Price's "Handbook of London Bankers," 1876.

[2] Thomas Turner (or Tourner) was General Clerk at the Navy Office, and on June 30th he offered Pepys £150 to be made joint Clerk

did look after the place of Clerk of the Acts. He was very civil to me, and I to him, and shall be so. There came a letter from my Lady Monk to my Lord about it this evening, but he refused to come to her, but meeting in White Hall, with Sir Thomas Clarges, her brother, my Lord returned answer, that he could not desist in my business; and that he believed that General Monk would take it ill if my Lord should name the officers in his army; and therefore he desired to have the naming of one officer in the fleet. With my Lord by coach to Mr. Crew's, and very merry by the way, discoursing of the late changes and his good fortune. Thence home, and then with my wife to Dorset House, to deliver a list of the names of the justices of the peace for Huntingdonshire. By coach, taking Mr. Fox part of the way with me, that was with us with the King on board the Nazeby, who I found to have married Mrs. Whittle,[1] that lived at Mr. Geer's so long. A very civil gentleman. At Dorset House I met with Mr. Kipps, my old friend, with whom the world is well changed, he being now sealbearer to the Lord Chancellor, at which my wife and I are well pleased, he being a very good natured man. Home and late writing letters. Then to my Lord's lodging, this being the first night of his coming to Whitehall to lie since his coming from sea.

26th. My Lord dined at his lodgings all alone to-day. I went to Secretary Nicholas[2] to carry him my Lord's resolutions about his title, which he had chosen, and that is Portsmouth.[3] I met with Mr. Throgmorton, a merchant, who went with me to the old Three Tuns,[4] at Charing Cross, who

of the Acts with him. In a list of the Admiralty officers just before the King came in, preserved in the British Museum, there occur, Richard Hutchinson, Treasury of the Navy, salary £1,500; Thomas Tourner, General Clerk, for himself and clerk, £100.

[1] Elizabeth, daughter of William Whittle of Lancashire, married to Mr., afterwards Sir Stephen Fox. See *ante*, May 24th (note).

[2] Sir Edward Nicholas, Secretary of State to Charles I. and II. He was dismissed from his office through the intrigues of Lady Castlemaine in 1663. He died 1669, aged seventy-seven.

[3] Montagu changed his mind, and ultimately took his title from the town of Sandwich, leaving that of Portsmouth for the use of a King's mistress.

[4] There is a token of "Thomas Darling at the Three Tuns neare Charing Cross." See "Boyne's Trade Tokens," vol. i. p. 557.

did give me five pieces of gold for to do him a small piece of service about a convoy to Bilbo, which I did. In the afternoon, one Mr. Watts came to me, a merchant, to offer me £500 if I would desist from the Clerk of the Acts place. I pray God direct me in what I do herein. Went to my house, where I found my father, and carried him and my wife to Whitefriars, and myself to Puddlewharf,[1] to the Wardrobe, to Mr. Townsend, who went with me to Backwell, the goldsmith's, and there we chose £100 worth of plate for my Lord to give Secretary Nicholas. Back and staid at my father's, and so home to bed.

27th. With my Lord to the Duke, where he spoke to Mr. Coventry to despatch my business of the Acts, in which place every body gives me joy, as if I were in it, which God send.[2] Dined with my Lord and all the officers of his regiment, who invited my Lord and his friends, as many as he would bring, to dinner, at the Swan,[3] at Dowgate, a poor house and ill dressed, but very good fish and plenty. Here Mr. Symons, the Surgeon, told me how he was likely to lose his estate that he had bought, at which I was not a little pleased. To Westminster, and with Mr. Howe by coach to the Speaker's, where my Lord supped with the King, but I could not get in. So back again, and after a song or two in my chamber in the dark, which do (now that the bed is out) sound very well, I went home and to bed.

28th. My brother Tom came to me with patterns to choose for a suit. I paid him all to this day, and did give him £10 upon account. To Mr. Coventry, who told me that

[1] Puddlewharf was at the foot of St. Andrew's Hill, Upper Thames Street, Blackfriars.

[2] The letters patent, dated July 13th, 12 Charles II., recite and revoke letters patent of February 16th, 14 Charles I., whereby the office of Clerk of the Ships had been given to Dennis Fleming and *Thomas Barlow*, or the survivor. D. F. was then dead, but T. B. living, and Samuel Pepys was appointed in his room, at a salary of £33 6*s.* 8*d.* per annum, with 3*s.* 4*d.* for each day employed in travelling, and £6 per annum for boat-hire, and all fees due. This salary was only the ancient "fee out of the Exchequer," which had been attached to the office for more than a century. Pepys's salary had been previously fixed at £350 a year.

[3] A token of William Burges, at the Swan at Dowgate Conduit, 1668, is described in "Boyne's Trade Tokens." by Williamson, vol. i., 1889, p. 583.

he would do me all right in my business. To Sir G. Downing, the first visit I have made him since he came. He is so stingy a fellow I care not to see him; I quite cleared myself of his office, and did give him liberty to take any body in. Hawly and he are parted too, he is going to serve Sir Thos. Ingram.[1] I went also this morning to see Mrs. Pierce, the chirurgeon ['s wife]. I found her in bed in her house in Margaret churchyard. Her husband returned to sea. I did invite her to go to dinner with me and my wife to-day. After all this to my Lord, who lay a-bed till eleven o'clock, it being almost five before he went to bed, they supped so late last night with the King. This morning I saw poor Bishop Wren[2] going to Chappel, it being a thanksgiving-day[3] for the King's return. After my Lord was awake, I went up to him to the Nursery, where he do lie, and, having talked with him a little, I took leave and carried my wife and Mrs. Pierce to Clothworkers'-Hall,[4] to dinner, where Mr. Pierce, the Purser, met us. We were invited by Mr. Chaplin,[5] the Victualler, where Nich. Osborne was. Our entertainment very good, a brave hall, good company, and very good music. Where among other things I was pleased that I could find out a man by his voice, whom I had never seen before, to be one that sang behind the curtaine formerly at Sir W. Davenant's[6] opera. Here Dr. Gauden and Mr. Gauden the victualler[7] dined with us.

[1] Sir Thomas Ingram was appointed Commissioner for Tangier.

[2] Matthew Wren, born 1585, successively Bishop of Hereford, Norwich, and Ely. At the commencement of the Rebellion he was sent to the Tower, and remained a prisoner there eighteen years. Died April 24th, 1667.

[3] "A Proclamation for setting apart a day of Solemn and Publick Thanksgiving throughout the whole Kingdom," dated June 5th, 1660.

[4] Clothworkers' Hall, in Mincing Lane. The original Hall was burned in the Great Fire. It will be seen from this entry that ladies were admitted to the dinners.

[5] Mr., afterwards Sir Francis Chaplin, from Bury St. Edmund's, Alderman of Vintry Ward and Clothworker. He was Sheriff in 1668, and Lord Mayor in 1677.

[6] This must either have been in Davenant's "Siege of Rhodes," acted at Rutland House in 1656, or in the same author's "Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru," acted at the Cockpit in 1658. It is unfortunate that the Diarist does not tell us who it was that sang behind the scenes.

[7] Dennis Gauden, Victualler to the Navy, subsequently knighted

After dinner to Mr. Rawlinson's,[1] to see him and his wife, and would have gone to my Aunt Wight,[2] but that her only child, a daughter, died last night. Home and to my Lord, who supped within, and Mr. E. Montagu, Mr. Thos. Crew, and others with him sat up late. I home and to bed.

29th. This day or two my maid Jane[3] has been lame, that we cannot tell what to do for want of her. Up and to White Hall, where I got my warrant from the Duke to be Clerk of the Acts. Also I got my Lord's warrant from the Secretary for his honour of Earle of Portsmouth, and Viscount Montagu of Hinchingbroke. So to my Lord, to give him an account of what I had done. Then to Sir Geffery Palmer,[4] to give them to him to have bills drawn upon them,

while sheriff of London: the large house at Clapham, in which Pepys died, was built by him, and intended as a palace for the Bishops of Winchester; his brother, Dr. John Gauden, then expecting to be translated from Exeter to that See, but he was promoted to Worcester. Sir Dennis was ultimately ruined, and his villa purchased by William Hewer.

[1] Daniel Rawlinson kept the Mitre in Fenchurch Street, and there is a farthing token of his extant, "At the Mitetr in Fenchurch Streete, D. M. R." The initials stand for Daniel and Margaret Rawlinson (see "Boyne's Trade Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i., 1889, p. 595). In "Reliquiæ Hearnianæ" (ed. Bliss, 1869, vol. ii. p. 39) is the following extract from Thomas Rawlinson's Note Book R.: "Of Daniel Rawlinson, my grandfather, who kept the Mitre tavern in Fenchurch Street, and of whose being sequestred in the Rump time I have heard much, the Whiggs tell this, that upon the king's murder he hung his signe in mourning. He certainly judged right. The honour of the Mitre was much eclipsed through the loss of so good a parent of the church of England. These rogues say, this endeared him so much to the churchmen that he soon throve amain and got a good estate." Mrs. Rawlinson died of the plague (see August 9th, 1666), and the house was burnt in the Great Fire. Mr. Rawlinson rebuilt the Mitre, and he had the panels of the great room painted with allegorical figures by Isaac Fuller. Daniel was father of Sir Thomas Rawlinson, of whom Thomas Hearne writes (October 1st, 1705): "Sir Thomas Rawlinson is chosen Lord Mayor of London for y^e^ ensueing notwithstanding the great opposition of y^e^ Whigg party" (Hearne's "Collections," ed. Doble, 1885, vol. i. p. 51). The well-known antiquaries, Thomas and Richard Rawlinson, sons of Sir Thomas, were therefore grandsons of Daniel.

[2] Edith Pepys, daughter of Samuel Pepys of Steeple Bumsted (died 1665), married Thomas Wight of Denston, co. Suffolk.

[3] Jane Wayneman.

[4] Sir Geoffrey Palmer, Attorney-General, and Chief Justice of Chester, 1660; created a baronet, 1661. Died 1670.

who told me that my Lord must have some good Latinist to make the preamble to his Patent, which must express his late service in the best terms that he can, and he told me in what high flaunting terms Sir J. Greenville[1] had caused his to be done, which he do not like; but that Sir Richard Fanshawe[2] had done General Monk's very well. Back to Westminster, and meeting Mr. Townsend in the Palace, he and I and another or two went and dined at the Leg there. Then to White Hall, where I was told by Mr. Hutchinson at the Admiralty, that Mr. Barlow,[3] my predecessor, Clerk of the Acts, is yet alive, and coming up to town to look after his place, which made my heart sad a little. At night told my Lord thereof, and he bade me get possession of my Patent; and he would do all that could be done to keep him out. This night my Lord and I looked over the list of the Captains, and marked some that my Lord had a mind to have put out. Home and to bed. Our wench very lame, abed these two days.

30th. By times to Sir R. Fanshawe to draw up the preamble to my Lord's Patent. So to my Lord, and with him to White Hall, where I saw a great many fine antique heads of marble, that my Lord Northumberland[4] had given the King. Here meeting with Mr. De Cretz,[5] he looked over many of the pieces in the gallery with me and told me [by]

[1] Sir John Grenville was a cousin of General Monk, and for his services in the cause of the Restoration was created Lord Grenville of Kilkhampton and Biddeford, Viscount Grenville of Lansdown, and Earl of Bath, April 20th, 1661. Died 1701.

[2] Sir Richard Fanshawe, knight and baronet, born at Ware Park, Herts, 1608, secretary to Charles II. at Breda, and after the Restoration M.P. for Cambridge. He negotiated the marriage with Catherine of Braganza. He was a good linguist, and "gave our language," says Campbell, "some of its earliest and most important translations from modern literature." He was appointed ambassador to Spain in 1664, and died at Madrid, 1666.

[3] Thomas Barlow was originally in the service of Algernon, Earl of Northumberland, and was appointed by him Muster Master of the Fleet under his command in 1636. He was appointed in 1638 joint Clerk of the Acts (with Dennis Fleming).

[4] Algernon Percy, tenth Earl of Northumberland, Lord High Admiral to Charles I.

[5] Thomas De Critz was Serjeant Painter to Charles I., and some account of him is given in Walpole's "Anecdotes of Painting." This Mr. De Cretz, who was probably his son, was a copier of pictures.

whose hands they were, with great pleasure. Dined at home and Mr. Hawly with me upon six of my pigeons, which my wife has resolved to kill here. This day came Will,[1] my boy, to me; the wench continuing lame, so that my wife could not be longer without somebody to help her. In the afternoon with Sir Edward Walker, at his lodgings by St. Giles Church, for my Lord's pedigree, and carried it to Sir R. Fanshawe. To Mr. Crew's, and there took money and paid Mrs. Anne, Mrs. Jemima's maid, off quite, and so she went away and another came to her. To White Hall with Mr. Moore, where I met with a letter from Mr. Turner, offering me £150 to be joined with me in my patent, and to advise me how to improve the advantage of my place, and to keep off Barlow. To my Lord's till late at night, and so home.

July 1st. This morning came home my fine Camlett cloak,[2] with gold buttons, and a silk suit, which cost me much money, and I pray God to make me able to pay for it. I went to the cook's and got a good joint of meat, and my wife and I dined at home alone. In the afternoon to the Abbey, where a good sermon by a stranger, but no Common Prayer yet. After sermon called in at Mrs. Crisp's, where I saw Mynheer Roder,[3] that is to marry Sam Hartlib's sister,[4] a great fortune for her to light on, she being worth nothing in the world. Here I also saw Mrs. Greenlife, who is come again to live in Axe Yard with her new husband Mr. Adams. Then to my Lord's, where I staid a while. So to see for Mr. Creed to speak about getting a copy of Barlow's patent. To my Lord's, where late at night comes Mr. Morland, whom I left prating with my Lord, and so home.

2nd. Infinite of business that my heart and head and all were full. Met with purser Washington, with whom and a lady, a friend of his, I dined at the Bell Tavern[5] in King

[1] William Wayneman was constantly getting into trouble, and Pepys had to cane him. He was dismissed on July 7th, 1663.

[2] Camlet was a mixed stuff of wool and silk. It was very expensive, and later Pepys gave £24 for a suit. (See June 1st, 1664.)

[3] John Roder, knighted August 5th, 1660. Le Neve calls him Roth, and says he was of Utrecht.

[4] Nan Hartlib.

[5] The Bell Tavern in King Street, Westminster, was of some antiquity.

Street, but the rogue had no more manners than to invite me and to let me pay my club. All the afternoon with my Lord, going up and down the town; at seven at night he went home, and there the principal Officers of the Navy,[1] among the rest myself was reckoned one. We had order to meet to-morrow, to draw up such an order of the Council as would put us into action before our patents were passed. At which my heart was glad. At night supped with my Lord, he and I together, in the great dining-room alone by ourselves, the first time I ever did it in London. Home to bed, my maid pretty well again.

3d. All the morning the Officers and Commissioners of the Navy, we met at Sir G. Carteret's[2] chamber, and agreed upon orders for the Council to supersede the old ones, and empower us to act. Dined with Mr. Stephens, the Treasurer's man of the Navy, and Mr. Turner, to whom I offered £50 out of my own purse for one year, and the benefit of a Clerk's allowance beside, which he thanked me for; but I find he hath some design yet in his head, which I could

It is mentioned in 1466 among Sir John Howard's expenses, and was famous in the reign of Queen Anne. Here the October Club met.

[1] A list of the Officers of the Admiralty, May 31st, 1660.

From a MS. in the Pepysian Library in Pepys's own handwriting.

His Royal Highness James, Duke of York, Lord High Admiral.
Sir George Carteret, Treasurer.
Sir Robert Slingsby, (soon after) Comptroller.
Sir William Batten, Surveyor.
Samuel Pepys, Esq., Clerk of the Acts.
John, Lord Berkeley [of Stratton],
Sir William Penn,
Peter Pett, Esq. } Commissioners.

— B.

[2] Sir George Carteret, born 1599, had originally been bred to the sea service, and became Comptroller of the Navy to Charles I., and Governor of Jersey, where he obtained considerable reputation by his gallant defence of that island against the Parliament forces. At the Restoration he was made Vice-Chamberlain to the King, Treasurer of the Navy, and a Privy Councillor, and in 1661 he was elected M.P. for Portsmouth. In 1666 he exchanged the Treasurership of the Navy with the Earl of Anglesea for the Vice-Treasurership of Ireland. He became a Commissioner of the Admiralty in 1673. He continued in favour with Charles II. till his death, January 14th, 1679, in his eightieth year. He married his cousin Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Philip Carteret, Knight of St. Ouen, and had issue three sons and five daughters.

not think of. In the afternoon my heart was quite pulled down, by being told that Mr. Barlow was to enquire to-day for Mr. Coventry; but at night I met with my Lord, who told me that I need not fear, for he would get me the place against the world. And when I came to W. Howe, he told me that Dr. Petty had been with my Lord, and did tell him that Barlow was a sickly man, and did not intend to execute the place himself, which put me in great comfort again. Till 2 in the morning writing letters and things for my Lord to send to sea. So home to my wife to bed.

4th. Up very early in the morning and landing my wife at White Friars stairs, I went to the Bridge and so to the Treasurer's of the Navy, with whom I spake about the business of my office, who put me into very good hopes of my business. At his house comes Commissioner Pett, and he and I went to view the house in Seething Lane, belonging to the Navy,[1] where I find the worst very good, and had great fears in my mind that they will shuffle me out of them, which troubles me. From thence to the Excise Office[2] in Broad Street, where I received £500 for my Lord, by appointment of the Treasurer, and went afterwards down with Mr. Luddyard and drank my morning draft with him and other officers. Thence to Mr. Backewell's, the goldsmith, where I took my Lord's £100 in plate for Mr. Secretary Nicholas, and my own piece of plate, being a state dish and cup in chased work for Mr. Coventry, cost me above £19. Carried these and the money by coach to my Lord's at White Hall, and from thence carried Nicholas's plate to his house and left it there, intending to speak with him anon. So to Westminster Hall, where meeting with Mons. L'Impertinent and W. Bowyer, I took them to the Sun Tavern, and gave them a lobster and some wine, and sat talking like a fool till 4 o'clock. So to my Lord's, and walking all the afternoon in White Hall Court, in expectation of what

[1] The Navy Office was erected on the site of Lumley House, formerly belonging to the Fratres Sanctæ Crucis (or Crutched Friars), and all business connected with naval concerns was transacted there till its removal to Somerset House. The ground was afterwards occupied by the East India Company's warehouses. The civil business of the Admiralty was removed from Somerset House to Spring Gardens in 1869.

[2] The first Excise Office was in Smithfield, and it was frequently removed to different parts of London.

shall be done in the Council as to our business. It was strange to see how all the people flocked together bare, to see the King looking out of the Council window. At night my Lord told me how my orders that I drew last night about giving us power to act, are granted by the Council. At which he and I were very glad. Home and to bed, my boy lying in my house this night the first time.

5th. This morning my brother Tom brought me my jack-anapes coat with silver buttons. It rained this morning, which makes us fear that the glory of this great day will be lost; the King and Parliament being to be entertained by the City to-day with great pomp.[1] Mr. Hater[2] was with me to-day, and I agreed with him to be my clerk. Being at White Hall, I saw the King, the Dukes, and all their attendants go forth in the rain to the City, and it bedraggled many a fine suit of clothes. I was forced to walk all the morning in White Hall, not knowing how to get out because of the rain. Met with Mr. Cooling,[3] my Lord Chamberlain's secretary, who took me to dinner among the gentlemen waiters, and after dinner into the wine-cellar. He told me how he had a project for all us Secretaries to join together, and get money by bringing all business into our hands. Thence to the Admiralty, where Mr. Blackburne and I (it beginning to hold up) went and walked an hour or two in the Park, he giving of me light in many things in my way in this office that I go about. And in the evening I got my present of plate carried to Mr. Coventry's. At my Lord's at night comes Dr. Petty to me, to tell me that

[1] "July 5th. His Majesty, the two Dukes, the House of Lords, and the House of Commons, and the Privy Council, dined at the Guildhall. Every Hall appeared with their colours and streamers to attend His Majesty; the Masters in gold chains. Twelve pageants in the streets between Temple Bar and Guildhall. Forty brace of bucks were that day spent in the City of London." — Rugge's *Diurnal.* — B.

[2] Thomas Hayter. He remained with Pepys for some time; and by his assistance was made Petty Purveyor of Petty Missions. He succeeded Pepys as Clerk of the Acts in 1673, and in 1679 he was Secretary of the Admiralty, and Comptroller of the Navy from 1680 to 1682. See *ante*, March 10th (note).

[3] Richard Cooling or Coling, A.M., of All Souls College, Secretary to the Earls of Manchester and Arlington when they filled the office of Lord Chamberlain, and a Clerk of the Privy Council in ordinary. There is a mezzotinto print of him in the Pepysian Collection. — B.

Barlow had come to town, and other things, which put me into a despair, and I went to bed very sad.

6th. In the morning with my Lord at Whitehall, got the order of the Council for us to act. From thence to Westminster Hall, and there met with the Doctor that shewed us so much kindness at the Hague, and took him to the Sun tavern, and drank with him. So to my Lord's and dined with W. Howe and Sarah, thinking it might be the last time that I might dine with them together. In the afternoon my Lord and I, and Mr. Coventry and Sir G. Carteret, went and took possession of the Navy Office, whereby my mind was a little cheered, but my hopes not great. From thence Sir G. Carteret and I to the Treasurer's Office, where he set some things in order. And so home, calling upon Sir Geoffry Palmer, who did give me advice about my patent, which put me to some doubt to know what to do, Barlow being alive. Afterwards called at Mr. Pim's, about getting me a coat of velvet, and he took me to the Half Moon, and the house so full that we staid above half an hour before we could get anything. So to my Lord's, where in the dark W. Howe and I did sing extemporys, and I find by use that we are able to sing a bass and a treble pretty well. So home, and to bed.

7th. To my Lord, one with me to buy a Clerk's place, and I did demand £100. To the Council Chamber, where I took an order for the advance of the salaries of the officers of the Navy, and I find mine to be raised to £350 per annum.[1] Thence to the Change, where I bought two fine prints of Ragotti from Rubens, and afterwards dined with my Uncle and Aunt Wight, where her sister Cox and her husband were. After that to Mr. Rawlinson's with my uncle, and thence to the Navy Office, where I began to take an inventory of the papers, and goods, and books of the office. To my Lord's, late writing letters. So home to bed.

8th (Lord's day). To White Hall chapel, where I got in with ease by going before the Lord Chancellor with Mr. Kipps. Here I heard very good music, the first time that ever I remember to have heard the organs and singing-men

[1] This salary was in place of the ancient fee out of the Exchequer of £33 6*s.* 8*d.*

in surplices in my life.[1] The Bishop of Chichester[2] preached before the King, and made a great flattering sermon, which I did not like that Clergy should meddle with matters of state. Dined with Mr. Luellin and Salisbury[3] at a cook's shop. Home, and staid all the afternoon with my wife till after sermon. There till Mr. Fairebrother came to call us out to my father's to supper. He told me how he had perfectly procured me to be made Master in Arts by proxy,[4] which did somewhat please me, though I remember my cousin Roger Pepys was the other day persuading me from it. While we were at supper came Wm. Howe to supper to us, and after supper went home to bed.

9th. All the morning at Sir G. Palmer's advising about

[1] During the Commonwealth organs were destroyed all over the country, and the following is the title of the Ordinances under which this destruction took place: "Two Ordinances of the Lords and Commons assembled in Parliament, for the speedy demolishing of all organs, images, and all matters of superstitious monuments in all Cathedrals and Collegiate or Parish Churches and Chapels throughout the Kingdom of England and the dominion of Wales; the better to accomplish the blessed reformation so happily begun, and to remove all offences and things illegal in the worship of God. Dated May 9th, 1644." When at the period of the Restoration music again obtained its proper place in the services of the Church, there was much work for the organ builders. According to Dr. Rimbault ("Hopkins on the Organ," 1855, p. 74), it was more than fifty years after the Restoration when our parish churches began commonly to be supplied with organs. Drake says, in his "Eboracum" (published in 1733), that at that date only one parish church in the city of York possessed an organ. Bernard Schmidt, better known as "Father Smith," came to England from Germany at the time of the Restoration, and he it was who built the organ at the Chapel Royal. He was in high favour with Charles II., who allowed him apartments in Whitehall Palace.

[2] Henry King, Dean of Rochester, advanced to the See of Chichester, February, 1641–42. Died September 30th, 1669, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

[3] Salisbury, portrait painter, not mentioned by Walpole.

[4] The Grace which passed the University, on this occasion, is preserved in Kennett's Chronicle, and commenced as follows: — "Cum Sam. Pepys, Coll. Magd. Inceptor in Artibus in Regiâ Classe existat e Secretis, exindeq. apud mare adeo occupatissimus ut Comitiis proximè futuris interesse non possit; placet vobis ut dictus S. P. admissionem suam necnon creationem recipiat ad gradum Magistri in Artibus sub personâ Timothei Wellfit, Inceptoris, &c. &c. — June 26, 1660." See *post*, August 14th, 1660. — B.

getting my bill drawn. From thence to the Navy office, where in the afternoon we met and sat, and there I begun to sign bills in the Office the first time. From thence Captain Holland and Mr. Browne of Harwich took me to a tavern and did give me a collation. From thence to the Temple to further my bills being done, and so home to my Lord, and thence to bed.

10th. This day I put on first my new silk suit, the first that ever I wore in my life. This morning came Nan Pepys' husband Mr. Hall to see me being lately come to town. I had never seen him before. I took him to the Swan tavern with Mr. Eglin and there drank our morning draft. Home, and called my wife, and took her to Dr. Clodius's to a great wedding of Nan Hartlib to Mynheer Roder, which was kept at Goring House [1] with very great state, cost, and noble company. But, among all the beauties there, my wife was thought the greatest. After dinner I left the company, and carried my wife to Mrs. Turner's. I went to the Attorney-General's, and had my bill which cost me seven pieces.[2] I called my wife, and set her home. And finding my Lord in White Hall garden, I got him to go to the Secretary's, which he did, and desired the dispatch of his and my bills to be signed by the King. His bill is to be Earl of Sandwich, Viscount Hinchingbroke, and Baron of St. Neot's.[3] Home, with my mind pretty quiet: not returning, as I said I would, to see the bride put to bed.

[1] Goring House in St. James's Park, the town residence of George, Lord Goring, Earl of Norwich. It occupied the site of Buckingham House, afterwards Buckingham Palace. Goring House was burnt in 1674, at which time the Earl of Arlington was living there.

[2] That would be £1 13*s.* 3*d.* The rate at which the Mexico or Seville piece of eight was to be received was 4*s.* 9*d.*

[3] The motive for Sir Edward Montagu's so suddenly altering his intended title is not explained; probably, the change was adopted as a compliment to the town of Sandwich, off which the Fleet was lying before it sailed to bring Charles from Scheveling. Montagu had also received marked attentions from Sir John Boys and other principal men at Sandwich; and it may be recollected, as an additional reason, that one or both of the seats for that borough have usually been placed at the disposal of the Admiralty. The title of Portsmouth was given, in 1673, *for her life*, to the celebrated Louise de Querouaille, and becoming extinct with her, was, in 1743, conferred upon John Wallop, Viscount Lymington, the ancestor of the present Earl of Portsmouth. — B.

11th. With Sir W. Pen by water to the Navy office, where we met, and dispatched business. And that being done, we went all to dinner to the Dolphin,[1] upon Major Brown's invitation. After that to the office again, where I was vexed, and so was Commissioner Pett, to see a busy fellow come to look out the best lodgings for my Lord Barkley,[2] and the combining between him and Sir W. Pen; and, indeed, was troubled much at it. Home to White Hall, and took out my bill signed by the King, and carried it to Mr. Watkins of the Privy Seal to be despatched there, and going home to take a cap, I borrowed a pair of sheets of Mr. Howe, and by coach went to the Navy office, and lay (Mr. Hater, my clerk, with me) at Commissioner Willoughby's[3] house, where I was received by him very civilly and slept well.

12th. Up early and by coach to White Hall with Commissioner Pett, where, after we had talked with my Lord, I went to the Privy Seal and got my bill perfected there, and at the Signet: and then to the House of Lords, and met with Mr. Kipps, who directed me to Mr. Beale to get my patent engrossed; but he not having time to get it done in Chancery-hand, I was forced to run all up and down Chancery-lane, and the Six Clerks' Office,[4] but could find

[1] Pepys was a frequent visitor to the Dolphin, which was conveniently situated in Tower Street. There is a farthing token of this tavern which is dated 1650 (see "Boyne's Trade Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i., 1889, p. 779).

[2] Sir John Berkeley, son of Sir Maurice Berkeley of Bruton, co. Somerset, knighted at Berwick in 1637–8. He was distinguished as a royalist officer in the Civil Wars, and created Baron Berkeley of Stratton in 1658 by letters patent dated at Brussels. At the Restoration he was appointed an Extra Commissioner of the Navy, which office he held until December, 1664; sworn in the Privy Council in 1663, and appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1670. He went as ambassador to France in 1674. He built, in 1665, a mansion in Piccadilly, at a cost of £30,000, called Berkeley House, which was destroyed by fire in 1733, when in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, and Devonshire House now occupies its site. He died in 1678.

[3] Willoughby's name does not occur in the list of "Naval Commissioners, 1660–1760, by Sir George Jackson," privately printed by Sir G. F. Duckett in 1889.

[4] The Six Clerks' Office was in Chancery Lane, near the Holborn end. The business of the office was to enrol commissions, pardons,

none that could write the hand, that were at leisure. And so in a despair went to the Admiralty, where we met the first time there, my Lord Montagu,[1] my Lord Barkley, Mr. Coventry, and all the rest of the principal Officers and Commissioners, [except] only the Controller, who is not yet chosen. At night to Mr. Kipps's lodgings, but not finding him, I went to Mr. Spong's and there I found him and got him to come to me to my Lord's lodgings at 11 o'clock of night, when I got him to take my bill to write it himself (which was a great providence that he could do it) against to-morrow morning. I late writing letters to sea by the post, and so home to bed. In great trouble because I heard at Mr. Beale's to-day that Barlow had been there and said that he would make a stop in the business.

13th. Up early, the first day that I put on my black camlett coat with silver buttons. To Mr. Spong, whom I found in his night-gown writing of my patent, and he had done as far as he could "for that &c." by 8 o'clock. It being done, we carried it to Worcester House[2] to the Chancellor, where Mr. Kipps (a strange providence that he should now be in a condition to do me a kindness, which I never thought him capable of doing for me), got me the Chancellor's recepi to my bill; and so carried it to Mr. Beale for a dockett; but he was very angry, and unwilling to do it, because he said it was ill writ (because I had got it writ by another hand, and

patents, warrants, &c., that had passed the Great Seal; also other business in Chancery. "In the early history of the Court of Chancery, the Six Clerks and their under-clerks appear to have acted as the attorneys of the suitors. As business increased, these under-clerks became a distinct body, and were recognized by the court under the denomination of 'sworn clerks,' or 'clerks in court.' The advance of commerce, with its consequent accession of wealth, so multiplied the subjects requiring the judgment of a Court of Equity, that the limits of a public office were found wholly inadequate to supply a sufficient number of officers to conduct the business of the suitors. Hence originated the 'Solicitors' of the Court of Chancery." See Smith's "Chancery Practice," p. 62, 3rd edit. The "Six Clerks" were abolished by act of Parliament, 5 Vict. c. 5.

[1] Edward, second Lord Montagu of Boughton. He died 1683.

[2] The Earls of Worcester had a large house in the Strand between Durham Place and the Savoy, the site of which is now marked by Beaufort Buildings, which Lord Clarendon rented while his own mansion was building.

not by him); but by much importunity I got Mr. Spong to go to his office and make an end of my patent; and in the mean time Mr. Beale to be preparing my dockett, which being done, I did give him two pieces, after which it was strange how civil and tractable he was to me. From thence I went to the Navy office, where we despatched much business, and resolved of the houses for the Officers and Commissioners, which I was glad of, and I got leave to have a door made me into the leads. From thence, much troubled in mind about my patent, I went to Mr. Beale again, who had now finished my patent and made it ready for the Seal, about an hour after I went to meet him at the Chancellor's. So I went away towards Westminster, and in my way met with Mr. Spong, and went with him to Mr. Lilly and ate some bread and cheese, and drank with him, who still would be giving me council of getting my patent out, for fear of another change, and my Lord Montagu's fall. After that to Worcester House, where by Mr. Kipps's means, and my pressing in General Montagu's name to the Chancellor, I did, beyond all expectation, get my seal passed; and while it was doing in one room, I was forced to keep Sir G. Carteret (who by chance met me there, ignorant of my business) in talk, while it was a doing. Went home and brought my wife with me into London, and some money, with which I paid Mr. Beale £9 in all, and took my patent of him and went to my wife again, whom I had left in a coach at the door of Hinde Court, and presented her with my patent at which she was overjoyed; so to the Navy office, and showed her my house, and were both mightily pleased at all things there, and so to my business. So home with her, leaving her at her mother's door. I to my Lord's, where I dispatched an order for a ship to fetch Sir R. Honywood home, for which I got two pieces of my Lady Honywood by young Mr. Powell. Late writing letters; and great doings of music at the next house, which was Whally's; the King and Dukes there with Madame Palmer,[1]

[1] Barbara Villiers, only child of William, second Viscount Grandison, born November, 1640, married April 14th, 1659, to Roger Palmer, created Earl of Castlemaine, 1661. She became the King's mistress soon after the Restoration, and was in 1670 made Baroness Nonsuch, Countess of Southampton, and Duchess of Cleveland. She had six

a pretty woman that they have a fancy to, to make her husband a cuckold. Here at the old door that did go into his lodgings, my Lord, I, and W. Howe, did stand listening a great while to the music. After that home to bed. This day I should have been at Guildhall to have borne witness for my brother Hawly against Black Collar, but I could not, at which I was troubled. To bed with the greatest quiet of mind that I have had a great while, having ate nothing but a bit of bread and cheese at Lilly's to-day, and a bit of bread and butter after I was a-bed.

14th. Up early and advised with my wife for the putting of all our things in a readiness to be sent to our new house. To my Lord's, where he was in bed very late. So with Major Tollhurst[1] and others to Harper's, and I sent for my barrel of pickled oysters and there ate them; while we were doing so, comes in Mr. Pagan Fisher,[2] the poet, and promises me what he had long ago done, a book in praise of the King of France, with my armes, and a dedication to me very handsome. After him comes Mr. Sheply come from sea yesterday, whom I was glad to see that he may ease me of the trouble of my Lord's business. So to my Lord's,

children by the King, one of them being created Duke of Grafton, and the eldest son succeeding her as Duke of Cleveland. She subsequently married Beau Fielding, whom she prosecuted for bigamy. She died October 9th, 1709, aged sixty-nine. Her life was written by G. Steinman Steinman, and privately printed 1871, with addenda 1874, and second addenda 1878.

[1] Major Tollhurst was an old friend of Pepys's, and is mentioned again on January 9th, 1662–63.

[2] Payne Fisher, who styled himself Paganus Piscator, was born in 1616, in Dorsetshire, and removed from Hart Hall, Oxford, of which he had been a commoner, to Magdalene College, Cambridge, in 1634, and there took a degree of B.A., and first discovered a turn for poetry. He was afterwards a captain in the King's service at Marston Moor fight; but, leaving his command, employed his pen against the cause which he had supported with his sword, and became a favourite of Cromwell's. After the King's return, he obtained a scanty subsistence by flattering men in power, and was frequently imprisoned for debt. He borrowed from Pepys, see *post*, 28th of this same month. He died, 1693, in the Fleet Prison (Harl. MS. 1460). He published several poems, chiefly in Latin, and, in 1682, printed a book of Heraldry, with the arms of such of the gentry as he had waited upon with presentation copies. He was a man of talents, but vain, unsteady, and conceited, and a great time-server. — B.

where I staid doing his business and taking his commands. After that to Westminster Hall, where I paid all my debts in order to my going away from hence. Here I met with Mr. Eglin, who would needs take me to the Leg in King Street and gave me a dish of meat to dinner; and so I sent for Mons. L'Impertinent, where we sat long and were merry. After that parted, and I took Mr. Butler [Mons. L'Impertinent] with me into London by coach and shewed him my house at the Navy Office, and did give order for the laying in coals. So into Fenchurch Street, and did give him a glass of wine at Rawlinson's, and was trimmed in the street. So to my Lord's late writing letters, and so home, where I found my wife had packed up all her goods in the house fit for a removal. So to bed.

15th. Lay long in bed to recover my rest. Going forth met with Mr. Sheply, and went and drank my morning draft with him at Wilkinson's, and my brother Spicer.[1] After that to Westminster Abbey, and in Henry the Seventh's Chappell heard part of a sermon, the first that ever I heard there. To my Lord's and dined all alone at the table with him. After dinner he and I alone fell to discourse, and I find him plainly to be a sceptic in all things of religion, and to make no great matter of anything therein, but to be a perfect Stoic. In the afternoon to Henry the Seventh's Chappell, where I heard service and a sermon there, and after that meeting W. Bowyer there, he and I to the Park, and walked a good while till night. So to Harper's and drank together, and Captain Stokes came to us and so I fell into discourse of buying paper at the first hand in my office, and the Captain promised me to buy it for me in France. After that to my Lord's lodgings, where I wrote some business and so home. My wife at home all the day, she having no clothes out, all being packed up yesterday. For this month I have wholly neglected anything of news, and so have beyond belief been ignorant how things go, but now by my patent my mind is in some quiet, which God keep. I was not at my father's to-day, I being afraid to go for fear he should still solicit me to speak to my Lord for a place in the Wardrobe, which I dare not do, because of my own business yet. My wife and I mightily pleased with our

[1] Jack Spicer, brother clerk of the Privy Seal.

new house that we hope to have. My patent has cost me a great deal of money, about £40, which is the only thing at present which do trouble me much. In the afternoon to Henry the Seventh's chapel, where I heard a sermon and spent (God forgive me) most of my time in looking upon Mrs. Butler. After that with W. Bowyer to walk in the Park. Afterwards to my Lord's lodgings, and so home to bed, having not been at my father's to-day.

16th. This morning it proved very rainy weather so that I could not remove my goods to my house. I to my office and did business there, and so home, it being then sunrise, but by the time that I got to my house it began to rain again, so that I could not carry my goods by cart as I would have done. After that to my Lord's and so home and to bed.

17th. This morning (as indeed all the mornings now-a-days) much business at my Lord's. There came to my house before I went out Mr. Barlow, an old consumptive man, and fair conditioned, with whom I did discourse a great while, and after much talk I did grant him what he asked, viz., £50 per annum, if my salary be not increased, and £100 per annum, in case it be to £350, at which he was very well pleased to be paid as I received my money and not otherwise. Going to my Lord's I found my Lord had got a great cold and kept his bed, and so I brought him to my Lord's bedside, and he and I did agree together to this purpose what I should allow him. That done and the day proving fair I went home and got all my goods packed up and sent away, and my wife and I and Mrs. Hunt went by coach, overtaking the carts a-drinking in the Strand. Being come to my house and set in the goods, and at night sent my wife and Mrs. Hunt to buy something for supper; they bought a Quarter of Lamb, and so we ate it, but it was not half roasted. Will,[1] Mr. Blackburne's nephew, is so obe-

[1] William Hewer, of whose family little more is known than that his father died of the plague, September 14th, 1665. He was first the clerk, and afterwards the faithful friend of Pepys, who died in his house at Clapham, previously the residence of Sir Dennis Gauden. He was appointed Deputy Judge Advocate of the Fleet in 1677, and Commissioner of the Navy in 1685, and elected M.P. for Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, in 1685. He was also Treasurer for Tangier. Mr. Hewer was

dient, that I am greatly glad of him. At night he and I and Mrs. Hunt home by water to Westminster. I to my Lord, and after having done some business with him in his chamber in the Nursery, which has been now his chamber since he came from sea, I went on foot with a link-boy to my home, where I found my wife in bed and Jane washing the house, and Will the boy sleeping, and a great deal of sport I had before I could wake him. I to bed the first night that I ever lay here with my wife.

18th. This morning the carpenter made an end of my door out of my chamber upon the leads. This morning we met at the office: I dined at my house in Seething Lane, and after that, going about 4 o'clock to Westminster, I met with Mr. Carter and Mr. Cooke coming to see me in a coach, and so I returned home. I did also meet with Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, with a porter with him, with a barrel of Lemons, which my man Burr sends me from sea. I took all these people home to my house and did give them some drink, and after them comes Mr. Sheply, and after a little stay we all went by water to Westminster as far as the New Exchange.[1] Thence to my Lord about business, and being in talk in comes one with half a buck from Hinchinbroke, and it smelling a little strong my Lord did give it me (though it was as good as any could be). I did carry it to my mother, where I had not been a great while, and indeed had no great mind to go, because my father did lay upon me continually to do him a kindness at the Wardrobe, which I could not do because of my own business being so fresh with my Lord. But my father was not at home, and so I did leave the venison with her to dispose of as she pleased. After that home, where W. Hewer now was, and did lie this night with us, the first night. My mind very quiet, only a little trouble I have for the great debts which

buried in the old church at Clapham, where a large monument of marble, with his bust in alto-relievo, erected to his memory, was, on the rebuilding of the church, placed outside.

[1] The New Exchange on the south side of the Strand, built on the site of the stables of Durham House. The first stone was laid June 10th, 1608, and the new building was named by James I. "Britain's Burse." It was a much frequented place after the Restoration, and the destruction of the Royal Exchange in the Great Fire caused it much prosperity for a time. It was taken down in 1737.

I have still upon me to the Secretary, Mr. Kipps, and Mr. Spong for my patent.

19th. I did lie late a-bed. I and my wife by water, landed her at Whitefriars with her boy with an iron of our new range which is already broke and my wife will have changed, and many other things she has to buy with the help of my father to-day. I to my Lord and found him in bed. This day I received my commission to swear people the oath of allegiance and supremacy delivered me by my Lord.[1] After talk with my Lord I went to Westminster Hall, where I took Mr. Michell and his wife, and Mrs. Murford we sent for afterwards, to the Dog Tavern, where I did give them a dish of anchovies and olives and paid for all, and did talk of our old discourse when we did use to talk of the King, in the time of the Rump, privately; after that to the Admiralty Office, in White Hall, where I staid and writ my last observations for these four days last past. Great talk of the difference between the Episcopal and Presbyterian Clergy, but I believe it will come to nothing. So home and to bed.

20th. We sat at the office this morning, Sir W. Batten and Mr. Pett being upon a survey to Chatham. This morning I sent my wife to my father's and he is to give me £5 worth of pewter. After we rose at the office, I went to my father's, where my Uncle Fenner and all his crew and Captain Holland and his wife and my wife were at dinner at a venison pasty of the venison that I did give my mother the other day. I did this time show so much coldness to W. Joyce that I believe all the table took notice of it. After that to Westminster about my Lord's business and so home, my Lord having not been well these two or three days, and I hear that Mr. Barnwell[2] at Hinchinbroke is fallen sick again. Home and to bed.

21st. This morning Mr. Barlow had appointed for me to bring him what form I would have the agreement between him and me to pass, which I did to his lodgings at the Golden Eagle in the new street[3] between Fetter Lane and Shoe Lane, where he liked it very well, and I from him went

[1] The oath of allegiance was printed on July 2nd.
[2] Robert Barnwell. He died in 1662. See *post*, June 4th, 1662.
[3] Still retains the name New Street.

to get Mr. Spong to engross it in duplicates. To my Lord and spoke to him about the business of the Privy Seal for me to be sworn, though I got nothing by it, but to do Mr. Moore a kindness, which he did give me a good answer to. Went to the Six Clerks' office to Mr. Spong for the writings, and dined with him at a club at the next door, where we had three voices to sing catches. So to my house to write letters and so to Whitehall about business of my Lord's concerning his creation,[1] and so home and to bed.

22nd. Lord's day. All this last night it had rained hard. My brother Tom came this morning the first time to see me, and I paid him all that I owe my father to this day. Afterwards I went out and looked into several churches, and so to my uncle Fenner's, whither my wife was got before me, and we, my father and mother, and all the Joyces, and my aunt Bell, whom I had not seen many a year before. After dinner to White Hall (my wife to church with K. Joyce), where I find my Lord at home, and walked in the garden with him, he showing me all the respect that can be. I left him and went to walk in the Park, where great endeavouring to get into the inward Park,[2] but could not get in; one man was basted by the keeper, for carrying some people over on his back through the water. Afterwards to my Lord's, where I staid and drank with Mr. Sheply, having first sent to get a pair of oars. It was the first time that ever I went by water on the Lord's day. Home, and at night and a chapter read; and I read prayers out of the Common Prayer Book, the first time that ever I read prayers in this house. So to bed.

23rd. This morning Mr. Barlow comes to me, and he and I went forth to a scrivener in Fenchurch Street, whom we found sick of the gout in bed, and signed and sealed our agreement before him. He urged to have these words (in consideration whereof) to be interlined, which I granted, though against my will. Met this morning at the office, and afterwards Mr. Barlow by appointment came and dined with me, and both of us very pleasant and pleased. After dinner to my Lord, who took me to Secretary Nicholas,

[1] As Earl of Sandwich.

[2] This is still railed off from St. James's Park, and called the Enclosure.

and there before him and Secretary Morris,[1] my Lord and I upon our knees together took our oaths of Allegiance and Supremacy; and the Oath of the Privy Seal, of which I was much glad, though I am not likely to get anything by it at present; but I do desire it, for fear of a turn-out of our office. That done and my Lord gone from me, I went with Mr. Cooling and his brother, and Sam Hartlibb, little Jennings and some others to the King's Head Tavern at Charing Cross, where after drinking I took boat and so home, where we supped merrily among ourselves (our little boy proving a droll) and so after prayers to bed. This day my Lord had heard that Mr. Barnwell was dead, but it is not so yet, though he be very ill. I was troubled all this day with Mr. Cooke, being willing to do him good, but my mind is so taken up with my own business that I cannot.

24th. To White Hall, where I did acquaint Mr. Watkins with my being sworn into the Privy Seal, at which he was much troubled, but put it up and did offer me a kinsman of his to be my clerk, which I did give him some hope of, though I never intend it. In the afternoon I spent much time in walking in White Hall Court with Mr. Bickerstaffe,[2] who was very glad of my Lord's being sworn, because of his business with his brother Baron,[2] which is referred to my Lord Chancellor, and to be ended to-morrow. Baron had got a grant beyond sea, to come in before the reversionary of the Privy Seal. This afternoon Mr. Mathews came to me, to get a certificate of my Lord's and my being sworn, which I put in some forwardness, and so home and to bed.

25th. In the morning at the office, and after that down to Whitehall, where I met with Mr. Creed, and with him and a Welsh schoolmaster, a good scholar but a very pedagogue, to the ordinary at the Leg in King Street.[3] I got my certificate of my Lord's and my being sworn. This morning my Lord took leave of the House of Commons, and had the

[1] Sir William Morrice, born November 6th, 1602, at Exeter, Secretary of State from 1660 to 1668. He died December 12th, 1676. He was kinsman to General Monk.

[2] They were both clerks of the Privy Seal.

[3] My dining with Mr. Creed and seeing the Butlers ought to be placed in yesterday's account, it being put here by mistake. — *Pepys.*

thanks of the House for his great services to his country.[1] In the afternoon (but this is a mistake, for it was yesterday in the afternoon) Monsieur L'Impertinent and I met and I took him to the Sun and drank with him, and in the evening going away we met his mother and sisters and father coming from the Gatehouse,[2] where they lodge, where I did the first time salute them all, and very pretty Madame Frances[3] is indeed. After that very late home and called in Tower Street, and there at a barber's was trimmed the first time. Home and to bed.

26th. Early to White Hall, thinking to have a meeting of my Lord and the principal officers, but my Lord could not, it being the day that he was to go and be admitted in the House of Lords, his patent being done, which he presented upon his knees to the Speaker; and so it was read in the House, and he took his place.[4] I at the Privy Seal Office with Mr. Hooker, who brought me acquainted with Mr. Crofts of the Signet, and I invited them to a dish of meat at the Leg in King Street, and so we dined there and I paid for all and had very good light given me as to my employment there. Afterwards to Mr. Pierce's, where I should have dined but I could not, but found Mr. Sheply and W. Howe there. After we had drunk hard we parted, and I went away and met Dr. Castle, who is one of the Clerks of the Privy Seal, and told him how things were with my Lord and me, which he received very gladly. I was this day told how Baron against all expectation and law has got the place of Bickerstaffe, and so I question whether he will not lay claim to wait the next month, but my Lord tells me that he will stand for it. In the evening I met with T. Doling, who carried me to St. James's Fair,[5] and there meeting

[1] In the Journals this is stated to have taken place July 24th.

[2] The Gatehouse at Westminster was a prison. Perhaps they were friends of the keeper.

[3] Frances Butler, the beauty.

[4] The Earl of Manchester was chosen Speaker of the House of Lords. see *ante*, April 26th, 1660.

[5] August, 1661: "This year the Fair, called St. James's Fair, was kept the full appointed time, being a fortnight; but during that time many lewd and infamous persons were by his Majesty's express command to the Lord Chamberlain, and his Lordship's direction to Robert Nelson, Esq., committed to the House of Correction." — Rugge's

with W. Symons and his wife, and Luellin, and D. Scobell's wife and cousin, we went to Wood's at the Pell Mell[1] (our old house for clubbing), and there we spent till 10 at night, at which time I sent to my Lord's for my clerk Will to come to me, and so by link home to bed. Where I found Commissioner Willoughby had sent for all his things away out of my bedchamber, which is a little disappointment, but it is better than pay too dear for them.

27th. The last night Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen came to their houses at the office. Met this morning and did business till noon. Dined at home and from thence to my Lord's where Will, my clerk, and I were all the afternoon making up my accounts, which we had done by night, and I find myself worth about £100 after all my expenses. At night I sent to W. Bowyer to bring me £100, being that he had in his hands of my Lord's in keeping, out of which I paid Mr. Sheply all that remained due to my Lord upon my balance, and took the rest home with me late at night. We got a coach, but the horses were tired and could not carry us farther than St. Dunstan's. So we 'light and took a link and so home weary to bed.

28th. Early in the morning rose, and a boy brought me a letter from Poet Fisher, who tells me that he is upon a panegyrique of the King, and desired to borrow a piece of me; and I sent him half a piece.[2] To Westminster, and there dined with Mr. Sheply and W. Howe, afterwards meeting with Mr. Henson, who had formerly had the brave clock that went with bullets (which is now taken away from him by the King, it being his goods).[3] I went with him to the

Diurnal. St. James's fair was held first in the open space near St. James's Palace, and afterwards in St. James's Market. It was prohibited by the Parliament in 1651, but revived at the Restoration. It was, however, finally suppressed before the close of the reign of Charles II.

[1] This is one of the earliest references to Pall Mall as an inhabited street, and also one of the earliest uses of the word clubbing.

[2] Half a piece was valued at 2*s.* 4½*d.*, see *ante*, July 10th.

[3] Some clocks are still made with a small ball, or bullet, on an inclined plane, which turns every minute. The King's clocks probably dropped bullets. Gainsborough the painter had a brother who was a dissenting minister at Henley-on-Thames, and possessed a strong genius for mechanics. He invented a clock of a very peculiar construction, which, after his death, was deposited in the British Museum. It told the hour by a little bell, and was kept in motion by a leaden bullet, which dropped

Swan Tavern and sent for Mr. Butler, who was now all full of his high discourse in praise of Ireland, whither he and his whole family are going by Coll. Dillon's persuasion, but so many lies I never heard in praise of anything as he told of Ireland. So home late at night and to bed.

29th. Lord's day. I and my boy Will to Whitehall, and I with my Lord to White Hall Chappell, where I heard a cold sermon of the Bishop of Salisbury's,[1] and the ceremonies did not please me, they do so overdo them. My Lord went to dinner at Kensington with my Lord Camden.[2] So I dined and took Mr. Birfett, my Lord's chaplain, and his friend along with me, with Mr. Sheply at my Lord's. In the afternoon with Dick Vines and his brother Payton, we walked to Lisson Green and Marybone[3] and back again, and finding my Lord at home I got him to look over my accounts, which he did approve of and signed them, and so we are even to this day. Of this I was glad, and do think myself worth clear money about £120. Home late, calling in at my father's without stay. To bed.

30th. Sat at our office to-day, and my father came this day the first time to see us at my new office. And Mrs. Crisp by chance came in and sat with us, looked over our house and advised about the furnishing of it. This afternoon I got my £50, due to me for my first quarter's salary as Secretary to my Lord, paid to Tho. Hater for me, which

from a spiral reservoir at the top of the clock, into a little ivory bucket. This was so contrived as to discharge it at the bottom, and by means of a counter-weight was carried up to the top of the clock, where it received another bullet, which was discharged as the former. This seems to have been an attempt at the perpetual motion. — *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1785, p. 931. — B.

[1] Brian Duppa, born March 10th, 1588–9, tutor to the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles II., successively Bishop of Chichester, Salisbury, and Winchester. Died March 26th, 1662.

[2] Baptist, third Viscount Campden, Lord Lieutenant of Rutlandshire. Died 1682. Campden House was built about 1612 by Sir Baptist Hicks, first Viscount Campden. The third Earl entertained Charles II. here immediately after the Restoration. The house was burnt down March 23rd, 1862, and rebuilt soon afterwards.

[3] The manor of Lisson Green (Domesday Lilesstone) remained a rural district till the end of the last century, and Dodsley (1761) describes it as "a pleasant village near Paddington." Marylebone was quite a country place in Pepys's day, and long after.

he received and brought home to me, of which I am full glad. To Westminster and among other things met with Mr. Moore, and took him and his friend, a bookseller of Paul's Churchyard, to the Rhenish Winehouse, and drinking there the sword-bearer of London (Mr. Man) came to ask for us, with whom we sat late, discoursing about the worth of my office of Clerk of the Acts, which he hath a mind to buy, and I asked four years' purchase. We are to speak more of it to-morrow. Home on foot, and seeing him at home at Butler's merry, he lent me a torch, which Will carried, and so home.

31st. To White Hall, where my Lord and the principal officers met, and had a great discourse about raising of money for the Navy, which is in very sad condition, and money must be raised for it. Mr. Blackburne, Dr. Clerke, and I to the Quaker's and dined there. I back to the Admiralty, and there was doing things in order to the calculating of the debts of the Navy and other business, all the afternoon. At night I went to the Privy Seal, where I found Mr. Crofts and Mathews making up all their things to leave the office to-morrow, to those that come to wait the next month. I took them to the Sun Tavern and there made them drink, and discoursed concerning the office, and what I was to expect to-morrow about Baron, who pretends to the next month. Late home by coach so far as Ludgate with Mr. Mathews, and thence home on foot with W. Hewer with me, and so to bed.

August 1st. Up very early, and by water to Whitehall to my Lord's, and there up to my Lord's lodging (Wm. Howe being now ill of the gout at Mr. Pierce's), and there talked with him about the affairs of the Navy, and how I was now to wait to-day at the Privy Seal. Commissioner Pett went with me, whom I desired to make my excuse at the office for my absence this day. Hence to the Privy Seal Office, where I got (by Mr. Mathews' means) possession of the books and table, but with some expectation of Baron's bringing of a warrant from the King to have this month. Nothing done this morning, Baron having spoke to Mr. Woodson and Groome (clerks to Mr. Trumbull of the Signet) to keep all work in their hands till the afternoon, at which time he expected to have his warrant from the King for this

month.[1] I took at noon Mr. Harper to the Leg in King Street, and did give him his dinner, who did still advise me much to act wholly myself at the Privy Seal, but I told him that I could not, because I had other business to take up my time. In the afternoon at the office again, where we had many things to sign; and I went to the Council Chamber, and there got my Lord to sign the first bill, and the rest all myself; but received no money to-day. After I had signed all, I went with Dick Scobell and Luellin to drink at a bottle beer house in the Strand, and after staying there a while (had sent W. Hewer home before), I took boat and homewards went, and in Fish Street bought a Lobster, and as I had bought it I met with Winter and Mr. Delabarr, and there with a piece of sturgeon of theirs we went to the Sun Tavern in the street[2] and ate them. Late home and to bed.

2d. To Westminster by water with Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen (our servants in another boat) to the Admiralty; and from thence I went to my Lord's to fetch him thither, where we stayed in the morning about ordering of money for the victuallers, and advising how to get a sum of money to carry on the business of the Navy. From thence dined with Mr. Blackburne at his house with his friends (his wife being in the country and just upon her return to London), where we were very well treated and merry. From thence W. Hewer and I to the office of Privy Seal, where I stayed all the afternoon, and received about £40 for yesterday and to-day, at which my heart rejoiced for God's blessing to me, to give me this advantage by chance, there being of this £40 about £10 due to me for this day's work. So great is the present profit of this office, above what it was in the King's time; there being the last month about 300 bills, whereas in the late King's time it was much to have 40. With my money home by coach, it being the first time that I could get home before our gates were shut since I came to the Navy office. When I came home I found my wife not very well of her old pain . . . . which she had when we were married first. I went and cast up the expense

[1] The clerks of the Privy Seal took the duty of attendance for a month by turns.

[2] There is a farthing token of the Sun in New Fish Street (see "Boyne's Trade Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i., 1889, p. 681).

that I laid out upon my former house (because there are so many that are desirous of it, and I am, in my mind, loth to let it go out of my hands, for fear of a turn). I find my layings-out to come to about £20, which with my fine will come to about £22 to him that shall hire my house of me.[1] To bed.

3rd. Up betimes this morning, and after the barber had done with me, then to the office, where I and Sir William Pen only did meet and despatch business. At noon my wife and I by coach to Dr. Clerke's to dinner. I was very much taken with his lady, a comely, proper woman, though not handsome; but a woman of the best language I ever heard. Here dined Mrs. Pierce and her husband. After dinner I took leave to go to Westminster, where I was at the Privy Seal Office all day, signing things and taking money, so that I could not do as I had intended, that is to return to them and go to the Red Bull Playhouse,[2] but I took coach and went to see whether it was done so or no, and I found it done. So I returned to Dr. Clerke's, where I found them and my wife, and by and by took leave and went away home.

4th. To White Hall, where I found my Lord gone with the King by water to dine at the Tower with Sir J. Robinson,[3]

[1] Pepys wished to let his house in Axe Yard now that he had apartments at the Navy Office.

[2] This well-known theatre was situated in St. John's Street on the site of Red Bull Yard. Pepys went there on March 23rd, 1661, when he expressed a very poor opinion of the place. T. Carew, in some commendatory lines on Sir William Davenant's play, "The Just Italian," 1630, abuses both audiences and actors: —

> "There are the men in crowded heaps that throng
> To that adulterate stage, where not a tongue
> Of th' untun'd kennel can a line repeat
> Of serious sense."

There is a token of this house (see "Boyne's Trade Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i., 1889, p. 725).

[3] Sir John Robinson, clothworker, son of Archdeacon Robinson of Nottingham. He was one of the Commissioners sent to Breda to desire Charles II. to return to England immediately, and was created a baronet for his services to the King, 1660, and had an augmentation to his arms. He was alderman of Dowgate, afterwards of Cripplegate; Lord Mayor, 1662. He retained the Lieutenancy of the Tower till 1678. A portrait of him is at Clothworkers' Hall.

Lieutenant. I found my Lady Jemimah[1] at my Lord's, with whom I staid and dined, all alone; after dinner to the Privy Seal Office, where I did business. So to a Committee of Parliament (Sir Hen[eage] Finch,[2] Chairman), to give them an answer to an order of theirs, "that we could not give them any account of the Accounts of the Navy in the years 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, as they desire." After that I went and bespoke some linen of Betty Lane in the Hall, and after that to the Trumpet, where I sat and talked with her, &c. At night, it being very rainy, and it thundering and lightning exceedingly, I took coach at the Trumpet door, taking Monsieur L'Impertinent along with me as far as the Savoy, where he said he went to lie with Cary Dillon,[3] and is still upon the mind of going (he and his whole family) to Ireland. Having set him down I made haste home, and in the courtyard, it being very dark, I heard a man inquire for my house, and having asked his business, he told me that my man William (who went this morning out of town to meet his aunt Blackburne) was come home not very well to his mother, and so could not come home to-night. At which I was very sorry. I found my wife still in pain. To bed, having not time to write letters, and indeed having so many to write to all places that I have no heart to go about them. Mrs. Shaw did die yesterday and her husband so sick that he is not like to live.

5th. Lord's day. My wife being much in pain, I went this morning to Dr. Williams (who had cured her once before of this business), in Holborn, and he did give me an ointment which I sent home by my boy, and a plaister which I

[1] Lady Jemima Montagu, daughter of Lord Sandwich, previously described as Mrs. Jem.

[2] Heneage Finch, son of Sir Heneage Finch, Recorder of London, was born December 23rd, 1621. He was called to the bar in 1645, and soon obtained considerable fame as a counsel. He was styled "the silver-tongued lawyer," "the English Cicero," and "the English Roscius." A week after the King's return in 1660 he was appointed Solicitor-General and created a baronet; Attorney-General, 1670; Lord Keeper, and created Baron Finch, 1673; Lord Chancellor, 1675; Earl of Nottingham, 1681. Died December 18th, 1682.

[3] Colonel Cary Dillon, a friend of the Butlers, who courted the fair Frances; but the engagement was subsequently broken off, see December 31st, 1662.

took with me to Westminster (having called and seen my mother in the morning as I went to the doctor), where I dined with Mr. Sheply (my Lord dining at Kensington). After dinner to St. Margaret's, where the first time I ever heard Common Prayer in that Church. I sat with Mr. Hill in his pew; Mr. Hill that married in Axe Yard and that was aboard us in the Hope. Church done I went and Mr. Sheply to see W. Howe at Mr. Pierce's, where I staid singing of songs and psalms an hour or two, and were very pleasant with Mrs. Pierce and him. Thence to my Lord's, where I staid and talked and drank with Mr. Sheply. After that to Westminster stairs, where I saw a fray between Mynheer Clinke, a Dutchman, that was at Hartlibb's wedding, and a waterman, which made good sport. After that I got a Gravesend boat, that was come up to fetch some bread on this side the bridge, and got them to carry me to the bridge, and so home, where I found my wife. After prayers I to bed to her, she having had a very bad night of it. This morning before I was up Will came home pretty well again, he having been only weary with riding, which he is not used to.

6th. This morning at the office, and, that being done, home to dinner all alone, my wife being ill in pain a-bed, which I was troubled at, and not a little impatient. After dinner to Whitehall at the Privy Seal all the afternoon, and at night with Mr. Man to Mr. Rawlinson's in Fenchurch Street, where we staid till eleven o'clock at night. So home and to bed, my wife being all this day in great pain. This night Mr. Man offered me £1,000 for my office of Clerk of the Acts, which made my mouth water; but yet I dare not take it till I speak with my Lord to have his consent.

7th. This morning to Whitehall to the Privy Seal, and took Mr. Moore and myself and dined at my Lord's with Mr. Sheply. While I was at dinner in come Sam. Hartlibb[1] and his brother-in-law,[2] now knighted by the King, to request

[1] This was Samuel Hartlib the younger, son of the friend of Milton, who was a neighbour of Pepys in Axe Yard. When Pepys refers to the elder Samuel Hartlib he calls him Mr. Hartlib. In Dircks's "Biographical Memoir of Samuel Hartlib" (1865), the mistake is made of supposing that the Samuel Hartlib here referred to was the elder, and Nan Hartlib his sister instead of his daughter.

[2] Sir John Roder or Roth, see *ante*, July 1st and 10th.

my promise of a ship for them to Holland, which I had promised to get for them. After dinner to the Privy Seal all the afternoon. At night, meeting Sam. Hartlibb, he took me by coach to Kensington, to my Lord of Holland's;[1] I staid in the coach while he went in about his business. He staying long I left the coach and walked back again before on foot (a very pleasant walk) to Kensington, where I drank and staid very long waiting for him. At last he came, and after drinking at the inn he went towards Westminster. Here I endeavoured to have looked out Jane that formerly lived at Dr. Williams' at Cambridge, whom I had long thought to live at present here, but I found myself in an error, meeting one in the place where I expected to have found her, but she proved not she though very like her. We went to the Bullhead, where he and I sat and drank till 11 at night, and so home on foot. Found my wife pretty well again, and so to bed.

8th. We met at the office, and after that to dinner at home, and from thence with my wife by water to Catan Sterpin, with whom and her mistress Pye we sat discoursing of Kate's marriage to Mons. Petit,[2] her mistress and I giving the best advice we could for her to suspend her marriage till Mons. Petit had got some place that may be able to maintain her, and not for him to live upon the portion that she shall bring him. From thence to Mr. Butler's to see his daughters, the first time that ever we made a visit to them. We found them very pretty, and Coll. Dillon there, a very merry and witty companion, but methinks they live in a gaudy but very poor condition. From thence, my wife and I intending to see Mrs. Blackburne, who had been a day or two again to see my wife, but my wife was not in condition to be seen, but she not being at home my wife went to her mother's and I to the Privy Seal. At night from the Privy Seal, Mr. Woodson and Mr. Jennings and I to the Sun

[1] Holland House, the fine old mansion still standing at Kensington, was greatly added to and improved by Henry Rich, Earl of Holland, who was beheaded, March 9th, 1649. His house was afterwards successively occupied by Generals Fairfax and Lambert, but subsequently it was restored to the earl's widow; she seems to have let a portion of the house.

[2] Catan did not take the good advice offered her, but married Mons. Petit. See October 23rd, 1660.

Tavern till it was late, and from thence to my Lord's, where my wife was come from Mrs. Blackburne's to me, and after I had done some business with my Lord, she and I went to Mrs. Hunt's, who would needs have us to lie at her house to-night, she being with my wife so late at my Lord's with us, and would not let us go home to-night. We lay there all night very pleasantly and at ease. . . .

9th. Left my wife at Mrs. Hunt's and I to my Lord's, and from thence with Judge Advocate Fowler, Mr. Creed, and Mr. Sheply to the Rhenish Wine-house, and Captain Hayward of the Plymouth, who is now ordered to carry my Lord Winchelsea, Embassador to Constantinople.[1] We were very merry, and Judge Advocate did give Captain Hayward his Oath of Allegiance and Supremacy. Thence to my office of Privy Seal, and, having signed some things there, with Mr. Moore and Dean Fuller to the Leg in King Street, and, sending for my wife, we dined there very merry, and after dinner parted. After dinner with my wife to Mrs. Blackburne to visit her. She being within I left my wife there, and I to the Privy Seal, where I despatch some business, and from thence to Mrs. Blackburne again, who did treat my wife and me with a great deal of civility, and did give us a fine collation of collar of beef, &c. Thence I, having my head full of drink from having drunk so much Rhenish wine in the morning, and more in the afternoon at Mrs. Blackburne's, came home and so to bed, not well, and very ill all night.

10th. I had a great deal of pain all night, and a great loosing upon me so that I could not sleep. In the morning I rose with much pain and to the office. I went and dined at home, and after dinner with great pain in my back I went by water to Whitehall to the Privy Seal, and that done with Mr. Moore and Creed to Hide Park by coach, and saw a fine foot-race three times round the Park[2] between an Irishman and Crow, that was once my Lord Claypoole's[3] footman.

[1] Heneage Finch, Earl of Winchelsea. Died 1689.

[2] Races in Hyde Park were fashionable in the reign of Charles I. They were usually run round the Ring.

[3] John Claypole (born August 21st, 1625) married, on January 13th, 1645–46, Elizabeth, second daughter of Oliver Cromwell, to whom he became Master of the Horse, and a Lord of the Bedchamber: he was

(By the way I cannot forget that my Lord Claypoole did the other day make enquiry of Mrs. Hunt, concerning my House in Axe-yard, and did set her on work to get it of me for him, which methinks is a very great change.) Crow beat the other by above two miles. Returned from Hide Park, I went to my Lord's, and took Will (who waited for me there) by coach and went home, taking my lute home with me. It had been all this while since I came from sea at my Lord's for him to play on. To bed in some pain still. For this month or two it is not imaginable how busy my head has been, so that I have neglected to write letters to my uncle Robert in answer to many of his, and to other friends, nor indeed have I done anything as to my own family, and especially this month my waiting at the Privy Seal makes me much more unable to think of anything, because of my constant attendance there after I have done at the Navy Office. But blessed be God for my good chance of the Privy Seal, where I get every day I believe about £3. This place I got by chance, and my Lord did give it me by chance neither he nor I thinking it to be of the worth that he and I find it to be. Never since I was a man in the world was I ever so great a stranger to public affairs as now I am, having not read a new book or anything like it, or enquiring after any news, or what the Parliament do, or in any wise how things go. Many people look after my house in Axe-yard to hire it, so that I am troubled with them, and I have a mind to get the money to buy goods for my house at the Navy Office, and yet I am loth to put it off because that Mr. Man bids me £1,000 for my office, which is so great a sum that I am loth to settle myself at my new house, lest I should take Mr. Man's offer in case I found my Lord willing to it.

11th. I rose to-day without any pain, which makes me think that my pain yesterday was nothing but from my drink-

also placed in his father-in-law's Upper House. During Richard Cromwell's time he retained all his places at Court; and at the Restoration he was not molested. He was arrested in June, 1678, and imprisoned in the Tower, but speedily released. He died June 26th, 1688. His father had been proceeded against in the Star Chamber, for resisting the payment of Ship Money, and was by Cromwell constituted Clerk of the Hanaper, and created a baronet. Mrs. Claypole died August 6th, 1658.

ing too much the day before. To my Lord this morning, who did give me order to get some things ready against the afternoon for the Admiralty where he would meet. To the Privy Seal, and from thence going to my own house in Axe-yard, I went in to Mrs. Crisp's, where I met with Mr. Hartlibb, for whom I wrote a letter for my Lord to sign for a ship for his brother and sister, who went away hence this day to Gravesend, and from thence to Holland. I found by discourse with Mrs. Crisp that he is very jealous of her, for that she is yet very kind to her old servant Meade. Hence to my Lord's to dinner with Mr. Sheply, so to the Privy Seal, and at night home, and then sent for the barber, and was trimmed in the kitchen, the first time that ever I was so. I was vexed this night that W. Hewer was out of doors till ten at night, but was pretty well satisfied again when my wife told me that he wept because I was angry, though indeed he did give me a good reason for his being out, but I thought it a good occasion to let him know that I do expect his being at home. So to bed.

12th. Lord's day. To my Lord, and with him to White Hall Chappell, where Mr. Calamy preached, and made a good sermon upon these words "To whom much is given, of him much is required." He was very officious with his three reverences to the King, as others do. After sermon a brave anthem of Captain Cooke's,[1] which he himself sung, and the King was well pleased with it. My Lord dined at my Lord Chamberlain's,[2] and I at his house with Mr. Sheply. After dinner I did give Mr. Donne, who is going to sea, the key of my cabin and direction for the putting up of my things. After that I went to walk, and meeting Mrs. Lane

[1] Henry Cooke, chorister of the Chapel Royal, adhered to the royal cause at the breaking out of the Civil Wars, and for his bravery obtained a captain's commission. At the Restoration he received the appointment of Master of the Children of the Chapel Royal; he was an excellent musician, and three of his pupils turned out very distinguished musicians, viz., Pelham Humphrey, John Blow, and Michael Wise. He was one of the original performers in the "Siege of Rhodes." He died July 13th, 1672, and was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. In another place Pepys says, "a vain coxcomb he is, though he sings so well."

[2] Edward Montagu, second Earl of Manchester, K.G., Lord Chamberlain, died 1671.

of Westminster Hall, I took her to my Lord's, and did give her a bottle of wine in the garden, where Mr. Fairbrother, of Cambridge, did come and found us, and drank with us. After that I took her to my house, where I was exceeding free in dallying with her, and she not unfree to take it. At night home and called at my father's, where I found Mr. Fairbrother, but I did not stay but went homewards and called in at Mr. Rawlinson's, whither my uncle Wight was coming and did come, but was exceeding angry (he being a little fuddled, and I think it was that I should see him in that case) as I never saw him in my life, which I was somewhat troubled at. Home and to bed.

13th. A sitting day at our office. After dinner to Whitehall, to the Privy Seal, whither my father came to me, and staid talking with me a great while, telling me that he had propounded Mr. John Pickering for Sir Thomas Honywood's daughter,[1] which I think he do not deserve for his own merit. I know not what he may do for his estate. My father and Creed and I to the old Rhenish winehouse, and talked and drank till night. Then my father home, and I to my Lord's, where he told me that he would suddenly go into the country, and so did commend the business of his sea commission to me in his absence. After that home by coach, and took my £100 that I had formerly left at Mr. Rawlinson's, home with me, which is the first that ever I was master of at once. To prayers, and to bed.

14th. To the Privy Seal, and thence to my Lord's, where Mr. Pim, the tailor, and I agreed upon making me a velvet coat. From thence to the Privy Seal again, where Sir Samuel Morland came in with a Baronet's grant to pass, which the King had given him to make money of. Here he staid with me a great while; and told me the whole manner of his serving the King in the time of the Protector; and how Thurloe's bad usage made him to do it; how he discovered Sir R. Willis, and how he hath sunk his fortune for the King; and that now the King hath given him a pension of £500 per annum out of the Post Office for life, and the benefit of two Baronets; all which do make me begin to think that he is not so much a fool as I took him to be. Home by water

[1] John Pickering married a fortune of £5,000; see *post*, November 5th, 1666.

to the Tower, where my father, Mr. Fairbrother, and Cooke dined with me. After dinner in comes young Captain Cuttance[1] of the Speedwell, who is sent up for the gratuity given the seamen that brought the King over. He brought me a firkin of butter for my wife, which is very welcome. My father, after dinner, takes leave, after I had given him 40*s.* for the last half year for my brother John at Cambridge. I did also make even with Mr. Fairbrother for my degree of Master of Arts, which cost me about £9 16*s.*[2] To White Hall, and my wife with me by water, where at the Privy Seal and elsewhere all the afternoon. At night home with her by water, where I made good sport with having the girl and the boy to comb my head, before I went to bed, in the kitchen.

15th. To the office, and after dinner by water to White Hall, where I found the King gone this morning by 5 of the clock to see a Dutch pleasure-boat[3] below bridge, where he dines, and my Lord with him. The King do tire all his people that are about him with early rising since he came. To the office, all the afternoon I staid there, and in the evening went to Westminster Hall, where I staid at Mrs. Michell's, and with her and her husband sent for some drink, and drank with them. By the same token she and Mrs. Murford and another old woman of the Hall were going a gossiping to-night. From thence to my Lord's, where I found him within, and he did give me direction about his business in his absence, he intending to go into the country to-morrow morning. Here I lay all night in the old chamber which I had now given up to W. Howe, with whom I did intend to lie, but he and I fell to play with one another, so that I made him to go lie with Mr. Sheply. So I lay alone all night.

16th. This morning my Lord (all things being ready) carried me by coach to Mr. Crew's, (in the way talking how

[1] Captain Henry Cuttance. The "Speedwell" was originally the "Cheriton," see *ante*, May 1st, 1660.

[2] See *ante*, July 8th, 1660.

[3] A yacht which was greatly admired, and was imitated and improved by Commissioner Pett, who built a yacht for the King in 1661, which was called the "Jenny." Queen Elizabeth had a yacht, and one was built by Phineas Pett in 1604.

good he did hope my place would be to me, and in general speaking that it was not the salary of any place that did make a man rich, but the opportunity of getting money while he is in the place) where he took leave, and went into the coach, and so for Hinchinbroke. My Lady Jemimah and Mr. Thomas Crew in the coach with him. Hence to Whitehall about noon, where I met with Mr. Madge, who took me along with him and Captain Cooke (the famous singer) and other masters of music to dinner at an ordinary about Charing Cross where we dined, all paying their club. Hence to the Privy Seal, where there has been but little work these two days. In the evening home.

17th. To the office, and that done home to dinner where Mr. Unthanke, my wife's tailor, dined with us, we having nothing but a dish of sheep's trotters. After dinner by water to Whitehall, where a great deal of business at the Privy Seal. At night I and Creed and the Judge-Advocate went to Mr. Pim, the tailor's, who took us to the Half Moon, and there did give us great store of wine and anchovies, and would pay for them all. This night I saw Mr. Creed show many the strangest emotions to shift off his drink I ever saw in my life. By coach home and to bed.

18th. This morning I took my wife towards Westminster by water, and landed her at Whitefriars, with £5 to buy her a petticoat, and I to the Privy Seal. By and by comes my wife to tell me that my father has persuaded her to buy a most fine cloth of 26*s*. a yard, and a rich lace, that the petticoat will come to £5, at which I was somewhat troubled, but she doing it very innocently, I could not be angry. I did give her more money, and sent her away, and I and Creed and Captain Hayward (who is now unkindly put out of the Plymouth to make way for Captain Allen to go to Constantinople, and put into his ship the Dover, which I know will trouble my Lord) went and dined at the Leg in King Street, where Captain Ferrers, my Lord's Cornet, comes to us, who after dinner took me and Creed to the Cockpitt play,[1] the first that I have had time to see since

[1] The Cockpit Theatre, situated in Drury Lane, was occupied as a playhouse in the reign of James I. It was occupied by Davenant and his company in 1658, and they remained in it until November 15th, 1660, when they removed to Salisbury Court.

my coming from sea, "The Loyall Subject,"[1] where one Kinaston,[2] a boy, acted the Duke's sister, but made the loveliest lady that ever I saw in my life, only her voice not very good. After the play done, we three went to drink, and by Captain Ferrers' means, Kinaston and another that acted Archas, the General, came and drank with us. Hence home by coach, and after being trimmed, leaving my wife to look after her little bitch, which was just now a-whelping, I to bed.

19th (Lord's day). In the morning my wife tells me that the bitch has whelped four young ones and is very well after it, my wife having had a great fear that she would die thereof, the dog that got them being very big. This morning Sir W. Batten, Pen, and myself, went to church to the churchwardens, to demand a pew, which at present could not be given us, but we are resolved to have one built. So we staid and heard Mr. Mills,[3] a very good minister. Home to dinner, where my wife had on her new petticoat that she bought yesterday, which indeed is a very fine cloth and a fine lace; but that being of a light colour, and the lace all silver, it makes no great show. Mr. Creed and my brother Tom dined with me. After dinner my wife went and fetched the little puppies to us, which are very pretty ones. After they were gone, I went up to put my papers in order, and finding my wife's clothes lie carelessly laid up, I was angry with her, which I was troubled for. After that my wife and I went and walked in the garden, and so home to bed.

20th (Office day). As Sir W. Pen and I were walking

[1] A tragi-comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher. Kynaston's part was Olympia.

[2] Edward Kynaston, engaged by Sir W. Davenant, in 1660, to perform the principal female characters; he afterwards assumed the male ones in the first parts of tragedy, and continued on the stage till the end of King William's reign. He died in 1712. We may be sure that Betterton took the character of Archas, as Downes tells us that he was early distinguished for playing in "The Loyal Subject."

[3] Daniel Milles, D.D., thirty-two years rector of St. Olave's, Hart Street, and buried there, October, 1689, aged sixty-three. He was appointed April 17th, 1657. Newcourt ("Repertorium") writes, "Dan Mills was admitted to the church in the late times of usurpation by the Commission for approving of Publick Preachers, but at whose presentation I know not." In 1667 Sir Robert Brooks presented him to the rectory of Wanstead, in Essex, which he also held till his death.

in the garden, a messenger came to me from the Duke of York to fetch me to the Lord Chancellor. So (Mrs. Turner with her daughter The. being come to my house to speak with me about a friend of hers to send to sea) I went with her in her coach as far as Worcester House, but my Lord Chancellor being gone to the House of Lords, I went thither, and (there being a law case before them this day) got in, and there staid all the morning, seeing their manner of sitting on woolpacks,[1] &c., which I never did before. After the House was up, I spoke to my Lord, and had order from him to come to him at night. This morning Mr. Creed did give me the Papers that concern my Lord's sea commission, which he left in my hands, and went to sea this day to look after the gratuity money. This afternoon at the Privy Seal, where reckoning with Mr. Moore, he had got £100 for me together, which I was glad of, guessing that the profits of this month would come to £100. In the evening I went all alone to drink at Mr. Harper's, where I found Mrs. Crisp's daughter, with whom and her friends I staid and drank, and so with W. Hewer by coach to Worcester House, where I light, sending him home with the £100 that I received to-day. Here I staid, and saw my Lord Chancellor come into his Great Hall, where wonderful how much company there was to expect him at a Seal. Before he would begin any business, he took my papers of the state of the debts of the Fleet, and there viewed them before all the people, and did give me his advice privately how to order things, to get as much money as we can of the Parliament. That being done, I went home, where I found all my things come home from sea (sent by desire by Mr. Dun), of which I was glad, though many of my things are quite spoilt with mould by reason of lying so long a ship-board, and my cabin being not tight. I spent much time to dispose of them to-night, and so to bed.

21st. This morning I went to White Hall with Sir W. Pen by water, who in our passage told me how he was bred up under Sir W. Batten. We went to Mr. Coventry's cham-

[1] It is said that these woolpacks were placed in the House of Lords for the judges to sit on, so that the fact that wool was a main source of our national wealth might be kept in the popular mind. The Lord Chancellor's seat is now called the Woolsack.

ber, and consulted of drawing my papers of debts of the Navy against the afternoon for the Committee. So to the Admiralty, where W. Hewer and I did them, and after that he went to his Aunt's Blackburn (who has a kinswoman dead at her house to-day, and was to be buried to-night, by which means he staid very late out). I to Westminster Hall, where I met Mr. Crew and dined with him, where there dined one Mr. Hickeman,[1] an Oxford man, who spoke very much against the height of the now old clergy, for putting out many of the religious fellows of Colleges, and inveighing against them for their being drunk, which, if true, I am sorry to hear. After that towards Westminster, where I called on Mr. Pim, and there found my velvet coat (the first that ever I had) done, and a velvet mantle, which I took to the Privy Seal Office, and there locked them up, and went to the Queen's Court, and there, after much waiting, spoke with Colonel Birch,[2] who read my papers, and desired some addition, which done I returned to the Privy Seal, where little to do, and with Mr. Moore towards London, and in our way meeting Monsieur Eschar (Mr. Montagu's man), about the Savoy, he took us to the Brazennose Tavern, and there drank and so parted, and I home by coach, and there, it being post-night, I wrote to my Lord to give him notice that all things are well; that General Monk[3] is made Lieutenant of Ireland, which my Lord Roberts[4] (made Deputy) do not like of, to be Deputy to any man but the King himself. After that to bed.

[1] Henry Hickman, a native of Worcestershire, took the degree of B.A. at St. Catherine's Hall, Cambridge, and, migrating to Oxford, obtained a fellowship at Magdalen College, from the usurping powers, which he lost in 1660, to make room for the rightful owner. He then retired to Holland and passed most of his time abroad, dying at Leyden in 1692. He wrote several theological tracts, and was considered a severe enemy to the ceremonies of the Church of England. — B.

[2] Colonel John Birch, elected M.P. for Leominster in 1646, and continued until 1660. He represented Penrhyn in the parliament of 1661.

[3] Monk, Duke of Albemarle, was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland with the understanding that he should perform the duties by deputy.

[4] John Robartes, second Lord Robartes, afterwards (1661) Lord Privy Seal, advanced to the Earldom of Radnor, 1679. Lord Robartes went again to Ireland as Lord Lieutenant in 1669. Died 1685.

22nd. Office, which done, Sir W. Pen took me into the garden, and there told me how Mr. Turner do intend to petition the Duke for an allowance extra as one of the Clerks of the Navy, which he desired me to join with him in the furthering of, which I promised to do so that it did not reflect upon me or to my damage to have any other added, as if I was not able to perform my place; which he did wholly disown to be any of his intention, but far from it. I took Mr. Hater home with me to dinner, with whom I did advise, who did give me the same counsel. After dinner he and I to the office about doing something more as to the debts of the Navy than I had done yesterday, and so to Whitehall to the Privy Seal, and having done there, with my father (who came to see me) to Westminster Hall and the Parliament House to look for Col. Birch, but found him not. In the House, after the Committee was up, I met with Mr. G. Montagu, and joyed him in his entrance (this being his 3d day) for Dover. Here he made me sit all alone in the House, none but he and I, half an hour, discoursing how things stand, and in short he told me how there was like to be many factions at Court between Marquis Ormond,[1] General Monk, and the Lord Roberts, about the business of Ireland; as there is already between the two Houses about the Act of Indemnity; and in the House of Commons, between the Episcopalian and Presbyterian men. Hence to my father's (walking with Mr. Herring, the minister of St. Bride's), and took them to the Sun Tavern, where I found George, my old drawer, come again. From thence by water, landed them at Blackfriars, and so home and to bed.

23rd. By water to Doctors' Commons to Dr. Walker,[2] to give him my Lord's papers to view over concerning his being empowered to be Vice-Admiral under the Duke of York. There meeting with Mr. Pinkney, he and I to a morning draft, and thence by water to White Hall, to the Parliament House, where I spoke with Colonel Birch, and so to the Admiralty chamber, where we and Mr. Coventry had a meeting about several businesses. Amongst others, it

[1] James Butler, afterwards created Duke of Ormond, and K.G., and twice Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

[2] Dr. (afterwards Sir William) Walker was one of the Judges of the Admiralty.

was moved that Phineas Pett[1] (kinsman to the Commissioner) of Chatham, should be suspended his employment till he had answered some articles put in against him, as that he should formerly say that the King was a bastard and his mother a whore. Hence to Westminster Hall, where I met with my father Bowyer, and Mr. Spicer, and them I took to the Leg in King Street, and did give them a dish or two of meat, and so away to the Privy Seal, where, the King being out of town, we have had nothing to do these two days. To Westminster Hall, where I met with W. Symons, T. Doling, and Mr. Booth, and with them to the Dogg, where we eat a musk melon[2] (the first that I have eat this year), and were very merry with W. Symons, calling him Mr. Dean, because of the Dean's lands that his uncle had left him, which are like to be lost all. Hence home by water, and very late at night writing letters to my Lord to Hinchinbroke, and also to the Vice-Admiral in the Downs, and so to bed.

24th. Office, and thence with Sir William Batten and Sir William Pen to the parish church to find out a place where to build a seat or a gallery to sit in, and did find one which is to be done speedily.[3] Hence with them to dinner at a tavern in Thames Street, where they were invited to a roasted haunch of venison and other very good victuals and company. Hence to Whitehall to the Privy Seal, but nothing to do. At night by land to my father's, where I found my mother not very well. I did give her a pint of sack. My father came in, and Dr. T. Pepys,[4] who talked with me in French about looking out for a place for him. But I found

[1] Phineas Pett, Assistant Master Shipwright at Chatham, was suspended on this frivolous charge, and dismissed in October.

[2] "Melons were hardly known in England till Sir George Gardiner brought one from Spain, when they became in general estimation. The ordinary price was five or six shillings." — *Quarterly Review*, vol. xix. p. 20.

[3] The gallery built for the officers of the Navy House remained until the restoration of the church in 1870–71 under the direction of Mr. (now Sir Arthur) Blomfield, A.R.A. The memorial to Pepys, erected in 1884, was placed on the wall where the gallery was situated.

[4] Thomas Pepys, M.A., M.D., son of Talbot Pepys of Middle Temple and Impington, born at Norwich, June 5th, 1621, Fellow of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. He died unmarried at Impington.

him a weak man, and speaks the worst French that ever I heard of one that had been so long beyond sea. Hence into Paul's Churchyard and bought Barkley's Argenis[1] in Latin, and so home and to bed. I found at home that Captain Burr had sent me 4 dozen bottles of wine to-day. The King came back to Whitehall to-night.

25th. This morning Mr. Turner and I by coach from our office to Whitehall (in our way I calling on Dr. Walker for the papers I did give him the other day, which he had perused and found that the Duke's counsel had abated something of the former draught which Dr. Walker drew for my Lord) to Sir G. Carteret, where we there made up an estimate of the debts of the Navy for the Council. At noon I took Mr. Turner and Mr. Moore to the Leg in King Street, and did give them a dinner, and afterward to the Sun Tavern, and did give Mr. Turner a glass of wine, there coming to us Mr. Fowler the apothecary (the Judge's son) with a book of lute lessons which his father had left there for me, such as he formerly did use to play when a young man, and had the use of his hand. To the Privy Seal, and found some business now again to do there. To Westminster Hall for a new half-shirt of Mrs. Lane, and so home by water. Wrote letters by the post to my Lord and to sea. This night W. Hewer brought me home from Mr. Pim's my velvet coat and cap, the first that ever I had. So to bed.

26th (Lord's day). With Sir W. Pen to the parish church, where we are placed in the highest pew of all, where a stranger preached a dry and tedious long sermon. Dined at home. To church again in the afternoon with my wife; in the garden and on the leads at night, and so to supper and to bed.

27th. This morning comes one with a vessel of North-down ale from Mr. Pierce, the purser, to me, and after him another with a brave Turkey carpet and a jar of olives from Captain Cuttance, and a pair of fine turtle-doves from John Burr to my wife. These things came up to-day in our smack, and my boy Ely came along with them, and came after office was done to see me. I did give him half a crown because I saw that he was ready to cry to see that he

[1] "Jo. Barclaii Argenis. Lugd. Bat. 1659" is in the Pepysian Library, as also the second and third parts published in 1689.

could not be entertained by me here. In the afternoon to the Privy Seal, where good store of work now toward the end of the month. From thence with Mr. Mount, Luellin, and others to the Bull head till late, and so home, where about 10 o'clock Major Hart came to me, whom I did receive with wine and anchovies, which made me so dry that I was ill with them all night, and was fain to have the girle rise and fetch me some drink.

28th. At home looking over my papers and books and house as to the fitting of it to my mind till two in the afternoon. Some time I spent this morning beginning to teach my wife some scale in music, and found her apt beyond imagination. To the Privy Seal, where great store of work today. Colonel Scroope[1] is this day excepted out of the Act of Indemnity, which has been now long in coming out, but it is expected to-morrow. I carried home £80 from the Privy Seal, by coach, and at night spent a little more time with my wife about her music with great content. This day I heard my poor mother had then two days been very ill, and I fear she will not last long. To bed, a little troubled that I fear my boy Will[2] is a thief and has stole some money of mine, particularly a letter that Mr. Jenkins did leave the last week with me with half a crown in it to send to his son.

29th (Office day). Before I went to the office my wife and I examined my boy Will about his stealing of things, but he denied all with the greatest subtlety and confidence in the world. To the office, and after office then to the Church, where we took another view of the place where we had resolved to build a gallery, and have set men about doing it. Home to dinner, and there I found my wife had discovered my boy Will's theft and a great deal more than we imagined, at which I was vexed and intend to put him away. To my office at the Privy Seal in the afternoon, and from thence at night to the Bull Head, with Mount, Luellin, and others, and hence to my father's, and he being at my uncle Fenner's, I went thither to him, and there sent for

[1] Colonel Adrian Scroope, one of the persons who sat in judgment upon Charles I.

[2] Pepys refers to two Wills. This was Will Wayneman; the other was William Hewer.

my boy's father and talked with him about his son, and had his promise that if I will send home his boy, he will take him notwithstanding his indenture. Home at night, and find that my wife had found out more of the boy's stealing 6*s.* out of W. Hewer's closet, and hid it in the house of office, at which my heart was troubled. To bed, and caused the boy's clothes to be brought up to my chamber. But after we were all a-bed, the wench (which lies in our chamber) called us to listen of a sudden, which put my wife into such a fright that she shook every joint of her, and a long time that I could not get her out of it. The noise was the boy, we did believe, got in a desperate mood out of his bed to do himself or William [Hewer] some mischief. But the wench went down and got a candle lighted, and finding the boy in bed, and locking the doors fast, with a candle burning all night, we slept well, but with a great deal of fear.

30th. We found all well in the morning below stairs, but the boy in a sad plight of seeming sorrow; but he is the most cunning rogue that ever I met with of his age. To White Hall, where I met with the Act of Indemnity[1] (so long talked of and hoped for), with the Act of Rate for Pole-money, and for judicial proceedings. At Westminster Hall I met with Mr. Paget the lawyer, and dined with him at Heaven. This afternoon my wife went to Mr. Pierce's wife's child's christening, and was urged to be godmother, but I advised her beforehand not to do it, so she did not, but as proxy for my Lady Jemimah. This the first day that ever I saw my wife wear black patches since we were married.[2] My Lord came to town to-day, but coming not home till very late I staid till 10 at night, and so home on foot. Mr. Sheply and Mr. Childe[3] this night at the tavern.

[1] 12 Car. II. cap. 11, an act of free and general pardon, indemnity, and oblivion.

[2] The fashion of placing black patches on the face was introduced towards the close of the reign of Charles I., and the practice is ridiculed in the "Spectator."

[3] Probably Josiah Child (born 1630), Deputy Treasurer of the Fleet, Mayor of Portsmouth, Director, and afterwards Chairman of the East India Company, which he ruled despotically. He wrote "Brief Observations on Trade," 1668, a second edition of which appeared in 1690

31st. Early to wait upon my Lord at White Hall, and with him to the Duke's chamber. So to my office in Seething Lane. Dined at home, and after dinner to my Lord again, who told me that he is ordered to go suddenly to sea, and did give me some orders to be drawing up against his going. This afternoon I agreed to let my house quite out of my hands to Mr. Dalton (one of the wine sellers to the King, with whom I had drunk in the old wine cellar two or three times) for £41. At night made even at Privy Seal for this month against to-morrow to give up possession, but we know not to whom, though we most favour Mr. Bickerstaffe, with whom and Mr. Matthews we drank late after office was done at the Sun, discoursing what to do about it to-morrow against Baron, and so home and to bed. Blessed be God all things continue well with and for me. I pray God fit me for a change of my fortune.

September 1st. This morning I took care to get a vessel to carry my Lord's things to the Downs on Monday next, and so to White Hall to my Lord, where he and I did look over the Commission drawn for him by the Duke's Council, which I do not find my Lord displeased with, though short of what Dr. Walker did formerly draw for him. Thence to the Privy Seal to see how things went there, and I find that Mr. Baron had by a severe warrant from the King got possession of the office from his brother Bickerstaffe, which is very strange, and much to our admiration, it being against all open justice. Mr. Moore and I and several others being invited to-day by Mr. Goodman, a friend of his, we dined at the Bullhead upon the best venison pasty that ever I eat of in my life, and with one dish more, it was the best dinner I ever was at. Here rose in discourse at table a dispute between Mr. Moore and Dr. Clerke, the former affirming that it was essential to a tragedy to have the argument of it true, which the Doctor denied, and left it to me to be judge, and the cause to be determined next Tuesday morning at the same place, upon the eating of the remains of the pasty, and the loser to spend 10*s*. All this afternoon sending express to the fleet, to order things against my Lord's

as "A new Discourse of Trade," and which went through many subsequent editions. He was created a baronet in 1678, and died June 22nd, 1699.

coming: and taking direction of my Lord about some rich furniture to take along with him for the Princess.[1] And talking of this, I hear by Mr. Townsend, that there is the greatest preparation against the Prince de Ligne's[2] coming over from the King of Spain, that ever was in England for their Embassador. Late home, and what with business and my boy's roguery my mind being unquiet, I went to bed.

2nd (Sunday). To Westminster, my Lord being gone before my coming to chapel. I and Mr. Sheply told out my money, and made even for my Privy Seal fees and gratuity money, &c., to this day between my Lord and me. After that to chappell, where Dr. Fern,[3] a good honest sermon upon "The Lord is my shield." After sermon a dull anthem, and so to my Lord's (he dining abroad) and dined with Mr. Sheply. So to St. Margarett's, and heard a good sermon upon the text "Teach us the old way," or something like it, wherein he ran over all the new tenets in policy and religion, which have brought us into all our late divisions. From church to Mrs. Crisp's (having sent Wm. Hewer home to tell my wife that I could not come home to-night because of my Lord's going out early to-morrow morning), where I sat late, and did give them a great deal of wine, it being a farewell cup to Laud Crisp. I drank till the daughter began to be very loving to me and kind, and I fear is not so good as she should be. To my Lord's, and to bed with Mr. Sheply.

3rd. Up and to Mr. ——, the goldsmith near the new Exchange, where I bought my wedding ring, and there, with much ado, got him to put a gold ring to the jewell, which

[1] Mary, Princess Royal and Princess of Orange, who died in December of this year.

[2] Claude Lamoral, Prince de Ligne, had commanded the cavalry in the Low Countries, was afterwards Viceroy of Sicily and Governor of Milan. He died at Madrid in 1679. He had married, by dispensation, his cousin Maria Clara of Nassau, widow of his brother Albert Henry, who had died without issue. In our own time his descendant, the Prince de Ligne, was Ambassador Extraordinary from Belgium at the coronation of Queen Victoria. — B.

[3] Henry Ferne, born at York in 1602, D.D. 1643, Chaplain Extraordinary to Charles I., Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, Dean of Ely, 1662, Bishop of Chester, February, 1661–62, and died five weeks after his consecration on the 16th March. He wrote many controversial pamphlets.

the King of Sweden[1] did give my Lord: out of which my Lord had now taken the King's picture, and intends to make a George of it. This morning at my Lord's I had an opportunity to speak with Sir George Downing, who has promised me to give me up my bond, and to pay me for my last quarter while I was at sea, that so I may pay Mr. Moore and Hawly. About noon my Lord, having taken leave of the King in the Shield Gallery (where I saw with what kindness the King did hug my Lord at his parting), I went over with him and saw him in his coach at Lambeth, and there took leave of him, he going to the Downs, which put me in mind of his first voyage that ever he made, which he did begin like this from Lambeth. In the afternoon with Mr. Moore to my house to cast up our Privy Seal accounts, where I found that my Lord's comes to 400 and odd pounds, and mine to £132, out of which I do give him as good as £25 for his pains, with which I doubt he is not satisfied, but my heart is full glad. Thence with him to Mr. Crew's, and did fetch as much money as did make even our acounts between him and me. Home, and there found Mr. Cooke come back from my Lord for me to get him some things bought for him to be brought after them, a toilet cap and comb case of silk, to make use of in Holland, for he goes to the Hague, which I can do to-morrow morning. This day my father and my uncle Fenner, and both his sons, have been at my house to see it, and my wife did treat them nobly with wine and anchovies. By reason of my Lord's going to-day I could not get the office to meet to-day.

4th. I did many things this morning at home before I went out, as looking over the joiners, who are flooring my dining-room, and doing business with Sir Williams[2] both at the office, and so to Whitehall, and so to the Bullhead, where we had the remains of our pasty, where I did give my verdict against Mr. Moore upon last Saturday's wager, where Dr. Fuller coming in do confirm me in my verdict. From thence to my Lord's and despatched Mr. Cooke away with the things to my Lord. From thence to Axe Yard to my house, where standing at the door Mrs. Diana comes

[1] Gustavus XI., King of Sweden.

[2] "Both Sir Williams" is a favourite expression with Pepys, meaning Sir William Batten and Sir William Penn.

by, whom I took into my house upstairs, and there did dally with her a great while, and found that in Latin "Nulla puella negat." So home by water, and there sat up late setting my papers in order, and my money also, and teaching my wife her music lesson, in which I take great pleasure. So to bed.

5th. To the office. From thence by coach upon the desire of the principal officers to Master of Chancery to give Mr. Stowell his oath, whereby he do answer that he did hear Phineas Pett say very high words against the King a great while ago. Coming back our coach broke, and so Stowell and I to Mr. Rawlinson's, and after a glass of wine parted, and I to the office, home to dinner, where (having put away my boy in the morning) his father brought him again, but I did so clear up my boy's roguery to his father, that he could not speak against my putting him away, and so I did give him 10*s.* for the boy's clothes that I made him, and so parted and tore his indenture. All the afternoon with the principal officers at Sir W. Batten's about Pett's business (where I first saw Col. Slingsby,[1] who has now his appointment for Comptroller), but did bring it to no issue. This day I saw our Dedimus to be sworn in the peace by, which will be shortly. In the evening my wife being a little impatient I went along with her to buy her a necklace of pearl, which will cost £4 10*s.*, which I am willing to comply with her in for her encouragement, and because I have lately got money, having now above £200 in cash beforehand in the world. Home, and having in our way bought a rabbit and two little lobsters, my wife and I did sup late, and so to bed. Great news now-a-day of the Duke d'Anjou's[2] desire to marry the Princesse Henrietta.

[1] Colonel, afterwards Sir Robert Slingsby, Bart., appointed Comptroller of the Navy in 1660. He died October 28th, 1661, and Pepys grieved for his loss.

[2] Philip, Duke of Anjou, afterwards Duke of Orleans, brother of Louis XIV. (born 1640, died 1701), married the Princess Henrietta, youngest daughter of Charles I., who was born June 16th, 1644, at Exeter. She was known as "La belle Henriette." In May, 1670, she came to Dover on a political mission from Louis XIV. to her brother Charles II., but the visit was undertaken much against the wish of her husband. Her death occurred on her return to France, and was attributed to poison. It was the occasion of one of the finest of Bossuet's "Oraisons Funèbres."

Hugh Peters[1] is said to be taken, and the Duke of Glocester is ill, and it is said it will prove the small-pox.

6th. To Whitehall by water with Sir W. Batten, and in our passage told me how Commissioner Pett did pay himself for the entertainment that he did give the King at Chatham at his coming in, and 20*s.* a day all the time he was in Holland, which I wonder at, and so I see there is a great deal of envy between the two. At Whitehall I met with Commissioner Pett, who told me how Mr. Coventry and Fairbank his solicitor are falling out, one complaining of the other for taking too great fees, which is too true. I find that Commissioner Pett is under great discontent, and is loth to give too much money for his place, and so do greatly desire me to go along with him in what we shall agree to give Mr. Coventry, which I have promised him, but am unwilling to mix my fortune with him that is going down the wind. We all met this morning and afterwards at the Admiralty, where our business is to ask provision of victuals ready for the ships in the Downs, which we did, Mr. Gauden promising to go himself thither and see it done. Dined Will and I at my Lord's upon a joint of meat that I sent Mrs. Sarah for. Afterwards to my office and sent all my books to my Lord's, in order to send them to my house that I now dwell in. Home and to bed.

7th. Not office day, and in the afternoon at home all the day, it being the first that I have been at home all day since I came hither. Putting my papers, books and other things in order, and writing of letters. This day my Lord set sail from the Downs for Holland.

8th. All day also at home. At night sent for by Sir W. Pen, with whom I sat late drinking a glass of wine and discoursing, and I find him to be a very sociable man, and an able man, and very cunning.

9th (Sunday). In the morning with Sir W. Pen to church, and a very good sermon of Mr. Mills. Home to dinner, and Sir W. Pen with me to such as I had, and it was

[1] Hugh Peters, born at Fowey, Cornwall, and educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated M.A. 1622. He was tried as one of the regicides, and executed. A broadside, entitled "The Welsh Hubub, or the Unkennelling and earthing of Hugh Peters that crafty Fox," was printed October 3rd, 1660.

very handsome, it being the first time that he ever saw my wife or house since we came hither. Afternoon to church with my wife, and after that home, and there walked with Major Hart,[1] who came to see me, in the garden, who tells me that we are all like to be speedily disbanded,[2] and then I lose the benefit of a muster. After supper to bed.

10th (Office day). News of the Duke's intention to go to-morrow to the fleet for a day or two to meet his sister. Col. Slingsby and I to Whitehall, thinking to proffer our service to the Duke to wait upon him, but meeting with Sir G. Carteret he sent us in all haste back again to hire two Catches for the present use of the Duke. So we returned and landed at the Bear at the Bridge foot,[3] where we saw Southwark Fair[4] (I having not at all seen Bartholomew Fair), and so to the Tower wharf, where we did hire two catches. So to the office and found Sir W. Batten at dinner with some friends upon a good chine of beef, on which I ate heartily, I being very hungry. Home, where Mr. Snow (whom afterwards we called one another cozen) came to me to see me, and with him and one Shelston, a simple fellow that looks after an employment (that was with me just upon my going to sea last), to a tavern, where till late with them. So home, having drunk too much, and so to bed.

11th. At Sir W. Batten's with Sir W. Pen we drank our morning draft, and from thence for an hour in the office and dispatch a little business. Dined at Sir W. Batten's, and by this time I see that we are like to have a very good correspondence and neighbourhood, but chargeable. All the afternoon at home looking over my carpenters. At night I called Thos. Hater out of the office to my house to

[1] Major Hart; he lived in Cannon Street; see *post*, September 20th.

[2] The Trained Bands were abolished in 1663, but those of the City of London were specially excepted. The officers of the Trained Bands were supplied by the Hon. Artillery Company.

[3] The Bear at the Bridge foot was a famous tavern at the Southwark end of old London Bridge, on the west side of High Street. It was pulled down in December, 1761.

[4] Liberty to hold an annual fair in Southwark on September 7th, 8th, and 9th, was granted to the City of London by the charter of 2 Edward IV. (November 2nd, 1462). Though the allowed time for its continuance by charter was only three days, it generally continued, like other fairs, for fourteen days.

sit and talk with me. After he was gone I caused the girl to wash the wainscot of our parlour, which she did very well, which caused my wife and I good sport. Up to my chamber to read a little, and wrote my Diary for three or four days past. The Duke of York did go to-day by break of day to the Downs. The Duke of Gloucester ill. The House of Parliament was to adjourn to-day. I know not yet whether it be done or no. To bed.

12th (Office day). This noon I expected to have had my cousin Snow and my father come to dine with me, but it being very rainy they did not come. My brother Tom came to my house with a letter from my brother John, wherein he desires some books: Barthol. Anatom., Rosin. Rom. Antiq., and Gassend. Astronom.,[1] the last of which I did give him, and an angel[2] against my father buying of the others. At home all the afternoon looking after my workmen, whose laziness do much trouble me. This day the Parliament adjourned.

13th. Old East comes to me in the morning with letters, and I did give him a bottle of Northdown ale, which made the poor man almost drunk. In the afternoon my wife went to the burial of a child of my cozen Scott's, and it is observable that within this month my Aunt Wight was brought to bed of two girls, my cozen Stradwick[3] of a girl and a boy, and my cozen Scott of a boy, and all died. In the afternoon to Westminster, where Mr. Dalton was ready with his money to pay me for my house, but our writings not being drawn it could not be done to-day. I met with Mr. Hawly, who was removing his things from Mr. Bowyer's, where he has lodged a great while, and I took him and W. Bowyer to the Swan and drank, and Mr. Hawly did give me a little black rattoon,[4] painted and gilt. Home by water. This day the Duke of Gloucester died of the small-pox, by the great negligence of the doctors.[5]

[1] "Thomæ Bartholini Anatomia," Hagæ Comitis, 1660, "Joannis Rosini Antiquitatum Romanarum Corpus," Amstelodami, 1685, "Petri Gassendi Institutio Astronomica," 1683, are in Pepys's library.

[2] A gold coin varying in value at different times from 6*s.* 8*d.* to 10*s.*

[3] Elizabeth Stradwick, sister of Richard Pepys, and wife of Thomas Stradwick.

[4] Probably an Indian rattan cane.

[5] Elegies on the Duke of Gloucester's death were printed. One of

14th (Office day). I got £42 15s. appointed me by bill for my employment of Secretary to the 4th of this month, it being the last money I shall receive upon that score. My wife went this afternoon to see my mother, who I hear is very ill, at which my heart is very sad. In the afternoon Luellin comes to my house, and takes me out to the Mitre in Wood Street,[1] where Mr. Samford, W. Symons and his wife, and Mr. Scobell, Mr. Mount and Chetwind, where they were very merry, Luellin being drunk, and I being to defend the ladies from his kissing them, I kissed them myself very often with a great deal of mirth. Parted very late, they by coach to Westminster, and I on foot.

15th. Met very early at our office this morning to pick out the twenty-five ships which are to be first paid off. After that to Westminster and dined with Mr. Dalton at his office, where we had one great court dish, but our papers not being done we could [not] make an end of our business till Monday next. Mr. Dalton and I over the water to our landlord Vanly, with whom we agree as to Dalton becoming a tenant. Back to Westminster, where I met with Dr. Castles, who chidd me for some errors in our Privy-Seal business; among the rest, for letting the fees of the six judges pass unpaid, which I know not what to say to, till I speak to Mr. Moore. I was much troubled, for fear of being forced to pay the money myself. Called at my father's going home, and bespoke mourning for myself, for the death of the Duke of Gloucester. I found my mother pretty well. So home and to bed.

16th (Sunday). To Dr. Hardy's church,[2] and sat with

these was entitled, "Some Teares dropt on the Herse of the incomparable Prince Henry, Duke of Gloucester."

[1] The Mitre in Wood Street was kept by William Proctor, who died insolvent of the plague, 1665 (see July 31st, 1665). The tavern was destroyed in the Great Fire (see "Boyne's Trade Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i., 1889, p. 800).

[2] Nathaniel Hardy, D.D., was for many years preacher at the church of St. Dionis Backchurch, and on August 10th, 1660, he was appointed rector of that parish. He was son of Anthony Hardy, and born in the Old Bailey, September 14th, 1618. He became a prominent Presbyterian minister, but after the Treaty of Uxbridge, 1644, he changed his opinions, and preached a recantation sermon in London. He was appointed Dean of Rochester, December 10th, 1660, and vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. Died at Croydon, June 1st, 1670, and was buried in the church of St. Martin's.

Mr. Rawlinson and heard a good sermon upon the occasion of the Duke's death. His text was, "And is there any evil in the city and the Lord hath not done it?" Home to dinner, having some sport with Wm. [Hewer], who never had been at Common Prayer before. After dinner I alone to Westminster, where I spent my time walking up and down in Westminster Abbey till sermon time with Ben. Palmer and Fetters the watchmaker, who told me that my Lord of Oxford[1] is also dead of the small-pox; in whom his family dies, after 600 years having that honour in their family and name. From thence to the Park, where I saw how far they had proceeded in the Pell-mell, and in making a river through the Park, which I had never seen before since it was begun.[2] Thence to White Hall garden, where I saw the King in purple mourning[3] for his brother. So home, and in my way met with Dinah, who spoke to me and told me she had a desire to speak too about some business when I came to Westminster again. Which she spoke in such a manner that I was afraid she might tell me something that I would not hear of our last meeting at my house at Westminster. Home late, being very dark. A gentleman in the Poultry had a great and dirty fall over a water-pipe that lay along the channel.

17th. Office very early about casting up the debts of those twenty-five ships which are to be paid off, which we are to present to the Committee of Parliament. I did give my wife £15 this morning to go to buy mourning things for her and me, which she did. Dined at home and Mr. Moore with me, and afterwards to Whitehall to Mr. Dalton and drank in the Cellar, where Mr. Vanly according to appointment was. Thence forth to see the Prince de Ligne, Spanish Embassador, come in to his audience, which was done in very great state. That being done, Dalton, Vanly,

[1] Aubrey de Vere, then twentieth Earl of Oxford, survived till March 12, 1702–3, when the title became extinct.

[2] This is the Mall in St. James's Park, which was made by Charles II., the former Mall (Pall Mall) having been built upon during the Commonwealth. Charles II. also formed the canal by throwing the several small ponds into one.

[3] "The Queen-mother of France," says Ward, in his Diary, p. 177, "died at Agrippina, 1642, and her son Louis, 1643, for whom King Charles mourned in Oxford in *purple, which is Prince's mourning.*"

Scrivener and some friends of theirs and I to the Axe, and signed and sealed our writings, and hence to the Wine cellar again, where I received £41 for my interest in my house, out of which I paid my Landlord to Michaelmas next, and so all is even between him and me, and I freed of my poor little house. Home by link with my money under my arm. So to bed after I had looked over the things my wife had bought to-day, with which being not very well pleased, they costing too much, I went to bed in a discontent. Nothing yet from sea, where my Lord and the Princess are.

18th. At home all the morning looking over my workmen in my house. After dinner Sir W. Batten, Pen, and myself by coach to Westminster Hall, where we met Mr. Wayte the lawyer to the Treasurer, and so we went up to the Committee of Parliament, which are to consider of the debts of the Army and Navy, and did give in our account of the twenty-five ships. Col. Birch was very impertinent and troublesome. But at last we did agree to fit the accounts of our ships more perfectly for their view within a few days, that they might see what a trouble it is to do what they desire. From thence Sir Williams both going by water home, I took Mr. Wayte to the Rhenish winehouse, and drank with him and so parted. Thence to Mr. Crew's and spoke with Mr. Moore about the business of paying off Baron our share of the dividend. So on foot home, by the way buying a hat band and other things for my mourning to-morrow. So home and to bed. This day I heard that the Duke of York, upon the news of the death of his brother yesterday, came hither by post last night.

19th (Office day). I put on my mourning and went to the office. At noon thinking to have found my wife in hers, I found that the tailor had failed her, at which I was vexed because of an invitation that we have to a dinner this day, but after having waited till past one o'clock I went, and left her to put on some other clothes and come after me to the Mitre tavern in Wood-street (a house of the greatest note in London), where I met W. Symons, and D. Scobell, and their wives, Mr. Samford, Luellin, Chetwind, one Mr. Vivion, and Mr. White,[1] formerly chaplin to the

[1] According to Noble, Jeremiah White married Lady Frances Cromwell's waiting-woman, in Oliver's lifetime, and they lived together fifty

Lady Protectresse[1] (and still so, and one they say that is likely to get my Lady Francess for his wife). Here we were very merry and had a very good dinner, my wife coming after me hither to us. Among other pleasures some of us fell to handycapp,[2] a sport that I never knew before, which was very good. We staid till it was very late; it rained sadly, but we made shift to get coaches. So home and to bed.

20th. At home, and at the office, and in the garden walking with both Sir Williams all the morning. After dinner to Whitehall to Mr. Dalton, and with him to my house and took away all my papers that were left in my closet, and so I have now nothing more in the house or to do with it. We called to speak with my Landlord Beale, but he was not within but spoke with the old woman, who takes it very ill that I did not let her have it, but I did give her an answer. From thence to Sir G. Downing and staid late there (he having sent for me to come to him), which was to tell me how my Lord Sandwich had disappointed him of a ship to bring over his child and goods, and made great complaint thereof; but I got him to write a letter to Lawson,[3] which it may be may do the business for him, I writing another also about it. While he was writing, and his Lady and I had a great deal of discourse in praise of Holland. By water to the Bridge, and so to Major Hart's lodgings in Cannon-street, who used me very kindly with wine and

years. Lady Frances had two husbands, Mr. Robert Rich and Sir John Russell of Chippenham, the last of whom she survived fifty-two years, dying 1721–2. The story is, that Oliver found White on his knees to Frances Cromwell, and that, to save himself, he pretended to have been soliciting her interest with her waiting-woman, whom Oliver compelled him to marry. (Noble's "Life of Cromwell," vol. ii. pp. 151, 152.) White was born in 1629 and died 1707.

[1] Elizabeth, wife of Oliver Cromwell.

[2] "A game at cards not unlike Loo, but with this difference, the winner of one trick has to put in a double stake, the winner of two tricks a triple stake, and so on. Thus, if six persons are playing, and the general stake is 1*s.*, suppose A gains the three tricks, he gains 6*s.*, and has to 'hand i' the cap,' or pool, 4*s.* for the next deal. Suppose A gains two tricks and B one, then A gains 4*s.* and B 2*s.*, and A has to stake 3*s.* and B 2*s.* for the next deal." — Hindley's *Tavern Anecdotes.* — M. B.

[3] The Vice-Admiral.

good discourse, particularly upon the ill method which Colonel Birch and the Committee use in defending of the army and the navy; promising the Parliament to save them a great deal of money, when we judge that it will cost the King more than if they had nothing to do with it, by reason of their delays and scrupulous enquirys into the account of both. So home and to bed.

21st (Office day). There all the morning and afternoon till 4 o'clock. Hence to Whitehall, thinking to have put up my books at my Lord's, but am disappointed from want of a chest which I had at Mr. Bowyer's. Back by water about 8 o'clock, and upon the water saw the corpse of the Duke of Gloucester brought down Somerset House stairs, to go by water to Westminster, to be buried to-night. I landed at the old Swan[1] and went to the Hoop Tavern, and (by a former agreement) sent for Mr. Chaplin, who with Nicholas Osborne and one Daniel came to us and we drank off two or three quarts of wine, which was very good; the drawing of our wine causing a great quarrel in the house between the two drawers which should draw us the best, which caused a great deal of noise and falling out till the master parted them, and came up to us and did give us a large account of the liberty that he gives his servants, all alike, to draw what wine they will to please his customers; and we did eat above 200 walnuts. About 10 o'clock we broke up and so home, and in my way I called in with them at Mr. Chaplin's, where Nicholas Osborne did give me a barrel of samphire,[2] and showed me the keys of Mardyke Fort,[3] which he that was commander of the fort sent him as a token when the fort was demolished, which I was mightily pleased to see, and will get them of him if I can. Home, where I

[1] The Old Swan tavern in Thames Street was a very old house, and mention of it is found as early as 1323. There is a token of Richard Evans dated 1668, which must have been issued from the new building, as the old tavern was destroyed in the Great Fire (see "Boyne's Trade Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i., 1889, p. 768).

[2] Samphire was formerly a favourite pickle; hence the "dangerous trade" of the samphire gatherer ("King Lear," act iv. sc. 6) who supplied the demand. It was sold in the streets, and one of the old London cries was "I ha' Rock Samphier, Rock Samphier!"

[3] A fort four miles east of Dunkirk, probably dismantled when that town was sold to Louis XIV.

found my boy (my maid's brother) come out of the country to-day, but was gone to bed and so I could not see him to-night. To bed.

22nd. This morning I called up my boy, and found him a pretty, well-looked boy, and one that I think will please me. I went this morning by land to Westminster along with Luellin, who came to my house this morning to get me to go with him to Capt. Allen to speak with him for his brother to go with him to Constantinople, but could not find him. We walked on to Fleet street, where at Mr. Standing's in Salsbury Court we drank our morning draft and had a pickled herring. Among other discourse here he told me how the pretty woman that I always loved at the beginning of Cheapside that sells child's coats was served by the Lady Bennett (a famous strumpet), who by counterfeiting to fall into a swoon upon the sight of her in her shop, became acquainted with her, and at last got her ends of her to lie with a gentleman that had hired her to procure this poor soul for him. To Westminster to my Lord's, and there in the house of office vomited up all my breakfast, my stomach being ill all this day by reason of the last night's debauch. Here I sent to Mr. Bowyer's for my chest and put up my books and sent them home. I staid here all day in my Lord's chamber and upon the leads gazing upon Diana, who looked out of a window upon me. At last I went out to Mr. Harper's, and she standing over the way at the gate, I went over to her and appointed to meet tomorrow in the afternoon at my Lord's. Here I bought a hanging jack. From thence by coach home (by the way at the New Exchange[1] I bought a pair of short black stockings, to wear over a pair of silk ones for mourning; and

[1] In the Strand; built, under the auspices of James I., in 1608, out of the stables of Durham House, the site of the present Adelphi. The New Exchange stood where Coutts's banking-house now is. "It was built somewhat on the model of the Royal Exchange, with cellars beneath, a walk above, and rows of shops over that, filled chiefly with milliners, sempstresses, and the like." It was also called "Britain's Burse." "He has a lodging in the Strand . . . to watch when ladies are gone to the china houses, or to the *Exchange*, that he may meet them by chance and give them presents, some two or three hundred pounds worth of toys, to be laughed at." — Ben Jonson, *The Silent Woman*, act i. sc. i.

here I met with The. Turner and Joyce,[1] buying of things to go into mourning too for the Duke, which is now the mode of all the ladies in town), where I wrote some letters by the post to Hinchinbroke to let them know that this day Mr. Edw. Pickering is come from my Lord, and says that he left him well in Holland, and that he will be here within three or four days. To-day not well of my last night's drinking yet. I had the boy up to-night for his sister to teach him to put me to bed, and I heard him read, which he did pretty well.

23rd (Lord's day). My wife got up to put on her mourning to-day and to go to Church this morning. I up and set down my journall for these 5 days past. This morning came one from my father's with a black cloth coat, made of my short cloak, to walk up and down in. To church my wife and I, with Sir W. Batten, where we heard of Mr. Mills a very good sermon upon these words, "So run that ye may obtain." After dinner all alone to Westminster. At Whitehall I met with Mr. Pierce and his wife (she newly come forth after child-birth) both in mourning for the Duke of Gloucester. She went with Mr. Child to Whitehall chapel and Mr. Pierce with me to the Abbey, where I expected to hear Mr. Baxter or Mr. Rowe preach their farewell sermon, and in Mr. Symons's pew I sat and heard Mr. Rowe. Before sermon I laughed at the reader, who in his prayer desires of God that He would imprint his word on the thumbs of our right hands and on the right great toes of our right feet.[2] In the midst of the sermon some plaster fell from the top of the Abbey, that made me and all the rest in our pew afeard, and I wished myself out. After sermon with Mr. Pierce to Whitehall, and from thence to my Lord, but Diana did not come according to our agreement. So calling at my father's (where my wife had been this afternoon but was gone home) I went home. This afternoon, the King having news of the Princess being

[1] Probably Joyce Norton, see *ante*, January 7th (note).

[2] Pepys apparently was ignorant of the instructions in the Levitical law, "Then shalt thou kill the ram, and take of his blood and put it upon the tip of the right ear of Aaron, and upon the tip of the right ear of his sons, and upon the thumb of their right hand, and upon the great toe of their right foot." — *Exodus* xxix. 20. (See also Leviticus viii. 23, xiv. 14.)

come to Margate, he and the Duke of York went down thither in barges to her.

24th (Office day). From thence to dinner by coach with my wife to my Cozen Scott's, and the company not being come, I went over the way to the Barber's. So thither again to dinner, where was my uncle Fenner and my aunt, my father and mother, and others. Among the rest my Cozen Rich. Pepys,[1] their elder brother, whom I had not seen these fourteen years, ever since he came from New England. It was strange for us to go a gossiping to her, she having newly buried her child that she was brought to bed of. I rose from table and went to the Temple church, where I had appointed Sir W. Batten to meet him; and there at Sir Heneage Finch Sollicitor General's chambers, before him and Sir W. Wilde,[2] Recorder of London (whom we sent for from his chamber) we were sworn justices of peace for Middlesex, Essex, Kent, and Southampton; with which honour I did find myself mightily pleased, though I am wholly ignorant in the duty of a justice of peace. From thence with Sir William to Whitehall by water (old Mr. Smith with us) intending to speak with Secretary Nicholas about the augmentation of our salaries, but being forth we went to the Three Tuns tavern, where we drank awhile, and then came in Col. Slingsby and another gentleman and sat with us. From thence to my Lord's to enquire whether they have had any thing from my Lord or no. Knocking at the door, there passed me Mons. L'Impertinent [Mr. Butler] for whom I took a coach and went with him to a dancing meeting in Broad Street,[3] at the house

[1] Richard Pepys, eldest son of Richard Pepys, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland. He went to Boston, Mass., in 1634, and returned to England about 1646.

[2] William Wilde, elected Recorder on November 3rd, 1659, and appointed one of the commissioners sent to Breda to desire Charles II. to return to England immediately. He was knighted after the King's return, called to the degree of Serjeant, and created a baronet, all in the same year. In 1668 he ceased to be Recorder, and was appointed Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. In 1673 he was removed to the King's Bench. He was turned out of his office in 1679 on account of his action in connection with the Popish Plot, and died November 23rd of the same year.

[3] James Howell directed a letter from Middleburg in Zealand, June 6th. 1619, to "Captain Francis Bacon, at the Glass house in Broad

that was formerly the glass-house, Luke Channell[1] Master of the School, where I saw good dancing, but it growing late, and the room very full of people and so very hot, I went home.

25th. To the office, where Sir W. Batten, Colonel Slingsby,[2] and I sat awhile, and Sir R. Ford[3] coming to us about some business, we talked together of the interest of this kingdom to have a peace with Spain and a war with France and Holland; where Sir R. Ford talked like a man of great reason and experience. And afterwards I did send for a cup of tee[4] (a China drink) of which I never had drank before, and went away. Then came Col. Birch and Sir R. Browne by a former appointment, and with them from Tower wharf in the barge be longing to our office we went to Deptford to pay off the ship Success, which (Sir G. Carteret and Sir W. Pen coming afterwards to us) we did, Col. Birch

Street." Monk was lodged there in February, 1659–60. The place was burned in the Great Fire.

[1] Luke Cheynell, a hop merchant, is mentioned not very respectfully in "Select City Quæries, by Mercurius Philalethes," Part I., London, 1660. This may be the same person.

[2] Colonel, afterwards Sir Robert Slingsby, Comptroller of the Navy, whose father, Sir Guildford Slingsby, held the same office. See *ante*, September 5th.

[3] Sir Richard Ford was one of the commissioners sent to Breda to desire Charles II. to return to England immediately.

[4] The "Mercurius Politicus" of September 30th, 1658, sets forth: "That excellent and by all Physicians, approved, China drink, called by the Chineans Tcha, by other nations Tay alias Tee, is sold at the Sultaness Head Coffee-House, in Sweetings Rents, by the Royal Exchange, London." "Coffee, chocolate, and a kind of drink called *tee*, sold in almost every street in 1659." — Rugge's *Diurnal*. It is stated in "Boyne's Trade Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i., 1889, p. 593, "that the word tea occurs on no other tokens than those issued from 'the Great Turk' (Morat y^e^ Great) coffeehouse in Exchange Alley." The Dutch East India Company introduced tea into Europe in 1610, and it is said to have been first imported into England from Holland about 1650. The English "East India Company" purchased and presented 2 lbs. of tea to Charles II. in 1664, and $23\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. in 1666. The first order for its importation by the company was in 1668, and the first consignment of it, amounting to $143\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., was received from Bantam in 1669 (see Sir George Birdwood's "Report on the Old Records at the India Office," 1890, p. 26). By act 12 Car. II., capp. 23, 24, a duty of 8*d*. per gallon was imposed upon the infusion of tea, as well as on chocolate and sherbet.

being a mighty busy man and one that is the most indefatigable and forward to make himself work of any man that ever I knew in my life. At the Globe we had a very good dinner, and after that to the pay again, which being finished we returned by water again, and I from our office with Col. Slingsby by coach to Westminster (I setting him down at his lodgings by the way) to inquire for my Lord's coming thither (the King and the Princess[1] coming up the river this afternoon as we were at our pay), and I found him gone to Mr. Crew's, where I found him well, only had got some corns upon his foot which was not well yet. My Lord told me how the ship that brought the Princess and him (The Tredagh[2]) did knock six times upon the Kentish Knock,[3] which put them in great fear for the ship; but got off well. He told me also how the King had knighted Vice-Admiral Lawson and Sir Richard Stayner. From him late and by coach home, where the plasterers being at work in all the rooms in my house, my wife was fain to make a bed upon the ground for her and me, and so there we lay all night.

26th. Office day. That done to the church, to consult about our gallery. So home to dinner, where I found Mrs. Hunt, who brought me a letter for me to get my Lord to sign for her husband, which I shall do for her. At home with the workmen all the afternoon, our house being in a most sad pickle. In the evening to the office, where I fell a-reading of Speed's Geography[4] for a while. So home think-

[1] "The Princess Royall came from Gravesend to Whitehall by water, attended by a noble retinue of about one hundred persons, gentry, and servants, and tradesmen, and tirewomen, and others, that took that opportunity to advance their fortunes, by coming in with so excellent a Princess as without question she is." — Rugge's *Diurnal*. A broadside, entitled "Ourania, the High and Mighty Lady the Princess Royal of Aurange, congratulated on her most happy arrival, September the 25th, 1660," was printed on the 29th.

[2] "The Tredagh," a third-rate of fifty guns, had its name changed to "Resolution."

[3] A shoal in the North Sea, off the Thames mouth, outside the Long Sand, fifteen miles N.N.E. of the North Foreland. It measures seven miles north-eastward, and about two miles in breadth. It is partly dry at low water. A revolving light was set up in 1840.

[4] "A Prospect of the most famous Parts of the World . . . by John Speed," London, 1631, is in the Pepysian Library.

ing to have found Will at home, but he not being come home but gone somewhere else I was very angry, and when he came did give him a very great check for it, and so I went to bed.

27th. To my Lord at Mr. Crew's, and there took order about some business of his, and from thence home to my workmen all the afternoon. In the evening to my Lord's, and there did read over with him and Dr. Walker my Lord's new commission for sea, and advised thereupon how to have it drawn. So home and to bed.

28th (Office day). This morning Sir W. Batten and Col. Slingsby went with Col. Birch and Sir Wm. Doyly[1] to Chatham to pay off a ship there. So only Sir W. Pen and I left here in town. All the afternoon among my workmen till 10 or 11 at night, and did give them drink and very merry with them, it being my luck to meet with a sort of drolling workmen on all occasions. To bed.

29th. All day at home to make an end of our dirty work of the plasterers, and indeed my kitchen is now so handsome that I did not repent of all the trouble that I have been put to, to have it done. This day or yesterday, I hear, Prince Rupert[2] is come to Court; but welcome to nobody.

30th (Lord's day). To our Parish church both forenoon and afternoon all alone. At night went to bed without prayers, my house being every where foul above stairs.

October 1st. Early to my Lord to Whitehall, and there he did give me some work to do for him, and so with all haste to the office. Dined at home, and my father by chance with me. After dinner he and I advised about hangings for my rooms, which are now almost fit to be hung, the painters beginning to do their work to-day. After dinner he and I to the Miter, where with my uncle Wight (whom my father fetched thither), while I drank a glass of wine privately with Mr. Mansell, a poor Reformado of the Charles, who came to see me. Here we staid and drank three or four pints of wine and so parted. I home to look

[1] Sir Wm. Doyly was M.P. for the borough of Great Yarmouth.

[2] This is the first mention in the Diary of this famous prince, third son of Frederick, Prince Palatine of the Rhine, and Elizabeth, daughter of James I., born December 17th, 1619. He died at his house in Spring Gardens, November 29th, 1682.

after my workmen, and at night to bed. The Commissioners are very busy disbanding of the army, which they say do cause great robbing. My layings out upon my house in furniture are so great that I fear I shall not be able to go through them without breaking one of my bags of £100, I having but £200 yet in the world.

2nd. With Sir Wm. Pen by water to Whitehall, being this morning visited before I went out by my brother Tom, who told me that for his lying out of doors a day and a night my father had forbade him to come any more into his house, at which I was troubled, and did soundly chide him for doing so, and upon confessing his fault I told him I would speak to my father. At Whitehall I met with Captain Clerk, and took him to the Leg in King Street, and did give him a dish or two of meat, and his purser that was with him, for his old kindness to me on board. After dinner I to Whitehall, where I met with Mrs. Hunt, and was forced to wait upon Mr. Scawen at a committee to speak for her husband, which I did. After that met with Luellin, Mr. Fage, and took them both to the Dog, and did give them a glass of wine. After that at Will's I met with Mr. Spicer, and with him to the Abbey to see them at vespers. There I found but a thin congregation already. So I see that religion, be it what it will, is but a humour,[1] and so the esteem of it passeth as other things do. From thence with him to see Robin Shaw, who has been a long time ill, and I have not seen him since I came from sea. He is much changed, but in hopes to be well again. From thence by coach to my father's, and discoursed with him about Tom, and did give my advice to take him home again, which I think he will do in prudence rather than put him upon learning the way of being worse. So home, and from home to Major Hart, who is just going out of town to-morrow, and made much of me, and did give me the oaths of supremacy and allegiance, that I may be capable of my arrears. So home again, where my wife tells me what she has bought

[1] The four humours of the body described by the old physicians were supposed to exert their influence upon the mind, and in course of time the mind as well as the body was credited with its own particular humours. The modern restricted use of the word humour did not become general until the eighteenth century.

to-day, namely, a bed and furniture for her chamber, with which very well pleased I went to bed.

3d. With Sir W. Batten and Pen by water to White Hall, where a meeting of the Dukes of York and Albemarle, my Lord Sandwich and all the principal officers, about the Winter Guard, but we determined of nothing. To my Lord's, who sent a great iron chest to White Hall; and I saw it carried into the King's closet, where I saw most incomparable pictures. Among the rest a book open upon a desk, which I durst have sworn was a reall book, and back again to my Lord, and dined all alone with him, who do treat me with a great deal of respect; and after dinner did discourse an hour with me, and advise about some way to get himself some money to make up for all his great expenses, saying that he believed that he might have any thing that he would ask of the King. This day Mr. Sheply and all my Lord's goods came from sea, some of them laid at the Wardrobe and some brought to my Lord's house. From thence to our office, where we met and did business, and so home and spent the evening looking upon the painters that are at work in my house. This day I heard the Duke speak of a great design that he and my Lord of Pembroke have, and a great many others, of sending a venture to some parts of Africa to dig for gold ore there. They intend to admit as many as will venture their money, and so make themselves a company. £250 is the lowest share for every man. But I do not find that my Lord do much like it. At night Dr. Fairbrother (for so he is lately made of the Civil Law) brought home my wife by coach, it being rainy weather, she having been abroad to-day to buy more furniture for her house.

4th. This morning I was busy looking over papers at the office all alone, and being visited by Lieut. Lambert of the Charles (to whom I was formerly much beholden), I took him along with me to a little alehouse hard by our office, whither my cozen Thomas Pepys the turner had sent for me to show me two gentlemen that had a great desire to be known to me, one his name is Pepys, of our family, but one that I never heard of before, and the other a younger son of Sir Tho. Bendishes,[1] and so we all called cozens. After sit-

[1] John Pepys of Cottenham (who died 1604) married the daughter of John Bendish of Bower Hall, Steeple Bumsted, co. Essex, so they

ting awhile and drinking, my two new cozens, myself, and Lieut. Lambert went by water to Whitehall, and from thence I and Lieut. Lambert to Westminster Abbey, where we saw Dr. Frewen[1] translated to the Archbishoprick of York. Here I saw the Bishops of Winchester,[2] Bangor,[3] Rochester,[4] Bath and Wells,[5] and Salisbury,[6] all in their habits, in King Henry Seventh's chappell. But, Lord! at their going out, how people did most of them look upon them as strange creatures, and few with any kind of love or respect. From thence at 2 to my Lord's, where we took Mr. Sheply and Wm. Howe to the Raindeer, and had some oysters, which were very good, the first I have eat this year. So back to my Lord's to dinner, and after dinner Lieut. Lambert and I did look upon my Lord's model, and he told me many things in a ship that I desired to understand. From thence by water I (leaving Lieut. Lambert at Blackfriars) went home, and there by promise met with Robert Shaw and Jack Spicer, who came to see me, and by the way I met upon Tower Hill with Mr. Pierce the surgeon and his wife, and took them home and did give them good wine, ale, and anchovies, and staid them till night, and so adieu. Then to look upon my painters that are now at work in my house. At night to bed.

5th. Office day; dined at home, and all the afternoon at home to see my painters make an end of their work, which they did to-day to my content, and I am in great joy to see my house likely once again to be clean. At night to bed.

6th. Col. Slingsby and I at the office getting a catch ready for the Prince de Ligne to carry his things away

may have thought there was some relationship. Sir Thomas Bendish was an Essex baronet, and for many years English ambassador at the Porte.

[1] Dr. Accepted Frewen, Bishop of Coventry and Lichfield, died March 28th, 1664.

[2] Brian Duppa, translated from Salisbury, died March 26th, 1662.

[3] William Roberts, elected 1637, died August 12th, 1665.

[4] John Warner, elected 1637, died October 14th, 1666, aged eighty-six.

[5] William Pierce, translated from Peterborough, 1632, died April, 1670.

[6] Humphrey Henchman, elected 1660, translated to London, 1663, died October 7th, 1675, aged eighty-three.

to-day, who is now going home again. About noon comes my cozen H. Alcock, for whom I brought a letter for my Lord to sign to my Lord Broghill for some preferment in Ireland, whither he is now agoing. After him comes Mr. Creed, who brought me some books from Holland with him, well bound and good books, which I thought he did intend to give me, but I found that I must pay him. He dined with me at my house, and from thence to Whitehall together, where I was to give my Lord an account of the stacions and victuals of the fleet in order to the choosing of a fleet fit for him to take to sea, to bring over the Queen, but my Lord not coming in before 9 at night I staid no longer for him, but went back again home and so to bed.

7th (Lord's day). To White Hall on foot, calling at my father's to change my long black cloak for a short one (long cloaks being now quite out); but he being gone to church, I could not get one, and therefore I proceeded on and came to my Lord before he went to chapel and so went with him, where I heard Dr. Spurstow[1] preach before the King a poor dry sermon; but a very good anthem of Captn. Cooke's afterwards. Going out of chapel I met with Jack Cole, my old friend (whom I had not seen a great while before), and have promised to renew acquaintance in London together. To my Lord's and dined with him; he all dinner time talking French to me, and telling me the story how the Duke of York hath got my Lord Chancellor's daughter with child,[2] and that she do lay it to him, and that for certain he did promise her marriage, and had signed it with his blood, but that he by stealth had got the paper out of her cabinet. And that the King would have him to marry her, but that he will not.[3] So that the thing is very

[1] William Spurstow, D.D., Vicar of Hackney and Master of Catherine Hall, Cambridge, both which pieces of preferment he lost for nonconformity, 1662.

[2] Anne Hyde, born March 12th, 1637, daughter of Edward, first Earl of Clarendon. She was attached to the court of the Princess of Orange, daughter of Charles I., 1654, and contracted to James, Duke of York, at Breda, November 24th, 1659. The marriage was avowed in London September 3rd, 1660. She joined the Church of Rome in 1669, and died March 31st, 1671.

[3] The Duke of York married Anne Hyde, and he avowed the mar-

bad for the Duke, and them all; but my Lord do make light of it, as a thing that he believes is not a new thing for the Duke to do abroad. Discoursing concerning what if the Duke should marry her, my Lord told me that among his father's many old sayings that he had wrote in a book of his, this is one — that he that do get a wench with child and marry her afterwards is as if a man should —— in his hat and then clap it on his head. I perceive my Lord is grown a man very indifferent in all matters of religion, and so makes nothing of these things. After dinner to the Abbey, where I heard them read the church-service, but very ridiculously, that indeed I do not in myself like it at all. A poor cold sermon of Dr. Lamb's,[1] one of the prebends, in his habit, came afterwards, and so all ended, and by my troth a pitiful sorry devotion that these men pay. So walked home by land, and before supper I read part of the Marian persecution in Mr. Fuller.[2] So to supper, prayers, and to bed.

8th. Office day, and my wife being gone out to buy some household stuff, I dined all alone, and after dinner to Westminster, in my way meeting Mr. Moore coming to me, who went back again with me calling at several places about business, at my father's about gilded leather for my dining room, at Mr. Crew's about money, at my Lord's about the same, but meeting not Mr. Sheply there I went home by water, and Mr. Moore with me, who staid and supped with me till almost 9 at night. We love one another's discourse so that we cannot part when we do meet. He tells me that the profit of the Privy Seal is much fallen, for which I am very sorry. He gone and I to bed.

9th. This morning Sir W. Batten with Colonel Birch to Deptford, to pay off two ships. Sir W. Pen and I staid to do business, and afterwards together to White Hall, where I went to my Lord, and found him in bed not well, and saw in his chamber his picture,[3] very well done; and am with

riage September 3rd, so that Pepys was rather behindhand in his information.

[1] James Lamb, D.D., installed prebendary of Westminster July 23rd, 1660, rector of St. Andrew's, Holborn, 1662, died 1664.

[2] Fuller's "Church History of Britain." There is a copy of the edition of 1656 in the Pepysian Library.

[3] Lord Sandwich's portrait by Lely, see *post*, 22nd of this same month.

child[1] till I get it copied out, which I hope to do when he is gone to sea. To Whitehall again, where at Mr. Coventry's chamber I met with Sir W. Pen again, and so with him to Redriffe[2] by water, and from thence walked over the fields to Deptford (the first pleasant walk I have had a great while), and in our way had a great deal of merry discourse, and find him to be a merry fellow and pretty good natured, and sings very bawdy songs. So we came and found our gentlemen and Mr. Prin at the pay. About noon we dined together, and were very merry at table telling of tales. After dinner to the pay of another ship till 10 at night, and so home in our barge, a clear moonshine night, and it was 12 o'clock before we got home, where I found my wife in bed, and part of our chambers hung to-day by the upholster, but not being well done I was fretted, and so in a discontent to bed. I found Mr. Prin a good, honest, plain man, but in his discourse not very free or pleasant. Among all the tales that passed among us to-day, he told us of one Damford, that, being a black man, did scald his beard with mince-pie, and it came up again all white in that place, and continued to his dying day. Sir W. Pen told us a good jest about some gentlemen blinding of the drawer, and who he catched was to pay the reckoning, and so they got away, and the master of the house coming up to see what his man did, his man got hold of him, thinking it to be one of the gentlemen, and told him that he was to pay the reckoning.

10th. Office day all the morning. In the afternoon with the upholster seeing him do things to my mind, and to my content he did fit my chamber and my wife's. At night comes Mr. Moore, and staid late with me to tell me how Sir Hards. Waller[3] (who only pleads guilty), Scott,[4] Coke,[5]

[1] A figurative expression for an eager longing desire, used by Udall and by Spenser. The latest authority given by Dr. Murray in the "New English Dictionary," is Bailey in 1725.

[2] The usual corruption of the name Rotherhithe.

[3] Sir Hardress Waller, Knt., one of Charles I.'s judges. His sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life.

[4] Thomas Scott, the regicide Secretary of State. See *ante*, p. 15 (note).

[5] John Cook, a member of Gray's Inn, appointed Solicitor-General for the Commonwealth, and ordered to prepare the charge against

Peters,[1] Harrison,[2] &c. were this day arraigned at the bar at the Sessions House, there being upon the bench the Lord Mayor, General Monk, my Lord of Sandwich, &c.; such a bench of noblemen as had not been ever seen in England! They all seem to be dismayed, and will all be condemned without question. In Sir Orlando Bridgman's charge,[3] he did wholly rip up the unjustness of the war against the King from the beginning, and so it much reflects upon all the Long Parliament, though the King had pardoned them, yet they must hereby confess that the King do look upon them as traitors. To-morrow they are to plead what they have to say. At night to bed.

11th. In the morning to my Lord's, where I met with Mr. Creed, and with him and Mr. Blackburne to the Rhenish wine house, where we sat drinking of healths a great while, a thing which Mr. Blackburne formerly would not upon any terms have done. After we had done there Mr. Creed and I to the Leg in King Street, to dinner, where he and I and my Will had a good udder to dinner, and from thence to walk in St. James's Park, where we observed the several engines at work to draw up water, with which sight I was very much pleased.[4] Above all the rest, I liked best that which Mr. Greatorex brought, which is one round

Charles I. Owing to the illness of the Attorney-General, the conduct of the prosecution fell chiefly upon him. He was rewarded for his services by being made Master of the Hospital of St. Cross. In 1655 appointed Justice of the Court of Upper Bench in Ireland. He was excluded by name from the Act of Indemnity, and executed October 16th, 1660. He wrote several pamphlets, some of which were very scurrilous in language.

[1] See *ante*, September 5th.

[2] General Thomas Harrison, son of a butcher at Newcastle-under-Lyme, appointed by Cromwell to convey Charles I. from Windsor to Whitehall, in order to his trial. He signed the warrant for the execution of the King. He was hanged, drawn, and quartered on the 13th.

[3] Second son of John Bridgeman, Bishop of Chester, became, after the Restoration, successively Chief Baron of the Exchequer, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and Lord Keeper of the Great Seal (1667). He was created a baronet in 1660. In 1672 he was removed from the office of Lord Keeper, and he died June 25th, 1674.

[4] It is said that Le Notre, the architect of the groves and grottos at Versailles, was engaged by Charles II. to arrange the improvements in St. James's Park, but Dr. Morison seems to have been the King's chief adviser.

thing going within all with a pair of stairs round; round which being laid at an angle of 45°, do carry up the water with a great deal of ease. Here, in the Park, we met with Mr. Salisbury, who took Mr. Creed and me to the Cockpitt[1] to see "The Moore of Venice," which was well done. Burt acted the Moore;[2] by the same token, a very pretty lady that sat by me, called out, to see Desdemona smothered. From thence with Mr. Creed to Hercules Pillars,[3] where we drank and so parted, and I went home.

12th. Office day all the morning, and from thence with Sir W. Batten and the rest of the officers to a venison pasty of his at the Dolphin, where dined withal Col. Washington, Sir Edward Brett, and Major Norwood,[4] very noble company. After dinner I went home, where I found Mr. Cooke, who told me that my Lady Sandwich is come to town to-day, whereupon I went to Westminster to see her, and found her at supper, so she made me sit down all alone with her, and after supper staid and talked with her, she showing me most extraordinary love and kindness, and do give me good assurance of my uncle's resolution to make me his heir. From thence home and to bed.

13th. To my Lord's in the morning, where I met with Captain Cuttance, but my Lord not being up I went out to Charing Cross, to see Major-general Harrison hanged, drawn, and quartered; which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any man could do in that condition. He was presently cut down, and his head and heart shown to the people, at which there was great shouts of joy. It is said, that he said that he was sure to come shortly at the right hand of Christ to judge them that now had judged him; and that his wife do expect his coming again. Thus it was my chance to see the King beheaded at White Hall, and to see the first blood shed in revenge for the blood of the

[1] The Cockpit theatre in Drury Lane.

[2] Nicholas Burt ranked in the list of good actors after the Restoration, though he resigned the part of Othello to Hart, who had previously acted Cassio when Burt took the Moor. — Davies' *Dramatic Miscellanies*, vol. i. p. 221.

[3] In Fleet Street, opposite Clifford's Inn Passage. The keeper of the tavern appears to have been Edward Oldham, who issued a token (see "Boyne's Trade Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i., 1889, p. 604).

[4] Major (afterwards Colonel) Norwood, Deputy Governor of Tangier.

King at Charing Cross. From thence to my Lord's, and took Captain Cuttance and Mr. Sheply to the Sun Tavern, and did give them some oysters. After that I went by water home, where I was angry with my wife for her things lying about, and in my passion kicked the little fine basket, which I bought her in Holland, and broke it, which troubled me after I had done it. Within all the afternoon setting up shelves in my study. At night to bed.

14th (Lord's day). Early to my Lord's, in my way meeting with Dr. Fairbrother, who walked with me to my father's back again, and there we drank my morning draft, my father having gone to church and my mother asleep in bed. Here he caused me to put my hand among a great many honorable hands to a paper or certificate in his behalf. To White Hall chappell, where one Dr. Crofts[1] made an indifferent sermon, and after it an anthem, ill sung, which made the King laugh. Here I first did see the Princess Royal since she came into England. Here I also observed, how the Duke of York and Mrs. Palmer did talk to one another very wantonly through the hangings that parts the King's closet and the closet where the ladies sit. To my Lord's, where I found my wife, and she and I did dine with my Lady (my Lord dining with my Lord Chamberlain), who did treat my wife with a good deal of respect. In the evening we went home through the rain by water in a sculler, having borrowed some coats of Mr. Sheply. So home, wet and dirty, and to bed.

15th. Office all the morning. My wife and I by water; I landed her at Whitefriars, she went to my father's to dinner, it being my father's wedding day, there being a very great dinner, and only the Fenners and Joyces there. This morning Mr. Carew[2] was hanged and quartered at Charing

[1] Dr. Herbert Croft, Dean of Hereford, consecrated Bishop of Hereford, February 9th, 1661–2. He succeeded Bishop Morley as Dean of the Chapel. Burnet says, "Crofts was a warm devout man, but of no discretion in his conduct; so he lost ground quickly. He used much freedom with the King, but it was in the wrong place, not in private but in the pulpit." Bishop Croft died at Hereford, May 18th, 1691.

[2] John Carew signed the warrant for the execution of Charles I. He held the religion of the Fifth Monarchists, and was tried October 12th, 1660. He refused to avail himself of many opportunities of escape, and suffered death with much composure.

Cross; but his quarters, by a great favour, are not to be hanged up. I was forced to go to my Lord's to get him to meet the officers of the Navy this afternoon, and so could not go along with her, but I missed my Lord, who was this day upon the bench at the Sessions house. So I dined there, and went to White Hall, where I met with Sir W. Batten and Pen, who with the Comptroller, Treasurer, and Mr. Coventry (at his chamber) made up a list of such ships as are fit to be kept out for the winter guard, and the rest to be paid off by the Parliament when they can get money, which I doubt will not be a great while. That done, I took coach, and called my wife at my father's, and so homewards, calling at Thos. Pepys the turner's for some things that we wanted. And so home, where I fell to read "The Fruitless Precaution" (a book formerly recommended by Dr. Clerke at sea to me), which I read in bed till I had made an end of it, and do find it the best writ tale that ever I read in my life. After that done to sleep, which I did not very well do, because that my wife having a stopping in her nose she snored much, which I never did hear her do before.

16th. This morning my brother Tom came to me, with whom I made even for my last clothes to this day, and having eaten a dish of anchovies with him in the morning, my wife and I did intend to go forth to see a play at the Cockpit this afternoon, but Mr. Moore coming to me, my wife staid at home, and he and I went out together, with whom I called at the upholster's and several other places that I had business with, and so home with him to the Cockpit, where, understanding that "Wit without money"[1] was acted, I would not stay, but went home by water, by the way reading of the other two stories that are in the book that I read last night, which I do not like so well as it. Being come home, Will. told me that my Lord had a mind to speak with me to-night; so I returned by water, and, coming there, it was only to enquire how the ships were provided with victuals that are to go with him to fetch over the Queen, which I gave him a good account of. He seemed to be in a melancholy humour, which, I was told by W. Howe, was for that

[1] A comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, first printed in 1639, and again in 1661.

he had lately lost a great deal of money at cards, which he fears he do too much addict himself to now-a-days. So home by water and to bed.

17th. Office day. At noon came Mr. Creed to me, whom I took along with me to the Feathers in Fish Street, where I was invited by Captain Cuttance to dinner, a dinner made by Mr. Dawes and his brother. We had two or three dishes of meat well done; their great design was to get me concerned in a business of theirs about a vessel of theirs that is in the service, hired by the King, in which I promise to do them all the service I can. From thence home again with Mr. Crew, where I finding Mrs. The. Turner and her aunt Duke I would not be seen but walked in the garden till they were gone, where Mr. Spong came to me and Mr. Creed, Mr. Spong and I went to our music to sing, and he being gone, my wife and I went to put up my books in order in closet, and I to give her her books. After that to bed.

18th. This morning, it being expected that Colonel Hacker[1] and Axtell[2] should die, I went to Newgate, but found they were reprieved till to-morrow. So to my aunt Fenner's, where with her and my uncle I drank my morning draft. So to my father's, and did give orders for a pair of black baize linings to be made me for my breeches against to-morrow morning, which was done. So to my Lord's, where I spoke with my Lord, and he would have had me dine with him, but I went thence to Mr. Blackburne, where I met my wife and my Will's father and mother (the first time that ever I saw them), where we had a very fine dinner. Mr. Creed was also there. This day by her high discourse I found Mrs. Blackburne to be a very high dame and a costly one. Home with my wife by coach. This afternoon comes Mr. Chaplin and N. Osborn to my house, of whom I made very much, and kept them with me till late, and so to bed. At my coming home I did find that The. Turner hath sent for a pair of doves that my wife had promised her; and because she did not send them in the best cage, she sent them back again with a scornful

[1] Col. Francis Hacker commanded the guards at the King's execution.

[2] Axtell had guarded the High Court of Justice.

letter, with which I was angry, but yet pretty well pleased that she was crossed.

19th. Office in the morning. This morning my dining-room was finished with green serge hanging and gilt leather, which is very handsome. This morning Hacker and Axtell were hanged and quartered, as the rest are. This night I sat up late to make up my accounts ready against to-morrow for my Lord. I found him to be above £80 in my debt, which is a good sight, and I bless God for it.

20th. This morning one came to me to advise with me where to make me a window into my cellar in lieu of one which Sir W. Batten had stopped up, and going down into my cellar to look I stepped into a great heap of ——, by which I found that Mr. Turner's house of office is full and comes into my cellar, which do trouble me, but I shall have it helped. To my Lord's by land, calling at several places about business, where I dined with my Lord and Lady; when he was very merry, and did talk very high how he would have a French cook, and a master of his horse, and his lady and child to wear black patches; which methought was strange, but he is become a perfect courtier; and, among other things, my Lady saying that she could get a good merchant for her daughter Jem., he answered, that he would rather see her with a pedlar's pack at her back, so she married a gentleman, than she should marry a citizen. This afternoon, going through London, and calling at Crowe's the upholster's, in Saint Bartholomew's,[1] I saw the limbs of some of our new traitors set upon Aldersgate,[2] which was a sad sight to see; and a bloody week this and the last have been, there being ten hanged, drawn, and quartered. Home, and after writing a letter to my uncle by the post, I went to bed.

21st (Lord's day). To the Parish church in the morning, where a good sermon by Mr. Mills. After dinner to my Lord's, and from thence to the Abbey, where I met

[1] Crowe was fined for Alderman in 1663, see *post*, December 1st of that year, but he appears to have taken the office subsequently, see October 15th, 1668.

[2] The old gate was taken down in 1617, and rebuilt in the same year from a design by Gerard Christmas. The gate was injured in the Great Fire, but was repaired and remained until 1761.

Spicer and D. Vines and others of the old crew. So leaving my boy at the Abbey against I came back, we went to Prior's by the Hall back door, but there being no drink to be had we went away, and so to the Crown in the Palace Yard, I and George Vines by the way calling at their house, where he carried me up to the top of his turret, where there is Cooke's head set up for a traytor, and Harrison's set up on the other side of Westminster Hall. Here I could see them plainly, as also a very fair prospect about London. From the Crown to the Abbey to look for my boy, but he was gone thence, and so he being a novice I was at a loss what was become of him. I called at my Lord's (where I found Mr. Adams, Mr. Sheply's friend) and at my father's, but found him not. So home, where I found him, but he had found the way home well enough, of which I was glad. So after supper, and reading of some chapters, I went to bed. This day or two my wife has been troubled with her boils in the old place, which do much trouble her. To-day at noon (God forgive me) I strung my lute, which I had not touched a great while before.

22nd. Office day; after that to dinner at home upon some ribs of roast beef from the Cook's (which of late we have been forced to do because of our house being always under the painters' and other people's hands, that we could not dress it ourselves). After dinner to my Lord's, where I found all preparing for my Lord's going to sea to fetch the Queen to-morrow. At night my Lord came home, with whom I staid long, and talked of many things. Among others I got leave to have his picture, that was done by Lilly,[1] copied, and talking of religion, I found him to be a perfect Sceptic, and said that all things would not be well while there was so much preaching, and that it would be better if nothing but Homilies[2] were to be read in Churches. This afternoon (he told me) there hath been a meeting before the King and my Lord Chancellor, of some Episcopalian and Presbyterian Divines; but what

[1] Peter Lely, afterwards knighted. He lived in the Piazza, Covent Garden. This portrait was bought by Lord Braybrooke at Mr. Pepys Cockerell's sale in 1848, and is now at Audley End.

[2] The edition in the Pepysian Library of "Certain Sermons or Homilies appointed to be read in Churches" is dated 1673.

had passed he could not tell me. After I had done talk with him, I went to bed with Mr. Sheply in his chamber, but could hardly get any sleep all night, the bed being ill made and he a bad bedfellow.

23rd. We rose early in the morning to get things ready for my Lord, and Mr. Sheply going to put up his pistols (which were charged with bullets) into the holsters, one of them flew off, and it pleased God that, the mouth of the gun being downwards, it did us no hurt, but I think I never was in more danger in my life, which put me into a great fright. About eight o'clock my Lord went; and going through the garden my Lord met with Mr. William Montagu, who told him of an estate of land lately come into the King's hands, that he had a mind my Lord should beg. To which end my Lord writ a letter presently to my Lord Chancellor to do it for him, which (after leave taken of my Lord at White Hall bridge) I did carry to Warwick House to him; and had a fair promise of him, that he would do it this day for my Lord. In my way thither I met the Lord Chancellor and all the Judges riding on horseback and going to Westminster Hall, it being the first day of the term, which was the first time I ever saw any such solemnity. Having done there I returned to Whitehall, where meeting with my brother Ashwell and his cozen Sam. Ashwell and Mr. Mallard, I took them to the Leg in King Street and gave them a dish of meat for dinner and paid for it. From thence going to Whitehall I met with Catan Stirpin in mourning, who told me that her mistress was lately dead of the small pox, and that herself was now married to Monsieur Petit,[1] as also what her mistress had left her, which was very well. She also took me to her lodging at an Ironmonger's in King Street, which was but very poor, and I found by a letter that she shewed me of her husband's to the King, that he is a right Frenchman, and full of their own projects, he having a design to reform the universities, and to institute schools for the learning of all languages, to speak them naturally and not by rule, which I know will come to nothing. From thence to my Lord's, where I went forth by coach to Mrs. Parker's with my Lady, and so to her house again. From thence I took my Lord's picture, and

[1] See *ante*, August 8th.

carried it to Mr. de Cretz to be copied. So to White Hall, where I met Mr. Spong, and went home with him and played, and sang, and eat with him and his mother. After supper we looked over many books, and instruments of his, especially his wooden jack in his chimney, which goes with the smoke, which indeed is very pretty. I found him to be as ingenious and good-natured a man as ever I met with in my life, and cannot admire him enough, he being so plain and illiterate a man as he is. From thence by coach home and to bed, which was welcome to me after a night's absence.

24th. I lay and slept long to-day. Office day. I took occasion to be angry with my wife before I rose about her putting up of half a crown of mine in a paper box, which she had forgot where she had lain it. But we were friends again as we are always. Then I rose to Jack Cole, who came to see me. Then to the office, so home to dinner, where I found Captain Murford, who did put £3 into my hands for a friendship I had done him, but I would not take it, but bade him keep it till he has enough to buy my wife a necklace. This afternoon people at work in my house to make a light in my yard into my cellar. To White Hall, in my way met with Mr. Moore, who went back with me. He tells me, among other things, that the Duke of York is now sorry for his lying with my Lord Chancellor's daughter, who is now brought to bed of a boy.[1] From Whitehall to Mr. De Cretz, who I found about my Lord's picture. From thence to Mr. Lilly's,[2] where, not finding Mr. Spong, I went to Mr. Greatorex, where I met him, and so to an alehouse, where I bought of him a drawing pen; and he did show me the manner of the lamp-glasses, which carry the light a great way, good to read in bed by, and I intend to have one of them. So to Mr. Lilly's with Mr. Spong, where well received, there being a club to-night among his friends. Among the rest Esquire Ashmole,[3] who I found was a very ingenious gentleman.

[1] The child was born October 22nd.

[2] William Lilly, the astrologer and almanack-maker, born 1602. He lived in the Strand, and died in 1681. His "Merlinus Anglicus Junior" was read to the Parliament's troops in Scotland as promising victory.

[3] Elias Ashmole, the antiquary, born May 23rd, 1617. He was for

With him we two sang afterward in Mr. Lilly's study. That done, we all parted; and I home by coach, taking Mr. Booker[1] with me, who did tell me a great many fooleries, which may be done by nativities, and blaming Mr. Lilly for writing to please his friends and to keep in with the times (as he did formerly to his own dishonour), and not according to the rules of art, by which he could not well err, as he had done. I set him down at Lime-street end, and so home, where I found a box of Carpenter's tools sent by my cozen, Thomas Pepys, which I had bespoke of him for to employ myself with sometimes. To bed.

25th. All day at home doing something in order to the fitting of my house. In the evening to Westminster about business. So home and to bed. This night the vault at the end of the cellar was emptied.

26th. Office. My father and Dr. Thomas Pepys dined at my house, the last of whom I did almost fox with Margate ale. My father is mightily pleased with my ordering of my house. I did give him money to pay several bills. After that I to Westminster to White Hall, where I saw the Duke de Soissons[2] go from his audience with a very great deal of state: his own coach all red velvet covered with gold lace, and drawn by six barbes, and attended by twenty pages very rich in clothes. To Westminster Hall, and bought, among other books, one of the life of our Queen,[3] which I read at home to my wife; but it was so sillily writ, that we did nothing but laugh at it: among other things it

a time in the royal army, but subsequently he settled in London, and became associated with the astrologers. He was made Windsor Herald on June 18th, 1660. Died May 18th, 1692.

[1] John Booker, astrologer (born 1603, died 1667); mentioned in "Hudibras," part ii., canto iii., line 1093.

[2] Euguene Maurice of Savoy, youngest son of Thomas of Savoy, by Marie de Bourbon, Countess of Soissons, whose title he inherited. He married Olympia Mancini, one of the nieces of Cardinal Mazarin, more than suspected of poisoning practices (like the Brinvilliers). His youngest son was the celebrated general, Prince Eugene of Savoy. — B.

[3] "The History of the thrice Illustrious Princess Henrietta Maria de Bourbon Queen of England. London 1660." Dedicated "to the Paragon of Vertue and Beauty, her Grace the Duchess of Aubemarle, &c.," by John Dauncy. The dedication ends with the wish "that the Rising Sun of your Grace's Vertues and Honours may still soar higher, but never know a declension."

is dedicated to that paragon of virtue and beauty, the Duchess of Albemarle. Great talk as if the Duke of York do now own the marriage between him and the Chancellor's daughter.

27th. In London and Westminster all this day paying of money and buying of things for my house. In my going I went by chance by my new Lord Mayor's house (Sir Richard Browne), by Goldsmith's Hall, which is now fitting, and indeed is a very pretty house.[1] In coming back I called at Paul's Churchyard and bought Alsted's Encyclopædia,[2] which cost me 38*s*. Home and to bed, my wife being much troubled with her old pain.

28th (Lord's day). There came some pills and plaister this morning from Dr. Williams for my wife. I to Westminster Abbey, where with much difficulty, going round by the cloysters, I got in; this day being a great day for the consecrating of five Bishopps, which was done after sermon; but I could not get into Henry the Seventh's chappell. So I went to my Lord's, where I dined with my Lady, and my young Lord, and Mr. Sidney,[3] who was sent for from Twickenham to see my Lord Mayor's show to-morrow. Mr. Child did also dine with us. After dinner to White Hall chappell; my Lady and my Lady Jemimah and I up to the King's closet (who is now gone to meet the Queen). So meeting with one Mr. Hill, that did know my Lady, he did take us into the King's closet, and there we did stay all service-time, which I did think a great honour. We went home to my Lord's lodgings afterwards, and there I parted with my Lady and went home, where I did find my wife pretty well after her physic. So to bed.

29th. I up early, it being my Lord Mayor's day[4] (Sir

[1] Alderman Sir Richard Browne was one of the commissioners sent to Charles II. at Breda to desire his speedy return to England. See p. 61 (note).

[2] "Johannis Henrici Alstedii Encyclopædia," 1630, bound in two volumes folio, is in the Pepsyian Library.

[3] Lord Hinchinbroke and Sidney Montagu.

[4] When the calendar was reformed in England by the act 24 Geo. II. c. 23, different provisions were made as regards those anniversaries which affect directly the rights of property and those which do not. Thus the old quarter days are still noted in our almanacs, and a curious survival of this is brought home to payers of income tax. The fiscal

Richd. Browne), and neglecting my office I went to the Wardrobe, where I met my Lady Sandwich and all the children; and after drinking of some strange and incomparable good clarett of Mr. Rumball's[1] he and Mr. Townsend[1] did take us, and set the young Lords at one Mr. Nevill's, a draper in Paul's churchyard; and my Lady and my Lady Pickering and I to one Mr. Isaacson's, a linen draper at the Key in Cheapside; where there was a company of fine ladies, and we were very civilly treated, and had a very good place to see the pageants, which were many, and I believe good, for such kind of things, but in themselves but poor and absurd. After the ladies were placed I took Mr. Townsend and Isaacson to the next door, a tavern, and did spend 5*s.* upon them. The show being done, we got as far as Paul's with much ado, where I left my Lady in the coach, and went on foot with my Lady Pickering to her lodging, which was a poor one in Blackfryars, where she never invited me to go in at all, which methought was very strange for her to do. So home, where I was told how my Lady Davis[2] is now come to our next lodgings, and has locked up the leads door from me, which puts me into so great a disquiet that I went to bed, and could not sleep till morning at it.

30th. Within all the morning and dined at home, my mind being so troubled that I could not mind nor do any-

year still begins on old Lady-day, which now falls on April 6th. All ecclesiastical fasts and feasts and other commemorations which did not affect the rights of property were left on their nominal days, such as the execution of Charles I. on January 30th and the restoration of Charles II. on May 29th. The change of Lord Mayor's day from the 29th of October to the 9th of November was not made by the act for reforming the calendar (c. 23), but by another act of the same session (c. 48), entitled "An Act for the Abbreviation of Michaelmas Term," by which it was enacted, "that from and after the said feast of St. Michael, which shall be in the year 1752, the said solemnity of presenting and swearing the mayors of the city of London, after every annual election into the said office, in the manner and form heretofore used on the 29th day of October, shall be kept and observed on the ninth day of November in every year, unless the same shall fall on a Sunday, and in that case on the day following."

[1] Officers of the Wardrobe.

[2] Wife of Mr. Davis, belonging to the Navy Office. The appellation of my Lady is used in the same sense as the French word Madame. — B.

thing till I spoke with the Comptroller to whom the lodgings belong. In the afternoon, to ease my mind, I went to the Cockpit all alone, and there saw a very fine play called "The Tamer tamed;"[1] very well acted. That being done, I went to Mr. Crew's, where I had left my boy, and so with him and Mr. Moore (who would go a little way with me home, as he will always do) to the Hercules Pillars to drink, where we did read over the King's declaration in matters of religion, which is come out to-day, which is very well penned, I think to the satisfaction of most people. So home, where I am told Mr. Davis's people have broken open the bolt of my chamber door that goes upon the leads, which I went up to see and did find it so, which did still trouble me more and more. And so I sent for Griffith, and got him to search their house to see what the meaning of it might be, but can learn nothing to-night. But I am a little pleased that I have found this out. I hear nothing yet of my Lord, whether he be gone for the Queen from the Downs or no; but I believe he is, and that he is now upon coming back again.

31st. Office day. Much troubled all this morning in my mind about the business of my walk on the leads. I spoke of it to the Comptroller and the rest of the principal officers, who are all unwilling to meddle in anything that may anger my Lady Davis. And so I am fain to give over for the time that she do continue therein. Dined at home, and after dinner to Westminster Hall, where I met with Billing the quaker at Mrs. Michell's shop, who is still of the former opinion he was of against the clergymen of all sorts, and a cunning fellow I find him to be. Home, and there I had news that Sir W. Pen is resolved to ride to Sir W. Batten's country house[2] to-morrow, and would have me go with him, so I sat up late, getting together my things to ride in, and was fain to cut an old pair of boots to make leathers for those I was to wear. This month I conclude with my mind very heavy for the loss of the leads, as also for the greatness of my late expenses, insomuch that I do

[1] "The Woman's Prize, or Tamer Tamed," a comedy by John Fletcher, and a sort of sequel to Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew," published in the folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, 1647.

[2] At Walthamstow.

not think that I have above £150 clear money in the world, but I have, I believe, got a great deal of good household stuff. I hear to-day that the Queen is landed at Dover, and will be here on Friday next, November 2nd. My wife has been so ill of late of her old pain that I have not known her this fortnight almost, which is a pain to me.

November 1st. This morning Sir W. Pen and I were mounted early, and had very merry discourse all the way, he being very good company. We came to Sir W. Batten's, where he lives like a prince, and we were made very welcome. Among other things he showed us my Lady's closet, where was great store of rarities; as also a chair, which he calls King Harry's chair, where he that sits down is catched with two irons, that come round about him, which makes good sport. Here dined with us two or three more country gentlemen; among the rest Mr. Christmas, my old school-fellow, with whom I had much talk. He did remember that I was a great Roundhead when I was a boy, and I was much afraid that he would have remembered the words that I said the day the King was beheaded (that, were I to preach upon him, my text should be — "The memory of the wicked shall rot"); but I found afterwards that he did go away from school before that time.[1] He did make us good sport in imitating Mr. Case,[2] Ash,[3] and Nye,[4] the ministers, which he did very well, but a deadly drinker he is, and grown exceeding fat. From his house to an ale-house near the church, where we sat and drank and were merry, and so we mounted for London again, Sir W. Batten with us. We called at Bow and drank there, and took leave of Mr. Johnson of Blackwall, who dined with us and rode with us thus far. So home by moonlight, it being about 9 o'clock before we got home.

[1] Pepys might well be anxious on this point, for in October of this year Phineas Pett, assistant master shipwright at Chatham, was dismissed from his post for having when a child spoken disrespectfully of the King. See *ante*, August 23rd.

[2] Rev. Thomas Case, see *ante*, May 15th.

[3] Rev. Simeon Ash, one of the leading Presbyterian ministers.

[4] Philip Nye, minister of Kimbolton and rector of Acton, Middlesex. He succeeded Daniel Featley in the latter living in 1642, and was turned out at the Restoration. He died in 1672.

2nd. Office. Then dined at home, and by chance Mr. Holliard[1] called at dinner time and dined with me, with whom I had great discourse concerning the cure of the King's evil, which he do deny altogether any effect at all. In the afternoon I went forth and saw some silver bosses put upon my new Bible, which cost me 6*s*. 6*d*. the making, and 7*s*. 6*d*. the silver, which, with 9*s*. 6*d*. the book, comes in all to £1 3*s*. 6*d*. From thence with Mr. Cooke that made them, and Mr. Stephens the silversmith to the tavern, and did give them a pint of wine. So to White Hall, where when I came I saw the boats going very thick to Lambeth, and all the stairs to be full of people. I was told the Queen was a-coming;[2] so I got a sculler for sixpence to carry me thither and back again, but I could not get to see the Queen; so come back, and to my Lord's, where he was come; and I supt with him, he being very merry, telling merry stories of the country mayors, how they entertained the King all the way as he come along; and how the country gentlewomen did hold up their heads to be kissed by the King, not taking his hand to kiss as they should do. I took leave of my Lord and Lady, and so took coach at White Hall and carried Mr. Childe as far as the Strand, and myself got as far as Ludgate by all the bonfires, but with a great deal of trouble; and there the coachman desired that I would release him, for he durst not go further for the fires. So he would have had a shilling or 6*d*. for bringing of me so far; but I had but 3*d*. about me and did give him it. In Paul's church-yard I called at Kirton's,[3] and there they had got a mass book for me, which I bought and cost me

[1] Thomas Holliard or Hollier was appointed in 1638 surgeon for scald heads at St. Thomas's Hospital, and on January 25th, 1643–4, he was chosen surgeon in place of Edward Molins. In 1670 his son of the same names was allowed to take his place during his illness. Ward, in his Diary, p. 235, mentions that the porter at St. Thomas's Hospital told him, in 1661, of Mr. Holyard's having cut thirty for the stone in one year, who all lived.

[2] "Nov. 2. The Queen-mother and the Princess Henrietta came into London, the Queen having left this land nineteen years ago. Her coming was very private, Lambeth-way, where the King, Queen, and the Duke of York, and the rest, took water, crossed the Thames, and all safely arrived at Whitehall." — Rugge's *Diurnal*.

[3] The bookseller's, see *ante*, February 12th, 1659–60.

twelve shillings; and, when I came home, sat up late and read in it with great pleasure to my wife, to hear that she was long ago so well acquainted with. So to bed. I observed this night very few bonfires in the City, not above three in all London, for the Queen's coming; whereby I guess that (as I believed before) her coming do please but very few.

3d. Saturday. At home all the morning. In the afternoon to White Hall, where my Lord and Lady were gone to kiss the Queene's hand. To Westminster Hall, where I met with Tom Doling, and we two took Mrs. Lane to the alehouse, where I made her angry with commending of Tom Newton and her new sweetheart to be both too good for her, so that we parted with much anger, which made Tom and me good sport. So home to write letters by the post, and so to bed.

4th (Lord's day). In the morn to our own church,[1] where Mr. Mills did begin to nibble at the Common Prayer, by saying "Glory be to the Father, &c." after he had read the two psalms; but the people had been so little used to it, that they could not tell what to answer. This declaration of the King's do give the Presbyterians some satisfaction, and a pretence to read the Common Prayer, which they would not do before because of their former preaching against it. After dinner to Westminster, where I went to my Lord's, and having spoke with him, I went to the Abbey, where the first time that ever I heard the organs in a cathedral.[2] Thence to my Lord's, where I found Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, and with him and Mr. Sheply, in our way calling at the Bell to see the seven Flanders mares that my Lord has bought lately, where we drank several bottles of Hull ale. Much company I found to come to her, and cannot wonder at it, for she is very pretty and wanton. Hence to my father's, where I found my mother in greater and greater pain of the stone. I staid long and drank with them, and so home and to bed. My wife

[1] St. Olave's, Hart Street.

[2] Dr. Rimbault says that Father Smith built his organ in Westminster Abbey in 1662, and that it cost £120 ("Hopkins on the Organ," 1855, p. 82). The organ which Pepys heard must therefore have been one put in temporarily.

seemed very pretty to-day, it being the first time I had given her leave to wear a black patch.[1]

5th (Office day). Being disappointed of money, we failed of going to Deptford to pay off the Henrietta[2] to-day. Dined at home, and at home all day, and at the office at night, to make up an account of what the debts of nineteen of the twenty-five ships that should have been paid off, is increased since the adjournment of the Parliament, they being to sit again to-morrow. This 5th of November is observed exceeding well in the City; and at night great bonfires and fireworks. At night Mr. Moore came and sat with me, and there I took a book and he did instruct me in many law notions, in which I took great pleasure. To bed.

6th. In the morning with Sir W. Batten and Pen by water to Westminster, where at my Lord's I met with Mr. Creed. With him to see my Lord's picture (now almost done), and thence to Westminster Hall, where we found the Parliament met to-day, and thence meeting with Mr Chetwind, I took them to the Sun, and did give them a barrel of oysters, and had good discourse; among other things Mr. Chetwind told me how he did fear that this late business of the Duke of York's would prove fatal to my Lord Chancellor. From thence Mr. Creed and I to Wilkinson's, and dined together, and in great haste thence to our office, where we met all, for the sale of two ships by an inch of candle[3] (the first time that ever I saw any of this kind), where I observed how they do invite one another, and at last how they all do cry,[4] and we have much to do to tell who did cry last. The ships were the Indian, sold for £1,300, and the Half-moon, sold for £830. Home, and fell a-reading of the tryalls of the late men that were hanged for the King's death, and found good satisfaction in reading thereof. At night to bed, and my wife and I did fall out about the dog's being put down into the cellar, which I had a mind to have done because of his fouling the house, and I would have

[1] See *ante*, August 30th.

[2] The "Henrietta" was formerly the "Lambert," see *ante*, May 23rd.

[3] The old-fashioned custom of sale by auction by inch of candle was continued in sales by the Admiralty to a somewhat late date. See September 3rd, 1662.

[4] To cry was to bid.

my will, and so we went to bed and lay all night in a quarrel. This night I was troubled all night with a dream that my wife was dead, which made me that I slept ill all night.

7th (Office day). This day my father came to dine at my house, but being sent for in the morning I could not stay, but went by water to my Lord, where I dined with him, and he in a very merry humour (present Mr. Borfett[1] and Childe) at dinner: he, in discourse of the great opinion of the virtue — gratitude (which he did account the greatest thing in the world to him, and had, therefore, in his mind been often troubled in the late times how to answer his gratitude to the King, who raised his father), did say it was that did bring him to his obedience to the King; and did also bless himself with his good fortune, in comparison to what it was when I was with him in the Sound, when he durst not own his correspondence with the King; which is a thing that I never did hear of to this day before; and I do from this raise an opinion of him, to be one of the most secret men in the world, which I was not so convinced of before. After dinner he bid all go out of the room, and did tell me how the King had promised him £4,000 per annum for ever, and had already given him a bill under his hand (which he showed me) for £4,000 that Mr. Fox[2] is to pay him. My Lord did advise with me how to get this received, and to put out £3,000 into safe hands at use, and the other he will make use of for his present occasion. This he did advise with me about with much secresy. After all this he called for the fiddles and books, and we two and W. Howe, and Mr. Childe, did sing and play some psalmes of Will. Lawes's,[3] and some songs; and so I went away. So I went to see my Lord's picture,

[1] Mr. Borfett was Lord Sandwich's chaplain, see *ante*, July 29th.

[2] Afterwards Sir Stephen Fox, see *ante*, May 24th.

[3] William Lawes, elder brother of the more celebrated Henry Lawes, and educated under the same master, John Cooper. For a time he held the situation of a gentleman of the chapel, but at the outbreak of the Civil War he entered the royal army and obtained the rank of captain. He was killed at the siege of Chester, in 1645. Charles I. regretted his loss greatly, and went into mourning for him. The chief work of Lawes was "Choice Psalmes put into Musick for three voices." The Psalms were set to the well-known paraphrase of Sandys, and this volume was published in 1648 by Henry Lawes.

which is almost done, and do please me very well. Hence to Whitehall to find out Mr. Fox, which I did, and did use me very civilly, but I did not see his lady, whom I had so long known when she was a maid, Mrs. Whittle. From thence meeting my father Bowyer, I took him to Mr. Harper's, and there drank with him. Among other things in discourse he told me how my wife's brother had a horse at grass with him, which I was troubled to hear, it being his boldness upon my score. Home by coach, and read late in the last night's book of Trials, and told my wife about her brother's horse at Mr. Bowyer's, who is also much troubled for it, and do intend to go to-morrow to inquire the truth. Notwithstanding this was the first day of the King's proclamation[1] against hackney coaches coming into the streets to stand to be hired, yet I got one to carry me home.

8th. This morning Sir Wm. and the Treasurer and I went by barge with Sir Wm. Doyley and Mr. Prin to Deptford, to pay off the Henrietta, and had a good dinner. I went to Mr. Davys's and saw his house (where I was once before a great while ago) and I found him a very pretty man. In the afternoon Commissioner Pett and I went on board the yacht, which indeed is one of the finest things that ever I saw for neatness an room in so small a vessel. Mr. Pett is to make one to outdo this for the honour of his country, which I fear he will scarce better.[2] From thence with him as far as Ratcliffe, where I left him going by water to London, and I (unwilling to leave the rest of the officers) went back again to Deptford, and being very much troubled with a sudden looseness, I went into a little alehouse at the end of Ratcliffe, and did give a groat for a pot of ale, and there I did . . . So went forward in my walk with some men that were going that way a great pace, and in our way we

[1] "A Proclamation to restrain the abuses of Hackney Coaches in the Cities of London and Westminster and the Suburbs thereof." This is printed in "Notes and Queries," First Series, vol. viii. p. 122. "In April, 1663, the poor widows of hackney-coachmen petitioned for some relief, as the parliament had reduced the number of coaches to 400; there were before, in and about London, more than 2,000." — Rugge's *Diurnal*.

[2] This Dutch pleasure boat is mentioned on August 15th, 1660 (see *ante*, p. 206). On January 13th, 1660–61, Pepys comes to the conclusion that Pett's yacht is much superior to the Dutch boat.

met with many merry seamen that had got their money paid them to-day. We sat very late doing the work and waiting for the tide, it being moonshine we got to London before two in the morning. So home, where I found my wife up, she shewed me her head which was very well dressed to-day, she having been to see her father and mother. So to bed.

9th. Lay long in bed this morning though an office day, because of our going to bed late last night. Before I went to my office Mr. Creed came to me about business, and also Mr. Carter, my old Cambridge friend, came to give me a visit, and I did give them a morning draught in my study. So to the office, and from thence to dinner with Mr. Wivell at the Hoop Tavern, where we had Mr. Shepley, Talbot, Adams, Mr. Chaplin and Osborne, and our dinner given us by Mr. Ady and another, Mr. Wine, the King's fishmonger. Good sport with Mr. Talbot, who eats no sort of fish, and there was nothing else till we sent for a neat's tongue. From thence to Whitehall where I found my Lord, who had an organ set up to-day in his dining-room, but it seems an ugly one in the form of Bridewell. Thence I went to Sir Harry Wright's, where my Lord was busy at cards, and so I staid below with Mrs. Carter and Evans (who did give me a lesson upon the lute), till he came down, and having talked with him at the door about his late business of money, I went to my father's and staid late talking with my father about my sister Pall's coming to live with me if she would come and be as a servant (which my wife did seem to be pretty willing to do to-day), and he seems to take it very well, and intends to consider of it. Home and to bed.

10th. Up early. Sir Wm. Batten and I to make up an account of the wages of the officers and mariners at sea, ready to present to the Committee of Parliament this afternoon. Afterwards came the Treasurer and Comptroller, and sat all the morning with us till the business was done. So we broke up, leaving the thing to be wrote over fair and carried to Trinity House for Sir Wm. Batten's hand. When staying very long I found (as appointed) the Treasurer and Comptroller at Whitehall, and so we went with a foul copy to the Parliament house, where we met with Sir Thos. Clarges and Mr. Spry, and after we had given them good satisfaction we parted. The Comptroller and I to the

coffee-house, where he shewed me the state of his case; how the King did owe him about £6,000. But I do not see great likelihood for them to be paid, since they begin already in in Parliament to dispute the paying of the just sea-debts, which were already promised to be paid, and will be the undoing of thousands if they be not paid. So to Whitehall to look but could not find Mr. Fox, and then to Mr. Moore at Mr. Crew's, but missed of him also. So to Paul's Churchyard, and there bought Montelion,[1] which this year do not prove so good as the last was; so after reading it I burnt it. After reading of that and the comedy of the Rump,[2] which is also very silly, I went to bed. This night going home, Will and I bought a goose.

11th (Lord's day). This morning I went to Sir W. Batten's about going to Deptford to-morrow, and so eating some hog's pudding of my Lady's making, of the hog that I saw a fattening the other day at her house, he and I went to Church into our new gallery, the first time it was used, and it not being yet quite finished, there came after us Sir W. Pen, Mr. Davis, and his eldest son. There being no woman this day, we sat in the foremost pew, and behind us our servants, and I hope it will not always be so, it not being handsome for our servants to sit so equal with us. This day also did Mr. Mills begin to read all the Common Prayer, which I was glad of. Home to dinner, and then walked to Whitehall, it being very cold and foul and rainy weather. I found my Lord at home, and after giving him an account of some business, I returned and went to my father's where I found my wife, and there we supped, and Dr. Thomas Pepys, who my wife told me after I was come home, that he had told my brother Thomas that he loved my wife so well that if she had a child he would never marry, but leave all that he had to my child, and after supper we walked home, my little boy carrying a link, and Will leading my wife. So home and to prayers and to bed. I should have said

[1] "Montelion, the Prophetical Almanac for the year 1660, 8vo., with frontispiece, by John Phillips." The Montelions for 1661 and 1662 were written by Thomas Flatman. It would appear that Pepys bought the Montelion for 1661.

[2] "The Rump, or the Mirror of the late Times," a comedy by John Tatham, acted at Dorset Court, and printed in 1660 and 1661.

that before I got to my Lord's this day I went to Mr. Fox's at Whitehall, when I first saw his lady, formerly Mrs. Elizabeth Whittle, whom I had formerly a great opinion of, and did make an anagram or two upon her name when I was a boy. She proves a very fine lady, and mother to fine children. To-day I agreed with Mr. Fox about my taking of the £4,000 of him that the King had given my Lord.

12th. Lay long in bed to-day. Sir Wm. Batten went this morning to Deptford to pay off the Wolf. Mr. Comptroller and I sat a while at the office to do business, and thence I went with him to his house in Lime Street, a fine house, and where I never was before, and from thence by coach (setting down his sister at the new Exchange) to Westminster Hall, where first I met with Jack Spicer and agreed with him to help me to tell money this afternoon. Hence to De Cretz, where I saw my Lord's picture finished, which do please me very well. So back to the Hall, where by appointment I met the Comptroller, and with him and three or four Parliament men I dined at Heaven, and after dinner called at Will's on Jack Spicer, and took him to Mr. Fox's, who saved me the labour of telling me the money by giving me £3,000 by consent (the other £1,000 I am to have on Thursday next), which I carried by coach to the Exchequer, and put it up in a chest in Spicer's office. From thence walked to my father's, where I found my wife, who had been with my father to-day, buying of a tablecloth and a dozen of napkins of diaper, the first that ever I bought in my life. My father and I took occasion to go forth, and went and drank at Mr. Standing's, and there discoursed seriously about my sister's coming to live with me, which I have much mind for her good to have, and yet I am much afeard of her ill-nature. Coming home again, he and I, and my wife, my mother and Pall, went all together into the little room, and there I told her plainly what my mind was, to have her come not as a sister in any respect, but as a servant, which she promised me that she would, and with many thanks did weep for joy, which did give me and my wife some content and satisfaction. So by coach home and to bed. The last night I should have mentioned how my wife and I were troubled all night with the sound of drums in our ears, which in the morning we found to be

Mr. Davys's jack,[1] but not knowing the cause of its going all night, I understand to-day that they have had a great feast to-day.

13th. Early going to my Lord's I met with Mr. Moore, who was going to my house, and indeed I found him to be a most careful, painful,[2] and able man in business, and took him by water to the Wardrobe, and shewed him all the house; and indeed there is a great deal of room in it, but very ugly till my Lord hath bestowed great cost upon it. So to the Exchequer, and there took Spicer and his fellow clerks to the Dog tavern, and did give them a peck of oysters, and so home to dinner, where I found my wife making of pies and tarts to try her oven with, which she has never yet done, but not knowing the nature of it, did heat it too hot, and so a little overbake her things, but knows how to do better another time. At home all the afternoon. At night made up my accounts of my sea expenses in order to my clearing off my imprest bill of £30 which I had in my hands at the beginning of my voyage, which I intend to shew to my Lord to-morrow. To bed.

14th (Office day). But this day was the first that we do begin to sit in the afternoon, and not in the forenoon, and therefore I went into Cheapside to Mr. Beauchamp's, the goldsmith, to look out a piece of plate to give Mr. Fox from my Lord, for his favour about the £4,000, and did choose a gilt tankard. So to Paul's Churchyard and bought "Cornelianum dolium."[3] So home to dinner, and after that to

[1] The date of the origin of smoke-jacks does not appear to be known, but the first patent taken out for an improved smoke-jack by Peter Clare is dated December 24th, 1770. The smoke-jack consists of a wind-wheel fixed in the chimney, which communicates motion by means of an endless band to a pulley, whence the motion is transmitted to the spit by gearing. In the valuable introduction to the volume of "Abridgments of Specifications relating to Cooking, 1634–1866" (Patent Office), mention is made of an Italian work by Bartolomeo Scappi, published first at Rome in 1572, and afterwards reprinted at Venice in 1622, which gives a complete account of the kitchens of the time and the utensils used in them. In the plates several roasting-jacks are represented, one worked by smoke or hot air and one by a spring.

[2] Painful, *i.e.* painstaking or laborious. Latimer speaks of the "painful magistrates."

[3] "Cornelianum dolium" is a Latin comedy, by T. R., published at

the office till late at night, and so Sir W. Pen, the Comptroller, and I to the Dolphin, where we found Sir W. Batten, who is seldom a night from hence, and there we did drink a great quantity of sack and did tell many merry stories, and in good humours we were all. So home and to bed.

15th. To Westminster, and it being very cold upon the water I went all alone to the Sun and drank a draft of mulled white wine, and so to Mr. de Cretz, whither I sent for J. Spicer (to appoint him to expect me this afternoon at the office, with the other £1,000 from Whitehall), and here we staid and did see him give some finishing touches to my Lord's picture, so at last it is complete to my mind, and I leave mine with him to copy out another for himself, and took the original by a porter with me to my Lord's, where I found my Lord within, and staid hearing him and Mr. Child playing upon my Lord's new organ, the first time I ever heard it. My Lord did this day show me the King's picture, which was done in Flanders, that the King did promise my Lord before he ever saw him, and that we did expect to have had at sea before the King came to us; but it came but to-day, and indeed it is the most pleasant and the most like him that ever I saw picture in my life. As dinner was coming on table, my wife came to my Lord's, and I got her carried in to my Lady, who took physic to-day, and was just now hiring of a French maid that was with her, and they could not understand one another till my wife came to interpret. Here I did leave my wife to dine with my Lord, the first time he ever did take notice of her as my wife, and did seem to have a just esteem for her. And did myself walk homewards (hearing that Sir W. Pen was gone before in a coach) to overtake him and with much ado at last did in Fleet Street, and there I went in to him, and there was Sir Arnold Brames,[1] and we all three to Sir

London in 1638. Douce attributed it to Thomas Randolph (d. 1635). The book has a frontispiece representing the sweating tub which, from the name of the patient, was styled Cornelius's tub. There is a description of the play in the "European Magazine," vol. xxxvii. (1800), p. 343.

[1] Sir Arnold Breames, Brahams, or Brames, of Bridge Court, Kent, was son of Charles Breames, of Dover, and was knighted at Canterbury, May 27th, 1660. He married, first Joanna, daughter of Walter Henflete (or Septvans), secondly, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Dudley

W. Batten's to dinner, he having a couple of servants married to-day; and so there was a great number of merchants, and others of good quality on purpose after dinner to make an offering, which, when dinner was done, we did, and I did give ten shillings and no more, though I believe most of the rest did give more, and did believe that I did so too. From thence to Whitehall again by water to Mr. Fox and by two porters carried away the other £1,000. He was not within himself, but I had it of his kinsman, and did give him £4 and other servants something; but whereas I did intend to have given Mr. Fox himself a piece of plate of £50 I was demanded £100, for the fee of the office at 6*d.* a pound, at which I was surprised, but, however, I did leave it there till I speak with my Lord. So I carried it to the Exchequer, where at Will's I found Mr. Spicer, and so lodged it at his office with the rest. From thence after a pot of ale at Will's I took boat in the dark and went for all that to the old Swan, and so to Sir Wm. Batten's, and leaving some of the gallants at cards I went home, where I found my wife much satisfied with my Lord's discourse and respect to her, and so after prayers to bed.

16th. Up early to my father's, where by appointment Mr. Moore came to me, and he and I to the Temple, and thence to Westminster Hall to speak with Mr. Wm. Montagu about his looking upon the title of those lands which I do take as security for £3,000 of my Lord's money. That being done Mr. Moore and I parted, and in the Hall I met with Mr. Fontleroy (my old acquaintance, whom I had not seen a long time), and he and I to the Swan, and in discourse he seems to be wise and say little, though I know things are changed against his mind. Thence home by water, where my father, Mr. Snow, and Mr. Moore did dine with me. After dinner Mr. Snow and I went up together to discourse about the putting out of £80 to a man who lacks the money and would give me £15 per annum for 8 years for it, which I did not think profit enough, and so he seemed to be disappointed by my refusal of it, but I would not now part with my money easily. He seems to do it as a great favour to me to offer to come in upon a way of getting of

Digges, Master of the Rolls, and thirdly, Margaret, daughter of Sir Thomas Palmer, of Wingham, Bart.

money, which they call Bottomry,[1] which I do not yet understand, but do believe there may be something in it of great profit. After we were parted I went to the office, and there we sat all the afternoon, and at night we went to a barrel of oysters at Sir W. Batten's, and so home, and I to the setting of my papers in order, which did keep me up late. So to bed.

17th. In the morning to Whitehall, where I inquired at the Privy Seal Office for a form for a nobleman to make one his Chaplain. But I understanding that there is not any, I did draw up one, and so to my Lord's, and there I did give him it to sign for Mr. Turner[2] to be his first Chaplain. I did likewise get my Lord to sign my last sea accounts, so that I am even to this day when I have received the balance of Mr. Creed. I dined with my Lady and my Lady Pickering, where her son John dined with us, who do continue a fool as he ever was since I knew him. His mother would fain marry him to get a portion for his sister Betty,[3] but he will not hear of it. Hither came Major Hart this noon, who tells me that the Regiment is now disbanded, and that there is some money coming to me for it. I took him to my Lord to Mr. Crew's, and from thence with Mr. Shepley and Mr. Moore to the Devil Tavern,[4] and there we drank. So home and wrote letters by the post. Then to my lyra viall,[5] and to bed.

[1] "The contract of bottomry is a negotiable instrument, which may be put in suit by the person to whom it is transferred; it is in use in all countries of maritime commerce and interests. A contract in the nature of a mortgage of a ship, when the owner of it borrows money to enable him to carry on the voyage, and pledges the keel or bottom of the ship as a security for the repayment. If the ship be lost the lender loses his whole money; but if it returns in safety, then he shall receive back his principal, and also the premium stipulated to be paid, however it may exceed the usual or legal rate of interest." — Smyth's *Sailor's Word-Book.*

[2] Rev. John Turner, rector of Eynesbury.

[3] Elizabeth Pickering, who married John Creed in 1668.

[4] A celebrated place of entertainment in the Strand, by Temple Bar, largely associated with the fame of Ben Jonson. The Royal Society held its dinners here for many years. In 1787 Messrs. Child, the bankers, bought the freehold, and pulling the building down erected Child's Place on the site. This was destroyed in 1879.

[5] The lyre viol is a viol with extra open bass strings, holding the same relation to the viol as the theorbo does to the lute. A volume

18th (Lord's day). In the morning to our own church, where Mr. Powel (a crook legged man that went formerly with me to Paul's School), preached a good sermon. In the afternoon to our own church and my wife with me (the first time that she and my Lady Batten[1] came to sit in our new pew), and after sermon my Lady took us home and there we supped with her and Sir W. Batten, and Pen, and were much made of. The first time that ever my wife was there. So home and to bed.

19th (Office day). After we had done a little at the office this morning, I went with the Treasurer in his coach to White Hall, and in our way, in discourse, do find him a very good-natured man; and, talking of those men who now stand condemned for murdering the King, he says that he believes that, if the law would give leave, the King is a man of so great compassion that he would wholly acquit them. Going to my Lord's I met with Mr. Shepley, and so he and I to the Sun, and I did give him a morning draft of Muscadine.[2] And so to see my Lord's picture at De Cretz, and he says it is very like him, and I say so too. After that to Westminster Hall, and there hearing that Sir W. Batten was at the Leg in the Palace,[3] I went thither, and there dined with

entitled "Musick's Recreation on the Lyra Viol," was printed by John Playford in 1650.

[1] "Elizabeth Woodcock, evidently his second wife, as his daughter Martha is often mentioned, married February 3rd, 1658–59, to Sir W. Batten; and, secondly, in 1671, to a foreigner called, in the register of Battersea parish, Lord Leyonberg. Lady Leighenberg was buried at Walthamstow, September 16th, 1681." — Lysons' *Environs*. Sir James Barkman Leyenberg, the envoy from Sweden, was resident in England till 1682, or later. See January 21st, 1666–67. His name occurs in "The Intelligencer," March 12th, 1663–64, as delayed at Stockholm by a fever, though his despatches were ready. A hostile message appears to have passed between him and Pepys, in November, 1670, but the duel was prevented. Perhaps they quarrelled about the money due from Sir W. Batten to Pepys, for which the widow was liable. — B.

[2] Muscadine or muscadel, a rich sort of wine. *Vinum muscatum quod moschi odorem referat.*

> "Quaffed off the muscadel, and threw the sops
> All in the sexton's face."
> Shakespeare, *Taming of the Shrew*, act iii. sc. 2. — M. B.

[3] There is a token of the Leg in New Palace Yard, which was a famous tavern at this time (see "Boyne's Trade Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i., 1889, p. 684).

him and some of the Trinity House men who had obtained something to-day at the House of Lords concerning the Ballast Office. After dinner I went by water to London to the Globe in Cornhill,[1] and there did choose two pictures to hang up in my house, which my wife did not like when I came home, and so I sent the picture of Paris back again. To the office, where we sat all the afternoon till night. So home, and there came Mr. Beauchamp to me with the gilt tankard, and I did pay him for it £20. So to my musique and sat up late at it, and so to bed, leaving my wife to sit up till 2 o'clock that she may call the wench up to wash.

20th. About two o'clock my wife wakes me, and comes to bed, and so both to sleep and the wench to wash. I rose and with Will to my Lord's by land, it being a very hard frost, the first we have had this year. There I staid with my Lord and Mr. Shepley, looking over my Lord's accounts and to set matters straight between him and Shepley, and he did commit the viewing of these accounts to me, which was a great joy to me to see that my Lord do look upon me as one to put trust in. Hence to the organ, where Mr. Child and one Mr. Mackworth (who plays finely upon the violin) were playing, and so we played till dinner and then dined, where my Lord in a very good humour and kind to me. After dinner to the Temple, where I met Mr. Moore and discoursed with him about the business of putting out my Lord's £3,000 and that done, Mr. Shepley and I to the new Play-house near Lincoln's-Inn-Fields (which was formerly Gibbon's tennis-court),[2] where the play of "Beggar's Bush"[3] was newly begun; and so we went in and saw it, it was well acted: and here I saw the first time one Moone,[4] who is said to be the best actor in the world,

[1] The Globe is given as one of the taverns in Cornhill in the list of taverns in London and Westminster, 1698 (Harl. MS. 4716).

[2] This was Killigrew's, or the King's House, opened for the first time November 8th, 1660.

[3] The "Beggar's Bush," a comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, published in the 1647 edition of their plays.

[4] Michael Mohun, or Moone, the celebrated actor, who had borne a major's commission in the King's army. The period of his death is uncertain, but he is known to have been dead in 1691. Downes relates that an eminent poet [Lee] seeing him act Mithridates "vented suddenly this saying: 'Oh, Mohun, Mohun, thou little man of mettle, if I

lately come over with the King, and indeed it is the finest play-house, I believe, that ever was in England. From thence, after a pot of ale with Mr. Shepley at a house hard by, I went by link home, calling a little by the way at my father's and my uncle Fenner's, where all pretty well, and so home, where I found the house in a washing pickle, and my wife in a very joyful condition when I told her that she is to see the Queen next Thursday, which puts me in mind to say that this morning I found my Lord in bed late, he having been with the King, Queen, and Princess, at the Cockpit[1] all night, where General Monk treated them; and after supper a play, where the King did put a great affront upon Singleton's[2] musique, he bidding them stop and bade the French musique play, which, my Lord says, do much outdo all ours. But while my Lord was rising, I went to Mr. Fox's, and there did leave the gilt tankard for Mrs. Fox, and then to the counting-house to him, who hath invited me and my wife to dine with him on Thursday next, and so to see the Queen and Princesses.

21st. Lay long in bed. This morning my cozen Thomas Pepys, the turner, sent me a cupp of lignum vitæ[3] for a token. This morning my wife and I went to Paternoster Row, and there we bought some green watered moyre for a morning wastecoate. And after that we went to Mr. Cade's[4] to choose some pictures for our house. After that my wife went home, and I to Pope's Head,[5] and bought

should write a 100, I'd write a part for thy mouth.'" — *Roscius Anglicanus*, p. 17.

[1] The Cockpit at Whitehall. The plays at the Cockpit in Drury Lane were acted in the afternoon.

[2] John Singleton, appointed, 1660, one of the musicians of the sackbuts in place of William Lanier. From the sackbut he advanced to the violin, and lastly to the flute. He is mentioned by Dryden in "MacFlecknoe," and by Shadwell in "Bury Fair." He was one of the King's twenty-four fiddlers in 1674; see North's "Memoirs of Musick," ed. Rimbault, 1846, p. 99 (note). He died 1686, and was buried (April 7th), in the churchyard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden.

[3] A hard, compact, black-green wood, obtained from *Guaiacum officinale*, from which pestles, ship-blocks, rollers, castors, &c., are turned.

[4] Mr. Cade was a stationer in Cornhill.

[5] Pope's Head Alley, a footway from Cornhill to Lombard Street, named after the Pope's Head Tavern, was at this time famous for its cutlers.

me an aggate hafted knife, which cost me 5*s*. So home to dinner, and so to the office all the afternoon, and at night to my viallin (the first time that I have played on it since I came to this house) in my dining room, and afterwards to my lute there, and I took much pleasure to have the neighbours come forth into the yard to hear me. So down to supper, and sent for the barber, who staid so long with me that he was locked into the house, and we were fain to call up Griffith to let him out. So up to bed, leaving my wife to wash herself, and to do other things against to-morrow to go to court.

22d. This morning came the carpenters to make me a door at the other side of my house, going into the entry, which I was much pleased with. At noon my wife and I walked to the Old Exchange, and there she bought her a white whisk[1] and put it on, and I a pair of gloves, and so we took coach for Whitehall to Mr. Fox's, where we found Mrs. Fox within, and an alderman of London paying £1,000 or £1,400 in gold upon the table for the King, which was the most gold that ever I saw together in my life. Mr. Fox came in presently and did receive us with a great deal of respect; and then did take my wife and I to the Queen's presence-chamber, where he got my wife placed behind the Queen's chair, and I got into the crowd, and by and by the Queen and the two Princesses came to dinner. The Queen a very little plain old woman, and nothing more in her presence in any respect nor garb than any ordinary woman. The Princess of Orange I had often seen before. The Princess Henrietta is very pretty, but much below my expectation; and her dressing of herself with her hair frized short up to her ears, did make her seem so much the less to me. But my wife standing near her with two or three black patches on, and well dressed, did seem to me much handsomer than she. Dinner being done, we went to Mr. Fox's again, where many gentlemen dined with us, and most princely dinner, all provided for me and my friends, but I bringing none but myself and wife, he did call the company

[1] A gorget or neckerchief worn by women at this time. "A woman's neck whisk is used both plain and laced, and is called of most a gorget or falling whisk, because it falleth about the shoulders." — *Randle Holme* (quoted by Planché).

to help to eat up so much good victuals. At the end of dinner, my Lord Sandwich's health was drunk in the gilt tankard that I did give to Mrs. Fox the other day. After dinner I had notice given me by Will my man that my Lord did inquire for me, so I went to find him, and met him and the Duke of York in a coach going towards Charing Cross. I endeavoured to follow them but could not, so I returned to Mr. Fox, and after much kindness and good discourse we parted from thence. I took coach for my wife and me homewards, and I light at the Maypole in the Strand,[1] and sent my wife home. I to the new playhouse[2] and saw part of the "Traitor,"[3] a very good Tragedy; Mr. Moon[4] did act the Traitor very well. So to my Lord's, and sat there with my Lady a great while talking. Among other things, she took occasion to inquire (by Madame Dury's late discourse with her) how I did treat my wife's father and mother. At which I did give her a good account, and she seemed to be very well opinioned of my wife. From thence to White Hall at about 9 at night, and there, with Laud[5] the page that went with me, we could not get out of Henry the Eighth's gallery into the further part of the boarded gallery, where my Lord was walking with my Lord Ormond; and we had a key of Sir S. Morland's, but all would not do; till at last, by knocking, Mr. Harrison the door-keeper did open us the door, and, after some talk with my Lord about getting a catch to carry my Lord St. Alban's[6] goods to France, I parted and went home on foot, it being very late and dirty, and so weary to bed.

23rd. This morning standing looking upon the workmen

[1] There is a token of "Robert Chamberlaine at the Maypole in the Strand," so that it may have been at this house that Pepys alighted (see "Boyne's Trade Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i., 1889, p. 755).

[2] The King's House, near Lincoln's Inn Fields, see *ante*, November 20th.

[3] "The Traitor," a tragedy by James Shirley, licensed May 4th, 1631, and first printed in 1635.

[4] Michael Mohun, see *ante*, November 20th (note).

[5] Laud Crisp.

[6] Henry Jermyn, second son of Sir Thomas Jermyn, born about 1604, created Baron Jermyn of St. Edmondsbury about 1643; advanced to the earldom of St. Albans, 1660, K.G. 1672. Died January 2nd, 1683–4. He was supposed to be married to the Queen Dowager, Henrietta Maria.

doing of my new door to my house, there comes Captain Straughan the Scot (to whom the King has given half of the money that the two ships lately sold do bring), and he would needs take me to the Dolphin, and give me a glass of ale and a peck of oysters, he and I. He did talk much what he is able to advise the King for good husbandry in his ships, as by ballasting them with lead ore and many other tricks, but I do believe that he is a knowing man in sea-business. Home and dined, and in the afternoon to the office, where till late, and that being done Mr. Creed did come to speak with me, and I took him to the Dolphin, where there was Mr. Pierce the purser and his wife and some friends of theirs. So I did spend a crown upon them behind the bar, they being akin to the people of the house, and this being the house where Mr. Pierce was apprentice. After they were gone Mr. Creed and I spent an hour in looking over the account which he do intend to pass in our office for his lending moneys, which I did advise about and approve or disapprove of as I saw cause. After an hour being serious at this we parted about 11 o'clock at night. So I home and to bed, leaving my wife and the maid at their linen to get up.

24th. To my Lord's, where after I had done talking with him Mr. Townsend, Rumball, Blackburn, Creed and Shepley and I to the Rhenish winehouse, and there I did give them two quarts of Wormwood wine,[1] and so we broke up. So we parted, and I and Mr. Creed to Westminster Hall and looked over a book or two, and so to my Lord's, where I dined with my lady, there being Mr. Child and Mrs. Borfett, who are never absent at dinner there, under pretence of a wooing. From thence I to Mr. de Cretz and did take away my Lord's picture, which is now finished for me, and I paid £3 10*s.* for it and the frame, and am well pleased with it and the price. So carried it home by water, Will being with me. At home, and had a fire made in my closet, and put my papers and books and things in order, and that being done I fell to entering these two good songs

[1] Wormwood (*Artemisia absinthium*) is celebrated for its intensely bitter, tonic, and stimulating qualities, which have caused it to be used in various medicinal preparations, and also in the making of liqueurs, as wormwood wine and *crême d'absinthe.*

of Mr. Lawes, "Helpe, helpe, O helpe," and "O God of Heaven and Hell" in my song book,[1] to which I have got Mr. Child to set the base to the Theorbo, and that done to bed.

25th (Lord's day). In the forenoon I alone to our church, and after dinner I went and ranged about to many churches, among the rest to the Temple, where I heard Dr. Wilkins[2] a little (late Maister of Trinity in Cambridge). That being done to my father's to see my mother who is troubled much with the stone, and that being done I went home, where I had a letter brought me from my Lord to get a ship ready to carry the Queen's things over to France, she being to go within five or six days. So to supper and to bed.

26th (Office day). To it all the morning, and dined at home where my father come and dined with me, who seems to take much pleasure to have a son that is neat in his house. I being now making my new door into the entry, which he do please himself much with. After dinner to the office again, and there till night. And that being done the Comptroller and I to the Mitre to a glass of wine, when we fell into a discourse of poetry, and he did repeat some verses of his own making which were very good. Home, there hear that my Lady Batten had given my wife a visit (the first that ever she made her), which pleased me exceedingly. So after supper to bed.

27th. To Whitehall, where I found my Lord gone abroad

[1] Both these songs by Henry Lawes have been mentioned before. "Help, Help, O Help, Divinity of Love" (see June 5th, 1660). "O King of Heaven and Hell" (not "O God") is the same as "Orpheus' Hymn" (see March 4th, 1659–60). Henry Lawes was the friend of Milton and composed the music for "Comus," performed at Ludlow Castle in 1634. He set the anthem, "Zadok the Priest," for the coronation of Charles II. He died October 21st, 1662, and was buried in the Cloisters, Westminster Abbey.

[2] John Wilkins, D.D., born 1614, took the Parliament side, and was made warden of Wadham College, Oxford. In 1656 he married Robina, the widow of Dr. French and sister of Oliver Cromwell. He was appointed Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1659, but was ejected in 1660. Consecrated Bishop of Chester, November 15th, 1668. He died November 19th, 1672. He was one of the founders of the Royal Society, and jokes were often made respecting the publication of his work, "The Discovery of a New World."

to the Wardrobe, whither he do now go every other morning, and do seem to resolve to understand and look after the business himself. From thence to Westminster Hall, and in King Street there being a great stop of coaches, there was falling out between a drayman and my Lord Chesterfield's coachman, and one of his footmen killed. At the Hall I met with Mr. Creed, and he and I to Hell to drink our morning draught, and so to my Lord's again, where I found my wife, and she and I dined with him and my Lady, and great company of my Lord's friends, and my Lord did show us great respect. Soon as dinner was done my wife took her leave, and went with Mr. Blackburne and his wife to London to a christening of a Brother's child of his on Tower Hill, and I to a play, "The Scornfull Lady,"[1] and that being done, I went homewards, and met Mr. Moore, who had been at my house, and took him to my father's, and we three to Standing's to drink. Here Mr. Moore told me how the House had this day voted the King to have all the Excise for ever. This day I do also hear that the Queen's going to France is stopt, which do like me well, because then the King will be in town the next month, which is my month again at the Privy Seal. From thence home, where when I come I do remember that I did leave my boy Waineman at Whitehall with order to stay there for me in the court, at which I was much troubled, but about 11 o'clock at night the boy came home well, and so we all to bed.

28th. This morning went to Whitehall to my Lord's, where Major Hart did pay me £23 14*s.* 9*d.*, due to me upon my pay in my Lord's troop at the time of our disbanding, which is a great blessing to have without taking any law in the world for. But now I must put an end to any hopes of getting any more, so that I bless God for this. From thence with Mr. Shepley and Pinkney to the Sun, and did give them a glass of wine and a peck of oysters for joy of my getting this money. So home, where I found that Mr. Creed had sent me the £11 5*s.* that is due to me upon the remains of account for my sea business, which is also so much clear

[1] A comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, first printed in 1616. After the Restoration it was one of the plays acted by Killigrew's company.

money to me, and my bill of impresse[1] for £30 is also cleared, so that I am wholly clear as to the sea in all respects. To the office, and was there till late at night, and among the officers do hear that they may have our salaries allowed by the Treasurer, which do make me very glad, and praise God for it. Home to supper, and Mr. Hater supped with me, whom I did give order to take up my money of the Treasurer to-morrow if it can be had. So to bed.

29th. In the morning seeing a great deal of foul water come into my parlour from under the partition between me and Mr. Davis, I did step thither to him and tell him of it, and he did seem very ready to have it stopt, and did also tell me how thieves did attempt to rob his house last night, which do make us all afraid. This noon I being troubled that the workmen that I have to do my door were called to Mr. Davis's away, I sent for them, when Mr. Davis sent to inquire a reason of, and I did give him a good one, that they were come on purpose to do some work with me that they had already begun, with which he was well pleased, and I glad, being unwilling to anger them. In the afternoon Sir W. Batten and I met and did sell the ship Church for £440, and we asked £391, and that being done, I went home, and Dr. Petty came to me about Mr. Barlow's money, and I being a little troubled to be so importuned before I had received it, and that they would have it stopt in Mr. Fenn's hands, I did force the Doctor to go fetch the letter of attorney that he had to receive it only to make him some labour, which he did bring, and Mr. Hales came along with him from the Treasury with my money for the first quarter (Michaelmas last) that ever I received for this employment. So I paid the Dr. £25 and had £62 10*s.* for myself, and £7 10*s.* to myself also for Will's salary, which I do intend yet to keep for myself. With this my heart is much rejoiced, and do bless Almighty God that he is pleased to send so sudden and unexpected payment of my salary so soon after my great disbursements. So that now I am worth £200 again. In a great ease of mind and spirit I fell about

[1] For "bill of imprest." In Italian *imprestare* means "to lend." In the ancient accounts of persons officially employed by the crown, money advanced, paid on account, was described as "de prestito," or "in prestitis." — M. B.

the auditing of Mr. Shepley's last accounts with my Lord by my Lord's desire, and about that I sat till 12 o'clock at night, till I began to doze, and so to bed, with my heart praising God for his mercy to us.

30th (Office day). To the office, where Sir G. Carteret did give us an account how Mr. Holland[1] do intend to prevail with the Parliament to try his project of discharging the seamen all at present by ticket,[2] and so promise interest to all men that will lend money upon them at eight per cent., for so long as they are unpaid; whereby he do think to take away the growing debt, which do now lie upon the kingdom for lack of present money to discharge the seamen. But this we are troubled at as some diminution to us. I having two barrels of oysters at home, I caused one of them and some wine to be brought to the inner room in the office, and there the Principal Officers did go and eat them. So we sat till noon, and then to dinner, and to it again in the afternoon till night. At home I sent for Mr. Hater, and broke the other barrel with him, and did afterwards sit down discoursing of sea terms to learn of him. And he being gone I went up and sat till twelve at night again to make an end of my Lord's accounts, as I did the last night. Which at last I made a good end of, and so to bed.

December 1st. This morning, observing some things to be laid up not as they should be by the girl, I took a broom and basted her till she cried extremely, which made me vexed, but before I went out I left her appeased. So to Whitehall, where I found Mr. Moore attending for me at the Privy Seal, but nothing to do to-day. I went to my Lord St. Alban's lodgings, and found him in bed, talking to a priest (he looked like one) that leaned along over the side of the bed, and there I desired to know his mind about making the catch stay longer, which I got ready for him the other day. He seems to be a fine civil gentleman. To my Lord's, and did give up my audit of his accounts, which

[1] John Holland was secretary to Sir G. Carteret, then Treasurer of the Navy, and was author of "A Brief Discourse on the Navy," written in 1638. See July 25th, 1662.

[2] The system of tickets afterwards gave great trouble, and caused much discontent. — B.

I had been then two days about, and was well received by my Lord. I dined with my Lord and Lady, and we had a venison pasty. Mr. Shepley and I went into London, and calling upon Mr. Pinkney,[1] the goldsmith, he took us to the tavern, and gave us a pint of wine, and there fell into our company old Mr. Flower and another gentleman, who tell us how a Scotch knight was killed basely the other day at the Fleece in Covent Garden,[2] where there had been a great many formerly killed. So to Paul's Churchyard, and there I took the little man at Mr. Kirton's and Mr. Shepley to Ringstead's at the Star, and after a pint of wine I went home, my brains somewhat troubled with so much wine, and after a letter or two by the post I went to bed.

2d (Lord's day). My head not very well, and my body out of order by last night's drinking, which is my great folly. To church, and Mr. Mills made a good sermon; so home to dinner. My wife and I all alone to a leg of mutton, the sawce of which being made sweet, I was angry at it, and eat none, but only dined upon the marrow bone that we had beside. To church in the afternoon, and after sermon took Tom Fuller's Church History and read over Henry the 8th's life in it, and so to supper and to bed.

3rd. This morning I took a resolution to rise early in the morning, and so I rose by candle, which I have not done all this winter, and spent my morning in fiddling till time to go to the office, where Sir G. Carteret did begin again dis-

[1] Henry Pinckney (sometimes called Major Pinckney) of the Three Squirrels in Fleet Street over against St. Dunstan's Church. He was founder of the banking firm now known as Messrs. Goslings and Sharpe (see Hilton Price's "Handbook of London Bankers," 1876, p. 63). He must not be confounded with Leonard Pinckney, one of the Four Tellers of the Receipt of the Exchequer.

[2] "The Fleece Tavern, in York Street, Covent Garden," observes John Aubrey, in his "Miscellanies," p. 31, "was very unfortunate for homicides; there have been several killed; three in my time. It is now (1692) a private house." In Rugge's "Diurnal" is the following entry: — "Nov. 1660. One Sir John Gooscall was unfortunately killed in the Fleece Tavern, Covent Garden, by one Balendin, a Scotchman, who was taken, and committed to the Gatehouse in this month." The tavern was on the west side of Bridges Street, about six doors south of Russell Street. If Aubrey did not blunder there may have been a back entrance from York Street. William Clifton was the keeper of the tavern.

course on Mr. Holland's proposition, which the King do take very ill, and so Sir George in lieu of that do propose that the seamen should have half in ready money and tickets for the other half, to be paid in three months after, which we judge to be very practicable. After office home to dinner, where come in my cozen Snow by chance, and I had a very good capon to dinner. So to the office till night, and so home, and then come Mr. Davis, of Deptford (the first time that ever he was at my house), and after him Mons. L'Impertinent, who is to go to Ireland to-morrow, and so came to take his leave of me. They both found me under the barber's hand; but I had a bottle of good sack in the house, and so made them very welcome. Mr. Davis sat with me a good while after the other was gone, talking of his hard usage and of the endeavour to put him out of his place in the time of the late Commissioners, and he do speak very highly of their corruption. After he was gone I fell a reading Cornelianum dolium till 11 o'clock at night with great pleasure, and after that to bed.

4th. To Whitehall to Sir G. Carteret's chamber, where all the officers met, and so we went up to the Duke of York, and he took us into his closet, and we did open to him our project of stopping the growing charge of the fleet by paying them in hand one moyety, and the other four months hence. This he do like, and we returned by his order to Sir G. Carteret's chamber, and there we did draw up this design in order to be presented to the Parliament. From thence I to my Lord's, and dined with him and told him what we had done to-day. Sir Tho. Crew dined with my Lord to-day, and we were very merry with Mrs. Borfett, who dined there still as she has always done lately. After dinner Sir Tho. and my Lady to the Playhouse to see "The Silent Woman."[1] I home by water, and with Mr. Hater in my chamber all alone he and I did put this morning's design into order, which being done I did carry it to Sir W. Batten, where I found some gentlemen with him (Sir W. Pen among the rest pretty merry with drink) playing at cards, and there I staid looking upon them till one o'clock in the morning, and so Sir W. Pen and I went away, and I to bed. This day the Parliament voted that the bodies of

[1] Ben Jonson's "Epicœne," first published in 1609.

Oliver, Ireton, Bradshaw, &c., should be taken up out of their graves in the Abbey,[1] and drawn to the gallows, and there hanged and buried under it: which (methinks) do trouble me that a man of so great courage as he was, should have that dishonour, though otherwise he might deserve it enough.

5th. This morning the Proposal which I wrote the last night I showed to the officers this morning, and was well liked of, and I wrote it fair for Sir G. Carteret to show to the King, and so it is to go to the Parliament. I dined at home, and after dinner I went to the new Theatre[2] and there I saw "The Merry Wives of Windsor" acted, the humours of the country gentleman and the French doctor very well done, but the rest but very poorly, and Sir J. Falstaffe[3] as bad as any. From thence to Mr. Will. Montagu's chamber to have sealed some writings to-night between Sir R. Parkhurst and myself about my Lord's £2,000, but he not coming, I went to my father's and there found my mother still ill of the stone, and had just newly voided one, which she had let drop into the chimney, and looked and found it to shew it me. From thence home and to bed.

6th. This morning some of the Commissioners of Parliament and Sir W. Batten went to Sir G. Carteret's office here in town, and paid off the Chesnut. I carried my wife to White Friars and landed her there, and myself to Whitehall to the Privy Seal, where abundance of pardons to seal, but I was much troubled for it because that there are no fees now coming for them to me. Thence Mr. Moore and

[1] The names of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw are not found in the Registers of Westminster Abbey. Colonel Chester, in his edition of the "Registers" (p. 521), prints the royal warrant for a further exhumation of Commonwealth personages, dated September 9th, 1661. This warrant contains twenty-one names, and these bodies were re-interred on the green on the north side of the Abbey, between the north transept and the west end.

[2] Killigrew's house, see *ante*, November 20th and 22nd, and above on the 4th of this month. Pepys sometimes calls it the Theatre and at others the Playhouse.

[3] Falstaff was acted by Cartwright, but neither Downes nor Genest give the names of the actors who took the characters of Justice Shallow and Dr. Caius.

I alone to the Leg in King Street, and dined together on a neat's tongue and udder. From thence by coach to Mr. Crew's to my Lord, who told me of his going out of town to-morrow to settle the militia in Huntingdonshire, and did desire me to lay up a box of some rich jewels and things that there are in it, which I promised to do. After much free discourse with my Lord, who tells me his mind as to his enlarging his family, &c., and desiring me to look him out a Master of the Horse and other servants, we parted. From thence I walked to Greatorex (he was not within), but there I met with Mr. Jonas Moore,[1] and took him to the Five Bells,[2] and drank a glass of wine and left him. To the Temple, when Sir R. Parkhurst (as was intended the last night) did seal the writings, and is to have the £2,000 told to-morrow. From thence by water to Parliament Stairs, and there at an alehouse to Doling (who is suddenly to go into Ireland to venture his fortune); Simonds (who is at a great loss for £200 present money, which I was loth to let him have, though I could now do it, and do love him and think him honest and sufficient, yet lothness to part with money did dissuade me from it); Luellin (who was very drowsy from a dose that he had got the last night), Mr. Mount and several others, among the rest one Mr. Pierce, an army man, who did make us the best sport for songs and stories in a Scotch tone (which he do very well) that ever I heard in my life. I never knew so good a companion in all my observation. From thence to the bridge by water, it being a most pleasant moonshine night, with a waterman who did tell such a company of bawdy stories, how once he carried a lady from Putney in such a night as this, and she bade him lie down by her, which he did, and did give her content, and a great deal more roguery. Home and found my girl knocking at the door (it being 11 o'clock at

[1] Jonas Moore was born at Whitley, Lancashire, February 8th, 1617, and was appointed by Charles I. tutor to the Duke of York. Soon after the Restoration he was knighted and made Surveyor-General of the Ordnance. He was famous as a mathematician, and was one of the founders of the Royal Society. He died August 27th, 1679, and at his funeral sixty pieces of ordnance were discharged at the Tower.

[2] There were taverns with this sign in the Strand and Fleet Street. They are registered in the list of taverns in London and Westminster in 1698 (Harl. MS. 4716).

night), her mistress having sent her out for some trivial business, which did vex me when I came in, and so I took occasion to go up and to bed in a pet. Before I went forth this morning, one came to me to give me notice that the Justices of Middlesex do meet to-morrow at Hicks Hall,[1] and that I as one am desired to be there, but I fear I cannot be there though I much desire it.

7th. This morning the Judge Advocate Fowler came to see me, and he and I sat talking till it was time to go to the office. To the office and there staid till past 12 o'clock, and so I left the Comptroller and Surveyor and went to Whitehall to my Lord's, where I found my Lord gone this morning to Huntingdon, as he told me yesterday he would. I staid and dined with my Lady, there being Laud the page's mother[2] there, and dined also with us, and seemed to have been a very pretty woman and of good discourse. Before dinner I examined Laud in his Latin and found him a very pretty boy and gone a great way in Latin. After dinner I took a box of some things of value that my Lord had left for me to carry to the Exchequer, which I did, and left them with my Brother Spicer, who also had this morning paid £1,000 for me by appointment to Sir R. Parkhurst. So to the Privy Seal, where I signed a deadly number of pardons, which do trouble me to get nothing by. Home by water, and there was much pleased to see that my little room is likely to come to be finished soon. I fell a-reading Fuller's History of Abbeys,[3] and my wife in Great Cyrus[4] till twelve at night, and so to bed.

8th. To Whitehall to the Privy Seal, and thence to Mr. Pierce's the Surgeon to tell them that I would call by and by to go to dinner. But I going into Westminster Hall met with Sir G. Carteret and Sir W. Pen (who were in a great fear that we had committed a great error of £100,000 in our late account gone into the Parliament in making it

[1] The Middlesex Sessions House in St. John Street, Clerkenwell, named after Sir Baptist Hicks, one of the justices, and afterwards Viscount Campden, at whose cost it was built in 1612. The Sessions House was removed to the present building on Clerkenwell Green in 1782.

[2] Mrs. Crisp.

[3] Which forms part of his "Church History," book vi.

[4] "Artamine ou Le Grand Cyrus," by Magdelaine de Scudery, the second of her works, which was published in 1650.

too little), and so I was fain to send order to Mr. Pierce's to come to my house, and also to leave the key of the chest with Mr. Spicer, wherein my Lord's money is, and went along with Sir W. Pen by water to the office, and there with Mr. Huchinson we did find that we were in no mistake. And so I went to dinner with my wife and Mr. and Mrs. Pierce the Surgeon to Mr. Pierce the Purser (the first time that ever I was at his house) who does live very plentifully and finely. We had a lovely chine of beef and other good things very complete and drank a great deal of wine, and her daughter played after dinner upon the virginals,[1] and at night by lanthorn home again, and Mr. Pierce and his wife being gone home I went to bed, having drunk so much wine that my head was troubled and was not very well all night, and the wind I observed was rose exceedingly before I went to bed.

9th (Lord's day). Being called up early by Sir W. Batten I rose and went to his house and he told me the ill news that he had this morning from Woolwich, that the Assurance[2] (formerly Captain Holland's ship, and now Captain Stoakes's,[3] designed for Guiny and manned and victualled), was by a gust of wind sunk down to the bottom. Twenty men drowned. Sir Williams both went by barge thither to see how things are, and I am sent to the Duke of York to tell him, and by boat with some other company going to Whitehall from the Old Swan. I went to the Duke. And first calling upon Mr. Coventry at his chamber, I went to the Duke's bed-side, who had sat up late last night, and lay long this morning, who was much surprised therewith. This being done I went to chappell, and sat in Mr. Blagrave's pew, and there did sing my part along with another before the King, and with much ease. From thence going to my Lady I met with a letter from my Lord (which Andrew had been at my house to bring me and missed me), commanding me to go to Mr. Denham,[4] to

[1] All instruments of the harpsichord and spinet kind were styled virginals.

[2] The "Assurance" was a fourth-rate of forty guns, built at Deptford in 1646 by P. Pett, sen.

[3] John Stoakes, late captain of the "Royal Henry."

[4] John Denham, son of Sir John Denham, Lord Chief Justice of the

get a man to go to him to-morrow to Hinchinbroke, to contrive with him about some alterations in his house, which I did and got Mr. Kennard.[1] Dined with my Lady and staid all the afternoon with her, and had infinite of talk of all kind of things, especially of beauty of men and women, with which she seems to be much pleased to talk of. From thence at night to Mr. Kennard and took him to Mr. Denham, the Surveyor's. Where, while we could not speak with him, his chief man (Mr. Cooper) did give us a cup of good sack. From thence with Mr. Kennard to my Lady who is much pleased with him, and after a glass of sack there, we parted, having taken order for a horse or two for him and his servant to be gone to-morrow. So to my father's, where I sat while they were at supper, and I found my mother below stairs and pretty well. Thence home, where I hear that the Comptroller had some business with me, and (with Giffin's lanthorn) I went to him and there staid in discourse an hour till late, and among other things he showed me a design of his, by the King's making an Order of Knights of the Sea,[2] to give an encouragement for persons of honour to undertake the service of the sea, and he had done it with great pains and very ingeniously. So home and to prayers and to bed.

10th. Up exceedingly early to go to the Comptroller, but he not being up and it being a very fine, bright, moonshine morning I went and walked all alone twenty turns in Cornhill, from Gracious Street corner to the Stockes[3] and back again, from 6 o'clock till past 7, so long that I was weary, and going to the Comptroller's thinking to find him ready,

King's Bench in Ireland, born at Dublin in 1615, appointed at the Restoration Surveyor-General of the Works, and created a Knight of the Bath at the Coronation of Charles II.; better known as the author of "Cooper's Hill." He was one of the original Fellows of the Royal Society. His troubles with his second wife are related further on in the Diary. He died March, 1668–9, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

[1] Kennard was master-joiner at Whitehall, see February 11th, 1660–61.

[2] Nothing further appears to have been done in respect to Sir Robert Slingsby's scheme of an Order of Knights of the Sea.

[3] The Stocks originally stood on the site of the Mansion House. At this time the place was occupied by a market.

I found him gone, at which I was troubled, and being weary went home, and from thence with my wife by water to Westminster, and put her to my father Bowyer's (they being newly come out of the country), but I could not stay there, but left her there. I to the Hall and there met with Col. Slingsby. So hearing that the Duke of York is gone down this morning to see the ship sunk yesterday at Woolwich, he and I returned by his coach to the office, and after that to dinner. After dinner he came to me again and sat with me at my house, and among other discourse he told me that it is expected that the Duke will marry the Lord Chancellor's daughter at last, which is likely to be the ruin of Mr. Davis and my Lord Barkley, who have carried themselves so high against the Chancellor; Sir Chas. Barkley swearing that he and others had lain with her often, which all believe to be a lie.[1] He and I in the evening to the Coffee House in Cornhill, the first time that ever I was there, and I found much pleasure in it, through the diversity of company and discourse. Home and found my wife at my Lady Batten's, and have made a bargain to go see the ship sunk at Woolwich, where both the Sir Williams are still since yesterday, and I do resolve to go along with them. From thence home and up to bed, having first been into my study, and to ease my mind did go to cast up how my cash stands, and I do find as near as I can that I am worth in money clear £240, for which God be praised. This afternoon there was a couple of men with me with a book in each of their hands, demanding money for poll-money,[2] and I overlooked the book and saw myself set down Samuel Pepys, gent. 10*s*. for himself and for his servants 2*s*., which I did presently pay without any dispute, but I fear I have not escaped so,

[1] Sir Charles Berkeley, in the "Memoirs of Grammont" improperly called Sir George Berkeley, created Baron Berkeley of Rathdown and Viscount Fitzharding of Bearhaven (in Ireland) in 1663, and Earl of Falmouth in 1665, was the confidant and favourite of the king. He was killed at Southwold Bay, in the seafight, June 2nd, 1665, and the earldom became extinct. The Duke of York had married Anne Hyde on the 3rd September before.

[2] Pepys seems to have been let off very easily, for, by Act of Parliament 18 Car. II. cap. 1 (1666), servants were to pay one shilling in the pound of their wages, and others from one shilling to three shillings in the pound.

and therefore I have long ago laid by £10 for them, but I think I am not bound to discover myself.

11th. My wife and I up very early this day, and though the weather was very bad and the wind high, yet my Lady Batten and her maid and we two did go by our barge to Woolwich (my Lady being very fearfull) where we found both Sir Williams and much other company, expecting the weather to be better, that they might go about weighing up the Assurance, which lies there (poor ship, that I have been twice merry in, in Captn. Holland's time,) under water, only the upper deck may be seen and the masts. Captain Stoakes is very melancholy, and being in search for some clothes and money of his, which he says he hath lost out of his cabin. I did the first office of a Justice of Peace to examine a seaman thereupon, but could find no reason to commit him. This last tide the Kingsale was also run aboard and lost her mainmast, by another ship, which makes us think it ominous to the Guiny voyage, to have two of her ships spoilt before they go out. After dinner, my Lady being very fearfull she staid and kept my wife there, and I and another gentleman, a friend of Sir W. Pen's, went back in the barge very merry by the way, as far as Whitehall in her. To the Privy Seal, where I signed many pardons and some few things else. From thence Mr. Moore and I into London to a tavern near my house, and there we drank and discoursed of ways how to put out a little money to the best advantage, and at present he has persuaded me to put out £250 for £50 per annum for eight years, and I think I shall do it. Thence home, where I found the wench washing, and I up to my study, and there did make up an even £100, and sealed it to lie by. After that to bed.

12th. Troubled with the absence of my wife. This morning I went (after the Comptroller and I had sat an hour at the office) to Whitehall to dine with my Lady, and after dinner to the Privy Seal and sealed abundance of pardons and little else. From thence to the Exchequer and did give my mother Bowyer a visit and her daughters, the first time that I have seen them since I went last to sea. From thence up with J. Spicer to his office and took £100, and by coach with it as far as my father's, where I called to see

them, and my father did offer me six pieces of gold,[1] in lieu of six pounds that he borrowed of me the other day, but it went against me to take it of him and therefore did not, though I was afterwards a little troubled that I did not. Thence home, and took out this £100 and sealed it up with the other last night, it being the first £200 that ever I saw together of my own in my life. For which God be praised. So to my Lady Batten, and sat an hour or two, and talked with her daughter and people in the absence of her father and mother and my wife to pass away the time. After that home and to bed, reading myself asleep, while the wench sat mending my breeches by my bedside.

13th. All the day long looking upon my workmen who this day began to paint my parlour. Only at noon my Lady Batten and my wife came home, and so I stepped to my Lady's, where were Sir John Lawson and Captain Holmes, and there we dined and had very good red wine of my Lady's own making in England.

14th. Also all this day looking upon my workmen. Only met with the Comptroller at the office a little both forenoon and afternoon, and at night step a little with him to the Coffee House[2] where we light upon very good company and had very good discourse concerning insects and their having a generative faculty as well as other creatures. This night in discourse the Comptroller told me among other persons that were heretofore the principal officers of the Navy, there was one Sir Peter Buck,[3] a Clerk of the Acts, of which to myself I was not a little proud.

15th. All day at home looking upon my workmen, only at noon Mr. Moore came and brought me some things to sign for the Privy Seal and dined with me. We had three eels that my wife and I bought this morning of a man, that cried them about, for our dinner, and that was all I did to-day.

[1] By the proclamation of January 27th, 1660–61, a double ducat was valued at 18*s.* and a golden rider at £1 2*s.* 6*d.*

[2] Probably the Coffee House in Exchange Alley which had for its sign, Morat, or the Turk's Head. It is frequently referred to in subsequent pages.

[3] Sir Peter Buck was Clerk of the Cheque at Chatham before his appointment as Clerk of the Acts about 1600. He died in 1625, and was succeeded as Clerk of the Acts by Dennis Fleming.

16th. In the morning to church, and then dined at home. In the afternoon I to White Hall, where I was surprised with the news of a plot against the King's person and my Lord Monk's; and that since last night there are about forty taken up on suspicion; and, amongst others, it was my lot to meet with Simon Beale,[1] the Trumpeter, who took me and Tom Doling into the Guard in Scotland Yard, and showed us Major-General Overton, where I heard him deny that he is guilty of any such things; but that whereas it is said that he is found to have brought many arms to town, he says it is only to sell them, as he will prove by oath. From thence with Tom Doling and Boston and D. Vines (whom we met by the way) to Price's, and there we drank, and in discourse I learnt a pretty trick to try whether a woman be a maid or no, by a string going round her head to meet at the end of her nose, which if she be not will come a great way beyond. Thence to my Lady's and staid with her an hour or two talking of the Duke of York and his lady, the Chancellor's daughter, between whom, she tells me, that all is agreed and he will marry her. But I know not how true yet. It rained hard, and my Lady would have had me have the coach, but I would not, but to my father's, where I met my wife, and there supped, and after supper by link home and to bed.

17th. All day looking after my workmen, only in the afternoon to the office where both Sir Williams were come from Woolwich, and tell us that, contrary to their expectations, the Assurance is got up, without much damage to her body, only to the goods that she hath within her, which argues her to be a strong, good ship. This day my parlour is gilded, which do please me well.

18th. All day at home, without stirring at all, looking after my workmen.

19th. At noon I went and dined with my Lady at Whitehall, and so back again to the office, and after that home to my workmen. This night Mr. Gauden sent me a great chine of beef and half a dozen of tongues.

20th. All day at home with my workmen, that I may get

[1] Simon Beale is mentioned again on September 26th, 1668, where he is said to have been one of Oliver's guards.

all done before Christmas. This day I hear that the Princess Royal has the small pox.

21st. By water to Whitehall (leaving my wife at Whitefriars going to my father's to buy her a muff and mantle), there I signed many things at the Privy Seal, and carried £200 from thence to the Exchequer, and laid it up with Mr. Hales, and afterwards took him and W. Bowyer to the Swan and drank with them. They told me that this is St. Thomas's [day], and that by an old custom, this day the Exchequer men had formerly, and do intend this night to have a supper; which if I could I promised to come to, but did not. To my Lady's, and dined with her: she told me how dangerously ill the Princess Royal is: and that this morning she was said to be dead. But she hears that she hath married herself to young Jermyn,[1] which is worse than the Duke of York's marrying the Chancellor's daughter, which is now publicly owned. After dinner to the office all the afternoon. At seven at night I walked through the dirt to Whitehall to see whether my Lord be come to town, and I found him come and at supper, and I supped with him. He tells me that my aunt at Brampton has voided a great stone (the first time that ever I heard she was troubled therewith) and cannot possibly live long, that my uncle is pretty well, but full of pain still. After supper home and to bed.

22nd. All the morning with my painters, who will make an end of all this day I hope. At noon I went to the Sun tavern, on Fish Street hill, to a dinner of Captn. Teddimans, where was my Lord Inchiquin[2] (who seems to be a very fine person), Sir W. Pen, Captn. Cuttance, and one Mr. Lawrence[3] (a fine gentleman now going to Algiers), and other good company, where we had a very fine dinner, good musique, and a great deal of wine. We staid here very late,

[1] Henry Jermyn, second son of Thomas Jermyn and nephew of the Earl of St. Alban's, born 1636; Master of the Horse to the Duke of York, 1660–1675; created Baron Dover of Dover, 1685, and Earl of Dover, 1689; succeeded as third Baron Jermyn of St. Edmondsbury, 1703. He died, April 6th, 1708. The report in the text was of course false.

[2] Murrough O'Brien, sixth Baron of Inchiquin, in Ireland, advanced to the earldom of Inchiquin in 1654.

[3] Afterwards Sir John Lawrence.

at last Sir W. Pen and I home together, he so overcome with wine that he could hardly go; I was forced to lead him through the streets and he was in a very merry and kind mood. I home (found my house clear of the workmen and their work ended), my head troubled with wine, and I very merry went to bed, my head akeing all night.

23rd (Lord's day). In the morning to Church, where our pew all covered with rosemary and baize. A stranger made a dull sermon. Home and found my wife and maid with much ado had made shift to spit a great turkey sent me this week from Charles Carter, my old colleague, now minister in Huntingdonshire, but not at all roasted, and so I was fain to stay till two o'clock, and after that to church with my wife, and a good sermon there was, and so home. All the evening at my book, and so to supper and to bed.

24th. In the morning to the office and Commissioner Pett (who seldom comes there) told me that he had lately presented a piece of plate (being a couple of flaggons) to Mr. Coventry, but he did not receive them, which also put me upon doing the same too; and so after dinner I went and chose a payre of candlesticks to be made ready for me at Alderman Backwell's. To the office again in the afternoon till night, and so home, and with the painters till 10 at night, making an end of my house and the arch before my door, and so this night I was rid of them and all other work, and my house was made ready against to-morrow being Christmas day. This day the Princess Royal died at Whitehall.

25th (Christmas day). In the morning very much pleased to see my house once more clear of workmen and to be clean, and indeed it is so, far better than it was that I do not repent of my trouble that I have been at. In the morning to church, where Mr. Mills made a very good sermon. After that home to dinner, where my wife and I and my brother Tom (who this morning came to see my wife's new mantle put on, which do please me very well), to a good shoulder of mutton and a chicken. After dinner to church again, my wife and I, where we had a dull sermon of a stranger, which made me sleep, and so home, and I, before and after supper, to my lute and Fuller's History, at which I staid all alone in my chamber till 12 at night, and so to bed.

26th. In the morning to Alderman Backwell's for the candlesticks for Mr. Coventry, but they being not done I went away, and so by coach to Mr. Crew's, and there took some money of Mr. Moore's for my Lord, and so to my Lord's, where I found Sir Thomas Bond[1] (whom I never saw before) with a message from the Queen about vessells for the carrying over of her goods, and so with him to Mr. Coventry, and thence to the office (being soundly washed going through the bridge) to Sir Wm. Batten and Pen (the last of whom took physic to-day), and so I went up to his chamber, and there having made an end of the business I returned to White Hall by water, and dined with my Lady Sandwich, who at table did tell me how much fault was laid upon Dr. Frazer[2] and the rest of the Doctors, for the death of the Princess.[3] My Lord did dine this day with Sir Henry Wright, in order to his going to sea with the Queen. Thence to my father Bowyer's where I met my wife, and with her home by water.

27th. In the morning to Alderman Backwell's again, where I found the candlesticks done, and went along with him in his coach to my Lord's and left the candlesticks with Mr. Shepley. I staid in the garden talking much with my Lord, who do show me much of his love and do communicate his mind in most things to me, which is my great content. Home and with my wife to Sir W. Batten's to dinner, where much and good company. My wife not very well went home, I staid late there seeing them play at cards, and so home to bed. This afternoon there came in a strange lord to Sir William Batten's by a mistake and enters

[1] Sir Thomas Bond was a Roman Catholic; Comptroller of the Household to the Queen Dowager; created a baronet in 1658 by Charles II., to whom, whilst in exile, he had advanced large sums. He died in 1685, and lies buried at Camberwell, in which parish he had purchased an estate at Peckham, and built a house alienated by his son, Sir Henry, to Chief Justice Trevor. — B.

[2] Alexander Fraizer, M.D. (of Montpelier), was physician in ordinary to Charles II., and was knighted by the king, with whom he was a great favourite. In 1651 and 1652 he had been in attendance on the royal family at St. Germains. He died May 3rd, 1681. Dr. Munk says, "His character was never of the highest." — *Roll of the Royal College of Physicians*, 1878, vol. ii., p. 232.

[3] The Princess Royal died on December 24th.

discourse with him, so that we could not be rid of him till Sir Arn. Breames and Mr. Bens and Sir W. Pen fell a-drinking to him till he was drunk, and so sent him away. About the middle of the night I was very ill — I think with eating and drinking too much — and so I was forced to call the maid, who pleased my wife and I in her running up and down so innocently in her smock, and vomited in the bason, and so to sleep, and in the morning was pretty well, only got cold, and so had pain . . . . as I used to have.

28th. Office day. There all the morning. Dined at home alone with my wife, and so staid within all the afternoon and evening, at my lute, with great pleasure, and so to bed with great content.

29th. Within all the morning. Several people to speak with me; Mr. Shepley for £100; Mr. Kennard and Warren,[1] the merchant, about deals for my Lord. Captain Robert Blake lately come from the Straights about some Florence wine for my Lord, and with him I went to Sir W. Pen, who offering me a barrel of oysters I took them both home to my house (having by chance a good piece of roast beef at the fire for dinner), and there they dined with me, and sat talking all the afternoon — good company. Thence to Alderman Backwell's and took a brave state-plate and cupp in lieu of the candlesticks that I had the other day and carried them by coach to my Lord's and left them there. And so back to my father's and saw my mother, and so to my uncle Fenner's, whither my father came to me, and there we talked and drank, and so away, I home with my father, he telling me what bad wives both my cozen Joyces make to their husbands, which I much wondered at. After talking of my sister's coming to me next week, I went home and to bed.

30th (Lord's day). Lay long in bed, and being up, I went with Will to my Lord's, calling in at many churches in my way. There I found Mr. Shepley, in his Venetian cap, taking physique in his chamber, and with him I sat till dinner. My Lord dined abroad and my Lady in her cham-

[1] William Warren, a rich tradesman of Wapping, was knighted in 1661, see *post*, April 17th, 1661. Le Neve says he was "a great builder of ships for King Charles II." A square built on the site of his residence was named "Sir William Warren's Square."

ber, so Mr. Hetly, Child and I dined together, and after dinner Mr. Child and I spent some time at the lute, and so promising to prick me some lessons to my theorbo he went away to see Henry Laws, who lies very sick. I to the Abbey and walked there, seeing the great confusion of people that come there to hear the organs. So home, calling in at my father's, but staid not, my father and mother being both forth. At home I fell a-reading of Fuller's Church History till it was late, and so to bed.

31st. At the office all the morning and after that home, and not staying to dine I went out, and in Paul's Churchyard I bought the play of "Henry the Fourth,"[1] and so went to the new Theatre (only calling at Mr. Crew's and eat a bit with the people there at dinner) and saw it acted; but my expectation being too great, it did not please me, as otherwise I believe it would; and my having a book, I believe did spoil it a little. That being done I went to my Lord's, where I found him private at cards with my Lord Lauderdale and some persons of honour. So Mr. Shepley and I over to Harper's, and there drank a pot or two, and so parted. My boy taking a cat home with him from my Lord's, which Sarah had given him for my wife, we being much troubled with mice. At Whitehall inquiring for a coach, there was a Frenchman with one eye that was going my way, so he and I hired the coach between us and he set me down in Fenchurch Street. Strange how the fellow, without asking, did tell me all what he was, and how he had ran away from his father and come into England to serve the King, and now going back again. Home and to bed.

1660–61. At the end of the last and the beginning of this year, I do live in one of the houses belonging to the Navy Office, as one of the principal officers, and have done now about half a year. After much trouble with workmen I am now almost settled; my family being, myself, my wife, Jane, Will. Hewer, and Wayneman,[2] my girle's brother. Myself

[1] Shakespeare's "King Henry IV.," presumably the first part, is given by Downes as one of the plays acted by the King's Servants, and he gives the following cast — "King: Mr. Wintersel; Prince: Mr. Burt; Hotspur: Mr. Hart; Falstaff: Mr. Cartwright; Poyns: Mr. Shatterel."

[2] Will Wayneman appears by this to have been forgiven for his theft (see *ante*, August 29th). He was dismissed on July 8th, 1663.

in constant good health, and in a most handsome and thriving condition. Blessed be Almighty God for it. I am now taking of my sister to come and live with me. As to things of State.—The King settled, and loved of all. The Duke of York matched to my Lord Chancellor's daughter, which do not please many. The Queen upon her return to France with the Princess Henrietta. The Princess of Orange[1] lately dead, and we into new mourning for her. We have been lately frighted with a great plot,[2] and many taken up on it, and the fright not quite over. The Parliament, which had done all this great good to the King, beginning to grow factious, the King did dissolve it December 29th last, and another likely to be chosen speedily. I take myself now to be worth £300 clear in money, and all my goods and all manner of debts paid, which are none at all.

1660–61. January 1st. Called up this morning by Mr. Moore, who brought me my last things for me to sign for the last month, and to my great comfort tells me that my fees will come to £80 clear to myself, and about £25 for him, which he hath got out of the pardons, though there be no fee due to me at all out of them. Then comes in my brother Thomas, and after him my father, Dr. Thomas Pepys, my uncle Fenner and his two sons (Anthony's[3] only child dying this morning, yet he was so civil to come, and was pretty merry) to breakfast; and I had for them a barrel of oysters, a dish of neat's tongues, and a dish of anchovies, wine of all sorts, and Northdown ale. We were very merry till about eleven o'clock, and then they went away. At noon I carried my wife by coach to my cozen, Thomas Pepys, where we, with my father, Dr. Thomas, cozen Stradwick, Scott, and their wives, dined. Here I saw first his second wife, which is a very respectfull woman, but his dinner a sorry, poor dinner for a man of his estate, there being nothing but ordinary meat in it. To-day the King dined at a lord's, two doors from us. After dinner I took my wife to Whitehall, I sent her to Mrs. Pierce's (where we should have dined to-day), and I to the Privy Seal, where

[1] Or Princess Royal.

[2] This was the rising of the Fifth Monarchy men under Thomas Venner. See *post*, January 7th, 1660–61.

[3] Anthony Joyce, who married Kate Fenner.

Mr. Moore took out all his money, and he and I went to Mr. Pierce's; in our way seeing the Duke of York bring his Lady this day to wait upon the Queen, the first time that ever she did since that great business; and the Queen is said to receive her now with much respect and love; and there he cast up the fees, and I told the money, by the same token one £100 bag, after I had told it, fell all about the room, and I fear I have lost some of it. That done I left my friends and went to my Lord's, but he being not come in I lodged the money with Mr. Shepley, and bade good night to Mr. Moore, and so returned to Mr. Pierce's, and there supped with them, and Mr. Pierce, the purser, and his wife and mine, where we had a calf's head carboned,[1] but it was raw, we could not eat it, and a good hen. But she is such a slut that I do not love her victualls. After supper I sent them home by coach, and I went to my Lord's and there played till 12 at night at cards at Best with J. Goods and N. Osgood, and then to bed with Mr. Shepley.

2d. Up early, and being called up to my Lord he did give me many commands in his business. As about taking care to write to my uncle that Mr. Barnewell's[2] papers should be locked up, in case he should die, he being now suspected to be very ill. Also about consulting with Mr. W. Montagu for the settling of the £4,000 a-year that the King had promised my Lord. As also about getting of Mr. George Montagu to be chosen at Huntingdon this next Parliament, &c. That done he to White Hall stairs with much company, and I with him; where we took water for Lambeth, and there coach for Portsmouth. The Queen's things were all in White Hall Court ready to be sent away, and her Majesty ready to be gone an hour after to Hampton Court to-night, and so to be at Portsmouth on Saturday next. I by water to my office, and there all the morning, and so home to dinner, where I found Pall (my sister) was come; but I do not let her sit down at table with me, which I do at first that she may not expect it hereafter from me.

[1] Meat cut crosswise and broiled was said to be carboned. Falstaff says in "King Henry IV.," Part I., act v., sc. 3, "Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so; if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado of me."

[2] Robert Barnwell died June, 1662. See June 4th.

After dinner I to Westminster by water, and there found my brother Spicer at the Leg with all the rest of the Exchequer men (most of whom I now do not know) at dinner. Here I staid and drank with them, and then to Mr. George Montagu about the business of election, and he did give me a piece in gold; so to my Lord's and got the chest of plate brought to the Exchequer, and my brother Spicer put it into his treasury. So to Will's with them to a pot of ale, and so parted. I took a turn in the Hall, and bought the King and Chancellor's speeches[1] at the dissolving the Parliament last Saturday. So to my Lord's, and took my money I brought thither last night and the silver candlesticks, and by coach left the latter at Alderman Backwell's, I having no use for them, and the former home. There stood a man at our door, when I carried it in, and saw me, which made me a little afeard. Up to my chamber and wrote letters to Huntingdon and did other business. This day I lent Sir W. Batten and Captn. Rider my chine of beef for to serve at dinner to-morrow at Trinity House, the Duke of Albemarle being to be there and all the rest of the Brethren, it being a great day for the reading over of their new Charter, which the King hath newly given them.[2]

3d. Early in the morning to the Exchequer, where I told over what money I had of my Lord's and my own there, which I found to be £970. Thence to Will's, where Spicer and I eat our dinner of a roasted leg of pork which Will did give us, and after that to the Theatre, where was acted "Beggars' Bush,"[3] it being very well done; and here the first time that ever I saw women[4] come upon the stage. From thence to my father's, where I found my mother gone by Bird, the carrier, to Brampton, upon my uncle's

[1] The King dissolved the Convention Parliament on December 24th, 1660. The King's and the Lord Chancellor's speeches are printed in Cobbett's "Parliamentary History," vol. iv., pp. 170–78.

[2] The Trinity House was at Deptford. In 1671 the Corporation removed to Water Lane, and in 1795 to the present house on Tower Hill.

[3] A comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, acted at Whitehall in 1622, and published in 1647. It was revived in November, 1660.

[4] Downes does not give the cast of this play. After the Restoration the acting of female characters by women became common. The first English professional actress was Mrs. Coleman, who acted Ianthe in Davenant's "Siege of Rhodes," at Rutland House in 1656.

great desire, my aunt being now in despair of life. So home.

4th. Office all the morning, my wife and Pall being gone to my father's to dress dinner for Mr. Honiwood, my mother being gone out of town. Dined at home, and Mr. Moore with me, with whom I had been early this morning at White Hall, at the Jewell Office,[1] to choose a piece of gilt plate for my Lord, in return of his offering to the King (which it seems is usual at this time of year, and an Earl gives twenty pieces in gold in a purse to the King). I chose a gilt tankard, weighing 31 ounces and a half, and he is allowed 30; so I paid 12*s.* for the ounce and half over what he is to have; but strange it was for me to see what a company of small fees I was called upon by a great many to pay there, which, I perceive, is the manner that courtiers do get their estates. After dinner Mr. Moore and I to the Theatre, where was "The Scornful Lady,"[2] acted very well, it being the first play that ever he saw. Thence with him to drink a cup of ale at Hercules Pillars, and so parted. I called to see my father, who told me by the way how Will and Mary Joyce[3] do live a strange life together, nothing but fighting, &c., so that sometimes her father has a mind to have them divorced. Thence home.

5th. Home all the morning. Several people came to me about business, among others the great Tom Fuller, who came to desire a kindness for a friend of his,[4] who hath a

[1] Several of the Jewel Office rolls are in the British Museum. They recite all the sums of money given to the King, and the particulars of all the plate distributed in his name, as well as gloves and sweetmeats. The Museum possesses these rolls for the 4th, 9th, 18th, 30th, and 31st Eliz.; for the 13th Charles I.; and the 23rd, 24th, 26th, and 27th of Charles II. — B.

[2] A comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, first published in 1616.

[3] William Joyce, brother of Anthony, married Mary Fenner.

[4] Peter Beckford, who resided in Dr. Fuller's neighbourhood. Mr. Beckford, of Maidenhead, tailor, left two sons, one of whom, Thomas, a clothworker, became Sheriff of London, and was knighted on the 29th December, 1677. He is the slop-seller mentioned *postea*, February 21st, 1667–8. His brother, Peter Beckford, probably the person alluded to in January 1st, 1668–9, had a son of the same names, who rose to the rank of colonel in the army, having estates in Jamaica, and settling in that island. He became President of the Council there, in the latter part of Charles II.'s reign; was made Governor and Com-

mind to go to Jamaica with these two ships that are going, which I promised to do. So to Whitehall to my Lady, whom I found at dinner and dined with her, and staid with her talking all the afternoon, and thence walked to Westminster Hall. So to Will's, and drank with Spicer, and thence by coach home, staying a little in Paul's Churchyard, to bespeak Ogilby's Æsop's Fables[1] and Tully's Officys[2] to be bound for me. So home and to bed.

6th (Lord's day). My wife and I to church this morning, and so home to dinner to a boiled leg of mutton all alone. To church again, where, before sermon, a long Psalm was set that lasted an hour, while the sexton gathered his year's contribucion through the whole church. After sermon home, and there I went to my chamber and wrote a letter to send to Mr. Coventry, with a piece of plate along with it, which I do preserve among my other letters. So to supper, and thence after prayers to bed.

7th. This morning, news was brought to me to my bedside, that there had been a great stir in the City this night by the Fanatiques,[3] who had been up and killed six or

mander-in-Chief by William III., and died (1710) immensely rich. Governor Beckford had a son of the same names, who was father of the well-known Alderman Beckford, and grandfather of the author of "Vathek." There is a token of a Peter Beckford in Field Lane, "at the Guy of Worick," see "Boyne's Trade Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i., 1889, p. 598.

[1] "The Fables of Æsop paraphrased in verse by John Ogilby, London, 1665," a folio in vellum, is in the Pepysian Library.

[2] The edition of Tully's "Offices" in the Pepysian Library is dated 1699.

[3] "A great rising in the city of the Fifth-monarchy men, which did very much disturb the peace and liberty of the people, so that all the train-bands arose in arms, both in London and Westminster, as likewise all the king's guards; and most of the noblemen mounted, and put all their servants on coach horses, for the defence of his Majesty, and the peace of his kingdom." — Rugge's *Diurnal.*

The notorious Thomas Venner, the Fifth-monarchy man, a cooper and preacher to a conventicle in Swan Alley, Coleman Street, with a small following (about fifty in number) took arms on the 6th January for the avowed purpose of establishing the Millennium. He was a violent enthusiast, and persuaded his followers that they were invulnerable. After exciting much alarm in the City, and skirmishing with the Trained Bands, they marched to Caen Wood. They were driven out by a party of guards, but again entered the City, where they were overpowered by

seven men, but all are fled. My Lord Mayor and the whole City had been in arms, above 40,000. To the office, and after that to dinner, where my brother Tom came and dined with me, and after dinner (leaving 12*d.* with the servants to buy a cake with at night, this day being kept as Twelfth day) Tom and I and my wife to the Theatre, and there saw "The Silent Woman."[1] The first time that ever I did see it, and it is an excellent play. Among other things here, Kinaston, the boy, had the good turn to appear in three shapes: first, as a poor woman in ordinary clothes, to please Morose; then in fine clothes, as a gallant, and in them was clearly the prettiest woman in the whole house, and lastly, as a man; and then likewise did appear the handsomest man in the house. From thence by link to my cozen Stradwick's, where my father and we and Dr. Pepys, Scott, and his wife, and one Mr. Ward and his; and after a good supper, we had an excellent cake, where the mark for the Queen was cut, and so there was two queens, my wife and Mrs. Ward; and the King being lost, they chose the Doctor to be King, so we made him send for some wine, and then home, and in our way home we were in many places strictly examined, more than in the worst of times, there being great fears of these Fanatiques rising again: for the present I do not hear that any of them are taken. Home, it being a clear moonshine and after 12 o'clock at night. Being come home we found that my people had been very merry, and my wife tells me afterwards that she had heard that they had got young Davis and some other neighbours with them to be merry, but no harm.

8th. My wife and I lay very long in bed to-day talking and pleasing one another in discourse. Being up, Mr. Warren came, and he and I agreed for the deals that my Lord is to have. Then Will and I to Westminster, where I

the Trained Bands. The men were brought to trial and condemned; four, however, were acquitted and two reprieved. The execution of some of these men is mentioned by Pepys under date January 19th and 21st. "A Relation of the Arraignment and Trial of those who made the late Rebellious Insurrections in London, 1661," is reprinted in "Somers Tracts," vol. vii. (1812), p. 469.

[1] Ben Jonson's comedy. Pepys mentions the play before under date June 6th, 1660.

dined with my Lady. After dinner I took my Lord Hinchinbroke and Mr. Sidney to the Theatre, and shewed them "The Widdow," [1] an indifferent good play, but wronged by the women being to seek in their parts. That being done, my Lord's coach waited for us, and so back to my Lady's, where she made me drink of some Florence wine, and did give me two bottles for my wife. From thence walked to my cozen Stradwick's, and there chose a small banquet and some other things against our entertainment on Thursday next. Thence to Tom Pepys and bought a dozen of trenchers, and so home. Some talk to-day of a head of Fanatiques that do appear about Barnett, but I do not believe it. However, my Lord Mayor, Sir Richd. Browne, hath carried himself very honourably, and hath caused one of their meeting-houses in London to be pulled down.

9th. Waked in the morning about six o'clock, by people running up and down in Mr. Davis's house, talking that the Fanatiques were up in arms in the City. And so I rose and went forth; where in the street I found every body in arms at the doors. So I returned (though with no good courage at all, but that I might not seem to be afeared), and got my sword and pistol, which, however, I had no powder to charge; and went to the door, where I found Sir R. Ford, and with him I walked up and down as far as the Exchange, and there I left him. In our way, the streets full of Trainband, and great stories, what mischief these rogues have done; and I think near a dozen have been killed this morning on both sides. Seeing the city in this condition, the shops shut, and all things in trouble, I went home and sat, it being office day, till noon. So home, and dined at home, my father with me, and after dinner he would needs have me go to my uncle Wight's (where I have been so long absent that I am ashamed to go). I found him at home and his wife, and I can see they have taken my absence ill, but all things are past and we good friends, and here I sat with my aunt till it was late, my uncle going forth about business. My aunt being very fearful to be alone. So home to my lute till late, and then to bed, there being strict guards all night in the City, though most of the enemies, they say, are

[1] "The Widow," a comedy by Ben Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton, published in 1652.

killed or taken.[1] This morning my wife and Pall went forth early, and I staid within.

10th. There comes Mr. Hawley to me and brings me my money for the quarter of a year's salary of my place under Downing that I was at sea. So I did give him half, whereof he did in his nobleness give the odd 5*s.* to my Jane. So we both went forth (calling first to see how Sir W. Pen do, whom I found very ill), and at the Hoop by the bridge[2] we drank two pints of wormwood and sack. Talking of his wooing afresh of Mrs. Lane, and of his going to serve the Bishop of London. Thence by water to Whitehall, and found my wife at Mrs. Hunt's. Leaving her to dine there, I went and dined with my Lady, and staid to talk a while with her. After dinner Will. comes to tell me that he had presented my piece of plate to Mr. Coventry, who takes it very kindly, and sends me a very kind letter, and the plate back again; of which my heart is very glad. So to Mrs. Hunt, where I found a Frenchman, a lodger of her's, at dinner, and just as I came in was kissing my wife, which I did not like, though there could not be any hurt in it. Thence by coach to my Uncle Wight's with my wife, but they being out of doors we went home, where, after I had put some papers in order and entered some letters in my book which I have a mind to keep, I went with my wife to see Sir W. Pen, who we found ill still, but he do make very much of it. Here we sat a great while, at last comes in Mr. Davis and his lady (who takes it very ill that my wife never did go to see her), and so we fell to talk. Among other things Mr. Davis told us the particular examinations of these Fanatiques that are taken: and in short it is this, of all these Fanatiques that have done all this, viz., routed all the Train-bands that they met with, put the King's life-guards to the run, killed about twenty men, broke through the City gates twice; and all this in the day-time, when all the City was in arms; — are not in all about 31. Whereas we did believe them (because they were seen up and down in every place almost in the City, and had been about High-

[1] See *ante*, January 7th.

[2] The Hoop was in Thames Street, near London Bridge. It is registered in the list of taverns in London and Westminster in 1698 (Harl. MS. 4716).

gate[1] two or three days, and in several other places) to be at least 500. A thing that was never heard of, that so few men should dare and do so much mischief. Their word was, "The King Jesus, and the heads upon the gates." Few of them would receive any quarter, but such as were taken by force and kept alive; expecting Jesus to come here and reign in the world presently, and will not believe yet but their work will be carried on though they do die. The King this day came to town.

11th. Office day. This day comes news, by letters from Portsmouth, that the Princess Henrietta is fallen sick of the meazles on board the London, after the Queen and she was under sail. And so was forced to come back again into Portsmouth harbour; and in their way, by negligence of the pilot, run upon the Horse sand. The Queen and she continue aboard, and do not intend to come on shore till she sees what will become of the young Princess. This news do make people think something indeed, that three of the Royal Family should fall sick of the same disease, one after another. This morning likewise, we had order to see guards set in all the King's yards; and so we do appoint who and who should go to them. Sir Wm. Batten to Chatham, Colonel Slingsby and I to Deptford and Woolwich. Portsmouth being a garrison, needs none. Dined at home, discontented that my wife do not go neater now she has two maids. After dinner comes in Kate Sterpin (whom we had not seen a great while) and her husband to see us, with whom I staid a while, and then to the office, and left them with my wife. At night walked to Paul's Churchyard, and bespoke some books against next week, and from thence to the Coffee-house, where I met Captain Morrice, the upholster, who would fain have lent me a horse to-night to have rid with him upon the City-guards, with the Lord Mayor, there being some new expectations of these rogues; but I refused by reason of my going out of town to-morrow. So home to bed.

12th. With Colonel Slingsby and a friend of his, Major Waters (a deaf and most amorous melancholy gentleman,

[1] Venner retreated with his followers to Caen Wood (there were about fifty). The extent of Caen Wood must not be estimated by the small portion now surrounding Lord Mansfield's mansion.

who is under a despayr in love, as the Colonel told me, which makes him bad company, though a most good-natured man), by water to Redriffe, and so on foot to Deptford (our servants by water), where we fell to choosing four captains to command the guards, and choosing the places where to keep them, and other things in order thereunto. We dined at the Globe,[1] having our messenger with us to take care for us. Never till now did I see the great authority of my place, all the captains of the fleet coming cap in hand to us. Having staid very late there talking with the Colonel, I went home with Mr. Davis, storekeeper (whose wife is ill and so I could not see her), and was there most prince-like lodged, with so much respect and honour that I was at a loss how to behave myself.

13th. In the morning we all went to church, and sat in the pew belonging to us, where a cold sermon of a young man that never had preached before. Here Commissioner came with his wife and daughters, the eldest being his wife's daughter is a very comely black woman.[2] So to the Globe to dinner, and then with Commissioner Pett to his lodgings there (which he hath for the present while he is building the King's yacht, which will be a pretty thing, and much beyond the Dutchman's), and from thence with him and his wife and daughter-in-law by coach to Greenwich Church, where a good sermon, a fine church, and a great company of handsome women. After sermon to Deptford again; where, at the Commissioner's and the Globe, we staid long. And so I to Mr. Davis's to bed again. But no sooner in bed, but we had an alarm, and so we rose: and the Comptroller comes into the Yard to us; and seamen of all the ships present repair to us, and there we armed with every one a handspike, with which they were as fierce as could be. At last we hear that it was only five or six men that did ride through the guard in the town, without stopping to the guard that was there; and, some say, shot at them. But all being quiet there, we caused the seamen to

[1] In the list of taverns in London and Westminster and ten miles round in 1698 (Harl. MS. 4716), the taverns at Deptford are given as the Castle, Angel, Swan, King's Head, and Red Lion. The Globe is not mentioned.

[2] The old expression for a brunette.

go on board again. And so we all to bed (after I had sat awhile with Mr. Davis in his study, which is filled with good books and some very good song books) I likewise to bed.

14th. The arms being come this morning from the Tower, we caused them to be distributed. I spent much time walking with Lieutenant Lambert, walking up and down the yards, who did give me much light into things there, and so went along with me and dined with us. After dinner Mrs. Pett, her husband being gone this morning with Sir W. Batten to Chatham, lent us her coach, and carried us to Woolwich, where we did also dispose of the arms there and settle the guards. So to Mr. Pett's, the shipwright, and there supped, where he did treat us very handsomely (and strange it is to see what neat houses all the officers of the King's yards have), his wife a proper woman, and has been handsome, and yet has a very pretty hand. Thence I with Mr. Ackworth to his house, where he has a very pretty house, and a very proper lovely woman to his wife, who both sat with me in my chamber, and they being gone, I went to bed, which was also most neat and fine.

15th. Up and down the yard all the morning and seeing the seamen exercise, which they do already very handsomely. Then to dinner at Mr. Ackworth's, where there also dined with us one Captain Bethell, a friend of the Comptroller's.[1] A good dinner and very handsome. After that and taking our leaves of the officers of the yard, we walked to the waterside and in our way walked into the rope-yard, where I do look into the tar-houses and other places, and took great notice of all the several works belonging to the making of a cable. So after a cup of burnt wine[2] at the tavern there, we took barge and went to Blackwall and viewed the dock and the new Wet dock, which is newly made there, and a brave new merchantman which is to be launched shortly, and they say to be called the Royal

[1] And probably a relation, as Mary, daughter of Sir Henry Slingsby (cousin of the Comptroller) married Sir Walter Bethel, of Alne, Yorkshire.

[2] Burnt wine was somewhat similar to mulled wine, and a favourite drink. It is remembered by Bishop Corbet's witty message to Ben Jonson. Burnt wine is mentioned by Dickens in "Our Mutual Friend," book i., chap. xiii.

Oak. Hence we walked to Dick-Shore,[1] and thence to the Towre and so home. Where I found my wife and Pall abroad, so I went to see Sir W. Pen, and there found Mr. Coventry come to see him, and now had an opportunity to thank him, and he did express much kindness to me. I sat a great while with Sir Wm. after he was gone, and had much talk with him. I perceive none of our officers care much for one another, but I do keep in with them all as much as I can. Sir W. Pen is still very ill as when I went. Home, where my wife not yet come home, so I went up to put my papers in order, and then was much troubled my wife was not come, it being 10 o'clock just now striking as I write this last line. This day I hear the Princess is recovered again. The King hath been this afternoon at Deptford, to see the yacht that Commissioner Pett[2] is building, which will be very pretty; as also that that his brother[3] at Woolwich is in making. By and by comes in my boy and tells me that his mistress do lie this night at Mrs. Hunt's, who is very ill, with which being something satisfied, I went to bed.

16th. This morning I went early to the Comptroller's and so with him by coach to Whitehall, to wait upon Mr. Coventry to give him an account of what we have done, which having done, I went away to wait upon my Lady; but

[1] Dick Shore, now Duck Shore, Limehouse, is a landing place or stairs at the narrow street end of Fore Street. It is not far from the great turn of the river southward, opposite to the Isle of Dogs. Dick's-Shore, Fore Street, Limehouse, and Dick's-Shore Alley by Dick's Shore, are both mentioned in Dodsley's "London and its Environs," vol. ii., p. 233, edit. 1761.

[2] Peter Pett. The great shipbuilding family of Pett was chiefly connected with the growth of the English navy from the reign of Henry VIII. to that of William III., but as the Christian names of Peter and Phineas appear to have been favourites in the family, it is very difficult to distinguish between some of them, and great confusion has been the result. Amongst the original Fellows of the Royal Society are mentioned Peter Pett, Esq., and Sir Peter Pett. The former of these two was the Commissioner (see *ante*, May 16th, 1660, note), and the latter was Advocate-General for Ireland, and Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford. Peter Pett, Esq., was the fifth son of Phineas Pett, "Master Shipwright to James I.," and was born in 1610. It is frequently stated that he was knighted, but this appears to be incorrect.

[3] Christopher Pett was the eleventh child of Phineas Pett, "Master Shipwright to James I.," and was born May 14th, 1620.

coming to her lodgings I find that she is gone this morning to Chatham by coach, thinking to meet me there, which did trouble me exceedingly, and I did not know what to do, being loth to follow her, and yet could not imagine what she would do when she found me not there. In this trouble, I went to take a walk in Westminster Hall and by chance met with Mr. Child, who went forth with my Lady to-day, but his horse being bad, he come back again, which then did trouble me more, so that I did resolve to go to her; and so by boat home and put on my boots, and so over to Southwarke to the posthouse, and there took horse and guide to Dartford and thence to Rochester (I having good horses and good way, come thither about half-an-hour after daylight, which was before 6 o'clock and I set forth after two), where I found my Lady and her daughter Jem., and Mrs. Browne[1] and five servants, all at a great loss, not finding me here, but at my coming she was overjoyed. The sport was how she had intended to have kept herself unknown, and how the Captain[2] (whom she had sent for) of the Charles had forsoothed[3] her, though he knew her well and she him. In fine we supped merry and so to bed, there coming several of the Charles's men to see me before I got to bed. The page lay with me.

17th. Up, and breakfast with my Lady. Then come Captains Cuttance and Blake to carry her in the barge on board, and so we went through Ham Creeke to the Soverayne[4] (a goodly sight all the way to see the brave ships that lie here) first, which is a most noble ship. I never saw her before. My Lady Sandwich, my Lady Jemimah, Mrs. Browne, Mrs. Grace, and Mary and the page, my lady's servants and myself, all went into the lanthorn together. From thence to the Charles, where my lady took great pleasure to see all the rooms, and to hear me tell her how things are

[1] Wife of Captain Arthur Browne, Sir William Batten's brother-in-law. See February 14th, 1660–61, and for his death, April 27th, 1663.

[2] Captain (afterwards Sir) Roger Cuttance. See February 15th, 1659–60 (note).

[3] To forsooth is to address in a polite and ceremonious manner. "Your city mannerly word *forsooth*, use it not too often in any case." —Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*, act iv., sc. 1.

[4] The "Sovereign," a first-rate of one hundred guns, was built at Woolwich, in 1657, by Captain Phineas Pett, sen.

when my Lord is there. After we had seen all, then the officers of the ship had prepared a handsome breakfast for her, and while she was pledging my Lord's health they give her five guns. That done, we went off, and then they give us thirteen guns more. I confess it was a great pleasure to myself to see the ship that I begun my good fortune in. From thence on board the Newcastle, to show my Lady the difference between a great and a small ship. Among these ships I did give away £7. So back again and went on shore at Chatham, where I had ordered the coach to wait for us. Here I heard that Sir William Batten and his lady (who I knew were here, and did endeavour to avoyd) were now gone this morning to London. So we took coach, and I went into the coach, and went through the town, without making stop at our inn, but left J. Goods to pay the reckoning. So I rode with my lady in the coach, and the page on the horse that I should have rid on — he desiring it. It begun to be dark before we could come to Dartford, and to rain hard, and the horses to fayle, which was our great care to prevent, for fear of my Lord's displeasure, so here we sat up for to-night, as also Captains Cuttance and Blake, who came along with us. We sat and talked till supper, and at supper my Lady and I entered into a great dispute concerning what were best for a man to do with his estate — whether to make his elder son heir, which my Lady is for, and I against, but rather to make all equall. This discourse took us much time, till it was time to go to bed; but we being merry, we bade my Lady good-night and intended to have gone to the Post-house to drink, and hear a pretty girl play of the cittern (and indeed we should have lain there, but by a mistake we did not), but it was late, and we could not hear her, and the guard came to examine what we were; so we returned to our Inn and to bed, the page and I in one bed, and the two captains in another, all in one chamber, where we had very good mirth with our most abominable lodging.

18th. The Captains went with me to the post-house about 9 o'clock, and after a morning draft I took horse and guide for London; and through some rain, and a great wind in my face, I got to London at eleven o'clock. At home found all well, but the monkey loose, which did anger me, and so I

did strike her till she was almost dead, that they might make her fast again, which did still trouble me more. In the afternoon we met at the office and sat till night, and then I to see my father who I found well, and took him to Standing's[1] to drink a cup of ale. He told me my aunt at Brampton is yet alive and my mother well there. In comes Will Joyce to us drunk, and in a talking vapouring humour of his state, and I know not what, which did vex me cruelly. After him Mr. Hollier had learned at my father's that I was here (where I had appointed to meet him) and so he did give me some things to take for prevention. Will Joyce not letting us talk as I would I left my father and him and took Mr. Hollier to the Greyhound,[2] where he did advise me above all things, both as to the stone and the decay of my memory (of which I now complain to him), to avoid drinking often, which I am resolved, if I can, to leave off. Hence home, and took home with me from the bookseller's Ogilby's Æsop, which he had bound for me, and indeed I am very much pleased with the book. Home and to bed.

19th. To the Comptroller's, and with him by coach to White Hall; in our way meeting Venner[3] and Pritchard upon a sledge, who with two more Fifth Monarchy men were hanged to-day, and the two first drawn and quartered. Where we walked up and down, and at last found Sir G. Carteret, whom I had not seen a great while, and did discourse with him about our assisting the Commissioners in paying off the Fleet, which we think to decline. Here the Treasurer did tell me that he did suspect Thos. Hater to be an informer of them in this work, which we do take to be a diminution of us, which do trouble me, and I do intend to find out the truth. Hence to my Lady, who told me how Mr. Hetley is dead of the small-pox going to Portsmouth with my Lord. My Lady went forth to dinner to her

[1] Standing's was in Fleet Street.

[2] There was a Greyhound tavern in Tower Street, of which a token exists (see "Boyne's Trade Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i., 1889, p. 777). Pepys may refer to that, or more probably to the Greyhound in Fleet Street, see November 12th, 1662.

[3] Thomas Venner and Roger Hodgkins were executed in Coleman Street; Giles Pritchard and William Oxman at the end of Wood Street. Others were executed in various parts of London.

father's, and so I went to the Leg in King Street and had a rabbit for myself and my Will, and after dinner I sent him home and myself went to the Theatre, where I saw "The Lost Lady,"[1] which do not please me much. Here I was troubled to be seen by four of our office clerks, which sat in the half-crown box and I in the 1*s.* 6*d.* From thence by link, and bought two mouse traps of Thomas Pepys, the Turner, and so went and drank a cup of ale with him, and so home and wrote by post to Portsmouth to my Lord and so to bed.

20th (Lord's day). To Church in the morning. Dined at home. My wife and I to Church in the afternoon, and that being done we went to see my uncle and aunt Wight. There I left my wife and came back, and sat with Sir W. Pen, who is not yet well again. Thence back again to my wife and supped there, and were very merry and so home, and after prayers to write down my journall for the last five days, and so to bed.

21st. This morning Sir W. Batten, the Comptroller and I to Westminster, to the Commissioners for paying off the Army and Navy, where the Duke of Albemarle was; and we sat with our hats on, and did discourse about paying off the ships and do find that they do intend to undertake it without our help; and we are glad of it, for it is a work that will much displease the poor seamen, and so we are glad to have no hand in it. From thence to the Exchequer, and took £200 and carried it home, and so to the office till night, and then to see Sir W. Pen, whither came my Lady Batten and her daughter, and then I sent for my wife, and so we sat talking till it was late. So home to supper and then to bed, having eat no dinner to-day. It is strange what weather we have had all this winter; no cold at all; but the ways are dusty, and the flyes fly up and down, and the rose-bushes are full of leaves, such a time of the year as was never known in this world before here. This day many more of the Fifth Monarchy men were hanged.

22nd. To the Comptroller's house, where I read over his proposals to the Lord Admiral for the regulating of the officers of the Navy,[2] in which he hath taken much pains,

[1] A tragi-comedy, by Sir William Barclay, published in 1638.

[2] This document is in the British Museum, Add. MS. 11,602, and

only he do seem to have too good opinion of them himself. From thence in his coach to Mercer's Chappell,[1] and so up to the great hall, where we met with the King's Councell for Trade,[2] upon some proposals of theirs for settling convoys for the whole English trade, and that by having 33 ships (four fourth-rates, nineteen fifths, ten sixths) settled by the King for that purpose, which indeed was argued very finely by many persons of honour and merchants that were there. It pleased me much now to come in this condition to this place, where I was once a petitioner for my exhibition in Paul's School; and also where Sir G. Downing (my late master) was chairman, and so but equally concerned with me. From thence home, and after a little dinner my wife and I by coach into London, and bought some glasses, and then to Whitehall to see Mrs. Fox, but she not within, my wife to my mother Bowyer, and I met with Dr. Thomas Fuller, and took him to the Dog, where he tells me of his last and great book that is coming out: that is, his History of all the Families in England;[3] and could tell me more of my own, than I knew myself. And also to what perfection he hath now brought the art of memory; that he did lately

consists of twenty-two closely printed pages. It is entitled, "A Discourse touching the Past and Present State of the Navy, composed by that Ingenious Gentleman, Sir Robert Slingsby, Knt. and Baronet, Comptroller thereof." — B.

[1] Mercer's Hall and Chapel occupy the site of the ancient college or hospital of St. Thomas of Acon or Acres. These buildings were destroyed in the Great Fire, and rebuilt about 1672.

[2] Charles II. established a Council of Trade "for keeping a control and superintendence upon the whole commerce of the nation" on November 7th, 1660. On December 1st of the same year he created a Council of Foreign Plantations. The two were united in 1672. The present Board of Trade was constituted in 1786.

[3] The "Worthies of England" was published in 1662. During the Commonwealth period Fuller made a visit to the Committee of Sequestrations sitting at Waltham in Essex, when they talked about his remarkable memory, and he agreed to give them an example. "Gentlemen," said he, "I will give you an instance of my memory in the particular business in which you are employed. Your worships have thought fit to sequester an honest but poor cavalier parson, my neighbour, from his living, and committed him to prison. He has a large family of children, and his circumstances are but indifferent. If you will please to release him out of prison, and restore him to his living, I will never forget the kindness while I live."

to four eminently great scholars dictate together in Latin, upon different subjects of their proposing, faster than they were able to write, till they were tired; and by the way in discourse tells me that the best way of beginning a sentence, if a man should be out and forget his last sentence (which he never was), that then his last refuge is to begin with an Utcunque.[1] From thence I to Mr. Bowyer's, and there sat a while, and so to Mr. Fox's, and sat with them a very little while, and then by coach home, and so to see Sir Wm. Pen, where we found Mrs. Martha Batten[2] and two handsome ladies more, and so we staid supper and were very merry, and so home to bed.

23rd. To the office all the morning. My wife and people at home busy to get things ready for to-morrow's dinner. At noon, without dinner, went into the City, and there meeting with Greatorex, we went and drank a pot of ale. He told me that he was upon a design to go to Teneriffe to try experiments there. With him to Gresham Colledge[3] (where I never was before), and saw the manner of the house, and found great company of persons of honour there; thence to my bookseller's, and for books, and to Stevens, the silversmith, to make clean some plate against to-morrow, and so home, by the way paying many little debts for wine and pictures, &c., which is my great pleasure. Home and found all things in a hurry of business, Slater, our messenger, being here as my cook till very late. I in my chamber all the evening looking over my Osborn's works[4] and new Emanuel Thesaurus Patriarchæ.[5] So late to bed, having ate nothing to-day but a piece of bread and

[1] Many years ago, but within my recollection, it was said that a former Public Orator of Cambridge, when in a similar difficulty, used to begin his sentence with "Verum enimvero." — M. B.

[2] Martha Batten was the daughter of Sir William Batten, and is frequently mentioned in the Diary. She married Mr. Castle.

[3] Gresham College occupied the house of Sir Thomas Gresham, in Bishopsgate Street, from 1596, when Lady Gresham, Sir Thomas's widow, died. The meeting which Pepys attended was an early one of the Royal Society, which was incorporated by royal charter in 1663.

[4] The seventh edition of Francis Osborn's works, 8vo., 1673, is in the Pepsyian Library.

[5] "Patriarchæ, sive Christi Genealogia," by Emmanuele Tesauro, published at London in 1651 and frequently reprinted.

cheese at the ale-house with Greatorex, and some bread and butter at home.

24th. At home all day. There dined with me Sir William Batten and his lady and daughter, Sir W. Pen, Mr. Fox (his lady being ill could not come), and Captain Cuttance; the first dinner I have made since I came hither. This cost me above £5, and merry we were — only my chimney smokes. In the afternoon Mr. Hater bringing me my last quarter's salary, which I received of him, and so I have now Mr. Barlow's money in my hands. The company all go away, and by and by Sir Wms. both and my Lady Batten and his daughter come again and supped with me and talked till late, and so to bed, being glad that the trouble is over.

25th. At the office all the morning. Dined at home and Mr. Hater with me, and so I did make even with him for the last quarter. After dinner he and I to look upon the instructions of my Lord Northumberland's,[1] but we were interrupted by Mr. Salisbury's coming in, who came to see me and to show me my Lord's picture in little, of his doing. And truly it is strange to what a perfection he is come in a year's time. From thence to Paul's Churchyard about books, and so back again home. This night comes two cages, which I bought this evening for my canary birds, which Captain Rooth[2] this day sent me. So to bed.

26th. Within all the morning. About noon comes one that had formerly known me and I him, but I know not his name, to borrow £5 of me, but I had the wit to deny him. There dined with me this day both the Pierces[3] and their wives, and Captain Cuttance, and Lieutenant Lambert, with whom we made ourselves very merry by taking away his ribbans and garters, having made him to confess that he is lately married.[4] The company being gone I went to my lute till night, and so to bed.

[1] Algernon Percy, Earl of Northumberland, held the office of Lord High Admiral from March, 1637, to June, 1642.

[2] Richard Rooth, who commanded the "Dartmouth" — one of the ships which attended Charles II. on his return to England from Scheveling. He was knighted March 9th, 1675.

[3] The surgeon and the purser.

[4] For a note on ribbons and garters at weddings, see January 24th, 1659–60.

27th (Lord's day). Before I rose, letters come to me from Portsmouth, telling me that the Princess is now well, and my Lord Sandwich set sail with the Queen and her yesterday from thence for France. To church, leaving my wife sick . . . at home, a poor dull sermon of a stranger. Home, and at dinner was very angry at my people's eating a fine pudding (made me by Slater, the cook, last Thursday) without my wife's leave. To church again, a good sermon of Mr. Mills, and after sermon Sir W. Pen and I an hour in the garden talking, and he did answer me to many things, I asked Mr. Coventry's opinion of me, and Sir W. Batten's of my Lord Sandwich, which do both please me. Then to Sir W. Batten's, where very merry, and here I met the Comptroller and his lady and daughter (the first time I ever saw them) and Mrs. Turner, who and her husband supped with us here (I having fetched my wife thither), and after supper we fell to oysters, and then Mr. Turner went and fetched some strong waters, and so being very merry we parted, and home to bed. This day the parson read a proclamation at church, for the keeping of Wednesday next, the 30th of January, a fast for the murther of the late King.[1]

28th. At the office all the morning; dine at home, and after dinner to Fleet Street, with my sword to Mr. Brigden (lately made Captain of the Auxiliaries) to be refreshed, and with him to an ale-house, where I met Mr. Davenport, and after some talk of Cromwell, Ireton and Bradshaw's bodies being taken out of their graves to-day,[2] I went to Mr. Crew's and thence to the Theatre, where I saw again "The Lost Lady," which do now please me better than before; and here I sitting behind in a dark place, a lady

[1] "A Proclamation for the observation of the thirtieth of January as a day of Fast and Humiliation according to the late Act of Parliament for that purpose" is dated January 25th, 1660 [—1661].

[2] "The bodies of Oliver Cromwell, Henry Ireton, John Bradshaw, and Thomas Pride, were dug up out of their graves to be hanged at Tyburn, and buried under the gallows. Cromwell's vault having been opened, the people crowded very much to see him."—Rugge's *Diurnal*.

Henry Ireton (born 1610) married Bridget, eldest daughter of Oliver Cromwell, Jan. 15th, 1646-7. He was afterwards one of Charles I.'s judges, and one of the committee who superintended his execution. Lord Deputy of Ireland, 1650. He died at the siege of Limerick, November 26th, 1651.

spit backward upon me by a mistake, not seeing me, but after seeing her to be a very pretty lady, I was not troubled at it at all. Thence to Mr. Crew's, and there met Mr. Moore, who came lately to me, and went with me to my father's, and with him to Standing's, whither came to us Dr. Fairbrother, who I took and my father to the Bear and gave a pint of sack and a pint of claret. He do still continue his expressions of respect and love to me, and tells me my brother John will make a good scholar. Thence to see the Doctor at his lodging at Mr. Holden's, where I bought a hat, cost me 35*s*.[1] So home by moonshine, and by the way was overtaken by the Comptroller's coach, and so home to his house with him. So home and to bed. This noon I had my press set up in my chamber for papers to be put in.

29th. Mr. Moore making up accounts with me all this morning till Lieut. Lambert came, and so with them over the water to Southwark, and so over the fields to Lambeth, and there drank, it being a most glorious and warm day, even to amazement, for this time of the year. Thence to my Lord's, where we found my Lady gone with some company to see Hampton Court, so we three went to Blackfryers[2] (the first time I ever was there since plays begun), and there after great patience and little expectation, from so poor beginning, I saw three acts of "The Mayd in y^e^ Mill"[3] acted to my great content. But it being late, I left the play and them, and by water through bridge home, and so to Mr. Turner's house, where the Comptroller, Sir William Batten, and Mr. Davis and their ladies; and here we had a most neat little but costly and genteel supper, and after that a great deal of impertinent mirth by Mr. Davis, and some

[1] Stubbes, speaking of the hats worn by the gentlemen of his day, says, "As the fashions be rare and strange, so are the things whereof their hats be made, diverse also; for some are of silk, some of velvet, some of taffety, some of sarcenet, some of wool, and which is more curious, some of a certain kind of fine hair, . . . these they call *bever* hats, of xx, xxx or xl shillings price, fetched from beyond the sea." — *The Anatomie of Abuses*, 1583.

[2] At Apothecaries' Hall, where Davenant produced the first and second parts of "The Siege of Rhodes." Downes says, in his "Roscius Anglicanus," that Davenant's company acted at "Pothecaries Hall" until the building in Lincoln's Inn Fields was ready.

[3] A comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, first produced in 1623.

catches, and so broke up, and going away, Mr. Davis's eldest son took up my old Lady Slingsby[1] in his arms, and carried her to the coach, and is said to be able to carry three of the biggest men that were in the company, which I wonder at. So home and to bed.

30th (Fast day). The first time that this day hath been yet observed: and Mr. Mills made a most excellent sermon, upon "Lord forgive us our former iniquities;" speaking excellently of the justice of God in punishing men for the sins of their ancestors. Home, and John Goods comes, and after dinner I did pay him £30 for my Lady, and after that Sir W. Pen and I into Moorfields and had a brave talk, it being a most pleasant day, and besides much discourse did please ourselves to see young Davis and Whitton, two of our clerks, going by us in the field, who we observe to take much pleasure together, and I did most often see them at play together. Back to the Old James[2] in Bishopsgate Street, where Sir W. Batten and Sir Wm. Rider met him about business of the Trinity House. So I went home, and there understand that my mother is come home well from Brampton, and had a letter from my brother John, a very ingenious one, and he therein begs to have leave to come to town at the Coronacion. Then to my Lady Batten's; where my wife and she are lately come back again from being abroad, and seeing of Cromwell, Ireton,[3] and Bradshaw hanged and buried at Tyburn. Then I home.

31st. This morning with Mr. Coventry at Whitehall about getting a ship to carry my Lord's deals to Lynne,[4]

[1] Margaret, daughter of Sir William Water, an alderman of York. She was mother of the Comptroller, and widow of Sir Guildford Slingsby.

[2] The Great James was in Bishopsgate Without. It is registered in the list of London taverns in 1698 (Harl. MS. 4716).

[3] "Jan. 30th was kept as a very solemn day of fasting and prayer. This morning the carcases of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw (which the day before had been brought from the Red Lion Inn, Holborn), were drawn upon a sledge to Tyburn, and then taken out of their coffins, and in their shrouds hanged by the neck, until the going down of the sun. They were then cut down, their heads taken off, and their bodies buried in a grave made under the gallows. The coffin in which was the body of Cromwell was a very rich thing, very full of gilded hinges and nails." — Rugge's *Diurnal*.

[4] The timber purchased from Warren (see *ante*, December 29th,

and we have chosen the Gift. Thence at noon to my Lord's, where my Lady not well, so I eat a mouthfull of dinner there, and thence to the Theatre, and there sat in the pit among the company of fine ladys, &c.; and the house was exceeding full, to see Argalus and Parthenia,[1] the first time that it hath been acted: and indeed it is good, though wronged by my over great expectations, as all things else are. Thence to my father's to see my mother, who is pretty well after her journey from Brampton. She tells me my aunt is pretty well, yet cannot live long. My uncle pretty well too, and she believes would marry again were my aunt dead, which God forbid. So home.

February 1st (Friday). A full office all this morning, and busy about answering the Commissioners of Parliament to their letter, wherein they desire to borrow two clerks of ours, which we will not grant them. After dinner into London and bought some books, and a belt, and had my sword new furbished. To the alehouse with Mr. Brigden and W. Symons. At night home. So after a little music to bed, leaving my people up getting things ready against to-morrow's dinner.

2nd. Early to Mr. Moore, and with him to Sir Peter Ball,[2] who proffers my uncle Robert much civility in letting him continue in the grounds which he had hired of Hetley who is now dead. Thence home, where all things in a hurry for dinner, a strange cook being come in the room of Slater, who could not come. There dined here my uncle Wight and my aunt, my father and mother, and my brother Tom, Dr. Fairbrother and Mr. Mills, the parson, and his wife, who is a neighbour's daughter of my uncle Robert's, and knows my Aunt Wight and all her and my friends there; and so we had excellent company to-day. After dinner I was sent for to Sir G. Carteret's, where he was, and I found the Comptroller, who are upon writing a letter to the Commissioners of Parliament in some things a

1660), sent to Lynn to be conveyed to Hinchinbroke as the barge was, mentioned June 20th, 1660.

[1] A tragi-comedy by Henry Glapthorne, founded on the story of the two lovers in Sydney's "Arcadia," and published in 1639.

[2] Sir Peter Ball, the Queen's Attorney-General, and possessor of Brampton manor.

rougher stile than our last, because they seem to speak high to us. So the Comptroller and I thence to a tavern hard by, and there did agree upon drawing up some letters to be sent to all the pursers and Clerks of the Cheques to make up their accounts. Then home; where I found the parson and his wife gone. And by and by the rest of the company, very well pleased, and I too; it being the last dinner I intend to make a great while, it having now cost me almost £15 in three dinners within this fortnight. In the evening comes Sir W. Pen, pretty merry, to sit with me and talk, which we did for an hour or two, and so good night, and I to bed.

3d (Lord's day). This day I first begun to go forth in my coat and sword, as the manner now among gentlemen is. To Whitehall. In my way heard Mr. Thomas Fuller preach at the Savoy upon our forgiving of other men's trespasses, shewing among other things that we are to go to law never to revenge, but only to repayre, which I think a good distinction. So to White Hall; where I staid to hear the trumpets and kettle-drums, and then the other drums, which are much cried up, though I think it dull, vulgar musique. So to Mr. Fox's, unbid; where I had a good dinner and special company. Among other discourse, I observed one story, how my Lord of Northwich,[1] at a public audience before the King of France, made the Duke of Anjou cry, by making ugly faces as he was stepping to the King, but undiscovered. And how Sir Phillip Warwick's[2] lady did won-

[1] This story relates to circumstances which had occurred many years previously. George, Lord Goring, was sent by Charles I. as Ambassador Extraordinary to France in 1644, to witness the oath of Louis XIV. to the observance of the treaties concluded with England by his father, Louis XIII., and his grandfather, Henry IV. Louis XIV. took this oath at Ruel, on July 3rd, 1644, when he was not yet six years of age, and when his brother Philippe, then called Duke of Anjou, was not four years old. Shortly after his return home, Lord Goring was created, in September, 1644, Earl of Norwich, the title by which he is here mentioned. Philippe, Duke of Anjou, who was frightened by the English nobleman's ugly faces, took the title of Duke of Orleans after the death of his uncle, Jean Baptiste Gaston, in 1660. He married his cousin, Henrietta of England, and (by his second wife) is the direct ancestor of the present Comte de Paris. — B.

[2] Sir Philip Warwick, born 1608, secretary to Charles I. when in the Isle of Wight, and Clerk of the Signet, to which place he was restored

der to have Mr. Darcy[1] send for several dozen bottles of Rhenish wine to her house, not knowing that the wine was his. Thence to my Lord's; where I am told how Sir Thomas Crew's Pedro, with two of his countrymen more, did last night kill one soldier of four that quarrelled with them in the street, about 10 o'clock. The other two are taken; but he is now hid at my Lord's till night, that he do intend to make his escape away. So up to my Lady, and sat and talked with her long, and so to Westminster Stairs, and there took boat to the bridge, and so home, where I met with letters to call us all up to-morrow morning to Whitehall about office business.

4th. Early up to Court with Sir W. Pen, where, at Mr. Coventry's chamber, we met with all our fellow officers, and there after a hot debate about the business of paying off the Fleet, and how far we should join with the Commissioners of Parliament, which is now the great business of this month more to determine, and about which there is a great deal of difference between us, and then how far we should be assistants to them therein. That being done, he and I back again home, where I met with my father and mother going to my cozen Snow's to Blackwall, and had promised to bring me and my wife along with them, which we could not do because we are to go to the Dolphin to-day to a dinner of Capt. Tayler's. So at last I let my wife go with them, and I to the tavern, where Sir William Pen and the Comptroller and several others were, men and women; and we had a very great and merry dinner; and after dinner the Comptroller begun some sports, among others the naming of people round and afterwards demanding questions of them that they are forced to answer their names to, which do make very good sport. And here I took pleasure to take the forfeits of the ladies who would not do their duty by kissing of them; among others a pretty lady, who I found

in 1660; knighted, and elected M.P. for Westminster. He was also Secretary to the Treasury under Lord Southampton till 1667. Died January 15th, 1682-3. He wrote "A Discourse on Government" and "Memoirs of Charles I." His second wife, here mentioned, was Joan, daughter to Sir Henry Fanshawe, and widow of Sir William Botteler, Bart.

[1] Marmaduke Darcy. See *ante*, May 23rd (note).

afterwards to be wife to Sir W. Batten's son.[1] Home, and then with my wife to see Sir W. Batten, who could not be with us this day being ill, but we found him at cards, and here we sat late, talking with my Lady and others and Dr. Whistler,[2] who I found good company and a very ingenious man. So home and to bed.

5th. Washing-day. My wife and I by water to Westminster. She to her mother's and I to Westminster Hall, where I found a full term, and here I went to Will's, and there found Shaw and Ashwell and another Bragrave (who knew my mother washmaid to my Lady Veere), who by cursing and swearing made me weary of his company and so I went away. Into the Hall and there saw my Lord Treasurer[3] (who was sworn to-day at the Exchequer, with a great company of Lords and persons of honour to attend him) go up to the Treasury Offices, and take possession thereof; and also saw the heads of Cromwell, Bradshaw, and Ireton, set up upon the further end of the Hall. Then at Mrs. Michell's in the Hall met my wife and Shaw, and she and I and Captain Murford to the Dog, and there I gave them some wine, and after some mirth and talk (Mr. Langley coming in afterwards) I went by coach to the play-house at the Theatre, our coach in King Street breaking, and so took another. Here we saw Argalus and Parthenia, which I lately saw, but though pleasant for the dancing and singing, I do not find good for any wit or design therein. That done home by coach and to supper, being very hungry for want of dinner, and so to bed.

6th. Called up by my Cozen Snow, who sat by me while I was trimmed, and then I drank with him, he desiring a

[1] Benjamin Batten.

[2] Daniel Whistler, M.D., Fellow of Merton College, whose inaugural dissertation on Rickets in 1645 contains the earliest printed account of that disease. He was Gresham Professor of Geometry, 1648–57, and held several offices at the College of Physicians, being elected President in 1683. He was one of the original Fellows of the Royal Society. Dr. Munk, in his "Roll of the Royal College of Physicians," speaks very unfavourably of Whistler, and says that he defrauded the college. He died May 11th, 1684.

[3] Thomas Wriothesley, fourth and last Earl of Southampton, K.G., born 1607. He was one of the four who bore Charles I. to his burial. Burnet says, "he disdained to sell places." He died May 16th, 1667.

courtesy for a friend, which I have done for him. Then to the office, and there sat long, then to dinner, Captain Murford with me. I had a dish of fish and a good hare, which was sent me the other day by Goodenough the plasterer. So to the office again, where Sir W. Pen and I sat all alone, answering of petitions and nothing else, and so to Sir W. Batten's, where comes Mr. Jessop (one whom I could not formerly have looked upon, and now he comes cap in hand to us from the Commissioners of the Navy, though indeed he is a man of a great estate and of good report), about some business from them to us, which we answered by letter. Here I sat long with Sir W., who is not well, and then home and to my chamber, and some little music, and so to bed.

7th. With Sir W. Batten and Pen to Whitehall to Mr. Coventry's chamber, to debate upon the business we were upon the other day morning, and thence to Westminster Hall. And after a walk to my Lord's; where, while I and my Lady were in her chamber in talk, in comes my Lord from sea, to our great wonder. He had dined at Havre de Grace on Monday last, and came to the Downs the next day, and lay at Canterbury that night; and so to Dartford, and thence this morning to White Hall. All my friends his servants well. Among others, Mr. Creed and Captain Ferrers tell me the stories of my Lord Duke of Buckingham's and my Lord's falling out at Havre de Grace, at cards; they two and my Lord St. Alban's playing. The Duke did, to my Lord's dishonour, often say that he did in his conscience know the contrary to what he then said, about the difference at cards; and so did take up the money that he should have lost to my Lord. Which my Lord resenting, said nothing then, but that he doubted not but there were ways enough to get his money of him. So they parted that night; and my Lord sent for Sir R. Stayner and sent him the next morning to the Duke, to know whether he did remember what he said last night, and whether he would own it with his sword and a second; which he said he would, and so both sides agreed. But my Lord St. Alban's, and the Queen and Ambassador Montagu, did waylay them at their lodgings till the difference was made up, to my Lord's honour; who hath got great reputation thereby. I

dined with my Lord, and then with Mr. Shepley and Creed (who talked very high of France for a fine country) to the tavern, and then I home. To the office, where the two Sir Williams had staid for me, and then we drew up a letter to the Commissioners of Parliament again, and so to Sir W. Batten, where I staid late in talk, and so home, and after writing the letter fair then I went to bed.

8th. At the office all the morning. At noon to the Exchange to meet Mr. Warren the timber merchant, but could not meet with him. Here I met with many sea commanders, and among others Captain Cuttle,[1] and Curtis, and Mootham,[2] and I, went to the Fleece Tavern to drink; and there we spent till four o'clock, telling stories of Algiers, and the manner of the life of slaves there.[3] And truly Captn. Mootham and Mr. Dawes[4] (who have been both slaves there) did make me fully acquainted with their condition there: as, how they eat nothing but bread and water. At their redemption they pay so much for the water they drink at the public fountaynes, during their being slaves. How they are beat upon the soles of their feet and bellies at the liberty of their padron. How they are all, at night, called into their master's Bagnard;[5] and there they lie. How the poorest men do use their slaves best. How some rogues do live well, if they do invent to bring their masters in so much a week by their industry or theft; and then they are put to no other work at all. And theft there is counted no great crime at all. Thence to Mr. Rawlinson's, having met my old friend Dick Scobell, and there I drank a great deal with him, and so home and to bed betimes, my head aching.

9th. To my Lord's with Mr. Creed (who has come to me this morning to get a bill of imprest signed), and my Lord being gone out, he and I to the Rhenish wine-house with Mr. Blackburne. To whom I did make known my fears of

[1] John Cuttle, captain of the "Hector."

[2] Peter Mootham, captain of the "Foresight;" afterwards slain in action.

[3] The Long Parliament imposed a tax on merchants' goods (called Algier Duty) for the redemption of captives in the Mediterranean.

[4] John Dawes, created a baronet in 1663, father of Sir William Dawes, Archbishop of York.

[5] Or prison.

Will's[1] losing of his time, which he will take care to give him good advice about. Afterwards to my Lord's and Mr. Shepley, and I did make even his accounts and mine. And then with Mr. Creed and two friends of his (my late landlord Jones' son one of them), to an ordinary to dinner, and then Creed and I to Whitefriars[2] to the Play-house, and saw "The Mad Lover,"[3] the first time I ever saw it acted, which I like pretty well, and home.

10th (Lord's day). Took physique all day, and, God forgive me, did spend it in reading of some little French romances. At night my wife and I did please ourselves talking of our going into France, which I hope to effect this summer. At noon one came to ask for Mrs. Hunt that was here yesterday, and it seems is not come home yet, which makes us afraid of her. At night to bed.

11th. At the office all the morning. Dined at home, and then to the Exchequer, and took Mr. Warren with me to Mr. Kennard, the master joiner, at Whitehall, who was at a tavern, and there he and I to him, and agreed about getting some of my Lord's deals on board to-morrow. Then with young Mr. Reeve home to his house, who did there show me many pretty pleasures in perspectives,[4] that I have not seen before, and I did buy a little glass of him cost me 5*s*. And so to Mr. Crew's, and with Mr. Moore to see how my father and mother did, and so with him to Mr. Adam Chard's[5] (the first time I ever was at his house since he was married) to drink, then we parted, and I home to my study, and set some papers and money in order, and so to bed.

12th. To my Lord's, and there with him all the morning,

[1] William Hewer.

[2] Salisbury Court Theatre, which was re-opened in 1660 by Rhodes's company.

[3] A tragi-comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, printed in the folio of 1647.

[4] "'Telescope' and 'microscope' are both as old as Milton, but for a long while 'perspective' (glass being sometimes understood and sometimes expressed) did the work of these. It is sometimes written 'prospective.' Our present use of 'perspective' does not, I suppose, date farther back than Dryden." — Trench's *Select Glossary*. — M. B.

[5] Adam Chard is mentioned previously in the Diary. See March 7th, 1659–60.

and then (he going out to dinner) I and Mr. Pickering, Creed, and Captain Ferrers to the Leg in the Palace to dinner, where strange Pickering's impertinences. Thence the two others and I after a great dispute whither to go, we went by water to Salsbury Court[1] play-house, where not liking to sit, we went out again, and by coach to the Theatre, and there saw "The Scornfull Lady,"[2] now done by a woman,[3] which makes the play appear much better than ever it did to me. Then Creed and I (the other being lost in the crowd) to drink a cup of ale at Temple Bar, and there we parted, and I (seeing my father and mother by the way) went home.

13th. At the office all the morning; dined at home, and poor Mr. Wood with me, who after dinner would have borrowed money of me, but I would lend none. Then to Whitehall by coach with Sir W. Pen, where we did very little business, and so back to Mr. Rawlinson's, where I took him and gave him a cup of wine, he having formerly known Mr. Rawlinson, and here I met my uncle Wight, and he drank with us, and with him to Sir W. Batten's, whither I sent for my wife, and we chose Valentines[4] against to-morrow. My wife chose me, which did much please me; my Lady Batten Sir W. Pen, &c. Here we sat late, and so home to bed, having got my Lady Batten to give me a spoonful of honey for my cold.

14th (Valentine's day). Up early and to Sir W. Batten's, but would not go in till I asked whether they that opened the door was a man or a woman, and Mingo, who was there, answered a woman, which, with his tone, made me laugh;

[1] See *ante*, on the 9th of this month, where it is called Whitefriars.

[2] Beaumont and Fletcher's comedy. See January 4th, 1660–1 (note).

[3] According to Downes's "Roscius Anglicanus" the characters were taken as follows: — Elder Lovelace: Burt; Young Lovelace: Kynaston; Welford: Hart; Sir Roger: Lacy; The Lady: Mrs. Marshall; Martha: Mrs. Rutter; Abigil: Mrs. Corey.

[4] The observation of St. Valentine's day is very ancient in this country. Shakespeare makes Ophelia sing —

"To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window
To be your Valentine."

Hamlet, act iv. sc. 5. — M. B.

so up I went and took Mrs. Martha[1] for my Valentine (which I do only for complacency), and Sir W. Batten he go in the same manner to my wife, and so we were very merry. About 10 o'clock we, with a great deal of company, went down by our barge to Deptford, and there only went to see how forward Mr. Pett's yacht is; and so all into the barge again, and so to Woolwich, on board the Rose-bush, Captain Brown's[2] ship, that is brother-in-law to Sir W. Batten, where we had a very fine dinner, dressed on shore, and great mirth and all things successfull; the first time I ever carried my wife a-ship-board, as also my boy Wayneman, who hath all this day been called young Pepys, as Sir W. Pen's boy young Pen. So home by barge again; good weather, but pretty cold. I to my study, and began to make up my accounts for my Lord, which I intend to end to-morrow. To bed. The talk of the town now is, who the King is like to have for his Queen: and whether Lent shall be kept with the strictness of the King's proclamation;[3] which it is thought cannot be, because of the poor, who cannot buy fish. And also the great preparation for the King's crowning is now much thought upon and talked of.

15th. At the office all the morning, and in the afternoon at making up my accounts for my Lord to-morrow; and that being done I found myself to be clear (as I think) £350 in the world, besides my goods in my house and all things paid for.

16th. To my Lord in the morning, who looked over my accounts and agreed to them. I did also get him to sign a bill (which do make my heart merry) for £60 to me, in consideration of my work extraordinary at sea this last voyage, which I hope to get paid. I dined with my Lord and then to the Theatre, where I saw "The Virgin Martyr,"[4] a good but too sober a play for the company. Then home.

17th (Lord's day). A most tedious, unreasonable, and

[1] Mrs. Martha Batten, Sir W. Batten's daughter.

[2] Captain Arthur Browne. See January 16th, 1660–61 (note).

[3] "A Proclamation for restraint of killing, dressing, and eating of of Flesh in Lent or on fish-dayes appointed by the law to be observed," was dated 29th January, 1660[–61].

[4] A tragedy by Massinger and Decker, printed in 1622.

impertinent sermon, by an Irish Doctor. His text was "Scatter them, O Lord, that delight in war." Sir Wm. Batten and I very much angry with the parson. And so I to Westminster as soon as I came home to my Lord's, where I dined with Mr. Shepley and Howe. After dinner (without speaking to my Lord), Mr. Shepley and I into the city, and so I home and took my wife to my uncle Wight's, and there did sup with them, and so home again and to bed.

18th. At the office all the morning, dined at home with a very good dinner, only my wife and I, which is not yet very usual. In the afternoon my wife and I and Mrs. Martha Batten, my Valentine, to the Exchange, and there upon a payre of embroydered and six payre of plain white gloves I laid out 40*s*. upon her. Then we went to a mercer's at the end of Lombard Street, and there she bought a suit of Lutestring[1] for herself, and so home. And at night I got the whole company and Sir Wm. Pen home to my house, and there I did give them Rhenish wine and sugar, and continued together till it was late, and so to bed. It is much talked that the King is already married to the niece of the Prince de Ligne,[2] and that he hath two sons already by her: which I am sorry to hear; but yet am gladder that it should be so, than that the Duke of York and his family should come to the crown, he being a professed friend to the Catholiques.

19th. By coach to Whitehall with Colonel Slingsby (carrying Mrs. Turner with us) and there he and I up into the house, where we met with Sir G. Carteret: who afterwards, with the Duke of York, my Lord Sandwich, and others, went into a private room to consult: and we were a little troubled that we were not called in with the rest. But I do believe it was upon something very private. We staid walking in the gallery; where we met with Mr. Slingsby,[3] that was

[1] More properly called "lustring"; a fine glossy silk.

[2] The Prince de Ligne had no niece, and probably Pepys has made some mistake in the name. Charles at one time made an offer of marriage to Mazarin's niece, Hortense Mancini.

[3] Henry Slingsby, Master of the Mint of Kilpax, near Leeds, member of the first Council of the Royal Society, named in Charles II.'s charter dated April 22nd, 1663, but expelled from the Society January 24th, 1675.

formerly a great friend of Mons. Blondeau, who showed me the stamps of the King's new coyne; which is strange to see, how good they are in the stamp and bad in the money, for lack of skill to make them. But he says Blondeau[1] will shortly come over, and then we shall have it better, and the best in the world. The Comptroller and I to the Commissioners of Parliament, and after some talk away again and to drink a cup of ale. He tells me, he is sure that the King is not yet married, as it is said; nor that it is known who he will have. To my Lord's and found him dined, and so I lost my dinner, but I staid and played with him and Mr. Child, &c., some things of four parts, and so it raining hard and bitter cold (the first winter day we have yet had this winter), I took coach home and spent the evening in reading of a Latin play, the "Naufragium Joculare."[2] And so to bed.

20th. All the morning at the office, dined at home and my brother Tom with me, who brought me a pair of fine slippers which he gave me. By and by comes little Luellin and friend to see me, and then my coz Stradwick, who was never here before. With them I drank a bottle of wine or two, and to the office again, and there staid about business late, and then all of us to Sir W. Pen's, where we had, and my Lady Batten, Mrs. Martha, and my wife, and other company, a good supper, and sat playing at cards and talking till 12 at night, and so all to our lodgings.

21st. To Westminster by coach with Sir W. Pen, and in our way saw the city begin to build scaffolds against the Coronacion. To my Lord, and there found him out of doors. So to the Hall and called for some caps that I have a making there, and here met with Mr. Hawley, and with him to Will's and drank, and then by coach with Mr. Langley our old friend into the city. I set him down by the way, and I home and there staid all day within, having found Mr. Moore, who staid with me till late at night talking and

[1] Peter Blondeau, medallist, was invited to London from Paris in 1649, and appointed by the Council of State to coin their money; but the moneyers succeeded in driving him out of the country. Soon after the Restoration he returned, and was appointed engineer to the mint.

[2] A comedy by Abraham Cowley, published in 1638. The scene was laid at Dunkirk.

reading some good books. Then he went away, and I to bed.

22nd. All the morning at the office. At noon with my wife and Pall to my father's to dinner, where Dr. Thos. Pepys and my coz Snow and Joyce Norton. After dinner came The. Turner, and so I home with her to her mother, good woman, whom I had not seen through my great neglect this half year, but she would not be angry with me. Here I staid all the afternoon talking of the King's being married, which is now the town talk, but I believe false. In the evening Mrs. The. and Joyce took us all into the coach home, calling in Bishopsgate Street, thinking to have seen a new Harpsicon[1] that she had a making there, but it was not done, and so we did not see it. Then to my home, where I made very much of her, and then she went home. Then my wife to Sir W. Batten's, and there sat awhile; he having yesterday sent my wife half-a-dozen pairs of gloves, and a pair of silk stockings and garters, for her Valentine's gift. Then home and to bed.

23rd. This my birthday, 28 years. This morning Sir W. Batten, Pen, and I did some business, and then I by water to Whitehall, having met Mr. Hartlibb[2] by the way at Alderman Backwell's. So he did give me a glass of Rhenish wine at the Steeleyard,[3] and so to Whitehall by water. He continues of the same bold impertinent humour that he was always of and will ever be. He told me how my Lord Chancellor had lately got the Duke of York and Duch-

[1] The harpsichord is an instrument larger than a spinet, with two or three strings to a note.

[2] Samuel Hartlib, son of a Polish merchant, and author of several ingenious works on agriculture, for which he received a pension from Cromwell. Milton's "Tractate of Education" is addressed to him. Evelyn describes him in his Diary, November 27th, 1655, as "honest and learned," and calls him "a public-spirited and ingenious person who had propagated many useful things and arts." He lived in Axe Yard about 1661, and had a son named Samuel and a daughter, Nan, who married John Roder or Roth, afterwards knighted. Evelyn says that Claudius, referred to before (see July 10th, 1660, of this Diary), was Hartlib's son-in-law. If so, Hartlib must have had another daughter. He seems to have been in some poverty at the end of his life.

[3] The Steelyard was situated where Cannon Street Station now stands. The Rhenish wine-house occupied the ground floors of the front in Thames Street.

ess, and her woman, my Lord Ossory,[1] and a Doctor, to make oath before most of the Judges of the kingdom, concerning all the circumstances of their marriage. And in fine, it is confessed that they were not fully married till about a month or two before she was brought to bed; but that they were contracted long before, and time enough for the child to be legitimate.[2] But I do not hear that it was put to the Judges to determine whether it was so or no. To my Lord and there spoke to him about his opinion of the Light, the sea-mark that Captain Murford is about, and do offer me an eighth part to concern myself with it, and my Lord do give me some encouragement in it, and I shall go on. I dined here with Mr. Shepley and Howe. After dinner to Whitehall Chappell with Mr. Child, and there did hear Captain Cooke and his boy make a trial of an Anthem against to-morrow, which was brave musique. Then by water to Whitefriars to the Play-house, and there saw "The Changeling,"[3] the first time it hath been acted these twenty years, and it takes exceedingly. Besides, I see the gallants do begin to be tyred with the vanity and pride of the theatre actors who are indeed grown very proud and rich. Then by link home, and there to my book awhile and to bed. I met to-day with Mr. Townsend, who tells me that the old man is yet alive in whose place in the Wardrobe he hopes to get my father, which I do resolve to put for. I also met with the Comptroller, who told me how it was easy for us all, the principall officers, and proper for us, to labour to get into the next Parliament; and would have me to ask the Duke's letter,[4] but I shall not endeavour it because it will spend much money, though I am sure I could well obtain it. This is now 28 years that I am born. And blessed be God, in a state of full content, and great hopes to be a happy man in all respects, both to myself and friends.

[1] Thomas, Earl of Ossory, K.G., the accomplished son of the Duke of Ormond. Died 1680, aged forty-six.

[2] The Duke of York's marriage took place September 3rd, 1660. Anne Hyde was contracted to the Duke at Breda, November 24th, 1659.

[3] A tragedy, by Thomas Middleton, acted before the court at Whitehall, January 4th, 1623–4. The plot is taken from a story in Reynolds's "God's Revenge against Murder," book i., hist. iv.

[4] Perhaps a letter of recommendation to some constituency.

24th (Sunday). Mr. Mills made as excellent a sermon in the morning against drunkenness as ever I heard in my life. I dined at home; another good one of his in the afternoon. My Valentine had her fine gloves on at church to-day that I did give her. After sermon my wife and I unto Sir Wm. Batten and sat awhile. Then home, I to read, then to supper and to bed.

25th. Sir Wm. Pen and I to my Lord Sandwich's by coach in the morning to see him, but he takes physic to-day and so we could not see him. So he went away, and I with Luellin to Mr. Mount's chamber at the Cockpit, where he did lie of old, and there we drank, and from thence to W. Symons where we found him abroad, but she, like a good lady, within, and there we did eat some nettle porrige, which was made on purpose to-day for some of their coming, and was very good. With her we sat a good while, merry in discourse, and so away, Luellin and I to my Lord's, and there dined. He told me one of the prettiest stories, how Mr. Blurton, his friend that was with him at my house three or four days ago, did go with him the same day from my house to the Fleece tavern by Guildhall, and there (by some pretence) got the mistress of the house into their company, and by and by Luellin calling him Doctor she thought that he really was so, and did privately discover her disease to him, which was only some ordinary infirmity belonging to women, and he proffering her physic, she desired him to come some day and bring it, which he did. After dinner by water to the office, and there Sir W. Pen and I met and did business all the afternoon, and then I got him to my house and eat a lobster together, and so to bed.

26th (Shrove Tuesday). I left my wife in bed, being indisposed. . . . I to Mrs. Turner's, who I found busy with The. and Joyce making of things ready for fritters, so to Mr. Crew's and there delivered Cotgrave's Dictionary[1] to my Lady Jemimah, and then with Mr. Moore to my coz Tom Pepys, but he being out of town I spoke with his lady, though not of the business I went about, which was to borrow £1,000 for my Lord. Back to Mrs. Turner's, where several friends, all strangers to me but Mr. Armiger, dined.

[1] Randle Cotgrave's valuable "French and English Dictionary" was first published in 1611, and several editions were subsequently issued.

Very merry and the best fritters that ever I eat in my life. After that looked out at window; saw the flinging at cocks.[1] Then Mrs. The. and I, and a gentleman that dined there and his daughter, a perfect handsome young and very tall lady that lately came out of the country, and Mr. Thatcher the Virginall Maister to Bishopsgate Street, and there saw the new Harpsicon made for Mrs. The. We offered £12, they demanded £14. The Master not being at home, we could make no bargain, so parted for to-night. So all by coach to my house, where I found my Valentine with my wife, and here they drank, and then went away. Then I sat and talked with my Valentine and my wife a good while, and then saw her home, and went to Sir W. Batten to the Dolphin, where Mr. Newborne, &c., were, and there after a quart or two of wine, we home, and I to bed. . . .

27th. At the office all the morning, that done I walked in the garden with little Captain Murford, where he and I had some discourse concerning the Light-House again, and I think I shall appear in the business, he promising me that if I can bring it about, it will be worth £100 per annum. Then came into the garden to me young Mr. Powell and Mr. Hooke that I once knew at Cambridge, and I took them in and gave them a bottle of wine, and so parted. Then I called for a dish of fish, which we had for dinner, this being the first day of Lent; and I do intend to try whether I can keep it or no. My father dined with me and did show me a letter from my brother John, wherein he tells us that he is chosen Schollar of the house,[2] which do please me much, because I do perceive now it must chiefly come from his merit and not the power of his Tutor, Dr. Widdrington, who is now quite out of interest there and hath put over his pupils to Mr. Pepper, a young Fellow of the College. With my father to Mr. Rawlinson's, where we met my uncle Wight, and after a pint or two away. I walked with my father (who gave me an account of the great falling out between my uncle Fenner and his son Will)[3] as

[1] The cruel custom of throwing at cocks on Shrove Tuesday is of considerable antiquity. It is shown in the first print of Hogarth's "Four Stages of Cruelty."

[2] Christ's College, Cambridge.

[3] His son-in-law William Joyce.

far as Paul's Churchyard, and so left him, and I home. This day the Commissioners of Parliament begin to pay off the Fleet, beginning with the Hampshire,[1] and do it at Guildhall, for fear of going out of town into the power of the seamen, who are highly incensed against them.

28th. Early to wait on my Lord, and after a little talk with him I took boat at Whitehall for Redriffe, but in my way overtook Captain Cuttance and Teddiman in a boat and so ashore with them at Queenhithe, and so to a tavern with them to a barrel of oysters, and so away. Capt. Cuttance and I walked from Redriffe to Deptford, where I found both Sir Williams and Sir G. Carteret at Mr. Uthwayt's, and there we dined, and notwithstanding my resolution, yet for want of other victualls, I did eat flesh this Lent, but am resolved to eat as little as I can. After dinner we went to Captain Bodilaw's, and there made sale of many old stores by the candle, and good sport it was to see how from a small matter bid at first they would come to double and treble the price of things. After that Sir W. Pen and I and my Lady Batten and her daughter by land to Redriffe, staying a little at halfway house, and when we came to take boat, found Sir George, &c., to have staid with the barge a great while for us, which troubled us. Home and to bed. This month ends with two great secrets under dispute but yet known to very few: first, Who the King will marry; and What the meaning of this fleet is which we are now sheathing to set out for the southward. Most think against Algier against the Turk, or to the East Indys against the Dutch who, we hear, are setting out a great fleet thither.

March 1st. All the morning at the office. Dined at home only upon fish, and Mr. Shepley and Tom Hater with me. After dinner Mr. Shepley and I in private talking about my Lord's intentions to go speedily into the country, but to what end we know not. We fear he is to go to sea with this fleet now preparing. But we wish that he could get his £4,000 per annum settled before he do go. Then he and I walked into London, he to the Wardrobe and I to Whitefryars, and saw "The Bondman"[2] acted; an excellent play

[1] The "Hampshire" was a fourth-rate of thirty-eight guns, built at Deptford in 1653 by Phineas Pett.

[2] Massinger's play, which was first published in 1624.

and well done. But above all that ever I saw, Betterton[1] do the Bondman the best. Then to my father's and found my mother ill. After staying a while with them, I went home and sat up late, spending my thoughts how to get money to bear me out in my great expense at the Coronacion, against which all provide, and scaffolds setting up in every street. I had many designs in my head to get some, but know not which will take. To bed.

2d. Early with Mr. Moore about Sir Paul Neale's[2] business with my uncle and other things all the morning. Dined with him at Mr. Crew's, and after dinner I went to the Theatre, where I found so few people (which is strange, and the reason I did not know) that I went out again, and so to Salsbury Court, where the house as full as could be; and it seems it was a new play, "The Queen's Maske,"[3] wherein there are some good humours: among others, a good jeer to the old story of the Siege of Troy, making it to be a common country tale. But above all it was strange to see so little a boy as that was to act Cupid, which is one of the greatest parts in it. Then home and to bed.

[1] Thomas Betterton, younger but eldest surviving son of Matthew Betterton of Westminster, said to be under-cook to Charles I., but who (writes Colonel Chester) described himself in his will as a "gentleman." Thomas was baptized at St. Margaret's, Westminster, August 11th, 1635. He joined the company of actors formed by Rhodes, bookseller (and formerly wardrobe keeper to the Blackfriars Company), which commenced to act at the Cockpit, in Drury Lane, in 1659. When, after the Restoration, Davenant took over Rhodes's company, Betterton became his principal actor. Betterton died April 28th, 1710, and was buried in the East Cloister of Westminster Abbey on May 2nd.

[2] Sir Paul Neile, of White Waltham, Berks, son of Richard Neile, Archbishop of York (1632–40). A member of the first council of the Royal Society, and a constant attendant at the meetings. He was frequently the bearer of messages from Charles II. We learn from Birch's "History of the Royal Society," that on July 17th, 1661, "Sir Paul Neile having mentioned that the king had within four days past desired to have a reason assigned why the sensitive plants stir and contract themselves upon being touched, it was resolved that Dr. Wilkins, Dr. Clarke, Mr. Boyle, Mr. Evelyn, and Dr. Goddard be curators for examining the fact relating to these plants."

[3] "Love's Mistress, or The Queen's Masque," by Thomas Heywood, published in 1636. The plot is borrowed from the "Golden Ass" of Apuleius.

3rd (Lord's day). Mr. Woodcocke[1] preached at our church a very good sermon upon the imaginacions of the thoughts of man's heart being only evil. So home, where being told that my Lord had sent for me I went, and got there to dine with my Lord, who is to go into the country to-morrow. I did give up the mortgage made to me by Sir R. Parkhurst for £2,000. In the Abby all the afternoon. Then at Mr. Pierce's the surgeon, where Shepley and I supped. So to my Lord's, who comes in late and tells us how news is come to-day of Mazarin's[2] being dead, which is very great news and of great consequence. I lay to-night with Mr. Shepley here, because of my Lord's going to-morrow.

4th. My Lord went this morning on his journey to Hinchingbroke, Mr. Parker with him; the chief business being to look over and determine how, and in what manner, his great work of building shall be done. Before his going he did give me some jewells to keep for him, viz., that that the King of Sweden did give him, with the King's own picture in it,[3] most excellently done; and a brave George, all of diamonds, and this with the greatest expressions of love and confidence that I could imagine or hope for, which is a very great joy to me. To the office all the forenoon. Then to dinner and so to Whitehall to Mr. Coventry about several businesses, and then with Mr. Moore, who went with me to drink a cup of ale, and after some good discourse then home and sat late talking with Sir W. Batten. So home and to bed.

5th. With Mr. Pierce, purser, to Westminster Hall, and there met with Captain Cuttance, Lieut. Lambert, and Pierce, surgeon, thinking to have met with the Commissioners of Parliament, but they not sitting, we went to the Swan, where I did give them a barrel of oysters; and so I to my Lady's and there dined, and had very much talk and pleasant discourse with my Lady, my esteem growing every

[1] Thomas Woodcock, afterwards ejected from St. Andrew's Undershaft.

[2] This report of the death of Cardinal Mazarin appears to have been premature, for he did not die until the 9th of March, 1661.

[3] Charles XI., son of Charles (X.) Gustavus. He succeeded his father in 1660.

day higher and higher in her and my Lord. So to my father Bowyer's where my wife was, and to the Commissioners of Parliament, and there did take some course about having my Lord's salary paid to-morrow when the Charles is paid off, but I was troubled to see how high they carry themselves, when in good truth nobody cares for them. So home by coach and my wife. I then to the office, where Sir Williams both and I set about making an estimate of all the officers' salaries in ordinary in the Navy till 10 o'clock at night. So home, and I with my head full of thoughts how to get a little present money, I eat a bit of bread and cheese, and so to bed.

6th. At the office all the morning. At dinner Sir W. Batten came and took me and my wife to his house to dinner, my Lady being in the country, where we had a good Lenten dinner. Then to Whitehall with Captn. Cuttle, and there I did some business with Mr. Coventry, and after that home, thinking to have had Sir W. Batten, &c., to have eat a wigg[1] at my house at night. But my Lady being come home out of the country ill by reason of much rain that has fallen lately, and the waters being very high, we could not, and so I home and to bed.

7th. This morning Sir Williams both went to Woolwich to sell some old provisions there. I to Whitehall, and up and down about many businesses. Dined at my Lord's, then to Mr. Crew to Mr. Moore, and he and I to London to Guildhall to see the seamen paid off, but could not without trouble, and so I took him to the Fleece tavern, where the pretty woman that Luellin lately told me the story of dwells, but I could not see her. Then towards home and met Spicer, D. Vines, Ruddiard, and a company more of my old acquaintance, and went into a place to drink some ale, and there we staid playing the fool till late, and so I home. At home met with ill news that my hopes of getting some money for the Charles were spoiled through Mr. Waith's perverseness, which did so vex me that I could not sleep at night. But I wrote a letter to him to send to-morrow morning for him to take my money for me, and so with good words I thought to coy with him. To bed.

[1] Wigg, a kind of north country bun or tea-cake, still so called, to my knowledge, in Staffordshire. — M. B.

8th. All the morning at the office. At noon Sir W. Batten, Col. Slingsby and I by coach to the Tower, to Sir John Robinson's, to dinner; where great good cheer. High company; among others the Duchess of Albemarle, who is ever a plain homely dowdy. After dinner, to drink all the afternoon. Towards night the Duchess and ladies went away. Then we set to it again till it was very late. And at last came in Sir William Wale,[1] almost fuddled; and because I was set between him and another, only to keep them from talking and spoiling the company (as we did to others), he fell out with the Lieutenant of the Tower; but with much ado we made him understand his error, and then all quiet. And so he carried Sir William Batten and I home again in his coach, and so I almost overcome with drink went to bed. I was much contented to ride in such state into the Tower, and be received among such high company, while Mr. Mount, my Lady Duchess's gentleman usher, stood waiting at table, whom I ever thought a man so much above me in all respects; also to hear the discourse of so many high Cavaliers of things past. It was a great content and joy to me.

9th. To Whitehall, and there with Mr. Creed took a most pleasant walk for two hours in the park, which is now a very fair place. Here we had a long and candid discourse one to another of one another's condition, and he giving me an occasion I told him of my intention to get £60 paid me by him for a gratuity for my labour extraordinary at sea. Which he did not seem unwilling to, and therefore I am very glad it is out. To my Lord's, where we found him lately come from Hinchingbroke, where he left my uncle very well, but my aunt not likely to live. I staid and dined with him. He took me aside, and asked me what the world spoke of the King's marriage. Which I answering as one that knew nothing, he enquired no further of me. But I do perceive by it that there is something in it that is ready to come out that the world knows not of yet. After dinner into London to Mrs. Turner's and my father's, made visits and then home, where I sat late making of my Journal for four days past, and so to bed.

[1] Alderman and Colonel of the red regiment of Trainbands. He was one of the Commissioners sent to Breda to desire Charles II. to return to England immediately.

10th (Lord's day). Heard Mr. Mills in the morning, a good sermon. Dined at home on a poor Lenten dinner of coleworts and bacon. In the afternoon again to church, and there heard one Castle, whom I knew of my year at Cambridge. He made a dull sermon. After sermon came my uncle and aunt Wight to see us, and we sat together a great while. Then to reading and at night to bed.

11th. At the office all the morning, dined at home and my father and Dr. Thos. Pepys with him upon a poor dinner, my wife being abroad. After dinner I went to the theatre, and there saw "Love's Mistress"[1] done by them, which I do not like in some things as well as their acting in Salsbury Court. At night home and found my wife come home, and among other things she hath got her teeth new done by La Roche, and are indeed now pretty handsome, and I was much pleased with it. So to bed.

12th. At the office about business all the morning, so to the Exchange, and there met with Nick Osborne lately married, and with him to the Fleece, where we drank a glass of wine. So home, where I found Mrs. Hunt in great trouble about her husband's losing of his place in the Excise. From thence to Guildhall, and there set my hand to the book before Colonel King for my sea pay, and blessed be God! they have cast me at midshipman's pay, which do make my heart very glad. So home, and there had Sir W. Batten and my Lady and all their company and Capt. Browne and his wife to a collation at my house till it was late, and then to bed.

13th. Early up in the morning to read "The Seaman's Grammar and Dictionary" I lately have got, which do please me exceeding well. At the office all the morning, dined at home, and Mrs. Turner, The., Joyce, and Mr. Armiger, and my father and mother with me, where they stand till I was weary of their company and so away. Then up to my chamber, and there set papers and things in order, and so to bed.

14th. With Sir W. Batten and Pen to Mr. Coventry's, and there had a dispute about my claim to the place of Purveyor of Petty-provisions, and at last to my content did

[1] When Pepys saw this play on March 1st he called it by its second title "The Queen's Masque."

conclude to have my hand to all the bills for these provisions and Mr. Turner to purvey them, because I would not have him to lose the place. Then to my Lord's, and so with Mr. Creed to an alehouse, where he told me a long story of his amours at Portsmouth to one of Mrs. Boat's daughters, which was very pleasant. Dined with my Lord and Lady, and so with Mr. Creed to the Theatre, and there saw "King and no King,"[1] well acted. Thence with him to the Cock alehouse at Temple Bar, where he did ask my advice about his amours, and I did give him it, which was to enquire into the condition of his competitor, who is a son of Mr. Gauden's, and that I promise to do for him, and he to make [what] use he can of it to his advantage. Home and to bed.

15th. At the office all the morning. At noon Sir Williams both and I at a great fish dinner at the Dolphin, given us by two tax merchants, and very merry we were till night, and so home. This day my wife and Pall went to see my Lady Kingston, her brother's[2] lady.

16th. Early at Sir Wm. Pen's, and there before Mr. Turner did reconcile the business of the purveyance between us two. Then to Whitehall to my Lord's, and dined with him, and so to Whitefriars and saw "The Spanish Curate,"[3] in which I had no great content. So home, and was very much troubled that Will. staid out late, and went to bed early, intending not to let him come in, but by and by he comes and I did let him in, and he did tell me that he was at Guildhall helping to pay off the seamen, and cast the books late. Which since I found to be true. So to sleep, being in bed when he came.

17th (Lord's day). At church in the morning, a stranger preached a good honest and painfull sermon. My wife and I dined upon a chine of beef at Sir W. Batten's, so to church again. Then home, and put some papers in order. Then to supper at Sir W. Batten's again, where my wife by chance fell down and hurt her knees exceedingly. So home and to bed.

[1] A comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, acted before the court in 1611 by the King's Players.

[2] Although Balthasar St. Michel, Mrs. Pepys's brother, is frequently mentioned, there is no further notice of this lady in the Diary.

[3] A comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, acted before the court in 1622.

18th. This morning early Sir W. Batten went to Rochester, where he expects to be chosen Parliament[1] man. At the office all the morning, dined at home and with my wife to Westminster, where I had business with the Commissioner for paying the seamen about my Lord's pay, and my wife at Mrs. Hunt's. I called her home, and made inquiry at Greatorex's and in other places to hear of Mr. Barlow (thinking to hear that he is dead), but I cannot find it so, but the contrary. Home and called at my Lady Batten's, and supped there, and so home. This day an ambassador from Florence was brought into the town in state. Good hopes given me to-day that Mrs. Davis is going away from us, her husband going shortly to Ireland. Yesterday it was said was to be the day that the Princess Henrietta was to marry the Duke d'Anjou[2] in France. This day I found in the newes-booke that Roger Pepys is chosen at Cambridge for the town, the first place that we hear of to have made their choice yet. To bed with my head and mind full of business, which do a little put me out of order, and I do find myself to become more and more thoughtful about getting of money than ever heretofore.

19th. We met at the office this morning about some particular business, and then I to Whitehall, and there dined with my Lord, and after dinner Mr. Creed and I to White-Fryars, where we saw "The Bondman" acted most excellently, and though I have seen it often, yet I am every time more and more pleased with Betterton's action. From thence with him and young Mr. Jones to Penell's in Fleet Street, and there we drank and talked a good while, and so I home and to bed.

20th. At the office all the morning, dined at home and Mr. Creed and Mr. Shepley with me, and after dinner we did a good deal of business in my study about my Lord's accounts to be made up and presented to our office. That done to White Hall to Mr. Coventry, where I did some

[1] Sir William Batten was elected M.P. for Rochester March 21st, 1660–61, and held the seat till his death, when he was succeeded by Richard Head, Alderman of Rochester, who was elected November 2nd, 1667.

[2] The Duke of Anjou became Duke of Orleans on the death of his uncle Gaston in 1660.

business with him, and so with Sir W. Pen (who I found with Mr. Coventry teaching of him upon the map to understand Jamaica).[1] By water in the dark home, and so to my Lady Batten's where my wife was, and there we sat and eat and drank till very late, and so home to bed. The great talk of the town is the strange election that the City of London made yesterday for Parliament-men; viz. Fowke, Love, Jones, and . . . . ,[2] men that are so far from being episcopall that they are thought to be Anabaptists; and chosen with a great deal of zeal, in spite of the other party that thought themselves very strong, calling out in the Hall, "No Bishops! no Lord Bishops!" It do make people to fear it may come to worse, by being an example to the country to do the same. And indeed the Bishops are so high, that very few do love them.

21st. Up very early, and to work and study in my chamber, and then to Whitehall to my Lord, and there did stay with him a good while discoursing upon his accounts. Here I staid with Mr. Creed all the morning, and at noon dined with my Lord, who was very merry, and after dinner we sang and fiddled a great while. Then I by water (Mr. Shepley, Pinkney, and others going part of the way) home, and then hard at work setting my papers in order, and writing letters till night, and so to bed. This day I saw the Florence Ambassador go to his audience, the weather very foul, and yet he and his company very gallant. After I was a-bed Sir W. Pen sent to desire me to go with him to-morrow morning to meet Sir W. Batten coming from Rochester.

22nd. This morning I rose early, and my Lady Batten knocked at her door that comes into one of my chambers, and called me to know whether I and my wife were ready to go. So my wife got her ready, and about eight o'clock I got a horseback, and my Lady and her two daughters, and Sir W. Pen into coach, and so over London Bridge, and thence to Dartford. The day very pleasant, though the way

[1] Sir William Penn was well fitted to give this information, as it was he who took the island from the Spaniards in 1655.

[2] The four members elected for London were Alderman John Fowke, Alderman William Love, John Jones, and Alderman Sir William Thompson.

bad. Here we met with Sir W. Batten, and some company along with him, who had assisted him in his election at Rochester; and so we dined and were very merry. At 5 o'clock we set out again in a coach home, and were very merry all the way. At Deptford we met with Mr. Newborne, and some other friends and their wives in a coach to meet us, and so they went home with us, and at Sir W. Batten's we supped, and thence to bed, my head akeing mightily through the wine that I drank to-day.

23d. All the morning at home putting papers in order, dined at home, and then out to the Red Bull [1] (where I had not been since plays come up again), but coming too soon I went out again and walked all up and down the Charter-house yard and Aldersgate street. At last came back again and went in, where I was led by a seaman that knew me, but is here as a servant, up to the tireing-room, where strange the confusion and disorder that there is among them in fitting themselves, especially here, where the clothes are very poor, and the actors but common fellows. At last into the pitt, where I think there was not above ten more than myself, and not one hundred in the whole house. And the play, which is called "All's lost by Lust," [2] poorly done; and with so much disorder, among others, that in the musique-room the boy that was to sing a song, not singing it right, his master fell about his ears and beat him so, that it put the whole house in an uprore. Thence homewards, and at the Mitre met my uncle Wight, and with him Lieut.-Col. Baron,[3] who told us how Crofton,[4] the great Presbyterian minister that had lately preached so highly against Bishops,

[1] The Red Bull was situated in St. John's Street, Clerkenwell.

[2] A tragedy, by W. Rowley.

[3] Probably Argal Baron, of Croydon, Lieutenant-Governor of Windsor Castle, and said to have been a distinguished Royalist. — B.

[4] Zachary Crofton, born in Ireland. His first living was at Wrenbury, Cheshire, from which he was expelled in 1648 for refusing to take the Engagement. When he came to London he was for some time minister of St. James's, Garlickhithe, and then obtained the cure of St. Botolph, Aldgate, which he held till he was ejected for Nonconformity. He was said to be zealous for the Restoration, but he was committed to the Tower for defending the Solemn League and Covenant. In 1667 he opened a school near Aldgate. He was the author of several works, and died in 1672.

is clapped up this day into the Tower. Which do please some, and displease others exceedingly. Home and to bed.

24th (Lord's day). My wife and I to church, and then home with Sir W. Batten and my Lady to dinner, where very merry, and then to church again, where Mr. Mills made a good sermon. Home again, and after a walk in the garden Sir W. Batten's two daughters came and sat with us a while, and I then up to my chamber to read.

25th (Lady day). This morning came workmen to begin the making of me a new pair of stairs up out of my parler, which, with other work that I have to do, I doubt will keep me this two months and so long I shall be all in dirt; but the work do please me very well. To the office, and there all the morning, dined at home, and after dinner comes Mr. Salisbury to see me, and shewed me a face or two of his paynting, and indeed I perceive that he will be a great master. I took him to Whitehall with me by water, but he would not by any means be moved to go through bridge, and so we were fain to go round by the Old Swan. To my Lord's and there I shewed him the King's picture, which he intends to copy out in little. After that I and Captain Ferrers to Salisbury Court by water, and saw part of the "Queene's Maske." Then I to Mrs. Turner, and there staid talking late, The. Turner being in a great chafe, about being disappointed of a room to stand in at the Coronacion. Then to my father's, and there staid talking with my mother and him late about my dinner to-morrow. So homewards and took up a boy that had a lanthorn, that was picking up of rags, and got him to light me home, and had great discourse with him how he could get sometimes three or four bushells of rags in a day, and got 3*d*. a bushell for them, and many other discourses, what and how many ways there are for poor children to get their livings honestly. So home and I to bed at 12 o'clock at night, being pleased well with the work that my workmen have begun to-day.

26th. Up early to do business in my study. This is my great day that three years ago I was cut of the stone, and, blessed be God, I do yet find myself very free from pain again. All this morning I staid at home looking after my workmen to my great content about my stairs, and at noon

by coach to my father's, where Mrs. Turner, The., Joyce, Mr. Morrice, Mr. Armiger, Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, and his wife, my father and mother, and myself and my wife. Very merry at dinner; among other things, because Mrs. Turner and her company eat no flesh at all this Lent, and I had a great deal of good flesh which made their mouths water. After dinner Mrs. Pierce and her husband and I and my wife to Salisbury Court, where coming late he and she light of Col. Boone that made room for them, and I and my wife sat in the pit, and there met with Mr. Lewes and Tom Whitton, and saw "The Bondman" done to admiration. So home by coach, and after a view of what the workmen had done to-day I went to bed.

27th. Up early to see my workmen at work. My brother Tom comes to me, and among other things I looked over my old clothes and did give him a suit of black stuff clothes and a hat and some shoes. At the office all the morning, where Sir G. Carteret comes, and there I did get him to promise me some money upon a bill of exchange, whereby I shall secure myself of £60 which otherwise I should not know how to get. At noon I found my stairs quite broke down, that I could not get up but by a ladder; and my wife not being well she kept her chamber all this day. To the Dolphin to a dinner of Mr. Harris's, where Sir Williams both and my Lady Batten, and her two daughters, and other company, where a great deal of mirth, and there staid till 11 o'clock at night; and in our mirth I sang and sometimes fiddled (there being a noise[1] of fiddlers there), and at last we fell to dancing, the first time that ever I did in my life, which I did wonder to see myself to do. At last we made Mingo, Sir W. Batten's black, and Jack, Sir W. Pen's, dance, and it was strange how the first did dance with a great deal of seeming skill. Home, where I found my wife all day in her chamber. So to bed.

28th. Up early among my workmen, then Mr. Creed coming to see me I went along with him to Sir Robert Slingsby (he being newly maister of that title by being made a Baronett) to discourse about Mr. Creed's accounts to be made up, and from thence by coach to my cozen Thomas Pepys, to borrow £1,000 for my Lord, which I am

[1] Noise, see *ante*, May 7th, 1660.

to expect an answer to to-morrow. So to my Lord's, and there staid and dined, and after dinner did get my Lord to view Mr. Shepley's accounts as I had examined them, and also to sign me a bond for my £500. Then with Mr. Shepley to the Theatre and saw "Rollo"[1] ill acted. That done to drink a cup of ale and so by coach to London, and having set him down in Cheapside I went home, where I found a great deal of work done to-day, and also £70 paid me by the Treasurer upon the bill of exchange that I have had hopes of so long, so that, my heart in great content, I went to bed.

29th. Up among my workmen with great pleasure. Then to the office, where I found Sir W. Pen sent down yesterday to Chatham to get two great ships in readiness presently to go to the East Indies upon some design against the Dutch, we think, at Goa,[2] but it is a great secret yet. Dined at home, came Mr. Shepley and Moore, and did business with both of them. After that to Sir W. Batten's, where great store of company at dinner. Among others my schoolfellow, Mr. Christmas, where very merry, and hither came letters from above for the fitting of two other ships for the East Indies in all haste, and so we got orders presently for the Hampshire and Nonsuch. Then home and there put some papers in order, and not knowing what to do, the house being so dirty, I went to bed.

30th. At the office we and Sir W. Rider to advise what sort of provisions to get ready for these ships going to the Indies. Then the Comptroller and I by water to Mr. Coventry, and there discoursed upon the same thing. So to my coz. Tho. Pepys, and got him to promise me £1,000 to lend my Lord upon his and my uncle Robert's and my security. So to my Lord's, and there got him to sign a bond to him, which I also signed too, and he did sign counter security to us both. Then into London up and down and drank a pint of wine with Mr. Creed, and so home and sent a letter and the bonds to my uncle to sign for my Lord. This day I spoke with Dr. Castle about mak-

[1] "Rollo, Duke of Normandy," a tragedy by John Fletcher, published in 1640. It was previously published in 1639 as "The Bloody Brother."

[2] A Portuguese city on the Malabar or western coast of Hindostan.

ing up the dividend for the last quarter, and agreed to meet about it on Monday.

31st (Sunday). At church, where a stranger preached like a fool. From thence home and dined with my wife, she staying at home, being unwilling to dress herself, the house being all dirty. To church again, and after sermon I walked to my father's, and to Mrs. Turner's, where I could not woo The. to give me a lesson upon the harpsicon and was angry at it. So home and finding Will abroad at Sir W. Batten's talking with the people there (Sir W. and my Lady being in the country), I took occasion to be angry with him, and so to prayers and to bed.

VOL. II.

April 1st, 1661.

This day my waiting at the Privy Seal comes in again. Up early among my workmen. So to the office, and went home to dinner with Sir W. Batten, and after that to the Goat tavern by Charing Cross to meet Dr. Castle, where he and I drank a pint of wine and talked about Privy Seal business. Then to the Privy Seal Office and there found Mr. Moore, but no business yet. Then to Whitefryars, and there saw part of "Rule a wife and have a wife,"[1] which I never saw before, but do not like it. So to my father, and there finding a discontent between my father and mother about the maid (which my father likes and my mother dislikes), I staid till 10 at night, persuading my mother to understand herself, and that in some high words, which I was sorry for, but she is grown, poor woman, very froward. So leaving them in the same discontent I went away home, it being a brave moonshine, and to bed.

2d. Among my workmen early and then along with my wife and Pall to my Father's by coach there to have them lie a while till my house be done. I found my mother alone weeping upon my last night's quarrel and so left her, and took my wife to Charing Cross and there left her to see her mother who is not well. So I into St. James's Park, where I saw the Duke of York playing at Pelemele,[2] the first time

[1] A comedy by John Fletcher, licensed October, 1624.

[2] The game was originally played in the road now styled Pall Mall, near St. James's Square, but at the Restoration when sports came in

that ever I saw the sport. Then to my Lord's, where I dined with my Lady, and after we had dined in comes my Lord and Ned Pickering hungry, and there was not a bit of meat left in the house, the servants having eat up all, at which my Lord was very angry, and at last got something dressed. Then to the Privy Seal, and signed some things, and so to White-fryars and saw "The Little Thiefe,"[1] which is a very merry and pretty play, and the little boy do very well. Then to my Father's, where I found my mother and my wife in a very good mood, and so left them and went home. Then to the Dolphin to Sir W. Batten, and Pen, and other company; among others Mr. Delabar; where strange how these men, who at other times are all wise men, do now, in their drink, betwitt and reproach one another with their former conditions, and their actions as in public concernments, till I was ashamed to see it. But parted all friends at 12 at night after drinking a great deal of wine. So home and alone to bed.

3rd. Up among my workmen, my head akeing all day from last night's debauch. To the office all the morning, and at noon dined with Sir W. Batten and Pen, who would needs have me drink two drafts of sack to-day to cure me of last night's disease, which I thought strange but I think find it true.[2] Then home with my workmen all the afternoon, at night into the garden to play on my flageolette, it being moonshine, where I staid a good while, and so home and to bed. This day I hear that the Dutch have sent the King a great present of money, which we think will stop the match with Portugal; and judge this to be the reason that our so great haste in sending the two ships to the East Indys is also stayed.

4th. To my workmen, then to my Lord's, and there dined with Mr. Shepley. After dinner I went in to my Lord and

fashion again the street was so much built over, that it became necessary to find another ground. The Mall in St. James's Park was then laid out for the purpose.

[1] The Night Walker, or the Little Thief," a comedy by John Fletcher, acted at court in 1633.

[2] The proverb, "A hair of the dog that bit you," which probably had originally a literal meaning, has long been used to inculcate the advice of the two Sir Williams.

there we had a great deal of musique, and then came my cozen Tom Pepys and there did accept of the security which we gave him for his £1,000 that we borrow of him, and so the money to be paid next week. Then to the Privy Seal, and so with Mr. Moore to my father's, where some friends did sup there and we with them and late went home, leaving my wife still there. So to bed.

5th. Up among my workmen and so to the office, and then to Sir W. Pen's with the other Sir William and Sir John Lawson to dinner, and after that, with them to Mr. Lucy's, a merchant, where much good company, and there drank a great deal of wine, and in discourse fell to talk of the weight of people, which did occasion some wagers, and where, among others, I won half a piece to be spent. Then home, and at night to Sir W. Batten's, and there very merry with a good barrell of oysters, and this is the present life I lead. Home and to bed.

6th. Up among my workmen, then to Whitehall, and there at Privy Seal and elsewhere did business, and among other things met with Mr. Townsend, who told of his mistake the other day, to put both his legs through one of his knees of his breeches, and went so all day. Then with Mr. Creed and Moore to the Leg in the Palace to dinner which I gave them, and after dinner I saw the girl of the house, being very pretty, go into a chamber, and I went in after her and kissed her. Then by water, Creed and I, to Salisbury Court and there saw "Love's Quarrell"[1] acted the first time, but I do not like the design or words. So calling at my father's, where they and my wife well, and so home and to bed.

7th (Lord's day). All the morning at home making up my accounts (God forgive me!) to give up to my Lord this afternoon. Then about 11 o'clock out of doors towards Westminster and put in at Paul's, where I saw our minister, Mr. Mills, preaching before my Lord Mayor. So to White Hall, and there I met with Dr. Fuller of Twickenham, newly come from Ireland; and took him to my Lord's, where he and I dined; and he did give my Lord and me a good account of the condition of Ireland, and how it come to pass, through the joyning of the Fanatiques and the Presby-

[1] The play is not known otherwise than by this notice.

terians, that the latter and the former are in their declaration put together under the names of Fanatiques. After dinner, my Lord and I and Mr. Shepley did look over our accounts and settle matters of money between us; and my Lord did tell me much of his mind about getting money and other things of his family, &c. Then to my father's, where I found Mr. Hunt and his wife at supper with my father and mother and my wife, where after supper I left them and so home, and then I went to Sir W. Batten's and resolved of a journey to-morrow to Chatham, and so home and to bed.

8th. Up early, my Lady Batten knocking at her door that comes into one of my chambers. I did give directions to my people and workmen, and so about 8 o'clock we took barge at the Tower, Sir William Batten and his lady, Mrs. Turner, Mr. Fowler and I. A very pleasant passage and so to Gravesend, where we dined, and from thence a coach took them and me, and Mr. Fowler with some others came from Rochester to meet us, on horseback. At Rochester, where alight at Mr. Alcock's and there drank and had good sport, with his bringing out so many sorts of cheese. Then to the Hill-house at Chatham,[1] where I never was before, and I found a pretty pleasant house and am pleased with the arms that hang up there. Here we supped very merry, and late to bed; Sir William telling me that old Edgeborrow,[2] his predecessor, did die and walk in my chamber, did make me somewhat afeard, but not so much as for mirth's sake I did seem. So to bed in the treasurer's chamber.

9th. And lay and slept well till 3 in the morning, and then waking, and by the light of the moon I saw my pillow (which overnight I flung from me) stand upright, but not bethinking myself what it might be, I was a little afeard, but sleep overcame all and so lay till high morning, at which time I

[1] A plan, with front and side elevations, of the Hill-house as it was in 1698, is in King's MS. 43. The ground on which it stood is now included in the Marine Barracks. In the "Memoirs of English Affairs, chiefly Naval, from the year 1660 to 1673, written by James, Duke of York," there is a letter from James to the principal officers of the Navy (dated May 10th, 1661), in which he recommends that the lease of the Hill-house should be bought by them if it can be obtained at a reasonable rate, as the said house "is very convenient for the service of his Majesty's Navy."

[2] Kenrick Edisbury, Surveyor of the Navy, 1632–38.

had a candle brought me and a good fire made, and in general it was a great pleasure all the time I staid here to see how I am respected and honoured by all people; and I find that I begin to know now how to receive so much reverence, which at the beginning I could not tell how to do. Sir William and I by coach to the dock and there viewed all the store-houses and the old goods that are this day to be sold, which was great pleasure to me, and so back again by coach home, where we had a good dinner, and among other strangers that come, there was Mr. Hempson and his wife, a pretty woman, and speaks Latin; Mr. Allen and two daughters of his, both very tall and the youngest very handsome,[1] so much as I could not forbear to love her exceedingly, having, among other things, the best hand that ever I saw. After dinner, we went to fit books and things (Tom Hater being this morning come to us) for the sale, by an inch of candle, and very good sport we and the ladies that stood by had, to see the people bid. Among other things sold there was all the State's arms,[2] which Sir W. Batten bought; intending to set up some of the images in his garden, and the rest to burn on the Coronacion night. The sale being done, the ladies and I and Captain Pett[3] and Mr. Castle took barge and down we went to see the Sovereign, which we did, taking great pleasure therein, singing all the way, and, among other pleasures, I put my Lady, Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Hempson, and the two Mrs. Allens into the lanthorn and I went in and kissed them, demanding it as a fee due to a principall officer, with all which we were exceeding merry, and drunk some bottles of wine and neat's tongue, &c. Then back again home and so supped, and after much mirth to bed.

10th. In the morning to see the Dockhouses. First, Mr. Pett's, the builder, and there was very kindly received, and among other things he did offer my Lady Batten a parrot,

[1] Rebecca, who afterwards married Lieutenant Jowles. See Diary, April 1st, 1667. Her father, formerly Clerk of the Rope Yard at Chatham, is sometimes referred to as Mr. and sometimes as Captain Allen. Under the latter title he may be confused with Captain (afterwards Sir Thomas) Allen.

[2] *i.e.*, coats of arms.

[3] Captain Phineas Pett, when in command of the "Tiger" frigate, was killed in action with a Zealand privateer. This may be the same man.

the best I ever saw, that knew Mingo[1] so soon as it saw him, having been bred formerly in the house with them; but for talking and singing I never heard the like. My Lady did accept of it. Then to see Commissioner Pett's house, he and his family being absent, and here I wondered how my Lady Batten walked up and down with envious looks to see how neat and rich everything is (and indeed both the house and garden is most handsome), saying that she would get it, for it belonged formerly to the Surveyor of the Navy. Then on board the Prince,[2] now in the dock, and indeed it has one and no more rich cabins for carved work, but no gold in her. After that back home, and there eat a little dinner. Then to Rochester, and there saw the Cathedrall, which is now fitting for use, and the organ then a-tuning. Then away thence, observing the great doors of the church, which, they say, was covered with the skins of the Danes,[3] and also had much mirth at a tomb, on which was "Come sweet Jesu," and I read "Come sweet Mall," &c., at which Captain Pett and I had good laughter. So to the Salutacion tavern, where Mr. Alcock and many of the town came and entertained us with wine and oysters and other things, and

[1] Sir William Batten's black servant.

[2] The "Prince" (originally the "Resolution") was a first-rate of eighty guns, built at Woolwich in 1641 by Capt. Phineas Pett, sen. It ran aground on the Galloper Sands, and was burnt by the Dutch, 1666. See *post*, June 7th, 1666.

[3] Traditions similar to that at Rochester, here alluded to, are to be found in other places in England. Sir Harry Englefield, in a communication made to the Society of Antiquaries, July 2nd, 1789, called attention to the curious popular tale preserved in the village of Hadstock, Essex, that the door of the church had been covered with the skin of a Danish pirate, who had plundered the church. At Worcester, likewise, it was asserted that the north doors of the cathedral had been covered with the skin of a person who had sacrilegiously robbed the high altar. The date of these doors appears to be the latter part of the fourteenth century, the north porch having been built about 1385. Dart, in his "History of the Abbey Church of St. Peter's, Westminster," 1723 (vol. i., book ii., p. 64), relates a like tradition then preserved in reference to a door, one of three which closed off a chamber from the south transept — namely, a certain building once known as the Chapel of Henry VIII., and used as a "Revestry." This chamber, he states, "is inclosed with three doors, the inner cancellated, the middle, which is very thick, lined with skins like parchment, and driven full of nails. These skins, they by tradition tell us, were some skins of the Danes,

hither come Sir John Minnes[1] to us, who is come to-day to see "the Henery," in which he intends to ride as Vice-Admiral in the narrow seas all this summer. Here much mirth, but I was a little troubled to stay too long, because of going to Hempson's, which afterwards we did, and found it in all things a most pretty house, and rarely furnished, only it had a most ill access on all sides to it, which is a greatest fault that I think can be in a house. Here we had, for my sake, two fiddles, the one a base viall, on which he that played, played well some lyra lessons, but both together made the worst musique that ever I heard. We had a fine collacion, but I took little pleasure in that, for the illness of the musique and for the intentness of my mind upon Mrs. Rebecca Allen. After we had done eating, the ladies went to dance, and among the men we had, I was forced to dance too; and did make an ugly shift. Mrs. R. Allen danced very well, and seems the best humoured woman that ever I saw. About 9 o'clock Sir William and my Lady went home, and we continued dancing an hour or two, and so broke up very pleasant and merry, and so walked home, I leading Mrs. Rebecca, who seemed, I know not why, in that and other things, to be desirous of my favours and would in all things show me respects. Going home, she would needs have me

tann'd and given here as a memorial of our delivery from them." Portions of this supposed human skin were examined under the microscope by the late Mr. John Quekett of the Hunterian Museum, who ascertained, beyond question, that in each of the cases the skin was human. — *From a communication by the late Mr. Albert Way, F.S.A., to the late Lord Braybrooke.*

[1] John Minnes (Mennes or Mennis), son of Andrew Minnes of Sandwich, born in that town March 1st, 1598, and educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, became afterwards a great traveller and noted seaman. He was knighted by Charles I. at Dover in 1641, and in 1642 he was captain of the "Rainbow." When the Earl of Warwick was nominated by the Parliament Lord High Admiral he refused to act under him. After the Restoration he was appointed Governor of Dover Castle, and his warrant from the Duke of York to act as Vice-Admiral and Commander-in-Chief in the Narrow Seas was dated May 18th, 1661. He was Comptroller of the Navy from 1661 till his death in 1671. He is buried in the Church of St. Olave, Hart Street, where, in the south aisle, part of a monument to his memory is still to be seen. Wood describes him as an honest and stout man, generous and religious, well skilled in physic and chemistry. He was part-author of "Musarum Deliciæ."

sing, and I did pretty well and was highly esteemed by them. So to Captain Allen's (where we were last night, and heard him play on the harpsicon, and I find him to be a perfect good musician), and there, having no mind to leave Mrs. Rebecca, what with talk and singing (her father and I), Mrs. Turner and I staid there till 2 o'clock in the morning and was most exceeding merry, and I had the opportunity of kissing Mrs. Rebecca very often. Among other things Captain Pett was saying that he thought that he had got his wife with child since I came thither. Which I took hold of and was merrily asking him what he would take to have it said for my honour that it was of my getting? He merrily answered that he would if I would promise to be godfather to it if it did come within the time just, and I said that I would. So that I must remember to compute it when the time comes.

11th. At 2 o'clock, with very great mirth, we went to our lodging and to bed, and lay till 7, and then called up by Sir W. Batten, so I arose and we did some business, and then came Captn. Allen, and he and I withdrew and sang a song or two, and among others took pleasure in "Goe and bee hanged, that's good-bye." The young ladies come too, and so I did again please myself with Mrs. Rebecca, and about 9 o'clock, after we had breakfasted, we sett forth for London, and indeed I was a little troubled to part with Mrs. Rebecca, for which God forgive me. Thus we went away through Rochester, calling and taking leave of Mr. Alcock at the door, Captn. Cuttance going with us. We baited at Dartford, and thence to London, but of all the journeys that ever I made this was the merriest, and I was in a strange mood for mirth. Among other things, I got my Lady to let her maid, Mrs. Anne, to ride all the way on horseback, and she rides exceeding well; and so I called her my clerk, that she went to wait upon me. I met two little schoolboys going with pitchers of ale to their schoolmaster to break up against Easter, and I did drink of some of one of them and give him two pence. By and by we come to two little girls keeping cows, and I saw one of them very pretty, so I had a mind to make her ask my blessing, and telling her that I was her godfather, she asked me innocently whether I was not Ned Wooding, and I said that I was, so she kneeled

down and very simply called, "Pray, godfather, pray to God to bless me," which made us very merry, and I gave her twopence. In several places, I asked women whether they would sell me their children, but they denied me all, but said they would give me one to keep for them, if I would. Mrs. Anne and I rode under the man that hangs upon Shooter's Hill,[1] and a filthy sight it was to see how his flesh is shrunk to his bones. So home and I found all well, and a deal of work done since I went. I sent to see how my wife do, who is well, and my brother John come from Cambridge. To Sir W. Batten's and there supped, and very merry with the young ladies. So to bed very sleepy for last nights' work, concluding that it is the pleasantest journey in all respects that ever I had in my life.

12th. Up among my workmen, and about 7 o'clock comes my wife to see me and my brother John with her, who I am glad to see, but I sent them away because of going to the office, and there dined with Sir W. Batten, all fish dinner, it being Good Friday. Then home and looking over my workmen, and then into the City and saw in what forwardness all things are for the Coronacion, which will be very magnificent. Then back again home and to my chamber, to set down in my diary all my late journey, which I do with great pleasure; and while I am now writing comes one with a tickett, to invite me to Captain Robert Blake's buriall, for whose death I am very sorry, and do much wonder at it, he being a little while since a very likely man to live as any I knew. Since my going out of town, there is one Alexander Rosse taken and sent to the Counter by Sir Thomas Allen, for counterfeiting my hand to a ticket, and we this day at the office have given order to Mr. Smith to prosecute him. To bed.

13th. To Whitehall by water from Towre-wharf, where we could not pass the ordinary way, because they were mending of the great stone steps against the Coronacion. With Sir W. Pen, then to my Lord's, and thence with Capt. Cuttance and Capt. Clark to drink our morning draught

[1] Shooter's Hill, Kent, between the eighth and ninth milestones on the Dover road. It was long a notorious haunt of highwaymen. The custom was to leave the bodies of criminals hanging until the bones fell to the ground.

together, and before we could get back again my Lord was gone out. So to Whitehall again and met with my Lord above with the Duke; and after a little talk with him, I went to the Banquet-house, and there saw the King heal, the first time that ever I saw him do it; which he did with great gravity, and it seemed to me to be an ugly office and a simple one. That done to my Lord's and dined there, and so by water with parson Turner[1] towards London, and upon my telling of him of Mr. Moore to be a fit man to do his business with Bishop Wren,[2] about which he was going, he went back out of my boat into another to Whitehall, and so I forwards home and there by and by took coach with Sir W. Pen and Captain Terne and went to the buriall of Captain Robert Blake, at Wapping, and there had each of us a ring, but it being dirty, we would not go to church with them, but with our coach we returned home, and there staid a little, and then he and I alone to the Dolphin (Sir W. Batten being this day gone with his wife to Walthamstow to keep Easter), and there had a supper by ourselves, we both being very hungry, and staying there late drinking I became very sleepy, and so we went home and I to bed.

14th (Easter. Lord's day). In the morning towards my father's, and by the way heard Mr. Jacomb,[3] at Ludgate, upon these words, "Christ loved you and therefore let us love one another," and made a lazy sermon, like a Presbyterian. Then to my father's and dined there, and Dr. Fairbrother (lately come to town) with us. After dinner I went to the Temple and there heard Dr. Griffith,[4] a good

[1] Rev. John Turner, rector of Eynesbury.

[2] Matthew Wren, Bishop of Hereford, 1634–35; Bishop of Norwich, 1635–38; Bishop of Ely, 1638–67. He died April 24th, 1667, aged eighty-one.

[3] Thomas Jacomb, of Burton Lazers, Leicestershire, entered at Magdalen Hall, Oxford, in 1640; but removing to Cambridge on the breaking out of the Rebellion, he obtained a Fellowship at Trinity College, in the place of a royalist ejected, and had the degree of M.A. conferred on him. He afterwards became rector of St. Martin's-infra-Ludgate, in London; and was put out for nonconformity in 1662, being then D.D. He subsequently followed the trade of conventicling, which brought him into trouble; and he died March 27th, 1687, in the house of the Countess of Exeter, to whom he was domestic chaplain. Abridged from Kennett's "Register." — B.

[4] Matthew Griffith, D.D., rector of St. Mary Magdalene, Old Fish

sermon for the day; so with Mr. Moore (whom I met there) to my Lord's, and there he shewed me a copy of my Lord Chancellor's patent for Earl, and I read the preamble, which is very short, modest, and good. Here my Lord saw us and spoke to me about getting Mr. Moore to come and govern his house while he goes to sea, which I promised him to do and did afterwards speak to Mr. Moore, and he is willing. Then hearing that Mr. Barnwell[1] was come, with some of my Lord's little children, yesterday to town, to see the Coronacion, I went and found them at the Goat, at Charing Cross, and there I went and drank with them a good while, whom I found in very good health and very merry. Then to my father's, and after supper seemed willing to go home, and my wife seeming to be so too I went away in a discontent, but she, poor wretch, followed me as far in the rain and dark as Fleet Bridge to fetch me back again, and so I did, and lay with her to-night, which I have not done these eight or ten days before.

15th. From my father's, it being a very foul morning for the King and Lords to go to Windsor, I went to the office and there met Mr. Coventry and Sir Robt. Slingsby, but did no business, but only appoint to go to Deptford together to-morrow. Mr. Coventry being gone, and I having at home laid up £200 which I had brought this morning home from Alderman Blackwell's, I went home by coach with Sir R. Slingsby and dined with him, and had a very good dinner. His lady[2] seems a good woman and very desirous they were to hear this noon by the post how the election has gone at Newcastle,[3] wherein he is concerned, but the letters are not come yet. To my uncle Wight's, and after a little stay with them he and I to Mr. Rawlinson's, and there staid all the afternoon, it being very foul, and had a little talk with him what good I might make of these ships that go to Port-

Street, and preacher at the Temple. He was an Episcopalian, and author of several printed sermons. He died in 1665. — B.

[1] Robert Barnwell, who died in June, 1662.

[2] Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Edward Radclyffe, of Dilston, Northumberland, and widow of Sir William Fenwick, Bart., of Meldon. Sir R. Slingsby's first wife was Elizabeth, daughter and heir of Robert Brooke, of Newcells. — B.

[3] Sir Francis Anderson and Sir John Morley were elected for Newcastle-on-Tyne, April 10th, 1661.

ugal by venturing some money by them, and he will give me an answer to it shortly. So home and sent for the Barber, and after that to bed.

16th. So soon as word was brought me that Mr. Coventry was come with the barge to the Towre, I went to him, and found him reading of the Psalms in short hand (which he is now busy about), and had good sport about the long marks that are made there for sentences in divinity, which he is never like to make use of. Here he and I sat till the Comptroller came and then we put off for Deptford, where we went on board the King's pleasure boat that Commissioner Pett is making, and indeed it will be a most pretty thing. From thence to Commr. Pett's lodging, and there had a good breakfast, and in came the two Sir Wms. from Walthamstow, and so we sat down and did a great deal of public business about the fitting of the fleet that is now going out. That done we went to the Globe and there had a good dinner, and by and by took barge again and so home. By the way they would have me sing, which I did to Mr. Coventry, who went up to Sir William Batten's, and there we staid and talked a good while, and then broke up and I home, and then to my father's and there lay with my wife.

17th. By land and saw the arches,[1] which are now almost done and are very fine, and I saw the picture of the ships and other things this morning, set up before the East Indy House,[2] which are well done. So to the office, and that being done I went to dinner with Sir W. Batten, and then home to my workmen, and saw them go on with great content to me. Then comes Mr. Allen of Chatham, and I took him to the Mitre and there did drink with him, and did get of him the song that pleased me so well there the

[1] Four triumphal arches were raised in the City in honour of the Coronation. The first was at the Lime Street end of Leadenhall Street, where Rebellion and Monarchy were personated. The second near the Royal Exchange, where one representing the River Thames made an address. The third, representing the Temple of Concord, was placed on the site of Cheapside Cross. The fourth arch, representing Plenty, stood in Fleet Street, near Whitefriars.

[2] The old East India House in Leadenhall Street, which existed from 1648 to 1726, had figures of ships and dolphins on the upper part of the front.

other day, "Of Shitten come Shites the beginning of love." His daughters are to come to town to-morrow, but I know not whether I shall see them or no. That done I went to the Dolphin by appointment and there I met Sir Wms. both and Mr. Castle, and did eat a barrel of oysters and two lobsters, which I did give them, and were very merry. Here we had great talk of Mr. Warren's being knighted by the King, and Sir W. B. seemed to be very much incensed against him. So home.

18th. Up with my workmen and then about 9 o'clock took horse with both the Sir Williams for Walthamstow, and there we found my Lady and her daughters all; and a pleasant day it was, and all things else, but that my Lady was in a bad mood, which we were troubled at, and had she been noble she would not have been so with her servants, when we came thither, and this Sir W. Pen took notice of, as well as I. After dinner we all went to the Church stile,[1] and there eat and drank, and I was as merry as I could counterfeit myself to be. Then, it raining hard, we left Sir W. Batten, and we two returned and called at Mr. ——, and drank some brave wine there, and then homewards again and in our way met with two country fellows upon one horse, which I did, without much ado, give the way to, but Sir W. Pen would not, but struck them and they him, and so passed away, but they giving him some high words, he went back again and struck them off their horse, in a simple fury, and without much honour, in my mind, and so came away. Home, and I sat with him a good while talking, and then home and to bed.

19th. Among my workmen and then to the office, and after that dined with Sir W. Batten, and then home, where Sir W. Warren came, and I took him and Mr. Shepley and Moore with me to the Mitre, and there I cleared with Warren for the deals I bought lately for my Lord of him, and he went away, and we staid afterwards a good while

[1] "Church stile" is in long hand, and not in cipher. In an old book of accounts belonging to Warrington Parish, the following minute occurs: "Nov. 5, 1688. Payd for drink at the *Church-Steele*, 13*s*.;" and in 1732, "it is ordered that hereafter no money be spent on y^e^ 5th of November, or any other *state* day, on the parish account, either at the *Church-Stile*, or at any other place." — *Gent. Mag.*, November, 1852, p. 442. — B.

and talked, and so parted, it being so foul that I could not go to Whitehall to see the Knights of the Bath[1] made to-day, which do trouble me mightily. So home, and having staid awhile till Will came in (with whom I was vexed for staying abroad), he comes and then I went by water to my father's, and then after supper to bed with my wife.

20th. Here comes my boy to tell me that the Duke of York had sent for all the principall officers, &c., to come to him to-day. So I went by water to Mr. Coventry's, and there staid and talked a good while with him till all the rest come. We went up and saw the Duke dress himself, and in his night habitt he is a very plain man. Then he sent us to his closett, where we saw among other things two very fine chests, covered with gold and Indian varnish, given him by the East Indy Company of Holland. The Duke comes; and after he had told us that the fleet was designed for Algier (which was kept from us till now), we did advise about many things as to the fitting of the fleet, and so went away. And from thence to the Privy Seal, where little to do, and after that took Mr. Creed and Moore and gave them their morning draught, and after that to my Lord's, where Sir W. Pen came to me, and dined with my Lord. After dinner he and others that dined there went away, and then my Lord looked upon his pages' and footmen's liverys, which are come home to-day, and will be handsome, though not gaudy. Then with my Lady and my Lady Wright to White Hall; and in the Banqueting-house saw the King create my Lord Chancellor and several others, Earls,[2] and Mr. Crew and several others, Barons:[3]

[1] A large number of Knights of the Bath were made at the Coronation. A list is given in Haydn's "Book of Dignities," by Ockerby, 1890, p. 763.

[2] Edward Hyde (Lord Hyde), Viscount Cornbury, and Earl of Clarendon; Arthur (Lord Capel), Viscount Malden, and Earl of Essex; Thomas (Lord Brudenell), Earl of Cardigan; Charles Howard, Lord Dacre, Viscount Howard of Morpeth, and Earl of Carlisle; Sir Arthur Annesley (Viscount Valentia), Lord Annesley, and Earl of Anglesea; Sir John Granville, Viscount Granville of Lansdowne, and Earl of Bath.

[3] John Crew, Baron Crew of Stene; Denzil Holles, Baron Holles of Ifield; Sir Frederic Cornwallis, Bart., Baron Cornwallis of Eye; Sir Horace Townshend, Bart., Baron Townshend of King's Lynn (merged

the first being led up by Heralds and five old Earls to the King, and there the patent is read, and the King puts on his vest, and sword, and coronet, and gives him the patent. And then he kisseth the King's hand, and rises and stands covered before the king. And the same for the Barons, only he is led up but by three of the old Barons, and are girt with swords before they go to the King. That being done (which was very pleasant to see their habits), I carried my Lady back, and I found my Lord angry, for that his page had let my Lord's new beaver be changed for an old hat; then I went away, and with Mr. Creed to the Exchange and bought some things, as gloves and bandstrings, &c. So back to the Cockpitt,[1] and there, by the favour of one Mr. Bowman, he and I got in, and there saw the King and Duke of York and his Duchess (which is a plain woman, and like her mother, my Lady Chancellor). And so saw "The Humersome Lieutenant"[2] acted before the King, but not very well done. But my pleasure was great to see the manner of it, and so many great beauties, but above all Mrs. Palmer, with whom the King do discover a great deal of familiarity. So Mr. Creed and I (the play being done) went to Mrs. Harper's, and there sat and drank, it being about twelve at night. The ways being now so dirty, and stopped up with the rayles which are this day set up in the streets, I would not go home, but went with him to his lodging at Mr. Ware's, and there lay all night.

21st (Lord's day). In the morning we were troubled to hear it rain as it did, because of the great show to-morrow. After I was ready I walked to my father's and there found the late maid to be gone and another come by my mother's choice, which my father do not like, and so great difference there will be between my father and mother about it. Here dined Doctor Thos. Pepys and Dr. Fayrebrother; and all our talk about to-morrow's show, and our trouble that it is like to be a wet day. After dinner comes in my coz.

in the Marquisate); Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, Bart., Baron Ashley of Wimborne St. Giles (merged in the Earldom of Shaftesbury); Sir George Booth, Bart., Baron Delamere of Dunham Massey.

[1] The Cockpit at Whitehall, the residence of the Duke of Albermarle.

[2] "The Humorous Lieutenant," a tragi-comedy, by Beaumont and Fletcher. Published in the folio of 1647.

Snow and his wife, and I think stay there till the show be over. Then I went home, and all the way is so thronged with people to see the triumphal arches, that I could hardly pass for them. So home, people being at church, and I got home unseen, and so up to my chamber and saw done these last five or six days' diarys. My mind a little troubled about my workmen, which, being foreigners,[1] are like to be troubled by a couple of lazy rogues that worked with me the other day, that are citizens, and so my work will be hindered, but I must prevent it if I can.

22d. King's Going from y Tower to White Hall.[2]

Up early and made myself as fine as I could, and put on my velvet coat, the first day that I put it on, though made half a year ago. And being ready, Sir W. Batten, my Lady, and his two daughters and his son and wife, and Sir W. Pen and his son and I, went to Mr. Young's, the flag-maker, in Corne-hill;[3] and there we had a good room to ourselves, with wine and good cake, and saw the show very well. In which it is impossible to relate the glory of this day, expressed in the clothes of them that rid, and their horses and horses-clothes, among others, my Lord Sandwich's. Embroidery and diamonds were ordinary among them. The Knights of the Bath was a brave sight of itself; and their Esquires, among which Mr. Armiger was an Esquire to one of the Knights. Remarquable were the two men that represent the two Dukes of Normandy and Aquitane.[4] The Bishops come next after Barons, which is the higher place; which makes me think that the next Parliament they will be called to the House of Lords. My Lord Monk rode bare

[1] Foreigners were workmen dwelling outside the city.

[2] The king in the early morning of the 22nd went from Whitehall to the Tower by water, so that he might proceed from thence through the City to Westminster Abbey, there to be crowned.

[3] The members of the Navy Office appear to have chosen Mr. Young's house on account of its nearness to the second triumphal arch, situated near the Royal Exchange, which was dedicated to the Navy.

[4] John Carie and Sir Francis Lawley, two gentlemen of the Privy Chamber, represented the Dukes of Normandy and Aquitaine.

after the King, and led in his hand a spare horse, as being Master of the Horse. The King, in a most rich embroidered suit and cloak, looked most noble. Wadlow,[1] the vintner, at the Devil,[2] in Fleet-street, did lead a fine company of soldiers, all young comely men, in white doublets. There followed the Vice-Chamberlain, Sir G. Carteret, a company of men all like Turks;[3] but I know not yet what they are for. The streets all gravelled, and the houses hung with carpets before them, made brave show, and the ladies out of the windows, one of which over against us I took much notice of, and spoke of her, which made good sport among us. So glorious was the show with gold and silver, that we were not able to look at it, our eyes at last being so much overcome with it. Both the King and the Duke of York took notice of us, as he saw us at the window. The show being ended, Mr. Young did give us a dinner, at which we were very merry, and pleased above imagination at what we have seen. Sir W. Batten going home, he and

[1] Simon Wadlow was the original of "old Sir Simon the king," the favourite air of Squire Western in "Tom Jones."

> "Hang up all the poor hop-drinkers,
> Cries old Sim, the king of skinkers."
> Ben Jonson, *Verses over the door into the Apollo.*

The Simon Wadlow alluded to by Ben Jonson died March 30th, 1627. The Ashmolean Museum Catalogue mentions "Eight verses upon Simon Wadloe, Vintner, dwelling att y^e^ sign of y^e^ Devill and St. Dunstan," commencing "Apollo et cohors musarum." The Wadlow of Pepys was John, apparently the son of Simon. (See "Boyne's Trade Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i., 1889, p. 766.)

[2] We do not see any reason for discrediting the statement that the whole of the Devil Tavern was pulled down in 1787, and of its having been purchased by Messrs. Child and Co. for the sum of £2,800, and in the year following the row of houses now known as Child's Place was built upon the site. It may be worth recording that excellent cellars also run beneath the open space in front of those houses, as they were in all probability the cellars in which Simon Wadlow (the landlord at the sign of "St. Dunstan pulling the Devil by the nose," commonly known as the "Old Devil") kept his celebrated wines. The great room was called the Apollo. Here Jonson lorded it with greater authority than Dryden did afterwards at Will's, or Addison at Button's. Taken from Price's *y^e^ Marigold.* — M. B.

[3] This company is represented in the curious contemporary picture by Stoop, at Goodrich Court, Herefordshire. — B.

I called and drunk some mum[1] and laid our wager about my Lady Faulconbridge's name,[2] which he says not to be Mary, and so I won above 20*s*. So home, where Will and the boy staid and saw the show upon Towre Hill, and Jane at T. Pepys's, The. Turner, and my wife at Charles Glassecocke's, in Fleet Street. In the evening by water to White Hall to my Lord's, and there I spoke with my Lord. He talked with me about his suit, which was made in France, and cost him £200, and very rich it is with embroidery. I lay with Mr. Shepley, and

Coronacon Day.

23d. About 4 I rose and got to the Abbey, where I followed Sir J. Denham,[3] the Surveyor, with some company that he was leading in. And with much ado, by the favour of Mr. Cooper, his man, did get up into a great scaffold across the North end of the Abbey, where with a great deal of patience I sat from past 4 till 11 before the King came in. And a great pleasure it was to see the Abbey raised in the middle, all covered with red, and a throne (that is a chair)[4] and footstool on the top of it; and all the officers of all kinds, so much as the very fidlers, in red vests. At

[1] Mum. Ale brewed with wheat at Brunswick.

"Sedulous and stout
With bowls of fattening *mum*."
J. Phillips, *Cyder*, vol. ii. p. 231.

As soon as the beer begins to work, they put into it the inner rind of fir, tops of fir and birch, betony, marjory, pennyroyal, wild thyme, &c. Our English brewers use cardamum, ginger, and sassafras, instead of the inner rind of fir, and add also walnut rinds, madder, red sanders, and elecampane. — M. B.

[2] Mary, third daughter of Oliver Cromwell, and second wife of Thomas Bellasis, second Viscount Fauconberg, created Earl of Fauconberg, April 9th, 1689.

[3] Born at Dublin in 1615, created K.B. at the Coronation, and appointed Surveyor-General of all the King's buildings; better known as the author of "Cooper's Hill." Died March, 1668–69, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

[4] The Coronation chair in Westminster Abbey is an object of the greatest interest. Beneath the seat is the "Stone of Destiny," carried off from Scone by Edward I. in 1296.

last comes in the Dean[1] and Prebends of Westminster, with the Bishops (many of them in cloth of gold copes), and after them the Nobility, all in their Parliament robes, which was a most magnificent sight. Then the Duke, and the King with a scepter[2] (carried by my Lord Sandwich) and sword and mond[3] before him, and the crown too. The King in his robes, bare-headed, which was very fine. And after all had placed themselves, there was a sermon and the service; and then in the Quire at the high altar, the King passed through all the ceremonies of the Coronacõn, which to my great grief I and most in the Abbey could not see. The crown being put upon his head, a great shout begun, and he came forth to the throne, and there passed more ceremonies: as taking the oath, and having things read to him by the Bishop;[4] and his lords (who put on their caps as soon as the King put on his crown[5]) and bishops come, and kneeled before him. And three times the King at Arms[6] went to the three open places on the scaffold,[7] and proclaimed, that if any one could show any reason why Charles Stewart should not be King of England, that now he should come and speak. And a Generall Pardon also was read by the Lord Chancellor, and meddalls flung up and down by my Lord Cornwallis,[8] of silver, but I could

[1] John Earle, D.D., see *ante*, May 24th, 1660.

[2] A long sceptre or staff of gold, with a cross at the top, and a pike at the foot of steel, called St. Edward's staff. There were two other sceptres.

[3] Mond or orb of gold, with a cross set with precious stones, carried by the Duke of Buckingham.

[4] Gilbert Sheldon, Bishop of London, acting for Juxon, Archbishop of Canterbury, whose age and infirmities prevented him from performing the whole of the service. Sheldon succeeded Juxon in the archbishopric when the latter died in 1663.

[5] As yet barons had no coronet. A grant of that outward mark of dignity was made to them by Charles soon after his coronation. Queen Elizabeth had assigned coronets to viscounts. — B.

[6] Sir Edward Walker, Garter King of Arms, who wrote an account of the Coronation, which was published from his MS. in 1820.

[7] The south, west, and north sides. — B.

[8] Sir Frederick Cornwallis, Baronet, had been created a baron three days before the coronation. He was Treasurer of His Majesty's Household, and a Privy Councillor. He had married Elizabeth, daughter of John Ashburnham. His wife, therefore, and her brother John Ashburnham, were first cousins to Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

not come by any. But so great a noise that I could make but little of the musique; and indeed, it was lost to every body. But I had so great a lust to . . . that I went out a little while before the King had done all his ceremonies, and went round the Abbey to Westminster Hall, all the way within rayles, and 10,000 people, with the ground covered with blue cloth; and scaffolds all the way. Into the Hall I got, where it was very fine with hangings and scaffolds one upon another full of brave ladies; and my wife in one little one, on the right hand. Here I staid walking up and down, and at last upon one of the side stalls I stood and saw the King come in with all the persons (but the soldiers) that were yesterday in the cavalcade; and a most pleasant sight it was to see them in their several robes. And the King came in with his crown on, and his sceptre in his hand, under a canopy borne up by six silver staves, carried by Barons of the Cinque Ports,[1] and little bells at every end. And after a long time, he got up to the farther end, and all set themselves down at their several tables; and that was also a brave sight: and the King's first course carried up by the Knights of the Bath. And many fine ceremonies there was of the Heralds leading up people before him, and bowing; and my Lord of Albemarle's going to the kitchin and eat a bit of the first dish that was to go to the King's table. But, above all, was these three Lords, Northumberland,[2] and Suffolk,[3] and the Duke of Ormond,[4] coming before the courses on horseback, and staying so all dinner-time, and

Rugge states in July, 1660, that "the King supped with Sir Frederick Cornwallis at Durham Yard, in the Strand." He died in January, 1661–62, and was buried with his ancestors at Brome, on the 18th. See *post*, January 16th, 1661–62. Collins and other writers erroneously state his death to have occurred on the 31st. The medals which he received as his fee (nearly one hundred in number) were carefully preserved in the family, and have been arranged, so as to form the setting of a large silver cup, at Audley End. — B.

[1] Pepys was himself one of the Barons of the Cinque Ports at the Coronation of James II.

[2] Algernon Percy, tenth Earl of Northumberland, acting as Lord High Constable of England on this occasion. — B.

[3] James Howard, third Earl of Suffolk, acting as Earl Marshal of England. — B.

[4] James Butler, first Duke of Ormonde, Lord High Steward of England and bearer of the crown.

at last to bring up [Dymock][1] the King's Champion, all in armour on horseback, with his spear and targett carried before him. And a Herald[2] proclaims "That if any dare deny Charles Stewart to be lawful King of England, here was a Champion that would fight with him;"[3] and with these words, the Champion flings down his gauntlet, and all this he do three times in his going up towards the King's table. At last when he is come, the King drinks to him, and then sends him the cup which is of gold, and he drinks it off, and then rides back again with the cup in his hand. I went from table to table to see the Bishops and all others at their dinner, and was infinitely pleased with it. And at the Lords' table, I met with William Howe, and he spoke to my Lord for me, and he did give me four rabbits and a pullet, and so I got it and Mr. Creed and I got Mr. Michell to give us some bread, and so we at a stall eat it, as every body else did what they could get. I took a great deal of pleasure to go up and down, and look upon the ladies, and to hear the musique of all sorts, but above all, the 24 violins.[4] About six at night they had dined, and I went up to my wife, and there met with a pretty lady (Mrs. Frankleyn, a Doctor's wife, a friend of Mr. Bowyer's), and kissed

[1] Sir Edward Dymock, as Lord of the Manor of Scrivelsby, co. Lincoln. This service was last performed by one of that family at the coronation of George IV., and with the coronation dinner has since been dispensed with. — B.

[2] York Herald, George Owen, who, it will be seen, rescued the canopy from the *valetaille*. — B.

[3] The terms of the Champion's challenge were as follows: "If any person of what degree soever, high or low, shall deny or gainsay our Soveraigne Lord King Charles the Second, King of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, defender of the faith, Sonne and next heire to our Soveraigne Lord Charles the First, the last King deceased, to be right heire to the Imperiall Crowne of this Realme of England, or that hee ought not to enjoy the same; here is his champion, who sayth that he lyeth and is a false Traytor, being ready in person to combate with him, and in this quarrell will venture his life against him, on what day soever hee shall be appointed."

[4] See some congratulatory lines, "On the Thunder happening after the Solemnity of the Coronation of Charles II.," by Henry Bold, of New College, Oxford, in the "Somers Tracts," ed. 1817, vol. vii. p. 514. They commence thus: —

> "Heavens! we thank you that you thundered so!
> As we did here, you cannonado'd too."

them both, and by and by took them down to Mr. Bowyer's. And strange it is to think, that these two days have held up fair till now that all is done, and the King gone out of the Hall; and then it fell a-raining and thundering and lightening as I have not seen it do for some years:[1] which people did take great notice of; God's blessing of the work of these two days, which is a foolery to take too much notice of such things. I observed little disorder in all this, but only the King's footmen had got hold of the canopy, and would keep it from the Barons of the Cinque Ports,[2] which they endeavoured to force from them again, but could not do it till my Lord Duke of Albemarle caused it to be put into Sir R. Pye's[3] hand till to-morrow to be decided. At

[1] Baxter, in his "Life," mentions this storm. "On April 23, was His Majesty's coronation-day, the day being very serene and fair, till suddenly in the afternoon, as they were returning from Westminster Hall, there was very terrible thunders when none expected it, which made me remember his father's coronation, on which, being a boy at school, and having leave to play for the solemnity, an earthquake, about two o'clock in the afternoon, did affright the boys, and all the neighbourhood. I intend no commentary on these, but only to relate the matter of fact." — B.

[2] Bishop Kennett gives a somewhat fuller account of this unseemly broil: "No sooner had the aforesaid Barons brought up the King to the foot of the stairs in Westminster Hall, ascending to his throne, and turned on the left hand (towards their own table) out of the way, but the King's footmen most insolently and violently seized upon the canopy, which the Barons endeavouring to keep and defend, were by their number and strength dragged down to the lower end of the Hall, nevertheless still keeping their hold; and had not Mr. Owen, York Herald, being accidentally near the Hall door, and seeing the contest, caused the same to be shut, the footmen had certainly carried it away by force. But in the interim also (speedy notice hereof having been given the King) one of the Querries were sent from him, with command to imprison the footmen, and dismiss them out of his service, which put an end to the present disturbance. These footmen were also commanded to make their submission to the Court of Claims, which was accordingly done by them the 30th April following, and the canopy then delivered back to the said Barons." Whilst this disturbance happened, the upper end of the first table, which had been appointed for the Barons of the Cinque Ports, was taken up by the Bishops, Judges, &c., probably nothing loth to take precedence of them; and the poor Barons, naturally unwilling to lose their dinner, were necessitated to eat it at the bottom of the second table, below the Masters of Chancery and others of the long robe. — B.

[3] Sir Robert Pye, Bart., of Faringdon House, Berks; married Anne,

Mr. Bowyer's; a great deal of company, some I knew, others I did not. Here we staid upon the leads and below till it was late, expecting to see the fire-works, but they were not performed to-night: only the City had a light like a glory round about it with bonfires. At last I went to King-street, and there sent Crockford to my father's and my house, to tell them I could not come home to-night, because of the dirt, and a coach could not be had. And so after drinking a pot of ale alone at Mrs. Harper's I returned to Mr. Bowyer's, and after a little stay more I took my wife and Mrs. Frankleyn (who I proffered the civility of lying with my wife at Mrs. Hunt's to-night) to Axe-yard, in which at the further end there were three great bonfires, and a great many great gallants, men and women; and they laid hold of us, and would have us drink the King's health upon our knees, kneeling upon a faggot, which we all did, they drinking to us one after another. Which we thought a strange frolique; but these gallants continued thus a great while, and I wondered to see how the ladies did tipple. At last I sent my wife and her bedfellow to bed, and Mr. Hunt and I went in with Mr. Thornbury (who did give the company all their wine, he being yeoman of the wine-cellar to the King) to his house; and there, with his wife and two of his sisters, and some gallant sparks that were there, we drank the King's health, and nothing else, till one of the gentlemen fell down stark drunk, and there lay spewing; and I went to my Lord's pretty well. But no sooner a-bed with Mr. Shepley but my head began to hum, and I to vomit, and if ever I was foxed it was now, which I cannot say yet, because I fell asleep and slept till morning. Only when I waked I found myself wet with my spewing. Thus did the day end with joy every where; and blessed be God, I have not heard of any mischance to any body through it all, but only to Serj^t. Glynne,[1] whose horse fell upon him

daughter of the celebrated John Hampden. They lived together sixty years, and died in 1701, within a few weeks of each other.

[1] John Glynne (born 1602) had been Recorder of London (1643); and during the Protectorate, Chief Justice of the Upper Bench (1655); nevertheless, he acted with considerable adroitness at the time of the Restoration, and was in consequence knighted and appointed King's Serjeant, and his son created a baronet. He died November 15th, 1666.

yesterday, and is like to kill him, which people do please themselves to see how just God is to punish the rogue at such a time as this; he being now one of the King's Serjeants, and rode in the cavalcade with Maynard,[1] to whom people wish the same fortune. There was also this night in King-street, [a woman] had her eye put out by a boy's flinging a firebrand into the coach. Now, after all this, I can say that, besides the pleasure of the sight of these glorious things, I may now shut my eyes against any other objects, nor for the future trouble myself to see things of state and show, as being sure never to see the like again in this world.

24th. Waked in the morning with my head in a sad taking through the last night's drink, which I am very sorry for; so rose and went out with Mr. Creed to drink our morning draft, which he did give me in chocolate[2] to settle my stomach. And after that I to my wife, who lay with Mrs. Frankelyn at the next door to Mrs. Hunt's, and they were ready, and so I took them up in a coach, and carried the ladies to Paul's, and there set her down, and so my wife and I home, and I to the office. That being done my wife and I went to dinner to Sir W. Batten, and all our talk about the happy conclusion of these last solemnities. After dinner home, and advised with my wife about ordering things in my

[1] John Maynard, the eminent lawyer; M.P. for Totnes, 1640; made Serjeant to Cromwell in 1653, and afterwards King's Serjeant by Charles II., who knighted him. In 1661 he was chosen burgess for Bercalston, and sat in every Parliament till the Revolution, for that borough, or Plymouth. It was he who made one of the most famous of legal jokes. William III., in allusion to his age, having said that he must have outlived most of the judges and lawyers of his own standing, Maynard answered, "And I had like to have outlived the law itself if your Highness had not come over." In March, 1689, he was appointed one of the Commissioners of the Great Seal; and, soon resigning from infirmity, died October 9th, 1690, aged eighty-eight. The popular feeling respecting Glynne and Maynard was echoed by Butler, who wrote: —

> "Did not the learned Glynne and Maynard
> To make good subjects traitors strain hard?"

[2] Chocolate was introduced into England about the year 1652. In the "Publick Advertiser" of Tuesday, June 16–22, 1657, we find the following: "In Bishopsgate Street in Queen's Head Alley, at a Frenchman's house, is an excellent West India drink called *chocolate*, to be sold, where you may have it ready at any time, and also unmade at reasonable rates." — M. B.

house, and then she went away to my father's to lie, and I staid with my workmen, who do please me very well with their work. At night, set myself to write down these three days' diary, and while I am about it, I hear the noise of the chambers,[1] and other things of the fire-works, which are now playing upon the Thames before the King; and I wish myself with them, being sorry not to see them. So to bed.

25th. All the morning with my workmen with great pleasure to see them near coming to an end. At noon Mr. Moore and I went to an Ordinary at the King's Head in Towre Street,[2] and there had a dirty dinner. Afterwards home and having done some business with him, in comes Mr. Sheply and Pierce the surgeon, and they and I to the Mitre and there staid a while and drank, and so home and after a little reading to bed.

26th. At the office all the morning, and at noon dined by myself at home on a piece of meat from the cook's, and so at home all the afternoon with my workmen, and at night to bed, having some thoughts to order my business so as to go to Portsmouth the next week with Sir Robert Slingsby.

27th. In the morning to my Lord's, and there dined with my Lady, and after dinner with Mr. Creed and Captain Ferrers to the Theatre to see "The Chances," [3] and after that to the Cock alehouse,[4] where we had a harp and viallin played to us, and so home by coach to Sir W. Batten's, who seems so inquisitive when my house will be made an end of that I am troubled to go thither. So home with some trouble in my mind about it.

28th (Lord's day). In the morning to my father's, where I dined, and in the afternoon to their church, where come Mrs. Turner and Mrs. Edward Pepys,[5] and several other ladies, and so I went out of the pew into another.

[1] A chamber is a small piece of ordnance.

[2] There are several tokens of the King's Head in Tower Street. One of these of Thomas Mills, is dated 1666, see "Boyne's Trade Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i., 1889, p. 778.

[3] "The Chances," a comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, published in the folio of 1647. Revived at this time.

[4] At Temple Bar. See *ante*, March 7th, 1659–60 (note).

[5] Elizabeth Walpole of Broomsthorpe, married to Edward Pepys, who died December 22nd, 1663. She died in 1669.

And after sermon home with them, and there staid a while and talked with them and was sent for to my father's, where my cozen Angier and his wife, of Cambridge, to whom I went, and was glad to see them, and sent for wine for them, and they supped with my father. After supper my father told me of an odd passage the other night in bed between my mother and him, and she would not let him come to bed to her out of jealousy of him and an ugly wench that lived there lately, the most ill-favoured slut that ever I saw in my life, which I was ashamed to hear that my mother should be become such a fool, and my father bid me to take notice of it to my mother, and to make peace between him and her. All which do trouble me very much. So to bed to my wife.

29th. Up and with my father towards my house, and by the way met with Lieut. Lambert, and with him to the Dolphin in Tower Street and drank our morning draught, he being much troubled about his being offered a fourth rate ship to be Lieutenant of her now he has been two years Lieutenant in a first rate. So to the office, where it is determined that I should go to-morrow to Portsmouth. So I went out of the office to Whitehall presently, and there spoke with Sir W. Pen and Sir George Carteret and had their advice as to my going, and so back again home, where I directed Mr. Hater what to do in order to our going to-morrow, and so back again by coach to Whitehall and there eat something in the buttery at my Lord's with John Goods and Ned Osgood. And so home again, and gave order to my workmen what to do in my absence. At night to Sir W. Batten's, and by his and Sir W. Pen's persuasion I sent for my wife from my father's, who came to us to Mrs. Turner's, where we were all at a collacion to-night till twelve o'clock, there being a gentlewoman there that did play well and sang well to the Harpsicon, and very merry we were. So home and to bed, where my wife had not lain a great while.

30th. This morning, after order given to my workmen, my wife and I and Mr. Creed took coach, and in Fish-street took up Mr. Hater and his wife, who through her mask seemed at first to be an old woman, but afterwards I found her to be a very pretty modest black woman. We got a

small bait at Leatherhead, and so to Godlyman,[1] where we lay all night, and were very merry, having this day no other extraordinary rencontre, but my hat falling off my head at Newington into the water, by which it was spoiled, and I ashamed of it. I am sorry that I am not at London, to be at Hide-parke to-morrow, among the great gallants and ladies, which will be very fine.[2]

May 1st. Up early, and bated at Petersfield, in the room which the King lay in lately at his being there. Here very merry, and played us and our wives at bowls. Then we set forth again, and so to Portsmouth, seeming to me to be a very pleasant and strong place; and we lay at the Red Lyon, where Haselrigge and Scott and Walton did hold their councill, when they were here, against Lambert and the Committee of Safety. Several officers of the Yard came to see us to-night, and merry we were, but troubled to have no better lodgings.

2nd. Up, and Mr. Creed and I to walk round the town upon the walls. Then to our inn, and there all the officers of the Yard to see me with great respect, and I walked with them to the Dock and saw all the stores, and much pleased with the sight of the place. Back and brought them all to dinner with me, and treated them handsomely; and so after dinner by water to the Yard, and there we made the sale of the old provisions. Then we and our wives all to see the Montagu,[3] which is a fine ship, and so to the town again by water, and then to see the room where the Duke of Buckingham[4] was killed by Felton. So to our lodging, and to supper and to bed. To-night came Mr. Stevens to town to help us to pay off the Fox.

[1] Godalming, Surrey. It has been supposed that Godliman Street in London obtained its name from the sale of leather prepared at Godalming.

[2] It was an established custom for all classes to go a-maying in Hyde Park. The practice was for a time discontinued during the Commonwealth, but about 1654 it was revived, to the disgust of the Puritans.

[3] The "Montagu" (formerly the "Lime") was a third-rate of fifty-two guns, built at Portsmouth in 1654 by Mr. Tippetts.

[4] The house wherein the murder was committed in August, 1628, is situated at the upper end of the High Street, at Portsmouth, and a portion still remains. A representation of the front of the house is given in Brayley's "Graphic Illustrator," p. 240. — B.

3rd. Early to walk with Mr. Creed up and down the town, and it was in his and some others' thoughts to have got me made free of the town, but the Mayor, it seems, unwilling, and so they could not do it. Then to the pay-house, and there paid off the ship, and so to a short dinner, and then took coach, leaving Mrs. Hater there to stay with her husband's friends, and we to Petersfield, having nothing more of trouble in all my journey, but the exceeding unmannerly and most epicure-like palate of Mr. Creed. Here my wife and I lay in the room the Queen lately lay at her going into France.

4th. Up in the morning and took coach, and so to Gilford, where we lay at the Red Lyon, the best Inn,[1] and lay in the room the King lately lay in, where we had time to see the Hospital, built by Archbishop Abbott, and the free school,[2] and were civilly treated by the Mayster. So to supper, and to bed, being very merry about our discourse with the Drawers concerning the minister of the Town, with a red face and a girdle. So to bed, where we lay and sleep well.

5th (Lord's day). Mr. Creed and I went to the red-faced Parson's church, and heard a good sermon of him, better than I looked for. Then home, and had a good dinner, and after dinner fell in some talk in Divinity with Mr. Stevens that kept us till it was past Church time. Anon we walked into the garden, and there played the fool a great while, trying who of Mr. Creed or I could go best over the edge of an old fountain well, and I won a quart of sack of him. Then to supper in the banquet house, and there my wife and I did talk high, she against and I for Mrs. Pierce (that she was a beauty), till we were both angry. Then to walk in the fields, and so to our quarters, and to bed.

6th. Up by four o'clock and took coach. Mr. Creed rode, and left us that we know not whither he went. We went on, thinking to be at home before the officers rose,

[1] A Red Lion still exists in High Street, at the corner of Market Street, but it is no longer the best inn in the town.

[2] Archbishop Abbot's Hospital, on the north side of the High Street, Guildford, was founded in 1619. The Grammar School, at the upper end of High Street, dates from the reign of Henry VIII.

but finding we could not we staid by the way and eat some cakes, and so home, where I was much troubled to see no more work done in my absence than there was, but it could not be helped. I sent my wife to my father's, and I went and sat till late with my Lady Batten, both the Sir Williams being gone this day to pay off some ships at Deptford. So home and to bed without seeing of them. I hear to-night that the Duke of York's son[1] is this day dead, which I believe will please every body; and I hear that the Duke and his Lady themselves are not much troubled at it.

7th. In the morning to Mr. Coventry, Sir G. Carteret, and my Lord's to give them an account of my return. My Lady, I find, is, since my going, gone to the Wardrobe. Then with Mr. Creed into London, to several places about his and my business, being much stopped in our way by the City trayne-bands, who go in much solemnity and pomp this day to muster before the King and the Duke, and shops in the City are shut up every where all this day. He carried me to an ordinary by the Old Exchange, where we come a little too late, but we had very good cheer for our 18*d.* a-piece, and an excellent droll too, my host, and his wife so fine a woman, and sung and played so well that I staid a great while and drunk a great deal of wine. Then home and staid among my workmen all day, and took order for things for the finishing of their work, and so at night to Sir W. Batten's, and there supped and so home and to bed, having sent my Lord a letter to-night to excuse myself for not going with him to-morrow to the Hope, whither he is to go to see in what condition the fleet is in.

8th. This morning came my brother John to take his leave of me, he being to return to Cambridge to-morrow, and after I had chid him for going with my Will the other day to Deptford with the principal officers, I did give him some good counsell and 20*s.* in money, and so he went away. All this day I staid at home with my workmen without eating anything, and took much pleasure to see my work go forward. At night comes my wife not well from my father's, having had a fore-tooth drawn out to-day, which do trouble me, and the more because I am now in

[1] Charles Stuart, Duke of Cambridge, born October 22nd, 1660, died May 5th, 1661. He was the first of eight children by Anne Hyde. — B.

the greatest of all my dirt. My Will also returned to-night pretty well, he being gone yesterday not very well to his father's. To-day I received a letter from my uncle, to beg an old fiddle of me for my Cozen Perkin,[1] the miller, whose mill the wind hath lately broke down, and now he hath nothing to live by but fiddling, and he must needs have it against Whitsuntide to play to the country girls; but it vexed me to see how my uncle writes to me, as if he were not able to buy him one. But I intend to-morrow to send him one. At night I set down my journal of my late journey to this time, and so to bed. My wife not being well and I very angry with her for her coming hither in that condition.

9th. With my workmen all the morning, my wife being ill and in great pain with her old pain, which troubled me much because that my house is in this condition of dirt. In the afternoon I went to Whitehall and there spoke with my Lord at his lodgings, and there being with him my Lord Chamberlain, I spoke for my old waterman Payne, to get into White's place, who was waterman to my Lord Chamberlain, and is now to go master of the barge to my Lord to sea, and my Lord Chamberlain[2] did promise that Payne should be entertained in White's place with him. From thence to Sir G. Carteret, and there did get his promise for the payment of the remainder of the bill of Mr. Creed's, wherein of late I have been so much concerned, which did so much rejoice me that I meeting with Mr. Childe took him to the Swan Tavern in King Street,[3] and there did give him a tankard of white wine and sugar,[4] and so I went by water home and set myself to get my Lord's accounts made up, which was till nine at night before I could finish, and then I walked to the Wardrobe, being the first time I was

[1] Frank Perkin. Jane, youngest sister of Pepys father, married J. Perkin.

[2] Edward, second Earl of Manchester, appointed to this office on June 1st, 1660.

[3] "Whatever the Swans may have done in the City,
The Swan here in King Street has sung her last Ditty,"

from "The Search after Claret, or a Visitation of the Vintners," a poem in two cantos, printed for E. Hawkins, London, February 24th, 1691.

[4] The popular taste was formerly for sweet wines, and sugar was frequently mixed with the wine.

there since my Lady came thither, who I found all alone, and so she shewed me all the lodgings as they are now fitted, and they seem pretty pleasant. By and by comes in my Lord, and so, after looking over my accounts, I returned home, being a dirty and dark walk. So to bed.

10th. At the office all the morning, and the afternoon among my workmen with great pleasure, because being near an end of their work. This afternoon came Mr. Blackburn and Creed to see me, and I took them to the Dolphin, and there drank a great deal of Rhenish wine with them and so home, having some talk with Mr. Blackburn about his kinsman my Will, and he did give me good satisfaction in that it is his desire that his kinsman should do me all service, and that he would give him the best counsel he could to make him good. Which I begin of late to fear that he will not because of the bad company that I find that he do begin to take. This afternoon Mr. Hater received for me the £225 due upon Mr. Creed's bill in which I am concerned so much, which do make me very glad. At night to Sir W. Batten and sat a while. So to bed.

11th. This morning I went by water with Payne (Mr. Moore being with me) to my Lord Chamberlain at Whitehall, and there spoke with my Lord, and he did accept of Payne for his waterman, as I had lately endeavoured to get him to be. After that Mr. Cooling did give Payne an order to be entertained, and so I left him and Mr. Moore, and I went to Graye's Inne, and there to a barber's, where I was trimmed, and had my haire cut, in which I am lately become a little curious, finding that the length of it do become me very much. So, calling at my father's, I went home, and there staid and saw my workmen follow their work, which this night is brought to a very good condition. This afternoon Mr. Shepley, Moore, and Creed came to me all about their several accounts with me, and we did something with them all, and so they went away. This evening Mr. Hater brought my last quarter's salary, of which I was very glad, because I have lost my first bill for it, and so this morning was forced to get another signed by three of my fellow officers for it. All this evening till late setting my accounts and papers in order, and so to bed.

12th. My wife had a very troublesome night this night

and in great pain, but about the morning her swelling broke, and she was in great ease presently as she useth to be. So I put in a vent (which Dr. Williams sent me yesterday) into the hole to keep it open till all the matter be come out, and so I question not that she will soon be well again. I staid at home all this morning, being the Lord's day, making up my private accounts and setting papers in order. At noon went with my Lady Montagu at the Wardrobe, but I found it so late that I came back again, and so dined with my wife in her chamber. After dinner I went awhile to my chamber to set my papers right. Then I walked forth towards Westminster and at the Savoy heard Dr. Fuller preach upon David's words, "I will wait with patience all the days of my appointed time until my change comes;"[1] but methought it was a poor dry sermon. And I am afeard my former high esteem of his preaching was more out of opinion than judgment. From thence homewards, but met with Mr. Creed, with whom I went and walked in Grayes-Inn-walks, and from thence to Islington, and there eat and drank at the house my father and we were wont of old to go to;[2] and after that walked homeward, and parted in Smithfield: and so I home, much wondering to see how things are altered with Mr. Creed, who, twelve months ago, might have been got to hang himself almost as soon as go to a drinking-house on a Sunday.

13th. All the morning at home among my workmen. At noon Mr. Creed and I went to the ordinary behind the Exchange, where we lately were, but I do not like it so well as I did. So home with him and to the office, where we sat late, and he did deliver his accounts to us. The office being done I went home and took pleasure to see my work draw to an end.

14th. Up early and by water to Whitehall to my Lord, and there had much talk with him about getting some money for him. He told me of his intention to get the Muster Master's place for Mr. Pierce, the purser, who he has a mind to carry to sea with him, and spoke very slightingly of Mr. Creed, as that he had no opinion at all of him,

[1] The text meant is Job xiv. 14, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come." — B.

[2] The King's Head, see March 27th, 1664. — B.

but only he was forced to make use of him because of his present accounts. Thence to drink with Mr. Shepley and Mr. Pinkny, and so home and among my workmen all day. In the evening Mr. Shepley came to me for some money, and so he and I to the Mitre, and there we had good wine and a gammon of bacon. My uncle Wight, Mr. Talbot, and others were with us, and we were pretty merry. So at night home and to bed. Finding my head grow weak now-a-days if I come to drink wine, and therefore hope that I shall leave it off of myself, which I pray God I could do.

15th. With my workmen all day till the afternoon, and then to the office, where Mr. Creed's accounts were passed. Home and found all my joyner's work now done, but only a small job or two, which please me very well. This afternoon there came two men with an order from a Committee of Lords to demand some books of me out of the office, in order to the examining of Mr. Hutchinson's accounts,[1] but I give them a surly answer, and they went away to complain, which put me into some trouble with myself, but I resolve to go to-morrow myself to these Lords and answer them. To bed, being in great fear because of the shavings which lay all up and down the house and cellar, for fear of fire.

16th. Up early to see whether the work of my house be quite done, and I found it to my mind. Staid at home all the morning, and about 2 o'clock went in my velvet coat by water to the Savoy, and there, having staid a good while, I was called into the Lords, and there, quite contrary to my expectations, they did treat me very civilly, telling me that what they had done was out of zeal to the King's service, and that they would joyne with the governors of the chest with all their hearts, since they knew that there was any, which they did not before. I give them very respectful answer and so went away to the Theatre, and there saw the latter end of "The Mayd's Tragedy,"[2] which I never saw before, and methinks it is too sad and melancholy. Thence homewards, and meeting Mr. Creed I took him by

[1] Richard Hutchinson, Treasurer for the Navy from 1651. He was succeeded by Sir George Carteret in 1660.

[2] By Beaumont and Fletcher. Acted at court in 1613. After the Restoration, Mohun played Melantius; Hart, Amintor; and Mrs. Marshall, Evadne.

water to the Wardrobe with me, and there we found my Lord newly gone away with the Duke of Ormond and some others, whom he had had to the collacion; and so we, with the rest of the servants in the hall, sat down and eat of the best cold meats that ever I eat on in all my life. From thence I went home (Mr. Moore with me to the waterside, telling me how kindly he is used by my Lord and my Lady since his coming hither as a servant), and to bed.

17th. All the morning at home. At noon Lieutenant Lambert came to me, and he and I to the Exchange, and thence to an ordinary over against it, where to our dinner we had a fellow play well upon the bagpipes and whistle like a bird exceeding well, and I had a fancy to learn to whistle as he do, and did promise to come some other day and give him an angell to teach me. To the office, and sat there all the afternoon till 9 at night. So home to my musique, and my wife and I sat singing in my chamber a good while together, and then to bed.

18th. Towards Westminster, from the Towre, by water, and was fain to stand upon one of the piers about the bridge,[1] before the men could drag their boat through the lock, and which they could not do till another was called to help them. Being through bridge I found the Thames full of boats and gallys, and upon inquiry found that there was a wager to be run this morning. So spying of Payne in a gally, I went into him, and there staid, thinking to have gone to Chelsy with them. But upon the start, the wager boats fell foul one of another, till at last one of them gives over, pretending foul play, and so the other row away alone, and all our sport lost. So I went ashore at Westminster; and to the Hall I went, where it was very pleasant to see the Hall in the condition it is now, with the Judges on the benches at the further end of it,[2] which I had not seen all this term till now. Thence with Mr. Spicer, Creed, and

[1] The dangers of shooting the bridge were so great that a popular proverb has it — "London bridge was made for wise men to go over and fools to go under."

[2] The Courts of Chancery and King's Bench were long held at the upper end of the hall. It is related that Sir Thomas More every day, before presiding in his own Court of Chancery, knelt for the blessing of his aged father, who was a judge of the King's Bench.

some others to drink. And so away homewards by water with Mr. Creed, whom I left in London going about business, and I home, where I staid all the afternoon, and in the garden reading "Faber Fortunæ" with great pleasure. So home to bed.

19th (Lord's day). I walked in the morning towards Westminster, and, seeing many people at York House,[1] I went down and found them at mass, it being the Spanish ambassadors;[2] and so I got into one of the gallerys, and there heard two masses done, I think, not in so much state as I have seen them heretofore. After that into the garden, and walked a turn or two, but found it not so fine a place as I always took it for by the outside. Thence to my Lord's and there spake with him about business, and then he went to Whitehall to dinner, and Capt. Ferrers and Mr. Howe and myself to Mr. Wilkinson's at the Crown,[3] and though he had no meat of his own, yet we happened to find our cook Mr. Robinson there, who had a dinner for himself and some friends, and so he did give us a very fine dinner. Then to my Lord's, where we went and sat talking and laughing in the drawing-room a great while. All our talk about their going to sea this voyage, which Capt. Ferrers is in some doubt whether he shall go or no, but swears that he would go, if he were sure never to come back again; and I, giving him some hopes, he grew so mad with joy that he fell a-dancing and leaping like a madman. Now it fell out so that the balcone windows were open, and he went to the rayle and made an offer to leap over, and asked what if he should leap over there. I told him I would give him £40 if he did not go to sea. With that

[1] York House belonged to the See of York, but appears to have been let to the Lord Keepers of the Great Seal, and Chancellors Egerton and Bacon resided there. It was obtained by James I. in 1624, after which it was granted to Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. The second duke obtained the house again by his marriage to the daughter of Lord Fairfax. He sold it in 1672, when it was pulled down, and streets built on the site which still bear his names.

[2] The Baron de Batteville, or Vatteville, who is said to have concealed much observant quickness and an intriguing spirit under a plain, rough, soldierlike frankness of demeanour. He was very active in opposition to the proposed marriage of Charles II. with the Infanta of Portugal.

[3] The Crown in King Street, Westminster.

thought I shut the doors, and W. Howe hindered him all we could; yet he opened them again, and, with a vault, leaps down into the garden: — the greatest and most desperate frolic that ever I saw in my life. I run to see what was become of him, and we found him crawled upon his knees, but could not rise; so we went down into the garden and dragged him to the bench, where he looked like a dead man, but could not stir; and, though he had broke nothing, yet his pain in his back was such as he could not endure. With this, my Lord (who was in the little new room) come to us in amaze, and bid us carry him up, which, by our strength, we did, and so laid him in East's bed, by the door; where he lay in great pain. We sent for a doctor and chyrurgeon, but none to be found, till by-and-by by chance comes in Dr. Clerke, who is afeard of him.[1] So we sent to get a lodging for him, and I went up to my Lord, where Captain Cooke, Mr. Gibbons,[2] and others of the King's musicians were come to present my Lord with some songs and symphonys, which were performed very finely. Which being done I took leave and supped at my father's, where was my cozen Beck come lately out of the country. I am troubled to see my father so much decay of a suddain, as he do both in his seeing and hearing, and as much to hear of him how my brother Tom do grow disrespectful to him and my mother. I took leave and went home, where to prayers (which I have not had in my house a good while), and so to bed.

20th. At home all the morning; paid £50 to one Mr. Grant for Mr. Barlow, for the last half year, and was visited by Mr. Anderson, my former chamber fellow at Cambridge, with whom I parted at the Hague, but I did not go forth with him, only gave him a morning draft at home. At noon Mr. Creed came to me, and he and I to the Exchange, and so to an ordinary to dinner, and after dinner to the Mitre, and there sat drinking while it rained very much.

[1] Captain Ferrers recovered.

[2] Christopher Gibbons, Mus. Doct. Oxon. (1664), second son of the more celebrated Dr. Orlando Gibbons (who died in 1625). Born 1615. He was appointed organist to Westminster Abbey, 1660, and composed several anthems. He died October 20th, 1676, and is buried in the cloisters of the Abbey.

Then to the office, where I found Sir Williams both, choosing of masters for the new fleet of ships that is ordered to be set forth, and Pen seeming to be in an ugly humour, not willing to gratify one that I mentioned to be put in, did vex me. We sat late, and so home. Mr. Moore came to me when I was going to bed, and sat with me a good while talking about my Lord's business and our own and so good night.

21st. Up early, and, with Sir R. Slingsby (and Major Waters the deaf gentleman, his friend, for company's sake) to the Victualling-office[1] (the first time that I ever knew where it was), and there staid while he read a commission for enquiry into some of the King's lands and houses thereabouts, that are given his brother. And then we took boat to Woolwich, where we staid and gave order for the fitting out of some more ships presently. And then to Deptford, where we staid and did the same; and so took barge again, and were overtaken by the King in his barge, he having been down the river with his yacht this day for pleasure to try it; and, as I hear, Commissioner Pett's do prove better than the Dutch one, and that that his brother built. While we were upon the water, one of the greatest showers of rain fell that ever I saw. The Comptroller and I landed with our barge at the Temple, and from thence I went to my father's, and there did give order about some clothes to be made, and did buy a new hat, cost between 20 and 30 shillings, at Mr. Holden's. So home.

22nd. To Westminster, and there missed of my Lord, and so about noon I and W. Howe by water to the Wardrobe, where my Lord and all the officers of the Wardrobe dined, and several other friends of my Lord, at a venison pasty. Before dinner, my Lady Wright and my Lady Jem. sang songs to the harpsicon. Very pleasant and merry at dinner. And then I went away by water to the office, and there staid till it was late. At night before I went to bed the barber came to trim me and wash me, and so to bed, in order to my being clean to-morrow.

23rd. This day I went to my Lord, and about many other

[1] The Victualling Office was spoken of as on Tower Hill, but it was really at the end of East Smithfield, and occupied the site of East Minster, the Cistercian Abbey of St. Mary Graces. The Cooperage, a portion of the Victualling Office, was burnt May 18th, 1688.

things at Whitehall, and there made even my accounts with Mr. Shepley at my Lord's, and then with him and Mr. Moore and John Bowles to the Rhenish wine house,[1] and there came Jonas Moore,[2] the mathematician, to us, and there he did by discourse make us fully believe that England and France were once the same continent, by very good arguments, and spoke very many things, not so much to prove the Scripture false as that the time therein is not well computed nor understood. From thence home by water, and there shifted myself into my black silk suit (the first day I have put it on this year), and so to my Lord Mayor's by coach, with a great deal of honourable company, and great entertainment. At table I had very good discourse with Mr. Ashmole, wherein he did assure me that frogs and many insects do often fall from the sky, ready formed. Dr. Bates's[3] singularity in not rising up nor drinking the King's nor other healths at the table was very much observed. From thence we all took coach, and to our office, and there sat till it was late; and so I home and to bed by day-light. This day was kept a holy-day through the town; and it pleased me to see the little boys walk up and down in procession with their broom-staffs in their hands, as I had myself long ago gone.[4]

24th. At home all the morning making up my private accounts, and this is the first time that I do find myself to be

[1] See *ante*, February 3rd, 1659–60 (note).

[2] See *ante*, December 6th, 1660 (note).

[3] Dr. William Bates, one of the most eminent of the Puritan divines, and who took part in the Savoy Conference. His collected writings were published in 1700, and fill a large folio volume. The Dissenters called him silver-tongued Bates. Calamy affirmed that if Bates would have conformed to the Established Church he might have been raised to any bishopric in the kingdom. He died in 1699, aged seventy-four.

[4] Pepys here refers to the perambulation of parishes on Holy Thursday, still observed. This ceremony was sometimes enlivened by whipping the boys, for the better impressing on their minds the remembrance of the day, and the boundaries of the parish, instead of beating houses or stones. But this would not have harmonized well with the excellent Hooker's practice on this day, when he "always dropped some loving and *facetious* observations, to be remembered against the next year, especially by the boys and young people." Amongst Dorsetshire customs, it seems that, in perambulating a manor or parish, a boy is tossed into a stream, if that be the boundary; if a hedge, a sapling from it is applied for the purpose of flagellation. — B.

clearly worth £500 in money, besides all my goods in my house, &c. In the afternoon at the office late, and then I went to the Wardrobe, where I found my Lord at supper, and therefore I walked a good while till he had done, and I went in to him, and there he looked over my accounts. And they were committed to Mr. Moore to see me paid what remained due to me. Then down to the kitchen to eat a bit of bread and butter, which I did, and there I took one of the maids by the chin, thinking her to be Susan, but it proved to be her sister, who is very like her. From thence home.

25th. All the morning at home about business. At noon to the Temple, where I staid and looked over a book or two at Playford's, and then to the Theatre, where I saw a piece of "The Silent Woman,"[1] which pleased me. So homewards, and in my way bought "The Bondman"[2] in Paul's Churchyard, and so home, where I found all clean, and the hearth and range, as it is now enlarged, set up, which pleases me very much.

26th (Lord's day). Lay long in bed. To church and heard a good sermon at our own church, where I have not been a great many weeks. Dined with my wife alone at home pleasing myself in that my house do begin to look as if at last it would be in good order. This day the Parliament received the communion of Dr. Gunning at St. Margaret's, Westminster. In the afternoon both the Sir Williams came to church, where we had a dull stranger. After church home, and so to the Mitre, where I found Dr. Burnett,[3] the first time that ever I met him to drink with him, and my uncle Wight and there we sat and drank a great deal, and so I to Sir W. Batten's, where I have on purpose made myself a great stranger, only to get a high opinion a little more of myself in them. Here I heard how Mrs. Browne, Sir W. Batten's sister, is brought to bed, and I to be one of the godfathers, which I could not nor did deny. Which, however, did trouble me very much to be at charge to no

[1] Ben Jonson's "Epicene."

[2] Massinger's play was published in 1624.

[3] Alexander Burnett, M.D., who resided in Fenchurch Street, was Pepys's regular medical attendant. He died of the plague, see *post*, August 25th, 1665.

purpose, so that I could not sleep hardly all night, but in the morning I bethought myself, and I think it is very well I should do it. Sir W. Batten told me how Mr. Prin (among the two or three that did refuse to-day to receive the sacrament upon their knees) was offered by a mistake the drink afterwards, which he did receive, being denied the drink by Dr. Gunning, unless he would take it on his knees; and after that by another the bread was brought him, and he did take it sitting, which is thought very preposterous. Home and to bed.

27th. To the Wardrobe, and from thence with my Lords Sandwich and Hinchinbroke to the Lords' House by boat at Westminster, and there I left them. Then to the lobby, and after waiting for Sir G. Downing's coming out, to speak with him about the giving me up of my bond for my honesty when I was his clerk, but to no purpose, I went to Clerke's at the Legg,[1] and there I found both Mr. Pierces, Mr. Rolt, formerly too great a man to meet upon such even terms, and there we dined very merry, there coming to us Captain Ferrers, this being the first day of his going abroad since his leap a week ago, which I was greatly glad to see. By water to the office, and there sat late, Sir George Carteret coming in, who among other things did inquire into the naming of the maisters for this fleet, and was very angry that they were named as they are, and above all to see the maister of the Adventure (for whom there is some kind of difference between Sir W. Pen and me) turned out, who has been in her list. The office done, I went with the Comptroller to the Coffee house, and there we discoursed of this, and I seem to be fond of him, and indeed I find I must carry fair with all as far as I see it safe, but I have got of him leave to have a little room from his lodgings to my house, of which I am very glad, besides I do open him a way to get lodgings himself in the office, of which I should be very glad. Home and to bed.

28th. This morning to the Wardrobe, and thence to a little alehouse hard by, to drink with John Bowles, who is now going to Hinchinbroke this day. Thence with Mr. Shepley to the Exchange about business, and there, by Mr.

[1] The Leg tavern in King Street, Westminster. See *ante*, March 2nd, 1659–60 (note).

Rawlinson's favour, got into a balcone over against the Exchange; and there saw the hangman burn, by vote of Parliament, two old acts, the one for constituting us a Commonwealth, and the other[1] I have forgot. Which still do make me think of the greatness of this late turn, and what people will do to-morrow against what they all, through profit or fear, did promise and practise this day. Then to the Mitre with Mr. Shepley, and there dined with D. Rawlinson and some friends of his very well. So home, and then to Cheapside about buying a piece of plate to give away to-morrow to Mrs. Browne's child. So to the Star in Cheapside, where I left Mr. Moore telling £5 out for me, who I found in a great strait for my coming back again, and so he went his way at my coming. Then home, where Mr. Cook I met and he paid me 30*s.*, an old debt of his to me. So to Sir W. Pen's, and there sat alone with him till ten at night in talk with great content, he telling me things and persons that I did not understand in the late times, and so I home to bed. My cozen John Holcroft[2] (whom I have not seen many years) this morning came to see me.

29th (King's birth-day). Rose early and having made myself fine, and put six spoons and a porringer of silver in my pocket to give away to-day, Sir W. Pen and I took coach, and (the weather and ways being foul) went to Walthamstowe; and being come there heard Mr. Radcliffe,[3] my former school fellow at Paul's (who is yet a mere boy), preach upon "Nay, let him take all, since my Lord the King is returned," &c.[4] He reads all, and his sermon very simple, but I looked for new matter. Back to dinner to Sir William Batten's; and then, after a walk in the fine gardens, we went to Mrs. Browne's, where Sir W. Pen and I

[1] It was an act for subscribing the Engagement. On the same day there had been burned by the hangman, in Westminster Hall, the act for "erecting an High Court of Justice for trying and judging Charles Stuart." Two more acts were similarly burned the next day. — B.

[3] John Holcraft of Balderton married Mary Pepys (born 1597), sister of Samuel's father. This John Holcraft was probably their son.

[2] Jonathan Radcliff, A.M., Vicar of Walthamstow from November, 1660, to December, 1662.

[4] This text is from 2 Samuel xix. 30, and the true reading is — "And Mephibosheth said unto the king, Yea, let him take all, forasmuch as my lord the king is come again in peace unto his own house."

were godfathers, and Mrs. Jordan[1] and Shipman[2] godmothers to her boy. And there, before and after the christening, we were with the woman above in her chamber; but whether we carried ourselves well or ill, I know not; but I was directed by young Mrs. Batten. One passage of a lady that eat wafers with her dog did a little displease me. I did give the midwife 10*s*. and the nurse 5*s*. and the maid of the house 2*s*. But for as much I expected to give the name to the child, but did not (it being called John), I forebore then to give my plate till another time after a little more advice. All being done, we went to Mrs. Shipman's, who is a great butter-woman, and I did see there the most of milk and cream, and the cleanest that ever I saw in my life. After we had filled our bellies with cream, we took our leaves and away. In our way, we had great sport to try who should drive fastest, Sir W. Batten's coach, or Sir W. Pen's chariott, they having four, and we two horses, and we beat them. But it cost me the spoiling of my clothes and velvet coat with dirt. Being come home I to bed, and give my breeches to be dried by the fire against to-morrow.

30th. To the Wardrobe and there, with my Lord, went into his new barge to try her, and found her a good boat, and like my Lord's contrivance of the door to come out round and not square as they used to do. Back to the Wardrobe with my Lord, and then with Mr. Moore to the Temple, and thence to Greatorex, who took me to Arundell-House,[3] and there showed me some fine flowers in his garden, and all the fine statues in the gallery, which I formerly had seen, and is a brave sight, and thence to a blind dark cellar, where we had two bottles of good ale, and so after giving him direction for my silver side-table, I took boat at Arundell stairs, and put in at Milford. . . . So home and found Sir Williams both and my Lady going to

[1] The wife of Captain, afterwards Sir Joseph, Jordan. — B.

[2] Robert Shipman bought the great tithes of Walthamstow from the Argall family in 1663; and left them by will to his wife Dorothy, from whom they passed in 1667 to Robert Mascall, merchant. — Lysons' *Environs of London.*

[3] Arundel House, in the Strand, was the repository of the fine collection of works of art gathered by Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel. Arundel Street, which stands on the site, was built in 1678.

Deptford to christen Captain Rooth's child, and would have had me with them, but I could not go. To the office, where Sir R. Slingsby was, and he and I into his and my lodgings to take a view of them, out of a desire he has to have mine of me to join to his, and give me Mr. Turner's. To the office again, where Sir G. Carteret came and sat a while, he being angry for Sir Williams making of the maisters of this fleet upon their own heads without a full table. Then the Comptroller and I to the Coffee House, and there sat a great while talking of many things. So home and to bed. This day, I hear, the Parliament have ordered a bill to be brought in for the restoring the Bishops to the House of Lords;[1] which they had not done so soon but to spite Mr. Prin, who is every day so bitter against them in his discourse in the House.

31st. I went to my father's thinking to have met with my cozen John Holcroft, but he came not, but to my great grief I found my father and mother in a great deal of discontent one with another, and indeed my mother is grown now so pettish that I know not how my father is able to bear with it. I did talk to her so as did not indeed become me, but I could not help it, she being so unsufferably foolish and simple, so that my father, poor man, is become a very unhappy man. There I dined, and so home and to the office all the afternoon till 9 at night, and then home and to supper and to bed. Great talk now how the Parliament intend to make a collection of free gifts to the King through the Kingdom; but I think it will not come to much.[2]

June 1st. Having taken our leaves of Sir W. Batten and my Lady, who are gone this morning to keep their Whitsuntide, Sir W. Pen and I and Mr. Gauden by water to Woolwich, and there went from ship to ship to give order for and take notice of their forwardness to go forth, and

[1] A Bill for the Repeal of "An Act of Parliament intituled an Act for disenabling all persons in holy orders to exercise any temporal jurisdiction or authority," was read a first time in the Commons on June 1st, and a third time on 13th. In the Lords it was read a first time on the 14th, and finally passed on the 18th.

[2] It will be seen from an entry further on (August 31st) that the Benevolence brought in very little.

then to Deptford and did the like, having dined at Woolwich with Captain Poole at the tavern there. From Deptford we walked to Redriffe, calling at the half-way house, and there come into a room where there was infinite of new cakes placed that are made against Whitsuntide, and there we were very merry. By water home, and there did businesses of the office. Among others got my Lord's imprest of £1,000 and Mr. Creed's of £10,000 against this voyage their bills signed. Having wrote letters into the country and read some things I went to bed.

2nd (Whitsunday). The barber having done with me, I went to church, and there heard a good sermon of Mr. Mills, fit for the day. Then home to dinner, and then to church again, and going home I found Greatorex (whom I expected to-day at dinner) come to see me, and so he and I in my chamber drinking of wine and eating of anchovies an hour or two, discoursing of many things in mathematics, and among others he showed me how it comes to pass the strength that levers have, and he showed me that what is got as to matter of strength is lost by them as to matter of time. It rained very hard, as it hath done of late so much that we begin to doubt a famine, and so he was forced to stay longer than I desired. At night after prayers to bed.

3rd. To the Wardrobe, where discoursing with my Lord, he did instruct me as to the business of the Wardrobe, in case, in his absence, Mr. Townsend should die, and told me that he do intend to joyne me and Mr. Moore with him as to the business, now he is going to sea, and spoke to me many other things, as to one that he do put the greatest confidence in, of which I am proud. Here I had a good occasion to tell him (what I have had long in my mind) that, since it has pleased God to bless me with something, I am desirous to lay out something for my father, and so have pitched upon Mr. Young's place in the Wardrobe, which I desired he would give order in his absence, if the place should fall that I might have the refusal. Which my Lord did freely promise me, at which I was very glad, he saying that he would do that at the least. So I saw my Lord into the barge going to Whitehall, and I and Mr. Creed home to my house, whither my father and my cozen Scott came to dine with me, and so we dined together very well,

and before we had done in comes my father Bowyer and my mother and four daughters, and a young gentleman and his sister, their friends, and there staid all the afternoon, which cost me great store of wine, and were very merry. By and by I am called to the office, and there staid a little. So home again, and took Mr. Creed and left them, and so he and I to the Towre, to speak for some ammunicion for ships for my Lord; and so he and I, with much pleasure, walked quite round the Towre, which I never did before. So home, and after a walk with my wife upon the leads, I and she went to bed. This morning I and Dr. Peirce went over to the Beare at the Bridge foot, thinking to have met my Lord Hinchinbroke and his brother setting forth for France; but they being not come we went over to the Wardrobe, and there found that my Lord Abbot Montagu[1] being not at Paris, my Lord hath a mind to have them stay a little longer before they go.

4th. The Comptroller came this morning to get me to go see a house or two near our office, which he would take for himself or Mr. Turner, and then he would have me have Mr. Turner's lodgings and himself mine and Mr. Davis's. But the houses did not like us, and so that design at present is stopped. Then he and I by water to the bridge, and then walked over the Bank-side till we came to the Temple, and so I went over and to my father's, where I met with my cozen J. Holcroft, and took him and my father and my brother Tom to the Bear tavern and gave them wine, my cozen being to go into the country again to-morrow. From thence to my Lord Crew's to dinner with him, and had very good discourse about having of young noblemen and gentlemen to think of going to sea, as being as honourable service as the land war. And among other things he told us how, in Queen Elizabeth's time, one young nobleman would wait with a trencher at the back of another till he came to age himself. And witnessed in my young Lord of Kent, that then was, who waited upon my Lord Bedford at table, when a letter came to my Lord Bedford

[1] Walter Montagu, second son to the first Earl of Manchester, embracing the Romish faith while on his travels, was made Abbot of Pontoise, through the influence of Mary de Medici. He afterwards became almoner to the Queen-Dowager of England, and died 1670. — B.

that the Earldom of Kent was fallen to his servant, the young Lord; and so he rose from table, and made him sit down in his place, and took a lower for himself, for so he was by place to sit.[1] From thence to the Theatre and saw "Harry the 4th," a good play. That done I went over the water and walked over the fields to Southwark, and so home and to my lute. At night to bed.

5th. This morning did give my wife £4 to lay out upon lace and other things for herself. I to Wardrobe and so to Whitehall and Westminster, where I dined with my Lord and Ned Pickering alone at his lodgings. After dinner to the office, where we sat and did business, and Sir W. Pen and I went home with Sir R. Slingsby to bowls in his ally, and there had good sport, and afterwards went in and drank and talked. So home Sir William and I, and it being very hot weather I took my flageolette and played upon the leads in the garden, where Sir W. Pen came out in his shirt into his leads, and there we staid talking and singing, and drinking great drafts of claret, and eating botargo[2] and bread and butter till 12 at night, it being moonshine; and so to bed, very near fuddled.

6th. My head hath aked all night, and all this morning, with my last night's debauch. Called up this morning by Lieutenant Lambert, who is now made Captain of the Norwich, and he and I went down by water to Greenwich, in our way observing and discoursing upon the things of a ship, he telling me all I asked him, which was of good use to me. There we went and eat and drank and heard musique at the Globe, and saw the simple motion that is there of a woman with a rod in her hand keeping time to the musique while it plays, which is simple, methinks. Back again by water, calling at Captain Lambert's house, which is very handsome and neat, and a fine prospect at

[1] The earldom of Kent was erected for the Grey family in 1465; that of Bedford for the Russells, in 1550. Lord Bedford was probably Francis, second earl, and Lord Grey may have been either Reginald, fifth earl, or Henry, sixth earl.

[2] "Botarga. The roe of the mullet pressed flat and dried; that of commerce, however, is from the tunny, a large fish of passage which is common in the Mediterranean. The best kind comes from Tunis." — Smyth's *Sailor's Word-Book*. Botargo was chiefly used to promote drinking by causing thirst, and Rabelais makes Gargantua eat it.

top. So to the office, where we sat a little, and then the Captain and I again to Bridewell to Mr. Holland's, where his wife also, a plain dowdy, and his mother was. Here I paid Mrs. Holland the money due from me to her husband. Here came two young gentlewomen to see Mr. Holland, and one of them could play pretty well upon the viallin, but, good God! how these ignorant people did cry her up for it! We were very merry. I staid and supped there, and so home and to bed. The weather very hot, this night I left off my wastecoat.

7th. To my Lord's at Whitehall, but not finding him I went to the Wardrobe and there dined with my Lady, and was very kindly treated by her. After dinner to the office, and there till late at night. So home, and to Sir William Batten's, who is come this day from Chatham with my Lady, who is and has been much troubled with the tooth-ache. Here I staid till late, and so home and to bed.

8th. To Whitehall to my Lord, who did tell me that he would have me go to Mr. Townsend, whom he had ordered to discover to me the whole mystery of the Wardrobe, and none else but me, and that he will make me deputy with him for fear that he should die in my Lord's absence, of which I was glad. Then to the Cook's with Mr. Shepley and Mr. Creed, and dined together, and then I went to the Theatre and there saw Bartholomew Faire,[1] the first time it was acted now-a-days. It is a most admirable play and well acted, but too much prophane and abusive. From thence, meeting Mr. Creed at the door, he and I went to the tobacco shop under Temple Bar gate, and there went up to the top of the house and there sat drinking Lambeth ale a good while. Then away home, and in my way called upon Mr. Rawlinson (my uncle Wight being out of town), for his advice to answer a letter of my uncle Robert, wherein he do offer me a purchase to lay some money upon, that joynes upon some of his own lands, and plainly telling me that the reason of his advice is the convenience that it will give me as to his estate, of which I am exceeding glad, and am advised to give up wholly the disposal of my money to

[1] A comedy, by Ben Jonson; first acted at the Hope theatre, Bankside, October 31st, 1614.

him, let him do what he will with it, which I shall do. So home and to bed.

9th (Lord's day). This day my wife put on her black silk gown, which is now laced all over with black gimp lace, as the fashion is, in which she is very pretty. She and I walked to my Lady's at the Wardrobe, and there dined and was exceeding much made of. After dinner I left my wife there, and I walked to Whitehall, and then went to Mr. Pierce's and sat with his wife a good while (who continues very pretty) till he came, and then he and I, and Mr. Symons (dancing master), that goes to sea with my Lord, to the Swan tavern, and there drank, and so again to White Hall, and there met with Dean Fuller, and walked a great while with him; among other things discoursed of the liberty the Bishop (by name he of Galloway) [1] takes to admit into orders any body that will; among others, Roundtree, a simple mechanique that was a person formerly in the fleet.[2] He told me he would complain of it. By and by we went and got a sculler, and landing him at Worcester House, I and W. Howe, who came to us at Whitehall, went to the Wardrobe, where I met with Mr.

[1] Murray and Heath, whose authority is generally good, assert that James Hamilton was at this time Bishop of Galloway; but the commission for his consecration bears date December 12th, 1661. Kennet also mentions Thomas Sydserf, who had been deposed from the see of Galloway by the Presbyterians in 1638, as the only Scotch prelate alive at the Restoration; and adds, that he came up to London, expecting to be advanced to the primacy. But he had so disgusted the English bishops, that he was only removed to the See of Orkney, which, though richly endowed, was considered at all times as a sinecure; and he did not long survive his translation. At all events, Hamilton was his successor, and the Bishop of Galloway mentioned in the Diary, May 15th, 1663. Lingard's testimony is in favour of Sydserf being the Bishop of Galloway here alluded to. The death of the Bishop of Orkney (late of Galloway) is mentioned in "The Intelligencer," September 29th, 1663. — B.

[2] The reading in the early editions of the Diary is, "a person formerly of the fleet;" in the later editions, "a parson formerly of the Fleet." The cypher for "person" or "parson" is the same. I have preferred the reading of the early editions, merely correcting "of" to "in," for two reasons — one, because the marriages were performed by clergymen, though disreputable, who would not require fresh ordination; the other because, although there were Fleet marriages at that time, yet they do not seem to be common. The date of the earliest Fleet register now preserved in the Bishop of London's Registry is 1674. — M. B.

Townsend, who is very willing he says to communicate anything for my Lord's advantage to me as to his business. I went up to Jane Shore's towre, and there W. Howe and I sang, and so took my wife and walked home, and so to bed. After I came home a messenger came from my Lord to bid me come to him to-morrow morning.

10th. Early to my Lord's, who privately told me how the King had made him Embassador in the bringing over the Queen.[1] That he is to go to Algier, &c., to settle the business, and to put the fleet in order there; and so to come back to Lisbone with three ships, and there to meet the fleet that is to follow him. He sent for me, to tell me that he do intrust me with the seeing of all things done in his absence as to this great preparation, as I shall receive orders from my Lord Chancellor and Mr. Edward Montagu. At all which my heart is above measure glad; for my Lord's honour, and some profit to myself, I hope. By and by, out with Mr. Shepley, Walden,[2] Parliament-man for Huntingdon, Rolt, Mackworth, and Alderman Backwell, to a house hard by, to drink Lambeth ale. So I back to the Wardrobe, and there found my Lord going to Trinity House, this being the solemn day of choosing Master, and my Lord is chosen, so he dines there to-day. I staid and dined with my Lady; but after we were set, comes in some persons of condition, and so the children and I rose and dined by ourselves, all the children and I, and were very merry and they mighty fond of me. Then to the office, and there sat awhile. So home and at night to bed, where we lay in Sir R. Slingsby's lodgings in the dining room there in one green bed, my house being now in its last work of painting and whiting.

11th. At the office this morning, Sir G. Carteret with us; and we agreed upon a letter to the Duke of York, to tell him the sad condition of this office for want of money;

[1] Katherine of Braganza, daughter of John IV. of Portugal, born 1638, married to Charles II., May 21st, 1662. After the death of the king she lived for some time at Somerset House, and then returned to Portugal, of which country she became Regent in 1704 on the retirement of her brother Don Pedro. She died December 31st, 1705.

[2] Lionel Walden, elected M.P. for the borough of Huntingdon, April 12th, 1661.

how men are not able to serve us more without some money; and that now the credit of the office is brought so low, that none will sell us any thing without our personal security given for the same. All the afternoon abroad about several businesses, and at night home and to bed.

12th. Wednesday, a day kept between a fast and a feast, the Bishops not being ready enough to keep the fast for foul weather before fair weather came; and so they were forced to keep it between both.[1] I to Whitehall, and there with Captain Rolt[2] and Ferrers we went to Lambeth to drink our morning draft, where at the Three Mariners, a place noted for their ale, we went and staid awhile very merry, and so away. And wanting a boat, we found Captain Bun going down the river, and so we went into his boat having a lady with him, and he landed them at Westminster and me at the Bridge. At home all day with my workmen, and doing several things, among others writing the letter resolved of yesterday to the Duke. Then to White Hall, where I met my Lord, who told me he must have £300 laid out in cloth, to give in Barbary, as presents among the Turks. At which occasion of getting something I was very glad. Home to supper, and then to Sir R. Slingsby, who with his brother and I went to my Lord's at the Wardrobe, and there staid a great while, but he being now taking his leave of his friends staid out late, and so they went away. Anon came my Lord in, and I staid with him a good while, and then to bed with Mr. Moore in his chamber.

[1] A Form of Prayer was published to be used in London on the 12th, and in the country on the 19th of June, being the special days appointed for a general fast to be kept in the respective places for averting those sicknesses and diseases, that dearth and scarcity, which justly may be feared from the late immoderate rain and waters: for a thanksgiving also for the blessed change of weather; and the begging the continuance of it to us for our comfort: And likewise for beseeching a Blessing upon the High Court of Parliament now assembled: Set forth by his Majesty's authority. A sermon was preached before the Commons by Thomas Greenfield, preacher of Lincoln's Inn. The Lords taxed themselves for the poor — an earl, 30*s*., a baron, 20*s*. Those absent from prayers were to pay a forfeit. — B.

[2] Perhaps the same person who had been envoy from the Protector to the King of Sweden, and is described by Kennet, in September, 1655, as kinsman to his Highness. — B.

13th. I went up and down to Alderman Backwell's, but his servants not being up, I went home and put on my gray cloth suit and faced white coat, made of one of my wife's pettycoates, the first time I have had it on, and so in a riding garb back again and spoke with Mr. Shaw[1] at the Alderman's, who offers me £300 if my Lord pleases to buy this cloth with, which pleased me well. So to the Wardrobe and got my Lord to order Mr. Creed to imprest so much upon me to be paid by Alderman Backwell. So with my Lord to Whitehall by water, and he having taken leave of the King, comes to us at his lodgings and from thence goes to the garden stairs and there takes barge, and at the stairs was met by Sir R. Slingsby, who there took his leave of my Lord, and I heard my Lord thank him for his kindness to me, which Sir Robert answered much to my advantage. I went down with my Lord in the barge to Deptford, and there went on board the Dutch yacht and staid there a good while, W. Howe not being come with my Lord's things, which made my Lord very angry. By and by he comes and so we set sayle, and anon went to dinner, my Lord and we very merry; and after dinner I went down below and there sang, and took leave of W. Howe, Captain Rolt, and the rest of my friends, then went up and took leave of my Lord, who give me his hand and parted with great respect. So went and Captain Ferrers with me into our wherry, and my Lord did give five guns, all they had charged, which was the greatest respect my Lord could do me, and of which I was not a little proud. So with a sad and merry heart I left them sailing pleasantly from Erith, hoping to be in the Downs to-morrow early. We toward London in our boat. Pulled off our stockings and bathed our legs a great while in the river, which I had not done some years before. By and by we come to Greenwich, and thinking to have gone on the King's yacht, the King was in her, so we passed by, and at Woolwich went on shore, in the company of Captain Poole of Jamaica and young Mr. Kennersley, and many others, and so to the tavern where we drank a great deal both wine and beer. So we parted hence and went home with Mr. Falconer, who

[1] Robin Shaw, manager of Backwell's business, who died July 25th, 1665.

did give us cherrys and good wine. So to boat, and young Poole took us on board the Charity and gave us wine there, with which I had full enough, and so to our wherry again, and there fell asleep till I came almost to the Tower, and there the Captain and I parted, and I home and with wine enough in my head, went to bed.

14th. To Whitehall to my Lord's, where I found Mr. Edward Montagu and his family come to lie during my Lord's absence. I sent to my house by my Lord's order his shipp[1] and triangle virginall. So to my father's, and did give him order about the buying of this cloth to send to my Lord. But I could not stay with him myself, for having got a great cold by my playing the fool in the water yesterday I was in great pain, and so went home by coach to bed, and went not to the office at all, and by keeping myself warm, I broke wind and so came to some ease. Rose and eat some supper, and so to bed again.

15th. My father came and drank his morning draft with me, and sat with me till I was ready, and so he and I about the business of the cloth. By and by I left him and went and dined with my Lady, who, now my Lord is gone, is come to her poor housekeeping again. Then to my father's, who tells me what he has done, and we resolved upon two pieces of scarlet, two of purple, and two of black, and £50 in linen. I home, taking £300 with me home from Alderman Backwell's. After writing to my Lord to let him know what I had done I was going to bed, but there coming the purser of the King's yacht for victualls presently, for the Duke of York is to go down to-morrow, I got him to promise stowage for these things there, and so I went to bed, bidding Will go and fetch the things from the carrier's hither, which about 12 o'clock were brought to my house and laid there all night.

16th (Lord's day). But no purser coming in the morning for them, and I hear that the Duke went last night, and so I am at a great loss what to do; and so this day (though the Lord's day) staid at home, sending Will up and down to know what to do. Sometimes thinking to continue my resolution of sending by the carrier to be at Deal on

[1] A model of the Royal James: see *post*, October 5th, 1661.

Wednesday next, sometimes to send them by sea by a vessel on purpose, but am not yet come to a resolution, but am at a very great loss and trouble in mind what in the world to do herein. The afternoon (while Will was abroad) I spent in reading "The Spanish Gypsey,"[1] a play not very good, though commended much. At night resolved to hire a Margate Hoy, who would go away to-morrow morning, which I did, and sent the things all by him, and put them on board about 12 this night, hoping to have them as the wind now serves in the Downs to-morrow night. To bed with some quiet of mind, having sent the things away.

17th. Visited this morning by my old friend Mr. Ch. Carter, who staid and went to Westminster with me, and there we parted, and I to the Wardrobe and dined with my Lady. So home to my painters, who are now about painting my stairs. So to the office, and at night we all went to Sir W. Pen's, and there sat and drank till 11 at night, and so home and to bed.

18th. All this morning at home vexing about the delay of my painters, and about four in the afternoon my wife and I by water to Captain Lambert's, where we took great pleasure in their turret-garden, and seeing the fine needle-works of his wife, the best I ever saw in my life, and afterwards had a very handsome treat and good musique that she made upon the harpsicon, and with a great deal of pleasure staid till 8 at night, and so home again, there being a little pretty witty child that is kept in their house that would not let us go without her, and so fell a-crying by the water-side. So home, where I met Jack Cole,[2] who staid with me a good while, and is still of the old good humour that we were of at school together, and I am very glad to see him. He gone, I went to bed.

19th. All the morning almost at home, seeing my stairs finished by the painters, which pleases me well. So with Mr. Moore to Westminster Hall, it being term, and then by water to the Wardrobe, where very merry, and so home to the office all the afternoon, and at night to the Exchange to my uncle Wight about my intention of purchasing at Brampton. So back again home and at night to bed.

[1] A comedy, by Thomas Middleton and William Rowley, printed 1653, and again in 1661. — B.

[2] See *post*, May 30th, 1665.

Thanks be to God I am very well again of my late pain, and to-morrow hope to be out of my pain of dirt and trouble in my house, of which I am now become very weary. One thing I must observe here while I think of it, that I am now become the most negligent man in the world as to matters of news, insomuch that, now-a-days, I neither can tell any, nor ask any of others.

20th. At home the greatest part of the day to see my workmen make an end, which this night they did to my great content.

21st. This morning going to my father's I met him, and so he and I went and drank our morning draft at the Samson[1] in Paul's Churchyard, and eat some gammon of bacon, &c., and then parted, having bought some green Say[2] for curtains in my parler. Home, and so to the Exchequer, where I met with my uncle Wight, and home with him to dinner, where among others (my aunt being out of town), Mr. Norbury and I did discourse of his wife's house and land at Brampton, which I find too much for me to buy. Home, and in the afternoon to the office, and much pleased at night to see my house begin to be clean after all the dirt.

22nd. Abroad all the morning about several businesses. At noon went and dined with my Lord Crew, where very much made of by him and his lady. Then to the Theatre, "The Alchymist,"[3] which is a most incomparable play. And that being done I met with little Luellin and Blirton, who took me to a friend's of theirs in Lincoln's Inn fields, one Mr. Hodges, where we drank great store of Rhenish wine and were very merry. So I went home, where I found my house now very clean, which was great content to me.

23rd (Lord's day). In the morning to church, and my wife not being well, I went with Sir W. Batten home to dinner, my Lady being out of town, where there was Sir W. Pen, Captain Allen and his daughter Rebecca, and Mr. Hempson and his wife. After dinner to church all of us

[1] There are tokens of the Samson in St. Paul's Churchyard (see "Boyne's Trade Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i., 1889, p. 735).

[2] A woollen cloth. "Saye clothe *serge*." — Palsgrave.

[3] Comedy by Ben Jonson, first printed in 1612.

and had a very good sermon of a stranger, and so I and the young company to walk first to Graye's Inn Walks, where great store of gallants, but above all the ladies that I there saw, or ever did see, Mrs. Frances Butler (Monsieur L'Impertinent's sister) is the greatest beauty. Then we went to Islington, where at the great house I entertained them as well as I could, and so home with them, and so to my own home and to bed. Pall, who went this day to a child's christening of Kate Joyce's, staid out all night at my father's, she not being well.

24th (Midsummer-day). We kept this a holiday, and so went not to the office at all. All the morning at home. At noon my father came to see my house now it is done, which is now very neat. He and I and Dr. Williams (who is come to see my wife, whose soare belly is now grown dangerous as she thinks) to the ordinary over against the Exchange, where we dined and had great wrangling with the master of the house when the reckoning was brought to us, he setting down exceeding high every thing. I home again and to Sir W. Batten's, and there sat a good while. So home.

25th. Up this morning to put my papers in order that are come from my Lord's, so that now I have nothing there remaining that is mine, which I have had till now. This morning came Mr. Goodgroome[1] to me (recommended by Mr. Mage), with whom I agreed presently to give him 20*s.* entrance, which I then did, and 20*s.* a month more to teach me to sing, and so we began, and I hope I have come to something in it. His first song is "La cruda la bella."[2] He gone my brother Tom comes, with whom I made even with my father and the two drapers for the cloths I sent to sea lately. At home all day, in the afternoon came Captain Allen and his daughter Rebecca and Mr. Hempson, and by and by both Sir Williams, who sat with me till it was late, and I had a very gallant collacion for them. At night to bed.

26th. To Westminster about several businesses, then to

[1] Theodore Goodgroome, Pepys's singing-master. He was probably related to John Goodgroome, a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal, who is also referred to in the Diary.

[2] "La cruda la bella" does not appear to have been printed.

dine with my Lady at the Wardrobe, taking Dean Fuller along with me; then home, where I heard my father had been to find me about special business; so I took coach and went to him, and found by a letter to him from my aunt that my uncle Robert is taken with a dizziness in his head, so that they desire my father to come down to look after his business, by which we guess that he is very ill, and so my father do think to go to-morrow. And so God's will be done. Back by water to the office, there till night, and so home to my musique and then to bed.

27th. To my father's, and with him to Mr. Starling's to drink our morning draft, and there I told him how I would have him speak to my uncle Robert, when he comes thither, concerning my buying of land, that I could pay ready money £600 and the rest by £150 per annum, to make up as much as will buy £50 per annum, which I do, though I not worth above £500 ready money, that he may think me to be a greater saver than I am. Here I took my leave of my father, who is going this morning to my uncle upon my aunt's letter this week that he is not well and so needs my father's help. At noon home, and then with my Lady Batten, Mrs. Rebecca Allen, Mrs. Thompson, &c., two coaches of us, we went and saw "Bartholomew Fayre" acted very well, and so home again and staid at Sir W. Batten's late, and so home to bed. This day Mr. Holden sent me a bever, which cost me £4 5*s*.[1]

28th. At home all the morning practising to sing, which is now my great trade, and at noon to my Lady and dined with her. So back and to the office, and there sat till 7 at night, and then Sir W. Pen and I in his coach went to Moorefields, and there walked, and stood and saw the wrestling, which I never saw so much of before, between the north and west countrymen. So home, and this night had our bed set up in our room that we called the Nursery, where we lay, and I am very much pleased with the room.

29th. By a letter from the Duke complaining of the delay of the ships that are to be got ready, Sir Williams both and

[1] Whilst a hat (see January 28th 1660–61, *ante;* cost only 35*s*. See also Lord Sandwich's vexation at his beaver being stolen, and a hat only left in lieu of it, April 30th, 1661, *ante;* and April 19th and 26th, 1662, *post.* — B.

I went to Deptford and there examined into the delays, and were satisfyed. So back again home and staid till the afternoon, and then I walked to the Bell at the Maypole [1] in the Strand, and thither came to me by appointment Mr. Chetwind, Gregory, and Hartlibb, so many of our old club, and Mr. Kipps, where we staid and drank and talked with much pleasure till it was late, and so I walked home and to bed. Mr. Chetwind by chewing of tobacco is become very fat and sallow, whereas he was consumptive, and in our discourse he fell commending of "Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity," [2] as the best book, and the only one that made him a Christian, which puts me upon the buying of it, which I will do shortly.

30th (Lord's day). To church, where we observe the trade of briefs is come now up to so constant a course every Sunday, that we resolve to give no more to them.[3] A good sermon, and then home to dinner, my wife and I all alone. After dinner Sir Williams both and I by water to Whitehall, where having walked up and down, at last we met with the Duke of York, according to an order sent us yesterday from him, to give him an account where the fault lay in the not sending out of the ships, which we find to be only the wind hath been against them, and so they could not get out of the river. Hence I to Graye's Inn Walk, all alone, and with great pleasure seeing the fine ladies walk there. Myself humming to myself (which now-a-days is my constant practice since I begun to learn to sing) the trillo, and found by use that it do come upon me. Home very weary and to bed, finding my wife not sick, but yet out of order, that I fear she will come to be sick. This day the Portu-

[1] The Maypole in the Strand was fixed on the site of the present church of St. Mary-le-Strand. It was taken away in 1718.

[2] The edition of Richard Hooker's great work, "Of the Lawes of Ecclesiastical Politie," in the Pepysian Library, is dated 1666.

[3] It appears, from an old MS. account-book of the collections in the church of St. Olave, Hart Street, beginning in 1642, still extant, that the money gathered on the 30th June, 1661, "for several inhabitants of the parish of St. Dunstan in the Wes. towards their losse by fire," amounted to "xx*s*. viii*d*." Pepys might complain of the trade in briefs, as similar contributions had been levied fourteen weeks successively, previous to the one in question at St. Olave's church. Briefs were abolished in 1828. — B.

guese Embassador[1] came to White Hall to take leave of the King; he being now going to end all with the Queen, and to send her over. The weather now very fair and pleasant, but very hot. My father gone to Brampton to see my uncle Robert, not knowing whether to find him dead or alive. Myself lately under a great expense of money upon myself in clothes and other things, but I hope to make it up this summer by my having to do in getting things ready to send with the next fleet to the Queen. Myself in good health, but mighty apt to take cold, so that this hot weather I am fain to wear a cloth before my belly.

July 1st. This morning I went up and down into the city, to buy several things, as I have lately done, for my house. Among other things, a fair chest of drawers for my own chamber, and an Indian gown for myself. The first cost me 33*s.*, the other 34*s.* Home and dined there, and Theodore Goodgroome, my singing master, with me, and then to our singing. After that to the office, and then home.

2nd. To Westminster Hall and there walked up and down, it being Term time. Spoke with several, among others my cozen Roger Pepys, who was going up to the Parliament House, and inquired whether I had heard from my father since he went to Brampton, which I had done yesterday, who writes that my uncle is by fits stupid, and like a man that is drunk, and sometimes speechless. Home, and after my singing master had done, took coach and went to Sir William Davenant's[2] Opera; this being the fourth day that it hath begun, and the first that I have seen it. To-day was acted the second part of "The Siege of Rhodes."[3] We staid a very great while for the King and the Queen of Bohemia. And by the breaking of a board over our heads, we had a great deal of dust fell into the ladies'

[1] Don Francisco de Mello, Conde de Ponte. — B.

[2] This clashes with the statement of Downes, who says that his company being complete, Davenant opened his house in Lincoln's Inn Fields with the two parts of the "Siege of Rhodes," in the spring of 1662. Messrs. Maidment and Logan, in their edition of Davenant's Dramatic Works, state that this performance was at Salisbury Court.

[3] Davenant's opera of the "Siege of Rhodes" was published in 1656. The author afterwards wrote a second part, which Pepys saw. The two parts, as altered, and as acted at Lincoln's Inn Fields, were published in 1663.

necks and the men's hair, which made good sport. The King being come, the scene opened; which indeed is very fine and magnificent, and well acted, all but the Eunuch, who was so much out that he was hissed off the stage. Home and wrote letters to my Lord at sea, and so to bed.

3rd. To Westminster to Mr. Edward Montagu about business of my Lord's, and so to the Wardrobe, and there dined with my Lady, who is in some mourning for her brother, Mr. Saml. Crew, who died yesterday of the spotted fever. So home through Duck Lane[1] to inquire for some Spanish books, but found none that pleased me. So to the office, and that being done to Sir W. Batten's with the Comptroller, where we sat late talking and disputing with Mr. Mills the parson of our parish. This day my Lady Batten and my wife were at the burial of a daughter of Sir John Lawson's, and had rings for themselves and their husbands. Home and to bed.

4th. At home all the morning; in the afternoon I went to the Theatre, and there I saw "Claracilla"[2] (the first time I ever saw it), well acted. But strange to see this house, that used to be so thronged, now empty since the Opera begun; and so will continue for a while, I believe. Called at my father's, and there I heard that my uncle Robert[3] continues to have his fits of stupefaction every day for 10 or 12 hours together. From thence to the Exchange at night, and then went with my uncle Wight to the Mitre and were merry, but he takes it very ill that my father would go out of town to Brampton on this occasion and would not tell him of it, which I endeavoured to remove but could not. Here Mr. Batersby the apothecary was, who told me that if my uncle had the emerods[4] (which I think he had) and that now they are stopped, he will lay his life that bleeding behind by leeches will cure him, but I am resolved not to meddle in it. Home and to bed.

5th. At home, and in the afternoon to the office, and that being done all went to Sir W. Batten's and there had a

[1] Duck Lane was largely inhabited by booksellers. It is now renamed Little Britain.

[2] A tragi-comedy, by Thomas Killigrew, first published in 1641.

[3] Robert Pepys died on the following day.

[4] Hæmorrhoids or piles.

venison pasty, and were very merry. At night home and to bed.

6th. Waked this morning with news, brought me by a messenger on purpose, that my uncle Robert is dead, and died yesterday; so I rose sorry in some respect, glad in my expectations in another respect. So I made myself ready, went and told my uncle Wight, my Lady, and some others thereof, and bought me a pair of boots in St. Martin's, and got myself ready, and then to the Post House and set out about eleven and twelve o'clock, taking the messenger with me that came to me, and so we rode and got well by nine o'clock to Brampton, where I found my father well. My uncle's corps in a coffin standing upon joynt-stools in the chimney in the hall; but it begun to smell, and so I caused it to be set forth in the yard all night, and watched by two men. My aunt I found in bed in a most nasty ugly pickle, made me sick to see it. My father and I lay together to-night, I greedy to see the will, but did not ask to see it till to-morrow.

7th (Lord's day). In the morning my father and I walked in the garden and read the will; where, though he gives me nothing at present till my father's death, or at least very little, yet I am glad to see that he hath done so well for us all, and well to the rest of his kindred. After that done, we went about getting things, as ribbands and gloves, ready for the burial. Which in the afternoon was done; where, it being Sunday, all people far and near come in; and in the greatest disorder that ever I saw, we made shift to serve them what we had of wine and other things; and then to carry him to the church, where Mr. Taylor buried him, and Mr. Turner[1] preached a funerall sermon, where he spoke not particularly of him anything, but that he was one so well known for his honesty, that it spoke for itself above all that he could say for it. And so made a very good sermon. Home with some of the company who supped there, and things being quiet, at night to bed.

8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th. I fell to work, and my father to look over my uncle's papers and clothes, and continued all this week upon that business, much troubled

[1] Rev. John Turner.

with my aunt's base, ugly humours. We had news of Tom Trice's putting in a caveat against us, in behalf of his mother, to whom my uncle hath not given anything, and for good reason therein expressed, which troubled us also. But above all, our trouble is to find that his estate appears nothing as we expected, and all the world believes; nor his papers so well sorted as I would have had them, but all in confusion, that break my brains to understand them. We missed also the surrenders of his copyhold land, without which the land would not come to us, but to the heir at law, so that what with this, and the badness of the drink and the ill opinion I have of the meat, and the biting of the gnats by night and my disappointment in getting home this week, and the trouble of sorting all the papers, I am almost out of my wits with trouble, only I appear the more contented, because I would not have my father troubled. The latter end of the week Mr. Philips[1] comes home from London, and so we advised with him and have the best counsel he could give us, but for all that we were not quiet in our minds.

14th (Lord's day). At home, and Robert Barnwell with us, and dined, and in the evening my father and I walked round Portholme and viewed all the fields, which was very pleasant. Thence to Hinchingbroke, which is now all in dirt, because of my Lord's building, which will make it very magnificent. Back to Brampton, and to supper and to bed.

15th. Up by three o'clock this morning, and rode to Cambridge, and was there by seven o'clock, where, after I was trimmed, I went to Christ College, and found my brother John at eight o'clock in bed, which vexed me. Then to King's College chappell, where I found the scholars in their surplices at the service with the organs, which is a strange sight to what it used in my time to be here. Then with Dr. Fairbrother (whom I met there) to the Rose tavern, and called for some wine, and there met fortunately with Mr. Turner of our office, and sent for his wife, and were very merry (they being come to settle their son here), and sent also for Mr. Sanchy, of Magdalen, with whom and other gentlemen, friends of his, we were very

[1] Lewis Phillips.

merry, and I treated them as well as I could, and so at noon took horse again, having taken leave of my cozen Angier, and rode to Impington, where I found my old uncle [1] sitting all alone, like a man out of the world: he can hardly see; but all things else he do pretty livelyly. Then with Dr. John Pepys and him, I read over the will, and had their advice therein, who, as to the sufficiency thereof confirmed me, and advised me as to the other parts thereof. Having done there, I rode to Gravely [2] with much ado to inquire for a surrender of my uncle's in some of the copyholders' hands there, but I can hear of none, which puts me into very great trouble of mind, and so with a sad heart rode home to Brampton, but made myself as cheerful as I could to my father, and so to bed.

16th, 17th, 18th, 19th. These four days we spent in putting things in order, letting of the crop upon the ground, agreeing with Stankes [3] to have a care of our business in our absence, and we think ourselves in nothing happy but in lighting upon him to be our bayly; in riding to Offord and Sturtlow, and up and down all our lands, and in the evening walking, my father and I about the fields talking, and had advice from Mr. Moore from London, by my desire, that the three witnesses of the will being all legatees, will not do the will any wrong. To-night Serjeant Bernard, [4] I hear, is come home into the country. To supper and to bed. My aunt continuing in her base, hypocritical tricks, which both Jane Perkin (of whom we make great use), and the maid do tell us every day of.

20th. Up to Huntingdon this morning to Sir Robert Bernard, with whom I met Jaspar Trice. [5] So Sir Robert

[1] Talbot Pepys, sixth son of John Pepys of Impington, was born 1583, and therefore at this time he was seventy-eight years of age. He was educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and called to the bar at the Middle Temple in 1605. He was M.P. for Cambridge in 1625, and Recorder of Cambridge from 1624 to 1660, in which year he was succeeded by his son Roger. He died of the plague, March, 1666, aged eighty-three.

[2] Gravely is in Cambridgeshire, although it is contiguous to Hunts.

[3] William Stankes, bailiff of Robert Pepys's land.

[4] Sir Robert Bernard, Sergeant-at-Law, of Huntingdon, created baronet 1662, and died 1666. His second wife, here mentioned, was Elizabeth, relict of George, Lord Digby, died January, 1662. — B.

[5] There is a monument to "Jasper Trice, gent.," in Brampton

caused us to sit down together and began discourse very fairly between us, so I drew out the Will and show it him, and [he] spoke between us as well as I could desire, but could come to no issue till Tom Trice comes. Then Sir Robert and I fell to talk about the money due to us upon surrender from Piggott, £164, which he tells me will go with debts to the heir at law, which breaks my heart on the other side. Here I staid and dined with Sir Robert Bernard and his lady, my Lady Digby, a very good woman. After dinner I went into the town and spent the afternoon, sometimes with Mr. Phillips, sometimes with Dr. Symcottes, Mr. Vinter, Robert Ethell, and many more friends, and at last Mr. Davenport, Phillips, Jaspar Trice, myself and others at Mother — over against the Crown we sat and drank ale and were very merry till 9 at night, and so broke up. I walked home, and there found Tom Trice come, and he and my father gone to Goody Gorum's, where I found them and Jaspar Trice got before me, and Mr. Greene, and there had some calm discourse, but came to no issue, and so parted. So home and to bed, being now pretty well again of my left hand, which lately was stung and very much swelled.

21st (Lord's day). At home all the morning, putting my papers in order against my going to-morrow and doing many things else to that end. Had a good dinner, and Stankes and his wife with us. To my business again in the afternoon, and in the evening came the two Trices, Mr. Greene, and Mr. Philips, and so we began to argue. At last it came to some agreement that for our giving of my aunt £10 she is to quit the house, and for other matters they are to be left to the law, which do please us all, and so we broke up, pretty well satisfyed. Then came Mr. Barnwell and J. Bowles and supped with us, and after supper away, and so I having taken leave of them and put things in the best order I could against to-morrow I went to bed. Old William Luffe having been here this afternoon and paid up his bond of £20, and I did give him into his hand my uncle's surrender of Sturtlow to me before Mr. Philips,

Church, Hunts, from which it appears that he died October 27th, 1675. He is referred to on March 8th, 1659–60, as "Jasper" without a surname. Apparently he was brother of Tom Trice.

R. Barnwell, and Mr. Pigott, which he did acknowledge to them my uncle did in his lifetime deliver to him.

22nd. Up by three, and going by four on my way to London; but the day proves very cold, so that having put on no stockings but thread ones under my boots, I was fain at Bigglesworth[1] to buy a pair of coarse woollen ones, and put them on. So by degrees till I come to Hatfield before twelve o'clock, where I had a very good dinner with my hostess at my Lord of Salisbury's Inn, and after dinner though weary I walked all alone to the Vineyard, which is now a very beautiful place again;[2] and coming back I met with Mr. Looker, my Lord's gardener (a friend of Mr. Eglin's), who showed me the house, the chappell with brave pictures, and, above all, the gardens, such as I never saw in all my life; nor so good flowers, nor so great gooseberrys, as big as nutmegs. Back to the inn, and drank with him, and so to horse again, and with much ado got to London, and set him up at Smithfield; so called at my uncle Fenner's, my mother's, my Lady's, and so home, in all which I found all things as well as I could expect. So weary and to bed.

23rd. Put on my mourning. Made visits to Sir W. Pen and Batten. Then to Westminster, and at the Hall staid talking with Mrs. Michell a good while, and in the afternoon, finding myself unfit for business, I went to the Theatre, and saw "Brenoralt,"[3] I never saw before. It seemed a good play, but ill acted; only I sat before Mrs. Palmer, the King's mistress, and filled my eyes with her, which much pleased me. Then to my father's, where by

[1] Biggleswade, the largest town in Bedfordshire after Bedford.

[2] Hatfield or Bishop's Hatfield, Herts. In 1109, when the abbey of Ely was erected into a bishopric, Hatfield became an episcopal residence, and a sumptuous palace was built there. In 1538 the manor was conveyed to Henry VIII. by Thomas Goodrich, Bishop of Ely, in exchange for lands in Cambridge, Essex, and Norfolk, and the palace became a royal abode. James I. in 1607 exchanged it with Lord Salisbury for Theobalds, and built a new mansion for his minister, who died the year after it was finished. The inn mentioned by Pepys was the Salisbury Arms. The vineyard is still carefully kept, and is one of the last of its age existing. William Cecil, second Earl of Salisbury, succeeded his father in 1612, and died December 3rd, 1668.

[3] "Brennoralt, or the Discontented Colonel," a tragedy, by Sir John Suckling. Written about 1639, and first published in Suckling's Works, 1646.

my desire I met my uncle Thomas, and discoursed of my uncle's will to him, and did satisfy [him] as well as I could. So to my uncle Wight's, but found him out of doors, but my aunt I saw and staid a while, and so home and to bed. Troubled to hear how proud and idle Pall is grown, that I am resolved not to keep her.

24th. This morning my wife in bed tells me of our being robbed of our silver tankard, which vexed me all day for the negligence of my people to leave the door open. My wife and I by water to Whitehall, where I left her to her business, and I to my cozen Thomas Pepys, and discoursed with him at large about our business of my uncle's will. He can give us no light at all into his estate, but upon the whole tells me that he do believe that he has left but little money, though something more than we have found, which is about £500. Here came Sir G. Lane by chance, seeing a bill upon the door to hire the house, with whom my coz and I walked all up and down, and indeed it is a very pretty place, and he do intend to leave the agreement for the House, which is £400 fine, and £46 rent a year to me between them. Then to the Wardrobe, but come too late, and so dined with the servants. And then to my Lady, who do shew my wife and me the greatest favour in the world, in which I take great content. Home by water and to the office all the afternoon, which is a great pleasure to me again, to talk with persons of quality and to be in command, and I give it out among them that the estate left me is £200 a year in land, besides moneys, because I would put an esteem upon myself. At night home and to bed after I had set down my Journals ever since my going from London this journey to this house. This afternoon I hear that my man Will hath lost his clock with my tankard, at which I am very glad.

25th. This morning came my box of papers from Brampton of all my uncle's papers, which will now set me at work enough. At noon I went to the Exchange, where I met my uncle Wight, and found him so discontented about my father (whether that he takes it ill that he has not been acquainted with things, or whether he takes it ill that he has nothing left him, I cannot tell), for which I am much troubled, and so staid not long to talk with him. Thence to my mother's,

where I found my wife and my aunt Bell and Mrs. Ramsey, and great store of tattle there was between the old women and my mother, who thinks that there is, God knows what fallen to her, which makes me mad, but it was not a proper time to speak to her of it, and so I went away with Mr. Moore, and he and I to the Theatre, and saw "The Jovial Crew,"[1] the first time I saw it, and indeed it is as merry and the most innocent play that ever I saw, and well performed. From thence home, and wrote to my father and so to bed. Full of thoughts to think of the trouble that we shall go through before we come to see what will remain to us of all our expectations.

26th. At home all the morning, and walking met with Mr. Hill of Cambridge at Pope's Head Alley with some women with him whom he took and me into the tavern there, and did give us wine, and would fain seem to be very knowing in the affairs of state, and tells me that yesterday[2] put a change to the whole state of England as to the Church; for the King now would be forced to favour Presbytery, or the City would leave him: but I heed not what he says, though upon enquiry I do find that things in the Parliament are in a great disorder. Home at noon and there found Mr. Moore, and with him to an ordinary alone and dined, and there he and I read my uncle's will, and I had his opinion on it, and still find more and more trouble like to attend it. Back to the office all the afternoon, and that done home for all night. Having the beginning of this week made a vow to myself to drink no wine this week (finding it to unfit me to look after business), and this day breaking of it against my will, I am much troubled for it, but I hope God will forgive me.

27th. To Westminster, where at Mr. Montagu's chamber I heard a Frenchman play, a friend of Monsieur Eschar's, upon the guitar, most extreme well, though at the best methinks it is but a bawble. From thence to Westminster Hall, where it was expected that the Parliament was to have been adjourned for two or three months, but some-

[1] "The Jovial Crew, or the Merry Beggars," a comedy, by Richard Brome, acted at the Cockpit, Drury Lane, in 1641.

[2] When the Savoy Conference ended, the Royal Commission having expired on that day. — B.

thing hinders it for a day or two. In the lobby I spoke with Mr. George Montagu, and advised about a ship to carry my Lord Hinchingbroke and the rest of the young gentlemen to France, and they have resolved of going in a hired vessell from Rye, and not in a man of war. He told me in discourse that my Lord Chancellor is much envied, and that many great men, such as the Duke of Buckingham and my Lord of Bristoll,[1] do endeavour to undermine him, and that he believes it will not be done; for that the King (though he loves him not in the way of a companion, as he do these young gallants that can answer him in his pleasures), yet cannot be without him, for his policy and service. From thence to the Wardrobe, where my wife met me, it being my Lord of Sandwich's birthday, and so we had many friends here, Mr. Townsend and his wife, and Captain Ferrers' lady and Captain Isham, and were very merry, and had a good venison pasty. Mr. Pargiter, the merchant, was with us also. After dinner Mr. Townsend was called upon by Captain Cooke: so we three went to a tavern hard by, and there he did give us a song or two; and without doubt he hath the best manner of singing in the world. Back to my wife, and with my Lady Jem. and Pall[2] by water through bridge, and showed them the ships with great pleasure, and then took them to my house to show it them (my Lady their mother having been lately all alone to see it and my wife, in my absence in the country), and we treated them well, and were very merry. Then back again through bridge, and set them safe at home, and so my wife and I by coach home again, and after writing a letter to my father at Brampton, who, poor man, is there all alone, and I have not heard from him since my coming from him, which troubles me. To bed.

28th (Lord's day). This morning as my wife and I were going to church, comes Mrs. Ramsay to see us, so we sent her to church, and we went too, and came back to dinner, and she dined with us and was wellcome. To church again in the afternoon, and then come home with us Sir W. Pen, and drank with us, and then went away, and my

[1] George Digby, second Earl of Bristol. Died March 20th, 1678.

[2] Lady Jemima Montagu and Lady Paulina Montagu, daughters of the Earl of Sandwich.

wife after him to see his daughter[1] that is lately come out of Ireland. I staid at home at my book; she came back again and tells me that whereas I expected she should have been a great beauty, she is a very plain girl. This evening my wife gives me all my linen, which I have put up, and intend to keep it now in my own custody. To supper and to bed.

29th. This morning we began again to sit in the mornings at the office, but before we sat down Sir R. Slingsby and I went to Sir R. Ford's to see his house, and we find it will be very convenient for us to have it added to the office if he can be got to part with it. Then we sat down and did business in the office. So home to dinner, and my brother Tom dined with me, and after dinner he and I alone in my chamber had a great deal of talk, and I find that unless my father can forbear to make profit of his house in London and leave it to Tom, he has no mind to set up the trade any where else, and so I know not what to do with him. After this I went with him to my mother, and there told her how things do fall out short of our expectations, which I did (though it be true) to make her leave off her spending, which I find she is now-a-days very free in, building upon what is left to us by my uncle to bear her out in it, which troubles me much. While I was here word is brought that my aunt Fenner is exceeding ill, and that my mother is sent for presently[2] to come to her: also that my cozen Charles Glassecocke,[3] though very ill himself, is this day gone to the country to his brother, John Glassecocke, who is a-dying there. Home.

30th. After my singing-master had done with me this morning, I went to White Hall and Westminster Hall, where I found the King expected to come and adjourn the Parliament. I found the two Houses at a great difference, about the Lords challenging their privileges not to have their houses searched, which makes them deny to pass the House of Commons' Bill for searching for pamphlets and

[1] Margaret Penn, only daughter of Sir William Penn, was married to Anthony Lowther, of Mask, in the county of York, in February, 1666–67.

[2] Immediately.

[3] Pepys was very lax in his use of the term cousin. Charles Glasscocke was brother-in-law of Judith Pepys, *née* Cutter.

seditious books. Thence by water to the Wardrobe (meeting the King upon the water going in his barge to adjourn the House) where I dined with my Lady, and there met Dr. Thomas Pepys, who I found to be a silly talking fellow, but very good-natured. So home to the office, where we met about the business of Tangier this afternoon. That done, at home I found Mr. Moore, and he and I walked into the City and there parted. To Fleet Street to find when the Assizes begin at Cambridge and Huntingdon, in order to my going to meet with Roger Pepys for counsel. So in Fleet Street I met with Mr. Salisbury, who is now grown in less than two years' time so great a limner that he is become excellent, and gets a great deal of money at it. I took him to Hercules Pillars to drink, and there came Mr. Whore (whom I formerly have known), a friend of his to him, who is a very ingenious fellow, and there I sat with them a good while, and so home and wrote letters late to my Lord and to my father, and then to bed.

31st. Singing-master came to me this morning; then to the office all the morning. In the afternoon I went to the Theatre, and there I saw "The Tamer Tamed"[1] well done. And then home, and prepared to go to Walthamstow to-morrow. This night I was forced to borrow £40 of Sir W. Batten.

August 1st. This morning Sir Williams both, and my wife and I and Mrs. Margarett Pen (this first time that I have seen her since she came from Ireland) went by coach to Walthamstow, a-gossiping to Mrs. Browne, where I did give her six silver spoons[2] for her boy. Here we had a venison pasty, brought hot from London, and were very merry. Only I hear how nurse's husband has spoken strangely of my Lady Batten how she was such a man's whore, who indeed is known to leave her her estate, which we would fain have reconciled to-day, but could not and indeed I do believe that the story is true. Back again at night home.

2d. At the office all the morning. At noon Dr. Thos. Pepys dined with me, and after dinner my brother Tom

[1] On October 30th, 1660, Pepys saw this play at the Cockpit theatre.
[2] But not the porringer of silver. See May 29th, 1661. — M. B.

came to me and then I made myself ready to get a-horseback for Cambridge. So I set out and rode to Ware, this night, in the way having much discourse with a fellmonger,[1] a Quaker, who told me what a wicked man he had been all his life-time till within this two years. Here I lay, and

3rd. Got up early the next morning and got to Barkway, where I staid and drank, and there met with a letter-carrier of Cambridge, with whom I rode all the way to Cambridge, my horse being tired, and myself very wet with rain. I went to the Castle Hill, where the Judges were at the Assizes; and I staid till Roger Pepys rose and went with him, and dined with his brother, the Doctor, and Claxton[2] at Trinity Hall. Then parted, and I went to the Rose, and there with Mr. Pechell,[3] Sanchy, and others, sat and drank till night and were very merry, only they tell me how high the old doctors are in the University over those they found there, though a great deal better scholars than themselves; for which I am very sorry, and, above all, Dr. Gunning. At night I took horse, and rode with Roger Pepys and his two brothers to Impington, and there with great respect was led up by them to the best chamber in the house, and there slept.

4th (Lord's day). Got up, and by and by walked into the orchard with my cozen Roger, and there plucked some fruit, and then discoursed at large about the business I came for, that is, about my uncle's will, in which he did give me good satisfaction, but tells me I shall meet with a great deal of trouble in it. However, in all things he told me what I am to expect and what to do. To church, and had a good plain sermon, and my uncle Talbot went with us and at our coming in the country-people all rose with so much reverence; and when the parson begins, he begins "Right worshipfull and dearly beloved" to us. Home to dinner, which was very good, and then to church again, and so home and to walk up and down and so to supper, and after supper to talk about publique matters, wherein

[1] A dealer in hides.

[2] Paulina Pepys, sister of Roger Pepys and Talbot Pepys, M.D., married Hamond Claxton of Booton, co. Norfolk.

[3] See *ante*, February 26th, 1659–60 (note).

Roger Pepys (who I find a very sober man, and one whom I do now honour more than ever before for this discourse sake only) told me how basely things have been carried in Parliament by the young men, that did labour to oppose all things that were moved by serious men. That they are the most prophane swearing fellows that ever he heard in his life, which makes him think that they will spoil all, and bring things into a warr again if they can. So to bed.

5th. Early to Huntingdon, but was fain to stay a great while at Stanton because of the rain, and there borrowed a coat of a man for *6d.*, and so he rode all the way, poor man, without any. Staid at Huntingdon for a little, but the judges are not come hither: so I went to Brampton, and there found my father very well, and my aunt gone from the house, which I am glad of, though it costs us a great deal of money, viz., £10. Here I dined, and after dinner took horse and rode to Yelling, to my cozen Nightingale's, who hath a pretty house here, and did learn of her all she could tell me concerning my business, and has given me some light by her discourse how I may get a surrender made for Graveley lands. Hence to Graveley, and there at an alehouse met with Chancler and Jackson (one of my tenants for Cotton closes) and another with whom I had a great deal of discourse, much to my satisfaction. Hence back again to Brampton and after supper to bed, being now very quiet in the house, which is a content to us.

6th. Up early and went to Mr. Phillips, but lost my labour, he lying at Huntingdon last night, so I went back again and took horse and rode thither, where I staid with Thos. Trice and Mr. Philips drinking till noon, and then Tom Trice and I to Brampton, where he to Goody Gorum's and I home to my father, who could discern that I had been drinking, which he did never see or hear of before, so I eat a bit of dinner and went with him to Gorum's, and there talked with Tom Trice, and then went and took horse for London, and with much ado, the ways being very bad, got to Baldwick,[1] and there lay and had a good supper by

[1] Baldock, Herts, in the district of Hitchin. It belonged at one time to the Knights Templars, who built a church there.

myself. The landlady being a pretty woman, but I durst not take notice of her, her husband being there. Before supper I went to see the church, which is a very handsome church, but I find that both here, and every where else that I come, the Quakers do still continue, and rather grow than lessen. To bed.

7th. Called up at three o'clock, and was a-horseback by four; and as I was eating my breakfast I saw a man riding by that rode a little way upon the road with me last night; and he being going with venison in his pan-yards[1] to London, I called him in and did give him his breakfast with me, and so we went together all the way. At Hatfield we bayted and walked into the great house through all the courts; and I would fain have stolen a pretty dog that followed me, but I could not, which troubled me. To horse again, and by degrees with much ado got to London, where I found all well at home and at my father's and my Lady's, but no news yet from my Lord where he is. At my Lady's (whither I went with Dean Fuller, who came to my house to see me just as I was come home) I met with Mr. Moore, who told me at what a loss he was for me, for to-morrow is a Seal day at the Privy Seal, and it being my month, I am to wait upon my Lord Roberts,[2] Lord Privy Seal, at the Seal. Home and to bed.

8th. Early in the morning to Whitehall, but my Lord Privy Seal came not all the morning. At noon Mr. Moore and I to the Wardrobe to dinner, where my Lady and all merry and well. Back again to the Privy Seal; but my Lord comes not all the afternoon, which made me mad and gives all the world reason to talk of his delaying of business, as well as of his severity and ill using of the Clerks of the Privy Seal. In the evening I took Mons. Eschar and Mr. Moore and Dr. Pierce's brother (the souldier) to the tavern next the Savoy, and there staid and drank with them. Here I met with Mr. Mage,[3] and discoursing of

[1] Panyards = panniers.

[2] John, second Lord Robartes, created Viscount Bodmin and Earl of Radnor in July, 1679. At the Restoration William Viscount Say and Sele was appointed Lord Privy Seal, but he was succeeded in May, 1661, by Lord Robartes, who held the office until April, 1673. Lord Radnor died July 17th, 1685.

[3] Probably Humphry Madge, who was one of the King's twenty-four fiddlers in 1674.

musique Mons. Eschar spoke so much against the English and in praise of the French that made him mad, and so he went away. After a stay with them a little longer we parted and I home.

9th. To the office, where word is brought me by a son-in-law of Mr. Pierce's,[1] the purser, that his father is a dying and that he desires that I would come to him before he dies. So I rose from the table and went, where I found him not so ill as I thought that he had been ill. So I did promise to be a friend to his wife and family if he should die, which was all he desired of me, but I do believe he will recover. Back again to the office, where I found Sir G. Carteret had a day or two ago invited some of the officers to dinner to-day at Deptford. So at noon, when I heard that he was a-coming, I went out, because I would see whether he would send to me or no to go with them; but he did not, which do a little trouble me till I see how it comes to pass. Although in other things I am glad of it because of my going again to-day to the Privy Seal. I dined at home, and having dined news is brought by Mr. Hater that his wife is now falling into labour, so he is come for my wife, who presently went with him. I to White Hall, where, after four o'clock, comes my Lord Privy Seal, and so we went up to his chamber over the gate at White Hall,[2] where he asked me what deputacõn I had from my Lord. I told him none; but that I am sworn my Lord's deputy by both of the Secretarys, which did satisfy him. So he caused Mr. Moore to read over all the bills as is the manner, and all ended very well. So that I see the Lyon is not so fierce as he is painted. That being done Mons. Eschar (who all this afternoon had been waiting at the Privy Seal for the Warrant for £5,000 for my Lord of Sandwich's preparation for Portugal) and I took some wine with us and went to visit la belle Pierce, who we find very big with child, and a pretty lady, one Mrs. Clifford, with her, where we staid and were extraordinary merry. From thence I took coach to my father's, where I found him come home

[1] Mr. Pierce did not die at this time, and is mentioned in the Diary on September 18th, 1665.

[2] The Signet and Privy Seal office was situated in what is now Whitehall Yard, a little north of the site of the United Service Institution.

this day from Brampton (as I expected) very well, and after some discourse about business and it being very late I took coach again home, where I hear by my wife that Mrs. Hater is not yet delivered, but continues in her pains. So to bed.

10th. This morning came the maid that my wife hath lately hired for a chamber maid. She is very ugly, so that I cannot care for her, but otherwise she seems very good. But however she do come about three weeks hence, when my wife comes back from Brampton, if she go with my father. By and by came my father to my house, and so he and I went and found out my uncle Wight at the Coffee House, and there did agree with him to meet the next week with my uncle Thomas and read over the Captain's will before them both for their satisfaction. Having done with him I went to my Lady's and dined with her, and after dinner took the two young gentlemen and the two ladies and carried them and Captain Ferrers to the Theatre, and shewed them "The merry Devill of Edmunton,"[1] which is a very merry play, the first time I ever saw it, which pleased me well. And that being done I took them all home by coach to my house and there gave them fruit to eat and wine. So by water home with them, and so home myself.

11th (Lord's day). To our own church in the forenoon, and in the afternoon to Clerkenwell Church,[2] only to see the two fayre Botelers;[3] and I happened to be placed in the pew where they afterwards came to sit, but the pew by their coming being too full, I went out into the next, and there sat, and had my full view of them both, but I am out of conceit now with them, Colonel Dillon being come back from Ireland again, and do still court them, and comes to church with them, which makes me think they are not honest. Hence to Graye's-Inn walks, and there staid a

[1] A comedy acted at the Globe, and first printed in 1608. In the original entry in the Stationers' books it is said to be by T. B., which may stand for Tony or Anthony Brewer. The play has been attributed without authority both to Shakespeare and to Drayton.

[2] The old parish church of St. James the Less, Clerkenwell, was pulled down in 1788, and the first stone of the present church was laid on December 16th of that year. The church was completed in 1792.

[3] Mrs. Frances Butler and her sister.

good while; where I met with Ned Pickering, who told me what a great match of hunting of a stagg the King had yesterday; and how the King tired all their horses, and come home with not above two or three able to keep pace with him. So to my father's, and there supped, and so home.

12th. At the office this morning. At home in the afternoon, and had notice that my Lord Hinchingbroke is fallen ill, which I fear is with the fruit that I did give them on Saturday last at my house: so in the evening I went thither and there found him very ill, and in great fear of the small-pox. I supped with my Lady, and did consult about him, but we find it best to let him lie where he do; and so I went home with my heart full of trouble for my Lord Hinchingbroke's sickness, and more for my Lord Sandwich's himself, whom we are now confirmed is sick ashore at Alicante, who, if he should miscarry, God knows in what condition would his family be. I dined to-day with my Lord Crew, who is now at Sir H. Wright's, while his new house is making fit for him, and he is much troubled also at these things.

13th. To the Privy Seal in the morning, then to the Wardrobe to dinner, where I met my wife, and found my young Lord very ill. So my Lady intends to send her other three sons, Sidney, Oliver, and John,[1] to my house, for fear of the small-pox. After dinner I went to my father's, where I found him within, and went up to him, and there found him settling his papers against his removal, and I took some old papers of difference between me and my wife and took them away. After that Pall being there I spoke to my father about my intention not to keep her longer for such and such reasons, which troubled him and me also, and had like to have come to some high words between my mother and me, who is become a very simple woman. By and by comes in Mrs. Cordery to take her leave of my father, thinking he was to go presently into the country, and will have us to come and see her before he do go. Then my father and I went forth to Mr. Rawlinson's, where afterwards

[1] Hon. Sidney Montagu assumed the name of Wortley, and was father of Edward Wortley Montagu (husband of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu). He died in 1727.

comes my uncle Thomas[1] and his two sons, and then my uncle Wight by appointment of us all, and there we read the will and told them how things are, and what our thoughts are of kindness to my uncle Thomas if he do carry himself peaceable, but otherwise if he persist to keep his caveat up against us. So he promised to withdraw it, and seemed to be very well contented with things as they are. After a while drinking, we paid all and parted, and so I home, and there found my Lady's three sons come, of which I am glad that I am in condition to do her and my Lord any service in this kind, but my mind is yet very much troubled about my Lord of Sandwich's health, which I am afeard of.

14th. This morning Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen and I, waited upon the Duke of York in his chamber, to give him an account of the condition of the Navy for lack of money, and how our own very bills are offered upon the Exchange, to be sold at 20 in the 100 loss. He is much troubled at it, and will speak to the King and Council of it this morning. So I went to my Lady's and dined with her, and found my Lord Hinchingbroke somewhat better. After dinner Captain Ferrers and I to the Theatre, and there saw "The Alchymist;" and there I saw Sir W. Pen, who took us when the play was done and carried the Captain to Paul's and set him down, and me home with him, and he and I to the Dolphin, but not finding Sir W. Batten there, we went and carried a bottle of wine to his house, and there sat a while and talked, and so home to bed. At home I found a letter from Mr. Creed of the 15th of July last, that tells me that my Lord is rid of his pain (which was wind got into the muscles of his right side) and his feaver, and is now in hopes to go aboard in a day or two, which do give me mighty great comfort.

15th. To the Privy Seal and Whitehall, up and down, and at noon Sir W. Pen carried me to Paul's, and so I walked to the Wardrobe and dined with my Lady, and there told her of my Lord's sickness (of which though it hath been the town-talk this fortnight, she had heard noth-

[1] Thomas Pepys of London, next brother to Robert Pepys of Brampton. His two sons were Thomas and Charles.

ing[1]) and recovery, of which she was glad, though hardly persuaded of the latter. I found my Lord Hinchingbroke better and better, and the worst past. Thence to the Opera, which begins again to-day with "The Witts,"[2] never acted yet with scenes; and the King and Duke and Duchess were there (who dined to-day with Sir H. Finch,[3] reader at the Temple, in great state); and indeed it is a most excellent play, and admirable scenes. So home and was overtaken by Sir W. Pen in his coach, who has been this afternoon with my Lady Batten, &c., at the Theatre. So I followed him to the Dolphin, where Sir W. Batten was, and there we sat awhile, and so home after we had made shift to fuddle Mr. Falconer of Woolwich. So home.

16th. At the office all the morning, though little to be done; because all our clerks are gone to the buriall of Tom Whitton, one of the Controller's clerks, a very ingenious, and a likely young man to live, as any in the Office. But it is such a sickly time both in City and country every where (of a sort of fever), that never was heard of almost, unless it was in a plague-time. Among others, the famous Tom Fuller is dead of it;[4] and Dr. Nichols,[5] Dean of Paul's; and my Lord General Monk is very dangerously ill. Dined at home with the children and were merry, and my father with me, who after dinner he and I went forth about business. Among other things we found one Dr. John Williams at an alehouse, where we staid till past nine at night, in Shoe Lane, talking about our country business, and I

[1] So of the Emperor Claudius:

> "Dabitur mora parvula dum res
> Nota urbi et populo contingat Principis aures.
> Dedecus ille domus sciet ultimus."
>
> Juv., *Sat.*, x. 340. — M. B.

[2] A comedy, by Sir W. Davenant, licensed in January, 1633–34.

[3] Sir Heneage Finch, the Solicitor-General, was treasurer of the Inner Temple, and was selected as autumn reader, when he revived the splendid festivities which had long been discontinued.

[4] Dr. Thomas Fuller, who died on this day, was buried at Cranford, Middlesex, by his patron, Lord Berkeley. Dr. Hardy, Dean of Rochester, preached his funeral sermon. — Smyth's *Obituary*, p. 54.

[5] Matthew Nicholas, LL.D., installed Dean of St. Paul's, July, 1660. Died August 14th, 1661, and was buried at Winterbourn-Erles, Wilts. He was brother to Sir Edward Nicholas, Secretary of State.

found him so well acquainted with the matters of Gravely that I expect he will be of great use to me. So by link home. I understand my Aunt Fenner is upon the point of death.

17th. At the Privy Seal, where we had a seal this morning. Then met with Ned Pickering, and walked with him into St. James's Park (where I had not been a great while), and there found great and very noble alterations. And, in our discourse, he was very forward to complain and to speak loud of the lewdness and beggary of the Court, which I am sorry to hear, and which I am afeard will bring all to ruin again. So he and I to the Wardrobe to dinner, and after dinner Captain Ferrers and I to the Opera, and saw "The Witts" again, which I like exceedingly. The Queen of Bohemia was here, brought by my Lord Craven.[1] So the Captain and I and another to the Devil tavern and drank, and so by coach home. Troubled in mind that I cannot bring myself to mind my business, but to be so much in love of plays. We have been at a great loss a great while for a vessel that I sent about a month ago with things of my Lord's to Lynn, and cannot till now hear of them, but now we are told that they are put into Soale Bay, but to what purpose I know not.

18th (Lord's day). To our own church in the morning and so home to dinner, where my father and Dr. Tom Pepys came to me to dine, and were very merry. After dinner I took my wife and Mr. Sidney to my Lady to see my Lord Hinchingbroke, who is now pretty well again, and sits up and walks about his chamber. So I went to White Hall, and there hear that my Lord General Monk continues very ill: so I went to la belle Pierce and sat with her; and then to walk in St. James's Park, and saw great variety of fowl which I never saw before and so home. At

[1] William, first Earl of Craven, eldest son of Sir William Craven, born 1606. Knighted by Charles I. in 1627, and a few days later created Baron Craven of Hampstead Marshall, Berks. He was rich, and aided the king with money; but in 1649 his estates were confiscated. He recovered them at the Restoration, and in 1664 he was created Earl of Craven. High Steward of the University of Cambridge, 1667, and Master of the Trinity House, 1670–71. He was a devoted adherent of the Queen of Bohemia, and was supposed to be married to her, but there is no direct evidence of such marriage. He died April 9th, 1697.

night fell to read in "Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity," which Mr. Moore did give me last Wednesday very handsomely bound; and which I shall read with great pains and love for his sake. So to supper and to bed.

19th. At the office all the morning; at noon the children are sent for by their mother my Lady Sandwich to dinner, and my wife goes along with them by coach, and she to my father's and dines there, and from thence with them to see Mrs. Cordery, who do invite them before my father goes into the country, and thither I should have gone too but that I am sent for to the Privy Seal, and there I found a thing of my Lord Chancellor's[1] to be sealed this afternoon, and so I am forced to go to Worcester House, where severall Lords are met in Council this afternoon. And while I am waiting there, in comes the King in a plain common riding-suit and velvet cap, in which he seemed a very ordinary man to one that had not known him. Here I staid till at last, hearing that my Lord Privy Seal had not the seal here, Mr. Moore and I hired a coach and went to Chelsy,[2] and there at an alehouse sat and drank and past the time till my Lord Privy Seal came to his house, and so we to him and examined and sealed the thing, and so homewards, but when we came to look for our coach we found it gone, so we were fain to walk home afoot and saved our money. We met with a companion that walked

[1] This "thing" was probably one of those large grants which Clarendon quietly, or, as he himself says, "without noise or scandal," procured from the king. Besides lands and manors, Clarendon states at one time that the king gave him a "little billet into his hand, that contained a warrant of his own hand-writing to Sir Stephen Fox to pay to the Chancellor the sum of £20,000, of which nobody could have notice." In 1662 he received £25,000 out of the money voted to the king by the Parliament of Ireland, as he mentions in his vindication of himself against the impeachment of the Commons; and we shall see that Pepys, in February, 1664, names another sum of £20,000 given to the Chancellor to clear *the* mortgage upon Clarendon Park; and this last sum, it was believed, was paid from the money received from France by the sale of Dunkirk. — B.

[2] The Lord Privy Seal was John, Lord Robartes, and his house stood at the corner of Paradise Row and Robinson's Lane. Lord Robartes was created Earl of Radnor in 1679, and one of the streets in the neighbourhood of his house is called Radnor Street.

with us, and coming among some trees near the Neate[1] houses, he began to whistle, which did give us some suspicion, but it proved that he that answered him was Mr. Marsh[2] (the Lutenist) and his wife, and so we all walked to Westminster together, in our way drinking a while at my cost, and had a song of him, but his voice is quite lost. So walked home, and there I found that my Lady do keep the children at home, and lets them not come any more hither at present, which a little troubles me to lose their company. This day my aunt Fenner dyed.

20th. At the office in the morning and all the afternoon at home to put my papers in order. This day we come to some agreement with Sir R. Ford for his house to be added to the office to enlarge our quarters.

21st. This morning by appointment I went to my father, and after a morning draft he and I went to Dr. Williams, but he not within we went to Mrs. Terry, a daughter of Mr. Whately's, who lately offered a proposal of her sister for a wife for my brother Tom, and with her we discoursed about and agreed to go to her mother this afternoon to speak with her, and in the meantime went to Will. Joyce's and to an alehouse, and drank a good while together, he being very angry that his father Fenner will give him and his brother no more for mourning than their father did give him and my aunt at their mother's death, and a very troublesome fellow I still find him to be, that his company ever wearys me. From thence about two o'clock to Mrs. Whately's, but she being going to dinner we went to Whitehall and there staid till past three, and here I understand by Mr. Moore that my Lady Sandwich[3] is brought to bed yesterday of a young Lady, and is very well. So to Mrs. Whately's again, and there were well received, and she desirous to have the thing go forward, only is afeard that her daughter is too young and portion not big enough, but offers £200 down with her. The girl is very well

[1] Houses at Chelsea situated on the low ground on the banks of the Thames. The church of St. Gabriel's, Pimlico, marks the site.

[2] Alphonso, son of Robert Marsh, one of the musicians in ordinary to Charles I., baptized at St. Margaret's, Westminster, January 28th, 1627.

[3] The child was christened Katherine, see *post*, September 3rd, 1661.

favoured, and a very child, but modest, and one I think will do very well for my brother: so parted till she hears from Hatfield from her husband, who is there; but I find them very desirous of it, and so am I. Hence home to my father's, and I to the Wardrobe, where I supped with the ladies,[1] and hear their mother is well and the young child, and so home.

22nd. To the Privy Seal, and sealed; so home at noon, and there took my wife by coach to my uncle Fenner's, where there was both at his house and the Sessions, great deal of company, but poor entertainment, which I wonder at; and the house so hot, that my uncle Wight, my father and I were fain to go out, and stay at an alehouse awhile to cool ourselves. Then back again and to church, my father's family being all in mourning, doing him the greatest honour, the world believing that he did give us it: so to church, and staid out the sermon, and then with my aunt Wight, my wife, and Pall and I to her house by coach, and there staid and supped upon a Westphalia ham, and so home and to bed.

23rd. This morning I went to my father's, and there found him and my mother in a discontent, which troubles me much, and indeed she is become very simple and unquiet. Hence he and I to Dr. Williams, and found him within, and there we sat and talked a good while, and from him to Tom Trice's to an alehouse near, and there sat and talked, and finding him fair we examined my uncle's will before him and Dr. Williams, and had them sign the copy and so did give T. Trice the original to prove, so he took my father and me to one of the Judges of the Court, and there we were sworn, and so back again to the alehouse and drank and parted. Dr. Williams and I to a cook's where we eat a bit of mutton, and away, I to W. Joyce's, where by appointment my wife was, and I took her to the Opera, and shewed her "The Witts," which I had seen already twice, and was most highly pleased with it. So with my wife to the Wardrobe to see my Lady, and then home.

24th. At the office all the morning and did business; by and by we are called to Sir W. Batten's to see the strange

[1] Lady Jemima and Lady Paulina Montagu.

creature that Captain Holmes hath brought with him from Guiny; it is a great baboon, but so much like a man in most things, that though they say there is a species of them, yet I cannot believe but that it is a monster got of a man and she-baboon. I do believe that it already understands much English, and I am of the mind it might be taught to speak or make signs. Hence the Comptroller and I to Sir Rd. Ford's and viewed the house again, and are come to a complete end with him to give him £200 per an. for it. Home and there met Capt. Isham inquiring for me to take his leave of me, he being upon his voyage to Portugal, and for my letters to my Lord which are not ready. But I took him to the Mitre and gave him a glass of sack, and so adieu, and then straight to the Opera, and there saw "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark," done with scenes very well, but above all, Betterton[1] did the prince's part beyond imagination. Hence homeward, and met with Mr. Spong and took him to the Sampson in Paul's churchyard, and there staid till late, and it rained hard, so we were fain to get home wet, and so to bed.

25th (Lord's day). At church in the morning, and dined at home alone with my wife very comfortably, and so again to church with her, and had a very good and pungent sermon of Mr. Mills, discoursing the necessity of restitution. Home, and I found my Lady Batten and her daughter to look something askew upon my wife, because my wife do not buckle to them, and is not solicitous for their acquaintance, which I am not troubled at at all. By and by comes in my father (he intends to go into the country to-morrow), and he and I among other discourse at last called Pall up to us, and there in great anger told her before my father that I would keep her no longer, and my father he said he would have nothing to do with her. At last, after we had brought down her high spirit, I got my father to yield that she should go into the country with my mother and him, and stay there awhile to see how she will demean herself. That being done, my father and I to my

[1] Sir William Davenant introduced the use of scenery. The character of Hamlet was one of Betterton's masterpieces. Downes tells us that he was taught by Davenant how the part was acted by Taylor of the Blackfriars, who was instructed by Shakespeare himself.

uncle Wight's, and there supped, and he took his leave of them, and so I walked with [him] as far as Paul's and there parted, and I home, my mind at some rest upon this making an end with Pall, who do trouble me exceedingly.

26th. This morning before I went out I made even with my maid Jane, who has this day been my maid three years, and is this day to go into the country to her mother. The poor girl cried, and I could hardly forbear weeping to think of her going, for though she be grown lazy and spoilt by Pall's coming, yet I shall never have one to please us better in all things, and so harmless, while I live. So I paid her her wages and gave her *2s. 6d.* over, and bade her adieu, with my mind full of trouble at her going. Hence to my father, where he and I and Thomas together setting things even, and casting up my father's accounts, and upon the whole I find that all he hath in money of his own due to him in the world is but £45, and he owes about the same sum: so that I cannot but think in what a condition he had left my mother if he should have died before my uncle Robert. Hence to Tom Trice for the probate of the will and had it done to my mind, which did give my father and me good content. From thence to my Lady at the Wardrobe and thence to the Theatre, and saw the "Antipodes,"[1] wherein there is much mirth, but no great matter else. Hence with Mr. Bostock whom I met there (a clerk formerly of Mr. Phelps) to the Devil tavern, and there drank and so away. I to my uncle Fenner's, where my father was with him at an alehouse, and so we three went by ourselves and sat talking a great while about a broker's daughter that he do propose for a wife for Tom, with a great portion, but I fear it will not take, but he will do what he can. So we broke up, and going through the street we met with a mother and son, friends of my father's man, Ned's, who are angry at my father's putting him away, which troubled me and my father, but all will be well as to that. We have news this morning of my uncle Thomas and his son Thomas being gone into the country without giving notice thereof to anybody, which puts us to

[1] A comedy, by Richard Brome, first acted at Salisbury Court, 1638, and published in 1640.

a stand, but I fear them not. At night at home I found a letter from my Lord Sandwich, who is now very well again of his feaver, but not yet gone from Alicante, where he lay sick, and was twice let blood. This letter dated the 22nd July last, which puts me out of doubt of his being ill. In my coming home I called in at the 3 Crane tavern[1] at the Stocks by appointment, and there met and took leave of Mr. Fanshaw, who goes to-morrow and Captain Isham toward their voyage to Portugal. Here we drank a great deal of wine, I too much and Mr. Fanshaw till he could hardly go. So we took leave one of another.

27th. This morning to the Wardrobe, and there took leave of my Lord Hinchingbroke and his brother, and saw them go out by coach toward Rye in their way to France, whom God bless. Then I was called up to my Lady's bedside, where we talked an hour about Mr. Edward Montagu's disposing of the £5,000 for my Lord's departure for Portugal, and our fears that he will not do it to my Lord's honour, and less to his profit, which I am to enquire a little after. Hence to the office, and there sat till noon, and then my wife and I by coach to my cozen, Thos. Pepys, the Executor, to dinner, where some ladies and my father and mother, where very merry, but methinks he makes but poor dinners for such guests, though there was a poor venison pasty. Hence my wife and I to the Theatre, and there saw "The Joviall Crew,"[2] where the King, Duke and Duchess, and Madame Palmer, were; and my wife, to her great content, had a full sight of them all the while. The play full of mirth. Hence to my father's, and there staid to talk a while and so by foot home by moonshine. In my way and at home, my wife making a sad story to me of her brother Balty's[3] condition, and would have me to do something for him, which I shall endeavour to do, but am afeard to meddle therein for fear I shall not be able to wipe my

[1] This Three Cranes tavern was situated in the Poultry. There is a token of George Twine, dated 1665 (see "Boyne's Trade Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i., 1889, p. 704).

[2] "The Jovial Crew, or the Merry Beggars," a comedy, by Richard Brome, first acted at the Cockpit, Drury Lane, in 1641. Published in 1652.

[3] Balthazar St. Michel, see *ante*, February 8th, 1659–60 (note).

hands of him again, when I once concern myself for him. I went to bed, my wife all the while telling me his case with tears, which troubled me.

28th. At home all the morning setting papers in order. At noon to the Exchange, and there met with Dr. Williams by appointment, and with him went up and down to look for an attorney, a friend of his, to advise with about our bond of my aunt Pepys of £200, and he tells me absolutely that we shall not be forced to pay interest for the money yet. I do doubt it very much. I spent the whole afternoon drinking with him and so home. This day I counterfeited a letter to Sir W. Pen, as from the thief that stole his tankard lately, only to abuse and laugh at him.

29th. At the office all the morning, and at noon my father, mother, and my aunt Bell (the first time that ever she was at my house) come to dine with me, and were very merry. After dinner the two women went to visit my aunt Wight, &c., and my father about other business, and I abroad to my bookseller, and there staid till four o'clock, at which time by appointment I went to meet my father at my uncle Fenner's. So thither I went and with him to an alehouse, and there came Mr. Evans, the taylor, whose daughter we have had a mind to get for a wife for Tom, and then my father, and there we sat a good while and talked about the business; in fine he told us that he hath not to except against us or our motion, but that the estate that God hath blessed him with is too great to give where there is nothing in present possession but a trade and house; and so we friendly ended. There parted, my father and I together, and walked a little way, and then at Holborn he and I took leave of one another, he being to go to Brampton (to settle things against my mother comes) to-morrow morning. So I home.

30th. At noon my wife and I met at the Wardrobe, and there dined with the children, and after dinner up to my Lady's bedside, and talked and laughed a good while. Then my wife and I to Drury Lane to the French comedy,[1] which was so ill done, and the scenes and company and

[1] The French comedians acted at the Cockpit. The Theatre Royal on the site of the present Drury Lane Theatre was not built till 1663.

everything else so nasty and out of order and poor, that I was sick all the while in my mind to be there. Here my wife met with a son of my Lord Somersett,[1] whom she knew in France, a pretty man; I showed him no great countenance, to avoyd further acquaintance. That done, there being nothing pleasant but the foolery of the farce, we went home.

31st. At home and the office all the morning, and at noon comes Luellin to me, and he and I to the tavern and after that to Bartholomew fair, and there upon his motion to a pitiful alehouse, where we had a dirty slut or two come up that were whores, but my very heart went against them, so that I took no pleasure but a great deal of trouble in being there and getting from thence for fear of being seen. From hence he and I walked towards Ludgate and parted. I back again to the fair all alone, and there met with my Ladies Jemimah and Paulina, with Mr. Pickering and Madamoiselle,[2] at seeing the monkeys dance, which was much to see, when they could be brought to do so, but it troubled me to sit among such nasty company. After that with them into Christ's Hospitall, and there Mr. Pickering bought them some fairings, and I did give every one of them a bauble, which was the little globes of glass with things hanging in them, which pleased the ladies very well. After that home with them in their coach, and there was called up to my Lady, and she would have me stay to talk with her, which I did I think a full hour. And the poor lady did with so much innocency tell me how Mrs. Crispe had told her that she did intend, by means of a lady that lies at her house, to get the King to be godfather to the young lady that she is in childbed now of; but to see in what a manner my Lady told it me, protesting that she sweat in the very telling of it, was the greatest pleasure to me in the world to see the simplicity and harmlessness of a lady. Then down to supper with the ladies, and so home,

[1] Lord John Somerset, second son of the first Marquis of Worcester, had himself three sons, Henry, Thomas, and Charles, but it is uncertain which is here meant. There was no other Lord Somerset to whom the passage could apply. It was probably Thomas, as the other brothers were married. — B.

[2] The young ladies' governess.

Mr. Moore (as he and I cannot easily part) leading me as far as Fenchurch Street to the Mitre, where we drank a glass of wine and so parted, and I home and to bed.

Thus ends the month. My maid Jane newly gone, and Pall left now to do all the work till another maid comes, which shall not be till she goes away into the country with my mother. Myself and wife in good health. My Lord Sandwich in the Straits and newly recovered of a great sickness at Alicante. My father gone to settle at Brampton, and myself under much business and trouble for to settle things in the estate to our content. But what is worst, I find myself lately too much given to seeing of plays, and expense, and pleasure, which makes me forget my business, which I must labour to amend. No money comes in, so that I have been forced to borrow a great deal for my own expenses, and to furnish my father, to leave things in order. I have some trouble about my brother Tom, who is now left to keep my father's trade, in which I have great fears that he will miscarry for want of brains and care. At Court things are in very ill condition, there being so much emulacion, poverty, and the vices of drinking, swearing, and loose amours, that I know not what will be the end of it, but confusion. And the Clergy so high, that all people that I meet with do protest against their practice. In short, I see no content or satisfaction any where, in any one sort of people. The Benevolence[1] proves so little, and an occasion of so much discontent every where, that it had better it had never been set up. I think to subscribe £20. We are at our Office quiet, only for lack of money all things go to rack. Our very bills offered to be sold upon the Exchange at 10 per cent. loss. We are upon getting Sir R. Ford's house added to our Office. But I see so many difficulties will follow in pleasing of one another in the dividing of it, and in becoming bound personally to pay the rent of £200 per annum, that I do believe it will yet scarce come to pass. The season very sickly every where of strange and fatal fevers.

September 1st (Lord's day). Last night being very rainy

[1] A voluntary contribution made by the subjects to their sovereign. Upon this occasion the clergy alone gave £33,743. See May 31st, 1661. — B.

[the rain] broke into my house, the gutter being stopped, and spoiled all my ceilings almost. At church in the morning, and dined at home with my wife. After dinner to Sir W. Batten's, where I found Sir W. Pen and Captain Holmes. Here we were very merry with Sir W. Pen about the loss of his tankard, though all be but a cheat, and he do not yet understand it; but the tankard was stole by Sir W. Batten, and the letter, as from the thief, wrote by me, which makes very good sport. Here I staid all the afternoon, and then Captain Holmes and I by coach to White Hall; in our way, I found him by discourse, to be a great friend of my Lord's, and he told me there was many did seek to remove him; but they were old seamen, such as Sir J. Minnes (but he would name no more, though I do believe Sir W. Batten is one of them that do envy him), but he says he knows that the King do so love him, and the Duke of York too, that there is no fear of him. He seems to be very well acquainted with the King's mind, and with all the several factions at Court, and spoke all with so much frankness, that I do take him to be my Lord's good friend, and one able to do him great service, being a cunning fellow, and one (by his own confession to me) that can put on two several faces, and look his enemies in the face with as much love as his friends. But, good God! what an age is this, and what a world is this! that a man cannot live without playing the knave and dissimulation. At Whitehall we parted, and I to Mrs. Pierce's, meeting her and Madam Clifford in the street, and there staid talking and laughing with them a good while, and so back to my mother's, and there supped, and so home and to bed.

2nd. In the morning to my cozen Thos. Pepys, executor, and there talked with him about my uncle Thomas, his being in the country, but he could not advise me to anything therein, not knowing what the other has done in the country, and so we parted. And so to Whitehall, and there my Lord Privy Seal, who has been out of town this week, not being yet come, we can have no seal, and therefore meeting with Mr. Battersby the apothecary in Fenchurch Street to the King's Apothecary's chamber in Whitehall, and there drank a bottle or two of wine, and so he and I by water towards London. I landed at Blackfriars and so

to the Wardrobe and dined, and then back to Whitehall with Captain Ferrers, and there walked, and thence to Westminster Hall, where we met with Mr. Pickering, and so all of us to the Rhenish wine house (Prior's), where the master of the house is laying out some money in making a cellar with an arch in his yard, which is very convenient for him. Here we staid a good while, and so Mr. Pickering and I to Westminster Hall again, and there walked an hour or two talking, and though he be a fool, yet he keeps much company, and will tell all he sees or hears, and so a man may understand what the common talk of the town is, and I find by him that there are endeavours to get my Lord out of play at sea, which I believe Mr. Coventry and the Duke do think will make them more absolute; but I hope, for all this, they will not be able to do it. He tells me plainly of the vices of the Court, and how the pox is so common there, and so I hear on all hands that it is as common as eating and swearing. From him by water to the bridge, and thence to the Mitre, where I met my uncle and aunt Wight come to see Mrs. Rawlinson (in her husband's absence out of town), and so I staid with them and Mr. Lucas and other company, very merry, and so home, where my wife has been busy all the day making of pies, and had been abroad and bought things for herself, and tells me that she met at the Change with my young ladies of the Wardrobe, and there helped them to buy things, and also with Mr. Somersett, who did give her a bracelet of rings, which did a little trouble me, though I know there is no hurt yet in it, but only for fear of further acquaintance. So to bed. This night I sent another letter to Sir W. Pen to offer him the return of his tankard upon his leaving of 30*s.* at a place where it should be brought. The issue of which I am to expect.

3rd. This day some of us Commissioners went down to Deptford to pay off some ships, but I could not go, but staid at home all the morning setting papers to rights, and this morning Mr. Howell, our turner, sent me two things to file papers on very handsome. Dined at home, and then with my wife to the Wardrobe, where my Lady's child was christened (my Lord Crew and his Lady, and my Lady Montagu, my Lord's mother-in-law, were the witnesses),

and named Katherine[1] (the Queen elect's name); but to my and all our trouble, the Parson of the parish christened her, and did not sign the child with the sign of the cross. After that was done, we had a very fine banquet, the best I ever was at, and so (there being very little company) we by and by broke up, and my wife and I to my mother, who I took a liberty to advise about her getting things ready to go this week into the country to my father, and she (being become now-a-days very simple) took it very ill, and we had a great deal of noise and wrangling about it. So home by coach.

4th. In the morning to the Privy Seal to do some things of the last month, my Lord Privy Seal having been some time out of town. Then my wife came to me to Whitehall, and we went and walked a good while in St. James's Park to see the brave alterations, and so to Wilkinson's, the Cook's, to dinner, where we sent for Mrs. Sarah and there dined and had oysters, the first I have eat this year, and were pretty good. After dinner by agreement to visit Mrs. Symonds, but she is abroad, which I wonder at, and so missing her my wife again to my mother's (calling at Mrs. Pierce's, who we found brought to bed of a girl last night) and there staid and drank, and she resolves to be going to-morrow without fail. Many friends come in to take their leave of her, but a great deal of stir I had again to-night about getting her to go to see my Lady Sandwich before she goes, which she says she will do to-morrow. So I home.

5th. To the Privy Seal this morning about business, in my way taking leave of my mother, who goes to Brampton to-day. But doing my business at the Privy Seal pretty soon, I took boat and went to my uncle Fenner's, and there I found my mother and my wife and Pall (of whom I had this morning at my own house taken leave, and given her 20*s.* and good counsel how to carry herself to my father and mother), and so I took them, it being late, to Beard's,

[1] Lady Katherine Montagu, youngest daughter of Lord Sandwich, married, first, Nicholas Bacon, eldest son and heir of Sir Nicholas Bacon, K.B., of Shrubland Hall, co. Suffolk; and, secondly, the Rev. Balthazar Gardeman. She died January 15th, 1757, æt. ninety-six years, four months. — B.

where they were staid for, and so I put them into the waggon, and saw them going presently, Pall crying exceedingly. Then in with my wife, my aunt Bell and Charles Pepys, whom we met there, and drank, and so to my uncle Fenner's to dinner (in the way meeting a French footman[1] with feathers, who was in quest of my wife, and spoke with her privately, but I could not tell what it was, only my wife promised to go to some place to-morrow morning, which do trouble my mind how to know whither it was), where both his sons and daughters were, and there we were merry and dined. After dinner news was brought that my aunt Kite, the butcher's widow in London, is sick ready to die and sends for my uncle and me to come to take charge of things, and to be intrusted with the care of her daughter. But I through want of time to undertake such a business, I was taken up by Antony Joyce, which came at last to very high words, which made me very angry, and I did not think that he would ever have been such a fool to meddle with other people's business, but I saw he spoke worse to his father than to me, and therefore I bore it the better, but all the company was offended with him, so we parted angry he and I, and so my wife and I to the fair, and I showed her the Italians dancing the ropes, and the women that do strange tumbling tricks, and so by foot home vexed in my mind about Antony Joyce.

6th. This morning my uncle Fenner by appointment came and drank his morning draft with me, and from thence he and I to see my aunt Kite (my wife holding her resolution to go this morning as she resolved yesterday, and though there could not be much hurt in it, yet my own jealousy put a hundred things into my mind, which did much trouble me all day), whom we found in bed and not like to live as we think, and she told us her mind was that if she should die she should give all she had to her daughter, only £5 apiece to her second husband's children, in case they live to come out of their apprenticeships, and that if her daughter should die before marrying, then £10 to be divided between Sarah Kite's children and the rest as her own daughter shall dispose of it, and this I set down that I

[1] Apparently a servant of Mr. Somerset's. — B.

may be able to swear in case there should be occasion. From thence to an alehouse while it rained, which kept us there I think above two hours, and at last we were fain to go through the rainy street home, calling on his sister Utbeck and drank there. Then I home to dinner all alone, and thence my mind being for my wife's going abroad much troubled and unfit for business, I went to the Theatre, and saw "Elder Brother"[1] ill acted; that done, meeting here with Sir G. Askew,[2] Sir Theophilus Jones,[3] and another Knight, with Sir W. Pen, we to the Ship tavern, and there staid and were merry till late at night, and so got a coach, and Sir Wm. and I home, where my wife had been long come home, but I seemed very angry, as indeed I am, and did not all night show her any countenance, neither before nor in bed, and so slept and rose discontented.

7th. At the office all the morning. At noon Mr. Moore dined with me, and then in comes Wm. Joyce to answer a letter of mine I wrote this morning to him about a maid of his that my wife had hired, and she sent us word that she was hired to stay longer with her master, which mistake he came to clear himself of, and I took it very kindly. So I having appointed the young ladies at the Wardrobe to go with them to a play to-day, I left him and my brother Tom who came along with him to dine, and my wife and I took them to the Theatre, where we seated ourselves close by the King, and Duke of York, and Madame Palmer, which was great content; and, indeed, I can never enough admire her beauty. And here was "Bartholomew Fayre," with the puppet-show, acted to-day, which had not been these forty years (it being so satyricall against Puritanism, they durst not till now, which is strange they should already dare to

[1] A comedy, by John Fletcher, acted at the Blackfriars. It was published first in 1637.

[2] Admiral Sir George Ayscue, knighted by Charles I., but appointed Admiral of the Fleet in the Irish Seas in 1649 "for his fidelity and good affection to the Parliament." Vice-Admiral of the Blue Squadron under the Duke of York in the action with the Dutch fleet on June 3rd, 1665, and Admiral of the White under Prince Rupert and the Duke of Albemarle in 1666, when he was taken prisoner by the Dutch (see Diary, June 7th, 1666).

[3] Sir Theophilus Jones had represented the county of Dublin in Parliament, and served as a Colonel in the Commonwealth army. — B.

do it, and the King do countenance it), but I do never a whit like it the better for the puppets, but rather the worse. Thence home with the ladies, it being by reason of our staying a great while for the King's coming, and the length of the play, near nine o'clock before it was done, and so in their coach home, and still in discontent with my wife, to bed, and rose so this morning also.

8th (Lord's day). To church, it being a very wet night last night and to-day, dined at home, and so to church again with my wife in the afternoon, and coming home again found our new maid Doll[1] asleep, that she could not hear to let us in, so that we were fain to send the boy in at a window to open the door to us. So up to my chamber all alone, and troubled in mind to think how much of late I have addicted myself to expense and pleasure, that now I can hardly reclaim myself to look after my great business of settling Gravely business, till it is now almost too late. I pray God give me grace to begin now to look after my business, but it always was, and I fear will ever be, my foible that after I am once got behindhand with business, I am hard to set to it again to recover it. In the evening I begun to look over my accounts, and upon the whole I do find myself, by what I can yet see, worth near £600, for which God be blessed, which put me into great comfort. So to supper and to bed.

9th. To the Privy Seal in the morning, but my Lord did not come, so I went with Captain Morrice at his desire into the King's Privy Kitchen to Mr. Sayres, the Master Cook, and there we had a good slice of beef or two to our breakfast, and from thence he took us into the wine cellar where, by my troth, we were very merry, and I drank too much wine, and all along had great and particular kindness from Mr. Sayres, but I drank so much wine that I was not fit for business, and therefore at noon I went and walked in Westminster Hall a while, and thence to Salisbury Court play house, where was acted the first time "'Tis pity Shee's a Whore,"[2] a simple play and ill acted, only it was my for-

[1] Dorothy or Doll did not stay long, for on November 27th we find that Mrs. Pepys parted with her.

[2] A tragedy, by John Ford, acted at the Phœnix, Drury Lane, and printed 1633.

tune to sit by a most pretty and most ingenious lady, which pleased me much. Thence home, and found Sir Williams both and much more company gone to the Dolphin to drink the 30*s.* that we got the other day of Sir W. Pen about his tankard. Here was Sir R. Slingsby, Holmes, Captn. Allen, Mr. Turner, his wife and daughter, my Lady Batten, and Mrs. Martha, &c., and an excellent company of fiddlers; so we exceeding merry till late; and then we begun to tell Sir W. Pen the business, but he had been drinking to-day, and so is almost gone, that we could not make him understand it, which caused us more sport. But so much the better, for I believe when he do come to understand it he will be angry, he has so talked of the business himself and the letter up and down that he will be ashamed to be found abused in it. So home and to bed.

10th. At the office all the morn, dined at home; then my wife into Wood Street to buy a chest, and thence to buy other things at my uncle Fenner's (though by reason of rain we had ill walking), thence to my brother Tom's, and there discoursed with him about business, and so to the Wardrobe to see my Lady, and after supper with the young ladies, bought a link and carried it myself till I met one that would light me home for the link. So he light me home with his own, and then I did give him mine. This night I found Mary, my cozen W. Joyce's maid, come to me to be my cook maid, and so my house is full again. So to bed.

11th. Early to my cozen Thomas Trice to discourse about our affairs, and he did make demand of the £200 and the interest thereof. But for the £200 I did agree to pay him, but for the other I did desire to be advised. So from him to Dr. Williams,[1] who did carry me into his garden, where he hath abundance of grapes; and did show me how a dog that he hath do kill all the cats that come thither to kill his pigeons, and do afterwards bury them; and do it with so much care that they shall be quite covered; that if but the tip of the tail hangs out he will take up the cat again, and dig the hole deeper. Which is very strange; and he tells me that he do believe that he hath killed above 100 cats.

[1] Dr. Williams's house was in Holborn.

After he was ready we went up and down to inquire about my affairs and then parted, and to the Wardrobe, and there took Mr. Moore to Tom Trice, who promised to let Mr. Moore have copies of the bond and my aunt's deed of gift, and so I took him home to my house to dinner, where I found my wife's brother, Balty, as fine as hands could make him, and his servant, a Frenchman, to wait on him, and come to have my wife to visit a young lady which he is a servant to, and have hope to trepan and get for his wife. I did give way for my wife to go with him, and so after dinner they went, and Mr. Moore and I out again, he about his business and I to Dr. Williams to talk with him again, and he and I walking through Lincoln's Inn Fields observed at the Opera a new play, "Twelfth Night,"[1] was acted there, and the King there; so I, against my own mind and resolution, could not forbear to go in, which did make the play seem a burthen to me, and I took no pleasure at all in it; and so after it was done went home with my mind troubled for my going thither, after my swearing to my wife that I would never go to a play without her. So that what with this and things going so cross to me as to matters of my uncle's estate, makes me very much troubled in my mind, and so to bed. My wife was with her brother to see his mistress to-day, and says she is young, rich, and handsome, but not likely for him to get.

12th. Though it was an office day, yet I was forced to go to the Privy Seal, at which I was all the morning, and from thence to my Lady's to dinner at the Wardrobe; and in my way upon the Thames, I saw the King's new pleasure-boat that is come now for the King to take pleasure in above bridge; and also two Gundaloes[2] that are lately brought, which are very rich and fine. After dinner I went into my Lady's chamber where I found her up now out of her childbed, which I was glad to see, and after an hour's talk with

[1] Pepys seldom liked any play of Shakespeare's, and he sadly blundered when he supposed "Twelfth Night" was a new play.

[2] "Two long boats that were made in Venice, called gondolas, were by the Duke of Venice (Dominico Contareni) presented to His Majesty; and the attending watermen, being four, were in very rich clothes, crimson satin; very big were their breeches and doublets; they wore also very large shirts of the same satin, very richly laced." — Rugge's *Diurnal*. — B.

her I took leave and to Tom Trice again, and sat talking and drinking with him about our business a great while. I do find I am likely to be forced to pay interest for the £200. By and by in comes my uncle Thomas, and as he was always a close cunning fellow, so he carries himself to me, and says nothing of what his endeavours are, though to my trouble I know that he is about recovering of Gravely, but neither I nor he began any discourse of the business. From thence to Dr. Williams (at the little blind alehouse in Shoe Lane, at the Gridiron, a place I am ashamed to be seen to go into), and there with some bland counsel of his we discuss our matters, but I find men of so different minds that by my troth I know not what to trust to. It being late I took leave, and by link home and called at Sir W. Batten's, and there hear that Sir W. Pen do take our jest of the tankard very ill, which I am sorry for.

13th. This morning I was sent for by my uncle Fenner to come and advise about the buriall of my aunt, the butcher, who died yesterday; and from thence to the Anchor, by Doctor's Commons, and there Dr. Williams and I did write a letter for my purpose to Mr. Sedgewick, of Cambridge, about Gravely business, and after that I left him and an attorney with him and went to the Wardrobe, where I found my wife, and thence she and I to the water to spend the afternoon in pleasure; and so we went to old George's, and there eat as much as we would of a hot shoulder of mutton, and so to boat again and home. So to bed, my mind very full of business and trouble.

14th. At the office all the morning, at noon to the Change, and then home again. To dinner, where my uncle Fenner by appointment came and dined with me, thinking to go together to my aunt Kite's that is dead; but before we had dined comes Sir R. Slingsby and his lady, and a great deal of company, to take my wife and I out by barge to shew them the King's and Duke's yachts. So I was forced to leave my uncle and brother Tom at dinner and go forth with them, and we had great pleasure, seeing all four yachts, viz., these two and the two Dutch ones. And so home again, and after writing letters by post, to bed.

15th (Lord's day). To my aunt Kite's in the morning to help my uncle Fenner to put things in order against anon

for the buriall, and at noon home again; and after dinner to church, my wife and I, and after sermon with my wife to the buriall of my aunt Kite, where besides us and my uncle Fenner's family, there was none of any quality, but poor rascally people. So we went to church with the corps, and there had service read at the grave, and back again with Pegg Kite, who will be, I doubt, a troublesome carrion to us executors; but if she will not be ruled, I shall fling up my executorship. After that home, and Will Joyce along with me, where we sat and talked and drank and ate an hour or two, and so he went away and I up to my chamber and then to prayers and to bed.

16th. This morning I was busy at home to take in my part of our freight of Coles, which Sir G. Carteret, Sir R. Slingsby, and myself sent for, which is 10 Chaldron, 8 of which I took in, and with the other to repay Sir W. Pen what I borrowed of him a little while ago. So that from this day I should see how long 10 chaldron of coals will serve my house, if it please the Lord to let me live to see them burned. In the afternoon by appointment to meet Dr. Williams and his attorney, and they and I to Tom Trice, and there got him in discourse to confess the words that he had said that his mother did desire him not to see my uncle about her £200 bond while she was alive. Here we were at high words with T. Trice and then parted, and we to Standing's, in Fleet Street, where we sat and drank and talked a great while about my going down to Gravely Court,[1] which will be this week, whereof the Doctor had notice in a letter from his sister this week. In the middle of our discourse word was brought me from my brother's that there is a fellow come from my father out of the country, on purpose to speak to me, so I went to him and he made a story how he had lost his letter, but he was sure it was for me to go into the country, which I believed, and thought it might be to give me notice of Gravely Court, but I afterwards found that it was a rogue that did use to play such tricks to get money of people, but he got none of me. At night I went home, and there found letters from

[1] The manorial court of Graveley, in Huntingdonshire, to which Impington owed suit or service, and under which the Pepys's copyhold estates were held. See July 8th, 1661, *ante*. — B.

my father informing me of the Court, and that I must come down and meet him at Impington, which I presently resolved to do,

17th. And the next morning got up, telling my wife of my journey, and she with a few words got me to hire her a horse to go along with me. So I went to my Lady's and elsewhere to take leave, and of Mr. Townsend did borrow a very fine side-saddle for my wife; and so after all things were ready, she and I took coach to the end of the town towards Kingsland, and there got upon my horse and she upon her pretty mare that I hired for her, and she rides very well. By the mare at one time falling she got a fall, but no harm; so we got to Ware, and there supped, and to bed very merry and pleasant.

18th. The next morning up early and begun our march; the way about Puckridge[1] very bad, and my wife, in the very last dirty place of all, got a fall, but no hurt, though some dirt. At last she begun, poor wretch, to be tired, and I to be angry at it, but I was to blame; for she is a very good companion as long as she is well. In the afternoon we got to Cambridge, where I left my wife at my cozen Angier's while I went to Christ's College, and there found my brother in his chamber, and talked with him; and so to the barber's, and then to my wife again, and remounted for Impington, where my uncle received me and my wife very kindly. And by and by in comes my father, and we supped and talked and were merry, but being weary and sleepy my wife and I to bed without talking with my father anything about our business.

19th. Up early, and my father and I alone into the garden, and there talked about our business, and what to do therein. So after I had talked and advised with my coz Claxton, and then with my uncle by his bedside, we all horsed away to Cambridge, where my father and I, having left my wife at the Beare with my brother, went to Mr. Sedgewicke, the steward of Gravely, and there talked with him, but could get little hopes from anything that he would tell us; but at last I did give him a fee, and then he was

[1] Puckeridge, a village in Hertfordshire six and a half miles N.N.E. of Ware.

free to tell me what I asked, which was something, though not much comfort. From thence to our horses, and with my wife went and rode through Sturbridge[1] fair, but the fair was almost done. So we did not 'light there at all, but went back to Cambridge, and there at the Beare had some herrings, we and my brother, and after dinner set out for Brampton, where we come in very good time, and found all things well, and being somewhat weary, after some talk about to-morrow's business with my father, we went to bed.

20th. Will Stankes and I set out in the morning betimes for Gravely, where to an ale-house and drank, and then, going towards the Court House, met my uncle Thomas and his son Thomas, with Bradly, the rogue that had betrayed us, and one Young, a cunning fellow, who guides them. There passed no unkind words at all between us, but I seemed fair and went to drink with them. I said little till by and by that we come to the Court, which was a simple meeting of a company of country rogues, with the Steward, and two Fellows of Jesus College, that are lords of the town where the jury were sworn; and I producing no surrender, though I told them I was sure there is and must be one somewhere, they found my uncle Thomas heir at law,[2] as he is, and so, though I did tell him and his son that they would find themselves abused by these fellows, and did advise them to forbear being admitted this Court (which they could have done, but that these rogues did persuade them to do it now), my uncle was admitted, and his son also, in reversion after his father, which he did well in to secure his money. The father paid a year and a half for his fine, and the son half a year, in all £48, besides about £3 fees; so that I do believe the charges of his journeys, and what he gives those two rogues, and other expenses herein, cannot be less than £70, which will be a sad thing for them if a surrender be found. After all was done, I openly wished them joy in it, and so rode to Offord

[1] Sturbridge fair is of great antiquity. The first trace of it is found in a charter granted about 1211 by King John to the Lepers of the Hospital of St. Mary Magdalen at Sturbridge by Cambridge, a fair to be held in the close of the hospital on the vigil and feast of the Holy Cross (see Cornelius Walford's "Fairs Past and Present," 1883, p. 54).

[2] To Robert Pepys of Brampton, his eldest brother.

with them and there parted fairly without any words. I took occasion to bid them money for their half acre of land, which I had a mind to do that in the surrender I might secure Piggott's, which otherwise I should be forced to lose. So with Stankes home and supped, and after telling my father how things went, I went to bed with my mind in good temper, because I see the matter and manner of the Court and the bottom of my business, wherein I was before and should always have been ignorant.

21st. All the morning pleasing myself with my father, going up and down the house and garden with my father and my wife, contriving some alterations. After dinner (there coming this morning my aunt Hanes and her son from London, that is to live with my father) I rode to Huntingdon, where I met Mr. Philips, and there put my Bugden[1] matter in order against the Court, and so to Hinchingbroke, where Mr. Barnwell shewed me the condition of the house, which is yet very backward, and I fear will be very dark in the cloyster when it is done. So home and to supper and to bed, very pleasant and quiet.

22nd (Lord's day). Before church time walking with my father in the garden contriving. So to church, where we had common prayer, and a dull sermon by one Mr. Case,[2] who yet I heard sing very well. So to dinner, and busy with my father about his accounts all the afternoon, and people came to speak with us about business. Mr. Barnwell at night came and supped with us. So after setting matters even with my father and I, to bed.

23rd. Up, and sad to hear my father and mother wrangle as they used to do in London, of which I took notice to both, and told them that I should give over care for anything unless they would spend what they have with more love and quiet. So (John Bowles coming to see us before we go) we took horse and got early to Baldwick,[3] where there was a fair, and we put in and eat a mouthfull of pork, which they made us pay 14*d.* for, which vexed us much.

[1] Bugden, or Buckden, a village and parish in the St. Neots district of Huntingdonshire, four miles S.W. of Huntingdon.

[2] Probably Thomas Case, see *ante*, May 15th, 1660.

[3] Baldock, a town, parish, and sub-district in the district of Hitchin, Herts.

And so away to Stevenage, and staid till a showre was over, and so rode easily to Welling, where we supped well, and had two beds in the room and so lay single, and still remember it that of all the nights that ever I slept in my life I never did pass a night with more epicurism of sleep: there being now and then a noise of people stirring that waked me, and then it was a very rainy night, and then I was a little weary, that what between waking and then sleeping again, one after another, I never had so much content in all my life, and so my wife says it was with her.

24th. We rose, and set forth, but found a most sad alteration in the road by reason of last night's rains, they being now all dirty and washy, though not deep. So we rode easily through, and only drinking at Holloway, at the sign of a woman with cakes in one hand and a pot of ale in the other,[1] which did give good occasion of mirth, resembling her to the maid that served us, we got home very timely and well, and finding there all well, and letters from sea, that speak of my Lord's being well, and his action, though not considerable of any side, at Argier.[2] I went straight to my Lady, and there sat and talked with her, and so home again, and after supper we to bed somewhat weary, hearing of nothing ill since my absence but my brother Tom, who is pretty well though again.

25th. By coach with Sir W. Pen to Covent Garden. By the way, upon my desire, he told me that I need not fear any reflection upon my Lord for their ill success at Argier, for more could not be done than was done. I went to my cozen, Thos. Pepys, there, and talked with him a good while about our country business, who is troubled at my uncle Thomas his folly, and so we parted; and then meeting Sir R. Slingsby in St. Martin's Lane, he and I in his coach through the Mewes,[3] which is the way that now all coaches are forced to go, because of a stop at Charing

[1] Probably the original of the well-known Mother Red-Cap at Upper Holloway.

[2] Algiers.

[3] The Mews stood on the site of the present National Gallery. The place was originally occupied by the king's falcons, but in the reign of Henry VIII. it was turned into a stable. After the battle of Naseby it was used as a prison for a time. The Mews was rebuilt in 1732, and taken down in 1830.

Cross, by reason of a drain there to clear the streets. To Whitehall, and there to Mr. Coventry, and talked with him, and thence to my Lord Crew's and dined with him, where I was used with all imaginable kindness both from him and her. And I see that he is afraid that my Lord's reputacõn will a little suffer in common talk by this late success; but there is no help for it now. The Queen of England (as she is now owned and called) I hear doth keep open Court, and distinct at Lisbon. Hence, much against my nature and will, yet such is the power of the Devil over me I could not refuse it, to the Theatre, and saw "The Merry Wives of Windsor," ill done. And that ended, with Sir W. Pen and Sir G. More to the tavern, and so home with him by coach, and after supper to prayers and to bed. In full quiet of mind as to thought, though full of business, blessed be God.

26th. At the office all the morning, so dined at home, and then abroad with my wife by coach to the Theatre to shew her "King and no King,"[1] it being very well done. And so by coach, though hard to get it, being rainy, home. So to my chamber to write letters and the Journal for these six last days past.

27th. By coach to Whitehall with my wife (where she went to see Mrs. Pierce, who was this day churched, her month of childbed being out). I went to Mrs. Montagu and other businesses, and at noon met my wife at the Wardrobe; and there dined, where we found Captain Country[2] (my little Captain that I loved, who carried me to the Sound), come with some grapes and millons[3] from my Lord at Lisbon, the first that ever I saw any, and my wife and I eat some, and took some home; but the grapes are rare things. Here we staid, and in the afternoon comes Mr. Edwd. Montagu (by appointment this morning) to talk with my Lady and me about the provisions fit to be bought,

[1] Pepys saw this play acted well on March 14th, 1660–61.

[2] Richard Country, captain of the "Hind," a vessel of six guns and thirty-five men, in the fleet at Scheveling.

[3] The antiquity of the cultivation of the melon is very remote. Both the melon (*cucumis melo*) and the water-melon (*cucumis citrullus*) were introduced into England at the end of the sixteenth century. See *ante*, August 23rd, 1660.

and sent to my Lord along with him. And told us, that we need not trouble ourselves how to buy them, for the King would pay for all, and that he would take care to get them: which put my Lady and me into a great deal of ease of mind. Here we staid and supped too, and, after my wife had put up some of the grapes in a basket for to be sent to the King, we took coach and home, where we found a hampire of millons sent to me also.

28th. At the office in the morning, dined at home, and then Sir W. Pen and his daughter and I and my wife to the Theatre, and there saw "Father's own Son,"[1] a very good play, and the first time I ever saw it, and so at night to my house, and there sat and talked and drank and merrily broke up, and to bed.

29th (Lord's day). To church in the morning, and so to dinner, and Sir W. Pen and daughter, and Mrs. Poole, his kinswoman, Captain Poole's wife, came by appointment to dinner with us, and a good dinner we had for them, and were very merry, and so to church again, and then to Sir W. Pen's and there supped, where his brother,[2] a traveller, and one that speaks Spanish very well, and a merry man, supped with us, and what at dinner and supper I drink I know not how, of my own accord, so much wine, that I was even almost foxed, and my head aked all night; so home and to bed, without prayers, which I never did yet, since I came to the house, of a Sunday night: I being now so out of order that I durst not read prayers, for fear of being perceived by my servants in what case I was. So to bed.

30th. This morning up by moon-shine, at 5 o'clock, to White Hall, to meet Mr. Moore at the Privy Seal, but he not being come as appointed, I went into King Street to the Red Lyon[3] to drink my morning draft, and there I heard

[1] The only mention of this piece occurs in a MS. list of plays belonging to Will. Beeston, as governor of the Cockpit, in Drury Lane, preserved in the Lord Chamberlain's office. The list is dated August 10th, 1639. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps states that a small portion of the piece formed into a droll under the title of "The Doctors of Dullhead College," is printed in the "Wits, or Sport upon Sport," 1672.

[2] George Penn, elder brother of Sir William, was a merchant at San Lucar.

[3] The Red Lion in King Street is not mentioned in the "List of Taverns in London and Westminster in 1698" (Harl. MS. 4716).

of a fray between the two Embassadors of Spain[1] and France;[2] and that, this day, being the day of the entrance of an Embassador from Sweden,[3] they intended to fight for the precedence.[4] Our King, I heard, ordered that no Englishman should meddle in the business,[5] but let them do what they would. And to that end all the soldiers in the town were in arms all the day long, and some of the train-bands in the City; and a great bustle through the City all the day. Then I to the Privy Seal, and there Mr. Moore and a gentleman being come with him, we took coach (which was the business I come for) to Chelsy, to my Lord Privy Seal, and there got him to seal the business. Here I saw by day-light two very fine pictures in the gallery, that a little while ago I saw by night; and did also go all over the house, and found it to be the prettiest contrived house that ever I saw in my life. So to coach back again; and at White Hall 'light, and saw the soldiers and people running up and down the streets. So I went to the Spanish Embassador's and the French, and there saw great preparations on both sides; but the French made the most noise

[1] The Baron de Batteville, or, as is more often written, Vatteville. See *ante*, May 19th, 1661.

[2] Godefroi, Comte d'Estrades, Marshal of France, and Viceroy of America. He proved himself, upon many occasions, an able diplomatist, and particularly at the conferences of Nimeguen when acting as plenipotentiary in 1678. Died February 26th, 1686, aged seventy-nine.

[3] The Count Brahé.

[4] This had been a frequent source of contention, and many absurd incidents had occurred. In 1618, Gaspar Dauvet, Comte des Marets, ambassador to James I., left our court in dissatisfaction upon a point of precedence claimed by him over Gondomar, which was not allowed by James. The question now came to a crisis, and was settled. See Evelyn's account, drawn up by royal command, printed at the end of his Diary. — B.

[5] The Comte de Brienne insinuates, in his "Memoirs," that Charles purposely abstained from interfering, in the belief that it was for his interest to let France and Spain quarrel, in order to further his own designs in the match with Portugal. Louis certainly held that opinion; and he afterwards instructed D'Estrades to solicit from the English court the punishment of those Londoners who had insulted his ambassador, and to demand the dismissal of De Batteville. Either no Londoner had interfered, or Louis's demand had not in England the same force as in Spain; for no one was punished. The latter part of his request it was clearly not for Charles to entertain, much less enforce. — B.

and vaunted most, the other made no stir almost at all; so that I was afraid the other would have had too great a conquest over them. Then to the Wardrobe, and dined there, and then abroad and in Cheapside hear that the Spanish hath got the best of it, and killed three of the French coach-horses and several men, and is gone through the City next to our King's coach; at which, it is strange to see how all the City did rejoice. And indeed we do naturally all love the Spanish, and hate the French. But I, as I am in all things curious, presently got to the water-side, and there took oars to Westminster Palace, thinking to have seen them come in thither with all the coaches, but they being come and returned, I ran after them with my boy after me through all the dirt and the streets full of people; till at last, at the Mewes, I saw the Spanish coach go, with fifty drawn swords at least to guard it, and our soldiers shouting for joy. And so I followed the coach, and then met it at York House,[1] where the embassador lies; and there it went in with great state. So then I went to the French house, where I observe still, that there is no men in the world of a more insolent spirit where they do well, nor before they begin a matter, and more abject if they do miscarry, than these people are; for they all look like dead men, and not a word among them, but shake their heads. The truth is, the Spaniards were not only observed to fight most desperately, but also they did outwitt them; first in lining their own harness with chains of iron that they could not be cut, then in setting their coach in the most advantageous place, and to appoint men to guard every one of their horses, and others for to guard the coach, and others the coachmen. And, above all, in setting upon the French horses and killing them, for by that means the French were not able to stir. There were several men slain of the French, and one or two of the Spaniards, and one Englishman by a bullet.[2] Which is very observable, the French were at least four to

[1] See *ante*, May 19th.

[2] This fray was the occasion of a good joke at the French court, thus related in the "Menagiana," vol. ii., p. 336: — "Lors qu'on demandoit, 'Que fait Batteville en Angleterre?' on repondoit, '*Il bat L'Estrade.*'" This expression, as is well known, means "battre la campagne avec de la cavalerie pour avoir des nouvelles des ennemis." — Chambaud's *Dictionary*. — B.

one in number,[1] and had near 100 case of pistols among them, and the Spaniards had not one gun among them; which is for their honour for ever, and the others' disgrace. So, having been very much daubed with dirt, I got a coach, and home; where I vexed my wife in telling of her this story, and pleading for the Spaniards against the French. So ends this month; myself and family in good condition of health, but my head full of my Lord's and my own and the office business; where we are now very busy about the business of sending forces to Tangier,[2] and the fleet to my Lord of Sandwich, who is now at Lisbon to bring over the Queen, who do now keep a Court as Queen of England. The business of Argier hath of late troubled me, because my Lord hath not done what he went for, though he did as much as any man in the world could have done. The want of money puts all things, and above all things the Navy, out of order; and yet I do not see that the King takes care to bring in any money, but thinks of new designs to lay out money.

October 1st. This morning my wife and I lay long in bed, and among other things fell into talk of musique, and desired that I would let her learn to sing, which I did con-

[1] The French accounts swell the number of the Spanish ambassador's attendants to two thousand; two hundred would, perhaps, be the truth. — B.

[2] This place, so often mentioned, was first given up to the English fleet under Lord Sandwich, by the Portuguese, January 30th, 1662; and Lord Peterborough left governor, with a garrison. The greatest pains were afterwards taken to preserve the fortress, and a fine mole was constructed at a vast expense, to improve the harbour. At length, after immense sums of money had been wasted there, the House of Commons expressed a dislike to the management of the garrison, which they suspected to be a nursery for a popish army, and seemed disinclined to maintain it any longer. The king consequently, in 1683, sent Lord Dartmouth to bring home the troops, and destroy the works; which he performed so effectually, that it would puzzle all our engineers to restore the harbour. It were idle to speculate on the benefits which might have accrued to England, by its preservation and retention; Tangier fell into the hands of the Moors, its importance having ceased with the demolition of the mole. Many curious views of Tangier were taken by Hollar, during its occupation by the English; and his drawings are preserved in the British Museum. Some have been engraved by himself; but the impressions are of considerable rarity. — B.

sider, and promised her she should. So before I rose, word was brought me that my singing master, Mr. Goodgroome, was come to teach me; and so she rose and this morning began to learn also. To the office, where busy all day. So to dinner and then to the office again till night, and then to my study at home to set matters and papers in order, which, though I can hardly bring myself to do, yet do please me much when it is done. So eat a bit of bread and cheese, and to bed.

2nd. All this morning at Pegg Kite's with my uncle Fenner, and two friends of his, appraising her goods that her mother has left; but the slut is like to prove so troublesome that I am out of heart with troubling myself in her business. After we had done we all went to a cook's shop in Bishopsgate Street and dined, and then I took them to the tavern and did give them a quart of sack, and so parted. I home and then took my wife out, and in a coach of a gentlewoman's that had been to visit my Lady Batten and was going home again our way, we went to the Theatre, but coming late, and sitting in an ill place, I never had so little pleasure in a play in my life, yet it was the first time that ever I saw it, "Victoria Corombona."[1] Methinks a very poor play. Then at night troubled to get my wife home, it being very dark, and so we were forced to have a coach. So to supper and to bed.

3rd. At the office all the morning; dined at home, and in the afternoon Mr. Moore came to me, and he and I went to Tower Hill to meet with a man, and so back all three to my house, and there I signed a bond to Mr. Battersby, a friend of Mr. Moore's, who lends me £50, the first money that ever I borrowed upon bond for my own occasion, and so I took them to the Mitre and a Portugal millon with me; there sat and discoursed in matters of religion till night with great pleasure, and so parted, and I home, calling at Sir W. Batten's, where his son and his wife were, who had yesterday been at the play where we were, and it was good sport to hear how she talked of it with admiration like a

[1] "The White Devil; or, the Tragedie of Paulo Giordano Ursini, Duke of Brachiano, with the Life and Death of Vittoria Corombona, the famous Venetian Courtezan," by John Webster. Acted at the Phœnix, in Drury Lane, and first printed in 1612.

fooi. So home, and my head was not well with the wine that I drank to-day.

4th. By coach to White Hall with Sir W. Pen. So to Mr. Montagu, where his man, Mons. Eschar, makes a great complaint against the English, that they did help the Spaniards against the French the other day; and that their Embassador do demand justice of our King,[1] and that he

[1] The courier sent by D'Estrades to Paris, with the news of his discomfiture, arrived at the hôtel of the Comte de Brienne (Louis-Henri de Lomenie, who had succeeded his father, Henri-Auguste, as Secretary of State) at eleven at night. Brienne instantly repaired to the king, then at supper with the queen-mother, his own queen, and his brother, Philippe of Anjou (Monsieur); and, requesting Louis to appear composed before the numerous spectators, he told him that the Spanish ambassador's people had cut the traces of his ambassador's coach, killed two coachmen, and cut the horses' bridles; and that the Spanish ambassador's coach had taken precedence of that of D'Estrades, whose own son had also been wounded in the affray. In spite of the caution which he had received, Louis rose up in such agitation, as nearly to overturn the table; seized Brienne by the arm, led him into the queen-mother's chamber, and bade him read D'Estrades's despatch. The queen-mother followed in haste. "What is the matter?" said she. "It is," replied the king, "an attempt to embroil the King of Spain and myself." The queen-mother begged him to return to the company. "I have supped, madam," said he, raising his voice. "I will be righted in this affair, or I will declare war against the King of Spain; and I will force him to yield precedence to my ambassadors in every court in Europe." "Oh, my son!" replied the queen-mother, "break not a peace which has cost me so dear; and remember, that the King of Spain is my brother." "Leave me, madam," rejoined Louis, "to hear D'Estrades's despatch. Return to the table, and let some fruit only be prepared for me." Anne of Austria having retired, Louis listened to the despatch, and instantly gave his commands to Brienne; which were, in substance, to order the Conde de Fuensaldagna, the Spanish ambassador, to quit France instantly, and to forbid the Marques de las Fuentes, his intended successor, to set foot on the French territory — to recall his commissioners on the boundary question, as well as the Archbishop of Embrum, his ambassador at Madrid — to demand from the King of Spain an apology proportionable to the offence; that De Batteville should be punished in person; and that in all the courts of Europe the Spanish ambassador should give place to the French; and, on the refusal of any part of his demands, to declare war. Louis gained all and every point. After much paper war, and many protocols, Spain gave way. The Baron de Batteville was recalled; the Marques de las Fuentes was sent ambassador extraordinary to Paris, to tender apologies; and on March 24th, 1662, in the presence of twenty-seven ambassadors and envoys from various courts of Europe,

do resolve to be gone for France the next week; which I, and all that I met with, are very glad of. Thence to Paternoster Row, where my Will did receive the £50 I borrowed yesterday. I to the Wardrobe to dinner, and there staid most of the afternoon very merry with the ladies. Then Captain Ferrers and I to the Theatre, and there came too late, so we staid and saw a bit of "Victoria," which pleased me worse than it did the other day. So we staid not to see it out, but went out and drank a bottle or two of China ale, and so home, where I found my wife vexed at her people for grumbling to eat Suffolk cheese,[1] which I also am vexed at. So to bed.

5th. At the office all the morning, then dined at home, and so staid at home all the afternoon putting up my Lord's model of the Royal James, which I borrowed of him long ago to hang up in my room. And at night Sir W. Pen and I alone to the Dolphin, and there eat some bloat-herrings[2] and drank good sack. Then came in Sir W. Warren and another and staid a while with us, and then Sir Arnold Brames, with whom we staid late and till we had drank too much wine. So home and I to bed pleased at my afternoon's work in hanging up the ship. So to bed.

6th (Lord's day). To church in the morning; Mr.

the Marques de las Fuentes declared to Louis XIV. that the king, his master, had sent orders to all his ambassadors and ministers to abstain from all rivalry with those of Louis. Louis, turning to the foreign ministers, desired them to communicate this declaration to their masters. The Dutch ambassador drily remarked, that he had heard of embassies to tender obedience to the Pope, but that he had never before known of such from one prince to another. An amusing volume might be written on the absurd punctilios of the ambassadors of the seventeenth century. A medal was struck by the French to commemorate this great event. — B.

[1] This prejudice extended to the days of Pope, whose country mouse entertained his courtly guest with

> "Cheese *such as men in Suffolk make,*
> But wished it Stilton for his sake."
>
> *Imitations of Horace*, Sat. vi., b. ii.

See also Shadwell's "Works," vol. iv., p. 350. — B.

[2] To bloat is to dry by smoke, a method chiefly used to cure herrings or bloaters. "I have more smoke in my mouth than would *blote* a hundred herrings." — Beaumont and Fletcher, *Island Princess*. "Why, you stink like so many bloat-herrings newly taken out of the chimney." — Ben Jonson, *Masque of Augurs*.

Mills preached, who, I expect, should take in snuffe[1] that my wife did not come to his child's christening the other day. The winter coming on, many of parish ladies are come home and appear at church again; among others, the three sisters of the Thornbury's,[2] very fine, and the most zealous people that ever I saw in my life, even to admiration, if it were true zeal. There was also my pretty black girl, Mrs. Dekins,[3] and Mrs. Margaret Pen, this day come to church in a new flowered satin suit that my wife helped to buy her the other day. So home to dinner, and to church in the afternoon to St. Gregory's,[4] by Paul's, where I saw Mr. Moore in the gallery and so went up to him and heard a good sermon of Dr. Buck's,[5] one I never heard before, a very able man. So home, and in the evening I went to my Valentine, her father and mother being out of town, to fetch her to supper to my house, and then came Sir W. Pen and would have her to his, so with much sport I got them all to mine, and we were merry, and so broke up and to bed.

7th. Up in the morning and to my uncle Fenner's, thinking to have met Peg Kite about her business but she comes not, so I went to Dr. Williams, where I found him sick in bed and was sorry for it. So about business all day, troubled in my mind till I can hear from Brampton, how things go on at Sturtlow, at the Court, which I was cleared in at night by a letter, which tells me that my cozen Tom

[1] Snuff, anger.

> "Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
> *Took it in snuff.*"
>
> Shakespeare, 1 *Henry IV.*, act i., sc. 3. — M. B.

[2] Mr. Thornbury was yeoman of the wine cellar to the king. See *ante*, April 23, 1661.

[3] Elizabeth Dekins or Dickins, sometimes styled *Morena* (or brunette), daughter of John Dekins. She died in October, 1662 (see *post*, Oct. 3, 1662).

[4] St. Gregory's Church was at the west end of old St. Paul's. It was destroyed in the Great Fire, and not rebuilt. The parish was then joined to that of St. Mary Magdalen's, Knightrider Street, and is now united to St. Martin's, Ludgate Hill.

[5] James Buck, D.D., afterwards preacher at the Temple, a man of great learning, and rector of St. James's, Garlickhithe, from 1661 till his death, at an advanced age, in 1685. — B.

was there to be admitted, in his father's name, as heir-at-law, but that he was opposed, and I was admitted by proxy, which put me out of great trouble of mind.

8th. At the office all the morning. After office done, went and eat some Colchester oysters with Sir W. Batten at his house, and there, with some company, dined and staid there talking all the afternoon; and late after dinner took Mrs. Martha out by coach, and carried her to the Theatre in a frolique, to my great expense, and there shewed her part of the "Beggar's Bush," without much pleasure, but only for a frolique, and so home again.

9th. This morning went out about my affairs, among others to put my Theorbo out to be mended, and then at noon home again, thinking to go with Sir Williams both to dinner by invitation to Sir W. Rider's,[1] but at home I found Mrs. Pierce la belle, and Madam Clifford, with whom I was forced to stay, and made them the most welcome I could; and I was (God knows) very well pleased with their beautiful company, and after dinner took them to the Theatre, and shewed them "The Chances;" and so saw them both at home and back to the Fleece tavern, in Covent Garden, where Luellin and Blurton, and my old friend Frank Bagge, was to meet me, and there staid till late very merry. Frank Bagge tells me a story of Mrs. Pepys that lived with my Lady Harvy,[2] Mr. Montagu's sister, a good woman; that she had been very ill, and often asked for me; that she is in good condition, and that nobody could get her to make her will; but that she did still enquire for me, and that now she is well she desires to have a chamber at my house. Now I do not know whether this is a trick of Bagge's, or a good will of her's to do something for me; but I will not trust her, but told him I should be glad to see her, and that I would be sure to do all that I could to provide a place for her. So by coach home late.

10th. At the office all the morning; dined at home, and

[1] Sir William Rider's house was at Bethnal Green, and was popularly associated with the ballad of the "Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green." It was long known as the "Blind Beggar's House."

[2] Elizabeth Montagu, wife of Sir Daniel Harvey, who was appointed ambassador to Constantinople in 1668.

after dinner Sir W. Pen and my wife and I to the Theatre (she first going into Covent Garden to speak a word with a woman to enquire of her mother, and I in the meantime with Sir W. Pen's coach staying at W. Joyce's), where the King came to-day, and there was "The Traytor"[1] most admirably acted; and a most excellent play it is. So home, and intended to be merry, it being my sixth wedding night; but by a late bruise . . . I am in so much pain that I eat my supper and in pain to bed, yet my wife and I pretty merry.

11th. All day in bed with a cataplasm . . . and at night rose a little, and to bed again in more ease than last night. This noon there came my brother and Dr. Tom and Snow to dinner, and by themselves were merry.

12th. In bed the greatest part of this day also, and my swelling in some measure gone. I received a letter this day from my father, that Sir R. Bernard do a little fear that my uncle has not observed exactly the custom of Brampton in his will about his lands there, which puts me to a great trouble in mind, and at night wrote to him and to my father about it, being much troubled at it.

13th (Lord's day). Did not stir out all day, but rose and dined below, and this day left off half skirts and put on a wastecoate, and my false taby wastecoate with gold lace; and in the evening there came Sir W. Batten to see me, and sat and supped very kindly with me, and so to prayers and to bed.

4th. This morning I ventured by water abroad to Westminster, but lost my labour, for Mr. Montagu was not in town. So to the Wardrobe, and there dined with my Lady, which is the first time I have seen her dine abroad since her being brought to bed of my Lady Katherine. In the afternoon Captain Ferrers and I walked abroad to several places, among others to Mr. Pim's, my Lord's taylour's, and there he went out with us to the Fountain tavern and did give us store of wine, and it being the Duke of York's birthday, we drank the more to his health. But, Lord! what a sad story he makes of his being abused by a Dr. of

[1] Pepys had seen Shirley's "Traitor" on November 22nd, 1660.

Physique who is in one part of the tenement wherein he dwells. It would make one laugh, though I see he is under a great trouble in it. Thence home by link and found a good answer from my father that Sir R. Bernard do clear all things as to us and our title to Brampton, which puts my heart in great ease and quiet.

15th. At the office all the morning, and in the afternoon to Paul's Churchyard to a blind place, where Mrs. Goldsborough was to meet me (who dare not be known where she lives) to treat about the difference which remains between my uncle and her. But, Lord! to hear how she talks and how she rails against my uncle would make one mad. But I seemed not to be troubled at it, but would indeed gladly have an agreement with her. So I appoint Mr. Moore and she another against Friday next to look into our papers and to see what can be done to conclude the matter. So home in much pain by walking too much yesterday . . . which much troubles me.

16th. In bed till 12 o'clock. This morning came several maids to my wife to be hired, and at last she pitched upon one Nell, whose mother, an old woman, came along with her, but would not be hired under half a year, which I am pleased at their drollness. This day dined by appointment with me, Dr. Thos. Pepys and my Coz: Snow, and my brother Tom, upon a fin of ling and some sounds, neither of which did I ever know before, but most excellent meat they are both, that in all my life I never eat the like fish. So after dinner came in W. Joyce and eat and drank and were merry. So up to my chamber and put all my papers at rights, and in the evening our maid Mary (who was with us upon trial for a month) did take leave of us, going as we suppose to be married, for the maid liked us and we her, but all she said was that she had a mind to live in a tradesman's house where there was but one maid. So to supper and to bed.

17th. At the office all the morning, at noon my wife being gone to my coz Snow's with Dr. Thomas Pepys and my brother Tom to a venison pasty (which proved a pasty of salted pork), by appointment I went with Captain David Lambert to the Exchequer, and from thence by appointment he and I were to meet at a cook's shop to dine. But

before I went to him Captain Cock,[1] a merchant I had not long known, took me to the Sun tavern and gave me a glass of sack, and being a man of great observation and repute, did tell me that he was confident that the Parliament, when it comes the next month to sit again, would bring trouble with it, and enquire how the King had disposed of offices and money, before they will raise more; which, I fear, will bring all things to ruin again. Thence to the Cook's and there dined with Captain Lambert and his father-in-law, and had much talk of Portugall; from whence he is lately come, and he tells me it is a very poor dirty place; I mean the City and Court of Lisbon; that the King[2] is a very rude and simple fellow; and, for reviling of somebody a little while ago, and calling of him cuckold, was run into . . . with a sword and had been killed, had he not told them that he was their king. That there are there no glass windows, nor will they have any; which makes sport among our merchants there to talk of an English factor that, being newly come thither, writ into England that glass would be a good commodity to send thither, &c. That the King has his meat sent up by a dozen of lazy guards and in pipkins, sometimes, to his own table; and sometimes nothing but fruits, and, now and then, half a hen. And now that the Infanta is become our Queen, she is come to have a whole hen or goose to her table, which is not ordinary. So home and to look over my papers that concern the difference between Mrs. Goldsborough and us, which cost me much pains, but contented me much after it was done. So at home all the evening and to supper and to bed.

18th. To White Hall, to Mr. Montagu's, where I met with Mr. Pierce, the purser, to advise about the things to be sent to my Lord for the Queen's provision, and was cleared in it, and now there is all haste made, for the fleet's

[1] Captain George Cock, a merchant possessed of large tanning works in Limerick. On July 31st, 1660, he was rewarded for his services during the Civil War with the office of searcher of the port of Newcastle, his native place; commissioner for inspecting the chest; and in November, 1664, steward for sick and wounded seamen. Elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, 1666, and died 1679.

[2] The King of Portugal was Alfonso VI., who ascended the throne in 1656, and was deposed in 1667.

going. At noon to my Lord's to dinner, and in the afternoon, leaving my wife there, Mr. Moore and I to Mrs. Goldsborough, who sent for a friend to meet with us, and so we were talking about the difference between us till 10 at night. I find it very troublesome, and have brought it into some hopes of an agreement, I offering to forgive her £10 that is yet due according to my uncle's accounts to us. So we left her friend to advise about it, and I hope to hear of her, for I would not by any means go to law with a woman of so devilish a tongue as she has. So to my Lady's, where I left my wife to lie with Mademoiselle all night, and I by link home and to bed. This night lying alone, and the weather cold, and having this last 7 or 8 days been troubled with a tumor . . . which is now abated by a poultice of a good handful of bran with half a pint of vinegar and a pint of water boiled till it be thick, and then a spoonful of honey put to it and so spread in a cloth and laid to it, I first put on my waistcoat to lie in all night this year, and do not intend to put it off again till spring. I met with complaints at home that my wife left no victuals for them all this day.

19th. At the office all the morning, and at noon Mr. Coventry, who sat with us all the morning, and Sir G. Carteret, Sir W. Pen, and myself, by coach to Captain Marshe's, at Limehouse, to a house that hath been their ancestors' for this 250 years, close by the lime-house [1] which gives the name to the place. Here they have a design to get the King to hire a dock for the herring busses,[2] which is now the great design on foot, to lie up in. We had a very good and handsome dinner, and excellent wine. I not being neat in clothes, which I find a great fault in me, could not be so merry as otherwise, and at all times I am and can be, when I am in good habitt, which makes me remember my father Osborne's[3] rule for a gentleman to

[1] A part of the main river-side road was long known as Limekiln Hill, after this lime-house.

[2] A peculiar boat of ten or fifteen tons, for the herring fishery. — Smyth's *Sailor's Word-Book*.

[3] "Wear your clothes neat, exceeding rather than coming short of others of like fortune; a charge borne out by acceptance where ever you come. Therefore spare all other ways rather than prove defective in this." — *Advice to a Son*, by Francis Osborn, i. 23.

spare in all things rather than in that. So by coach home, and so to write letters by post, and so to bed.

20th (Lord's day). At home in bed all the morning to ease my late tumour, but up to dinner and much offended in mind at a proud trick my man Will hath got, to keep his hat on in the house, but I will not speak of it to him today; but I fear I shall be troubled with his pride and laziness, though in other things he is good enough. To church in the afternoon, where a sleepy Presbyter preached, and then to Sir W. Batten who is to go to Portsmouth tomorrow to wait upon the Duke of York, who goes to take possession and to set in order the garrison there. Supped at home and to bed.

21st. Early with Mr. Moore by coach to Chelsy, to my Lord Privy Seal's, but have missed of coming time enough; and having taken up Mr. Pargiter, the goldsmith (who is the man of the world that I do most know and believe to be a cheating rogue), we drank our morning draft there together of cake and ale, and did make good sport of his losing so much by the King's coming in, he having bought much of Crown lands, of which, God forgive me! I am very glad. At Whitehall, at the Privy Seal, did with Sir W. Pen take advice about passing of things of his there that concern his matters of Ireland. Thence to the Wardrobe and dined, and so against my judgment and conscience (which God forgive, for my very heart knows that I offend God in breaking my vows herein) to the Opera, which is now newly begun to act again, after some alteracion of their scene, which do make it very much worse; but the play, "Love and Honour,"[1] being the first time of their acting it, is a very good plot, and well done. So on foot home, and after a little business done in my study and supper, to bed.

[1] A tragi-comedy by Sir William Davenant. It was originally acted at the Blackfriars, and printed in 1649. "This play was richly cloath'd; the King gave Mr. Betterton his Coronation suit, in which he acted the part of Prince Alvaro; the Duke of York giving Mr. Harris his, who did Prince Prospero; and my Lord of Oxford gave Mr. Joseph Price his, who did Lionel, the Duke of Parma's son. The Duke was acted by Mr. Lilliston; Evandra by Mrs. Davenport, and all the other parts being very well done. The play having a great run produc'd the Company great gain and estimation from the Town." — Downes, *Roscius Anglicanus*, 1708, pp. 21, 22.

22nd. At the office all the morning, where we had a deputation from the Duke in his absence, he being gone to Portsmouth, for us to have the whole disposal and ordering of the Fleet. In the afternoon about business up and down, and at night to visit Sir R. Slingsby, who is fallen sick of this new disease,[1] an ague and fever. So home after visiting my aunt Wight and Mrs. Norbury (who continues still a very pleasant lady), and to supper, and so to bed.

23rd. To Whitehall, and there, to drink our morning, Sir W. Pen and I to a friend's lodging of his (Col. Pr. Swell), and at noon he and I dined together alone at the Legg in King Street, and so by coach to Chelsy to my Lord Privy Seal's about business of Sir William's, in which we had a fair admittance to talk with my Lord, and had his answer, and so back to the Opera, and there I saw again "Love and Honour," and a very good play it is. And thence home, calling by the way to see Sir Robert Slingsby, who continues ill, and so home. This day all our office is invited against Tuesday next, my Lord Mayor's day, to dinner with him at Guildhall. This evening Mr. Holliard came and sat with us, and gave us both directions to observe.

24th. At the office all morning, at noon Luellin dined with me, and then abroad to Fleet Street, leaving my wife at Tom's while I went out and did a little business. So home again, and went to see Sir Robert [Slingsby], who continues ill, and this day has not spoke at all, which makes them all afeard of him. So home.

25th. To Whitehall, and so to dinner at the Wardrobe, where my wife met me, and there we met with a venison pasty, and my Lady very merry and very handsome, methought. After dinner my wife and I to the Opera, and there saw again "Love and Honour," a play so good that it has been acted but three times and I have seen them all, and all in this week; which is too much, and more than I

[1] This complaint is referred to in Ben Jonson's "Every Man in His Humour," and in 1659 H. Whitmore published a little book entitled "Febris Anomala, or the New Disease that now rageth throughout England." It appears to have been somewhat similar to subsequent epidemics of influenza.

will do again a good while. Coming out of the house we met Mrs. Pierce and her comrade Mrs. Clifford, and I seeming willing to stay with them to talk my wife grew angry, and whether she be jealous or no I know not, but she loves not that I should speak of Mrs. Pierce. Home on foot very discontented, in my way I calling at the Instrument maker, Hunt's, and there saw my lute, which is now almost done, it being to have a new neck to it and to be made to double strings. So home and to bed. This day I did give my man Will a sound lesson about his forbearing to give us the respect due to a master and mistress.

26th. This morning Sir W. Pen and I should have gone out of town with my Lady Batten, to have met Sir William coming back from Portsmouth, at Kingston, but could not, by reason that my Lord of Peterborough[1] (who is to go Governor of Tangier[2]) came this morning, with Sir G. Carteret, to advise with us about completing of the affairs and preparacions for that place. So at the office all the morning, and in the afternoon Sir W. Pen, my wife and I to the Theatre, and there saw "The Country Captain,"[3] the first time it hath been acted this twenty-five years, a play of my Lord Newcastle's, but so silly a play as in all my life I never saw, and the first that ever I was weary of in my life. So home again, and in the evening news was brought that Sir R. Slingsby, our Comptroller (who hath this day been sick a week), is dead; which put me into so great a trouble of mind, that all the night I could not sleep, he being a man that loved me, and had many qualitys that made me to love him above all the officers and commissioners in the Navy. Coming home we called at Dan Rawlinson's,[4] and there drank good sack, and so home.

[1] Henry Mordaunt, second Earl of Peterborough, born November 16th, 1621; Captain-General of the Forces in Tangier, Fez, and Morocco, and Chief Governor of Tangier from September 6th, 1661, to June, 1663; Privy Councillor, 1674–79, 1683; and in 1685 made Groom of the Stole to James II. He was created K.G. 1685, and died June 19th, 1697.

[2] For note on Tangier, see *ante*, September 30th, 1661.

[3] A comedy by the Duke of Newcastle, which was originally played at the Blackfriars, and printed in 1649.

[4] Host of the Mitre in Fenchurch Street.

27th (Lord's day). At church in the morning; where in the pew both Sir Williams and I had much talk about the death of Sir Robert, which troubles me much; and them in appearance, though I do not believe it; because I know that he was a cheque to their engrossing the whole trade of the Navy-office. Home to dinner, and in the afternoon to church again, my wife with me, whose mourning is now grown so old that I am ashamed to go to church with her. And after church to see my uncle and aunt Wight, and there staid and talked and supped with them, and were merry as we could be in their company. Among other things going up into their chamber to see their two pictures, which I am forced to commend against my judgment, and also she showed us her cabinet, where she had very pretty medals and good jewels. So home and to prayers and to bed.

28th. At the office all the morning, and dined at home, and so to Paul's Churchyard to Hunt's,[1] and there found my Theorbo done, which pleases me very well, and costs me 26*s.* to the altering. But now he tells me it is as good a lute as any is in England, and is worth well £10. Hither I sent for Captain Ferrers to me, who comes with a friend of his, and they and I to the Theatre, and there saw "Argalus and Parthenia,"[2] where a woman acted Parthenia, and came afterwards on the stage in men's clothes, and had the best legs that ever I saw, and I was very well pleased with it. Thence to the Ringo alehouse, and thither sent for a belt-maker, and bought of him a handsome belt for second mourning, which cost me 24*s.*, and is very neat.

29th. This day I put on my half cloth black stockings and my new coat of the fashion, which pleases me well, and with my beaver[3] I was (after office was done) ready to go to my Lord Mayor's feast, as we are all invited; but the Sir Williams were both loth to go, because of the crowd,

[1] Hunt was a musical instrument maker. See *ante*, October 25th.

[2] Henry Glapthorne's tragi-comedy. See *ante*, January 31st, 1660–61 (note).

[3] Doubtless the same mentioned June 27th, 1661. It was a *chapeau de poil*, a mark of some distinction in those days, and which gave name to Rubens's famous picture, formerly in Sir Robert Peel's collection (now at the National Gallery), of a lady in a beaver hat, or *chapeau de poil*. This having been corrupted into *chapeau de paille*, has led to many mistakes and conjectures.

and so none of us went, and I staid and dined with them, and so home, and in the evening, by consent, we met at the Dolphin, where other company came to us, and should have been merry, but their wine was so naught, and all other things out of order, that we were not so, but staid long at night, and so home and to bed. My mind not pleased with the spending of this day, because I had proposed a great deal of pleasure to myself this day at Guildhall. This Lord Mayor,[1] it seems, brings up again the custom of Lord Mayors going the day of their instalment to Paul's, and walking round about the Cross, and offering something at the altar.

30th. All the morning at the office. At noon played on my Theorbo, and much pleased therewith; it is now altered with a new neck. In the afternoon Captain Lambert called me out by appointment, and we walked together to Deptford, and there in his ship, the Norwich, I got him to shew me every hole and corner of the ship, much to my information, and the purpose of my going. So home again, and at Sir W. Batten's heard how he had been already at Sir R. Slingsby's, as we were all invited, and I intended this night to go, and there he finds all things out of order, and no such thing done to-night, but pretending that the corps stinks, they will bury it to-night privately, and so will unbespeak all their guests, and there shall be no funerall, which I am sorry for, that there should be nothing done for the honour of Sir Robert, but I fear he hath left his family in great distraction. Here I staid till late at cards with my Lady and Mrs. Martha, and so home. I sent for a bottle or two of wine thither. At my coming home I am sorry to find my wife displeased with her maid Doll, whose fault is that she cannot keep her peace, but will always be talking in an angry manner, though it be without any reason and to no purpose, which I am sorry for and do see the inconvenience that do attend the increase of a man's fortune by being forced to keep more servants, which brings trouble. Sir Henry Vane, Lambert, and others, are lately sent suddenly away from the Tower, prisoners to Scilly; but

[1] Sir John Frederick, educated at Christ's Hospital, and afterwards its president.

I do not think there is any plot as is said, but only a pretence; as there was once pretended often against the Cavaliers.

31st. This morning comes Prior of Brampton to me about the house he has to buy of me, but I was forced to be at the office all the morning, and so could not talk with him. And so, after the office was done, and dined at home, I went to my brother Tom's, and there met him. He demanded some abatement, he having agreed with my father for Barton's house, at a price which I told him I could not meddle with, but that as for anything to secure his title to them I was ready, and so we parted. Thence to Sir Robert Bernard, and as his client did ask his advice about my uncle Thomas's case and ours as to Gravely, and in short he tells me that there is little hopes of recovering it or saving his annuity, which do trouble me much, but God's will be done. Hence, with my mind full of trouble, to my uncle Fenner's, when at the alehouse I found him drinking and very jolly and youthsome, and as one that I believe will in a little time get a wife. So home.

November 1st. I went this morning with Sir W. Pen by coach to Westminster, and having done my business at Mr. Montagu's, I went back to him at Whitehall, and from thence with him to the 3 Tun Tavern, at Charing Cross, and there sent for up the maister of the house's dinner, and dined very well upon it, and afterwards had him and his fayre sister (who is very great with Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen in mirth) up to us, and looked over some medals that they shewed us of theirs, and so went away to the Theatre, to "The Joviall Crew," and from hence home, and at my house we were very merry till late, having sent for his son, Mr. William Pen,[1] lately come from Oxford. And after supper parted, and to bed.

2d. At the office all the morning; where Sir John Minnes, our new comptroller, was fetched by Sir Wm. Pen and myself from Sir Wm. Batten's, and led to his place in the office. The first time that he had come hither, and he seems a good fair condition man, and one that I am glad hath the office. After the office done, I to the Wardrobe,

[1] The celebrated Quaker, and founder of Pennsylvania.

and there dined, and in the afternoon had an hour or two's talk with my Lady with great pleasure. And so with the two young ladies by coach to my house, and gave them some entertainment, and so late at night sent them home with Captain Ferrers by coach. This night my boy Wayneman, as I was in my chamber, I overheard him let off some gunpowder, and hearing my wife chide him below for it, and a noise made, I call him up, and find that it was powder that he had put in his pocket, and a match carelessly with it, thinking that it was out, and so the match did give fire to the powder, and had burnt his side and his hand that he put into his pocket to put out the fire. But upon examination, and finding him in a lie about the time and place that he bought it, I did extremely beat him, and though it did trouble me to do it, yet I thought it necessary to do it. So to write by the post, and to bed.

3rd (Lord's day). This day I stirred not out, but took physique, and it did work very well, and all the day as I was at leisure I did read in Fuller's Holy Warr,[1] which I have of late bought, and did try to make a song in the praise of a liberall genius (as I take my own to be) to all studies and pleasures, but it not proving to my mind I did reject it and so proceeded not in it. At night my wife and I had a good supper by ourselves of a pullet hashed, which pleased me much to see my condition come to allow ourselves a dish like that, and so at night to bed.

4th. In the morning, being very rainy, by coach with Sir W. Pen and my wife to Whitehall, and sent her to Mrs. Hunt's, and he and I to Mr. Coventry's about business, and so sent for her again, and all three home again, only I to the Mitre (Mr. Rawlinson's), where Mr. Pierce, the Purser, had got us a most brave chine of beef, and a dish of marrowbones. Our company my uncle Wight, Captain Lambert, one Captain Davies, and purser Barter, Mr. Rawlinson, and ourselves, and very merry. After dinner I took coach, and called my wife at my brother's, where I left her, and to the Opera, where we saw "The Bondman," which of old we both did so doat on, and do still; though to both our

[1] Fuller's "Historie of the Holy Warre," fourth edition, folio, Cambridge, 1651, is in the Pepysian Library.

thinking not so well acted here (having too great expectations), as formerly at Salisbury-court. But for Betterton[1] he is called by us both the best actor in the world. So home by coach, I 'lighting by the way at my uncle Wight's and staid there a little, and so home after my wife, and to bed.

5th. At the office all the morning. At noon comes my brother Tom and Mr. Armiger to dine with me, and did, and we were very merry. After dinner, I having drunk a great deal of wine, I went away, seeming to go about business with Sir W. Pen, to my Lady Batten's (Sir William being at Chatham), and there sat a good while, and then went away (before I went I called at home to see whether they were gone, and found them there, and Armiger inviting my wife to go to a play, and like a fool would be courting her, but he is an ass, and lays out money with Tom, otherwise I should not think him worth half this respect I shew him). To the Dolphin, where he and I and Captain Cocke sat late and drank much, seeing the boys in the streets flying their crackers, this day being kept all the day very strictly in the City. At last broke up, and called at my Lady Batten's again and would have gone to cards, but Sir W. Pen was so fuddled that we could not try him to play, and therefore we parted, and I home and to bed.

6th. Going forth this morning I met Mr. Davenport and a friend of his, one Mr. Furbisher, to drink their morning draft with me, and I did give it them in good wine, and anchovies, and pickled oysters, and took them to the Sun in Fish Street, there did give them a barrel of good ones, and a great deal of wine, and sent for Mr. W. Bernard

[1] Thomas Betterton, the celebrated actor, born in Westminster and baptized on August 11th, 1635, was the son of Matthew Betterton, an under-cook to Charles I., and first appeared on the stage at the Cockpit in Drury Lane, in 1659–60. After the Restoration, two distinct companies were established by royal authority: one called the King's Company, under a patent granted to Thomas Killigrew; the other styled the Duke's Company, the patentee of which was Sir William Davenant, who engaged Betterton. Mr. Robert W. Lowe, in his valuable little work, "Thomas Betterton," 1891, states his belief that the character of Archas in "The Loyal Subject" was taken by Betterton in 1660. Betterton died April 28th, 1710, and was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey.

(Sir Robert's son), a grocer thereabouts, and were very merry, and cost me a good deal of money, and at noon left them, and with my head full of wine, and being invited by a note from Luellin, that came to my hands this morning in bed, I went to Nick Osborne's at the Victualling Office, and there saw his wife, who he has lately married, a good sober woman, and new come to their home. We had a good dish or two of marrowbones and another of neats' tongues to dinner, and that being done I bade them adieu and hastened to Whitehall (calling Mr. Moore by the way) to my Lord Privy Seal, who will at last force the clerks to bring in a table of their fees, which they have so long denied, but I do not join with them, and so he is very respectful to me. So he desires me to bring in one which I observe in making of fees, which I will speedily do. So back again, and endeavoured to speak with Tom Trice (who I fear is hatching some mischief), but could not, which vexed me, and so I went home and sat late with pleasure at my lute, and so to bed.

7th. This morning came one Mr. Hill (sent by Mr. Hunt, the Instrument maker), to teach me to play on the Theorbo, but I do not like his play nor singing, and so I found a way to put him off. So to the office. And then to dinner, and got Mr. Pett the Commissioner to dinner with me, he and I alone, my wife not being well, and so after dinner parted. And I to Tom Trice, who in short shewed me a writt he had ready for my father, and I promise to answer it. So I went to Dr. Williams (who is now pretty well got up after his sickness), and after that to Mr. Moore to advise, and so returned home late on foot, with my mind cleared, though not satisfied. I met with letters at home from my Lord from Lisbone, which speak of his being well; and he tells me he had seen at the court there the day before he wrote this letter, the Juego de Toro.[1] So fitted myself for bed. Coming home I called at my uncle Fenner's, who tells that Peg Kite now hath declared she will have the beggarly rogue the weaver, and so we are resolved neither to meddle nor make with her.

8th. This morning up early, and to my Lord Chancellor's

[1] A bull fight. See May 24th, 1662. — B.

with a letter to him from my Lord, and did speak with him; and he did ask me whether I was son to Mr. Talbot Pepys[1] or no (with whom he was once acquainted in the Court of Requests),[2] and spoke to me with great respect. Thence to Westminster Hall (it being Term time) and there met with Commissioner Pett, and so at noon he and I by appointment to the Sun in New Fish Street, where Sir J. Minnes, Sir W. Batten, and we all were to dine, at an invitation of Captain Stoaks and Captain Clerk, and were very merry, and by discourse I found Sir J. Minnes a fine gentleman and a very good scholler. After dinner to the Wardrobe, and thence to Dr. Williams, who went with me (the first time that he has been abroad a great while) to the Six Clerks Office to find me a clerk there able to advise me in my business with Tom Trice, and after I had heard them talk, and had given me some comfort, I went to my brother Tom's, and took him with me to my coz. Turner[3] at the Temple, and had his opinion that I should not pay more than the principal £200, with which I was much pleased, and so home.

9th. At the office all the morning. At noon Mr. Davenport, Phillips, and Mr. Wm. Bernard and Furbisher, came by appointment and dined with me, and we were very merry. After dinner I to the Wardrobe, and there staid talking with my Lady all the afternoon till late at night. Among other things my Lady did mightily urge me to lay out money upon my wife, which I perceived was a little more earnest than ordinary, and so I seemed to be pleased with it, and do resolve to bestow a lace upon her, and what with this and other talk, we were exceeding merry. So home at night.

10th (Lord's day). At our own church in the morning, where Mr. Mills preached. Thence alone to the Ward-

[1] Of Impington, great-uncle to Samuel and father of Roger Pepys, M.P., and Thomas Pepys, M.D. He died March, 1665–66 (see March 12th, 1665–66).

[2] The Court of Requests was abolished by act of Parliament, 16–17 Car. I. c. 10. It was held in a part of the old Westminster Palace, and adjoined St. Stephen's Chapel.

[3] Sergeant John Turner, husband of Jane Pepys, who lived in Salisbury Court.

robe to dinner with my Lady, where my Lady continues upon yesterday's discourse still for me to lay out money upon my wife, which I think it is best for me to do for her honour and my own. Last night died Archibald, my Lady's butler and Mrs. Sarah's brother, of a dropsy, which I am troubled at. In the afternoon went and sat with Mr. Turner in his pew at St. Gregory's, where I hear our Queen Katherine, the first time by name as such, publickly prayed for,[1] and heard Dr. Buck[2] upon "Woe unto thee, Corazin,"[3] &c., where he started a difficulty, which he left to another time to answer, about why God should give means of grace to those people which he knew would not receive them, and deny to others which he himself confesses, if they had had them, would have received them, and they would have been effectual too. I would I could hear him explain this, when he do come to it. Thence home to my wife, and took her to my Aunt Wight's, and there sat a while with her (my uncle being at Katharine hill), and so home, and I to Sir W. Batten's, where Captain Cock was, and we sent for two bottles of Canary to the Rose, which did do me a great deal of hurt, and did trouble me all night, and, indeed, came home so out of order that I was loth to say prayers to-night as I am used ever to do on Sundays, which my wife took notice of and people of the house, which I was sorry for.

11th. To the Wardrobe, and with Mr. Townsend and Moore to the Saracen's Head to a barrel of oysters, and so Mr. Moore and I to Tom Trice's, with whom I did first set my hand to answer to a writt of his this tearm. Thence to the Wardrobe to dinner, and there by appointment met my wife, who had by my direction brought some laces for my Lady to choose one for her. And after dinner I went away, and left my wife and ladies together, and all their work was about this lace of hers. Captain Ferrers and I

[1] The King's letter to the Council for this purpose was read on November 19th. — B.

[2] Lord Braybrooke says probably John Buck, D.D., who was vicar of Stradbrook, Suffolk, and published, in 1660, a Thanksgiving Sermon, preached at St. Paul's, but see *ante*, Oct. 6th (note), for Dr. James Buck.

[3] "Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida!" &c., St. Matthew xi. 21: St. Luke x. 13.

went together, and he carried me the first time that ever I saw any gaming house, to one, entering into Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, at the end of Bell Yard, where strange the folly of men to lay and lose so much money, and very glad I was to see the manner of a gamester's life, which I see is very miserable, and poor, and unmanly. And thence he took me to a dancing school in Fleet Street, where we saw a company of pretty girls dance, but I do not in myself like to have young girls exposed to so much vanity. So to the Wardrobe, where I found my Lady had agreed upon a lace for my wife of £6, which I seemed much glad of that it was no more, though in my mind I think it too much, and I pray God keep me so to order myself and my wife's expenses that no inconvenience in purse or honour follow this my prodigality. So by coach home.

12th. At the office all the morning. Dined at home alone. So abroad with Sir W. Pen. My wife and I to "Bartholomew Fayre," with puppets which I had seen once before, and the play without puppets often, but though I love the play as much as ever I did, yet I do not like the puppets at all, but think it to be a lessening to it. Thence to the Greyhound in Fleet Street, and there drank some raspberry sack and eat some sasages, and so home very merry. This day Holmes come to town; and we do expect hourly to hear what usage he hath from the Duke and the King about this late business of letting the Swedish Embassador[1] go by him without striking his flag.[2]

[1] The Count Brahé.

[2] And that, too, in the River Thames itself. The right of obliging ships of all nations to lower topsails, and strike their flag to the English, whilst in the British seas, and even on the French coasts, had, up to this time, been rigidly enforced. When Sully was sent by Henry IV., in 1603, to congratulate James I. on his accession, and in a ship commanded by a vice-admiral of France, he was fired upon by the English Admiral Mansel, for daring to hoist the flag of France in the presence of that of England, although within sight of Calais. The French flag was lowered, and all Sully's remonstrances could obtain no redress for the alleged injury. According to Rugge, Holmes had insisted upon the Swede's lowering his flag, and had even fired a shot to enforce the observance of the usual tribute of respect, but the ambassador sent his secretary and another gentleman on board the English frigate, to assure the captain, *upon the word and honour of an ambassador*, that the king, by a verbal order, had given him leave and a dispensation in that par-

13th. By appointment, we all went this morning to wait upon the Duke of York, which we did in his chamber, as he was dressing himself in his riding suit to go this day by sea to the Downs. He is in mourning for his wife's grandmother,[1] which is thought a great piece of fondness.[2] After we had given him our letter relating the bad condition of the Navy for want of money, he referred it to his coming back and so parted, and I to Whitehall and to see la belle Pierce, and so on foot to my Lord Crew's, where I found him come to his new house, which is next to that he lived in last; here I was well received by my Lord and Sir Thomas, with whom I had great talk: and he tells me in good earnest that he do believe the Parliament (which comes to sit again the next week), will be troublesome to the Court and Clergy, which God forbid! But they see things carried so by my Lord Chancellor and some others, that get money themselves, that they will not endure it. From thence to the Theatre, and there saw "Father's own Son" again, and so it raining very hard I went home by coach, with my mind very heavy for this my expensefull life, which will undo me, I fear, after all my hopes, if I do not take up, for now I am coming to lay out a great deal

ticular, and upon this false representation he was allowed to proceed on his voyage without further question. This want of caution, and disobedience of orders, fell heavily on Holmes, who was imprisoned for two months, and not re-appointed to the same ship. Brahé afterwards made a proper submission for the fault he had committed, at his own court. His conduct reminds us of Sir Henry Wotton's definition of an ambassador — *that he is an honest man sent to* lie *abroad for the good of his country*. A pun upon the term *lieger*-ambassador. — B.

[1] Edward Hyde, first Earl of Clarendon, was twice married. His first wife was Anne, daughter of Sir George Ayliffe, Bart., of Gretenham, in the county of Wilts. He married her in 1628, when he was only twenty years old, and she died of the small-pox six months afterwards, before any child was born. In 1634 he married Frances, daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Aylesbury, by whom he had four sons and two daughters. Sir Thomas Aylesbury, Bart., had been secretary to George, Duke of Buckingham, and through his influence was made Master of Requests and Master of the Mint. He died at Breda in 1657, aged eighty-one.

[2] Fondness, foolishness.

> "Fondness it were for any, being free,
> To covet fetters, tho' they golden be."
>
> Spenser, *Sonnet* 37. — M. B.

of money in clothes for my wife, I must forbear other expenses. To bed, and this night began to lie in the little green chamber, where the maids lie, but we could not a great while get Nell to lie there, because I lie there and my wife, but at last, when she saw she must lie there or sit up, she, with much ado, came to bed.

14th. At the office all the morning. At noon I went by appointment to the Sun in Fish Street to a dinner of young Mr. Bernard's for myself, Mr. Phillips, Davenport, Weaver, &c., where we had a most excellent dinner, but a pie of such pleasant variety of good things, as in all my life I never tasted. Hither came to me Captain Lambert to take his leave of me, he being this day to set sail for the Straights. We drank his farewell and a health to all our friends, and were very merry, and drank wine enough. Hence to the Temple to Mr. Turner about drawing up my bill in Chancery against T. Trice, and so to Salisbury Court, where Mrs. Turner is come to town to-night, but very ill still of an ague, which I was sorry to see. So to the Wardrobe and talked with my Lady, and so home and to bed.

15th. At home all the morning, and at noon with my wife to the Wardrobe to dinner, and there did shew herself to my Lady in the handkercher that she bought the lace for the other day, and indeed it is very handsome. Here I left my wife and went to my Lord Privy Seal to Whitehall, and there did give him a copy of the Fees of the office as I have received them, and he was well pleased with it. So to the Opera, where I met my wife and Captain Ferrers and Madamoiselle Le Blanc, and there did see the second part of "The Siege of Rhodes" very well done; and so by coach set her home, and the coach driving down the hill through Thames Street, which I think never any coach did before from that place to the bridge-foot, but going up Fish Street Hill his horses were so tired, that they could not be got to go up the hill, though all the street boys and men did beat and whip them. At last I was fain to send my boy for a link, and so 'light out of the coach till we got to another at the corner of Fenchurch Street, and so home, and to bed.

16th. At the office all the morning. Dined at home,

and so about my business in the afternoon to the Temple, where I found my Chancery bill drawn against T. Trice, which I read and like it, and so home.

17th (Lord's day). To our own church, and at noon, by invitation, Sir W. Pen dined with me, and I took Mrs. Hester, my Lady Batten's kinswoman, to dinner from church with me, and we were very merry. So to church again, and heard a simple fellow upon the praise of Church musique, and exclaiming against men's wearing their hats on in the church, but I slept part of the sermon, till latter prayer and blessing and all was done without waking which I never did in my life. So home, and by and by comes my uncle Wight and my aunt and Mr. Norbury and his lady, and we drank hard and were very merry till supper time, and then we parted, my wife and I being invited to Sir W. Pen's, where we also were very merry, and so home to prayers and to bed.

18th. By coach with Sir W. Pen, my wife and I toward Westminster, but seeing Mr. Moore in the street I 'light and he and I went to Mr. Battersby's the minister, in my way I putting in at St. Paul's, where I saw the quiristers in their surplices going to prayers, and a few idle poor people and boys to hear them, which is the first time I have seen them, and am sorry to see things done so out of order, and there I received £50 more, which make up £100 that I now have borrowed of him, and so I did burn the old bond for £50, and paying him the use of it did make a new bond for the whole £100. Here I dined and had a good dinner, and his wife a good pretty woman. There was a young Parson at the table that had got himself drunk before dinner, which troubled me to see. After dinner to Mr. Bowers at Westminster for my wife, and brought her to the Theatre to see "Philaster,"[1] which I never saw before, but I found it far short of my expectations. So by coach home.

19th. At the office all the morning, and coming home found Mr. Hunt with my wife in the chamber alone, which God forgive me did trouble my head, but remembering that it was washing and that there was no place else with a

[1] "Philaster; or, Love lies a-bleeding," a tragi-comedy, by Beaumont and Fletcher, acted at court in 1613.

fire for him to be in, it being also cold weather, I was at ease again. He dined with us, and after dinner took coach and carried him with us as far as my cozen Scott's, where we set him down and parted, and my wife and I staid there at the christening of my cozen's boy, where my cozen Samuel Pepys, of Ireland,[1] and I were godfathers, and I did name the child Samuel. There was a company of pretty women there in the chamber, but we staid not, but went with the minister into another room and eat and drank, and at last, when most of the women were gone, Sam and I went into my cozen Scott, who was got off her bed, and so we staid and talked and were very merry, my she-cozen, Stradwick, being godmother. And then I left my wife to go home by coach, and I walked to the Temple about my law business, and there received a subpœna for T. Trice. I carried it myself to him at the usual house at Doctors Commons and did give it him, and so home and to bed. It cost me 20*s*. between the midwife and the two nurses to-day.

20th. To Westminster Hall by water in the morning, where I saw the King going in his barge to the Parliament House; this being the first day of their meeting again. And the Bishops, I hear, do take their places in the Lords' House this day. I walked long in the Hall, but hear nothing of news, but what Ned Pickering tells me, which I am troubled at, that Sir J. Minnes should send word to the King, that if he did not remove all my Lord Sandwich's captains out of this fleet, he believed the King would not be master of the fleet at its coming again: and so do endeavour to bring disgrace upon my Lord. But I hope all that will not do, for the King loves him. Hence by water to the Wardrobe, and dined with my Lady, my Lady Wright being there too, whom I find to be a witty but very conceited woman and proud. And after dinner Mr. Moore and I to the Temple, and there he read my bill and likes it well enough, and so we came back again, he with me as far as the lower end of Cheapside, and there I gave him a pint of sack and parted, and I home, and went seriously to look over my papers touching T. Trice, and I think I have

[1] Samuel, son of Lord Chief Justice Pepys.

found some that will go near to do me more good in this difference of ours than all I have before. So to bed with my mind cheery upon it, and lay long reading "Hobbs his Liberty and Necessity,"[1] and a little but very shrewd piece, and so to sleep.

21st. In the morning again at looking over my last night's papers, and by and by comes Mr. Moore, who finds that my papers may do me much good. He staid and dined with me, and we had a good surloyne of rost beefe, the first that ever I had of my own buying since I kept house; and after dinner he and I to the Temple, and there showed Mr. Smallwood[2] my papers, who likes them well, and so I left them with him, and went with Mr. Moore to Gray's Inn to his chamber, and there he shewed me his old Camden's "Britannica,"[3] which I intend to buy of him, and so took it away with me, and left it at St. Paul's Churchyard to be bound, and so home and to the office all the afternoon; it being the first afternoon that we have sat, which we are now to do always, so long as the Parliament sits, who this day have voted the King £120,000[4] to be raised to pay his debts. And after the office with Sir W. Batten to the Dolphin, and drank and left him there, and I again to the Temple about my business, and so on foot home again and to bed.

22nd. Within all the morning, and at noon with my wife, by appointment to dinner at the Dolphin, where Sir W. Batten, and his lady and daughter Matt,[5] and Captain Cocke and his lady, a German lady, but a very great beauty, and we dined together, at the spending of some wagers won and lost between him and I; and there we had the best musique and very good songs, and were very merry and danced, but I was most of all taken with Madam Cocke and her little boy, which in mirth his father had given to me. But after all our mirth comes a reckoning of £4,

[1] "Letter on Liberty and Necessity," by Thomas Hobbes, 1654.

[2] Smallwood, poser at St. Paul's School (see February 4th, 1663–64).

[3] The edition of Camden's "Britannia," now in the Pepysian Library, is that of London, 1695.

[4] A mistake. According to the journals, £1,200,000. And see Diary, February 29th, 1663–64. — M. B.

[5] Martha Batten, afterwards married to Mr. Castle.

besides 40*s.* to the musicians, which did trouble us, but it must be paid, and so I took leave and left them there about eight at night. And on foot went to the Temple, and then took my cozen Turner's man Roger, and went by his advice to Serjeant Fountaine and told him our case, who gives me good comfort in it, and I gave him 30*s.* fee. So home again and to bed. This day a good pretty maid was sent my wife by Mary Bowyer, whom my wife has hired.

23rd. To Westminster with my wife (she to her father's), and about 10 o'clock back again home, and there I to the office a little, and thence by coach with Commissioner Pett to Cheapside to one Savill,[1] a painter, who I intend shall do my picture and my wife's. Thence I to dinner at the Wardrobe, and so home to the office, and there all the afternoon till night, and then both Sir Williams to my house, and in comes Captain Cock, and they to cards. By and by Sir W. Batten and Cock, after drinking a good deal of wine, went away, and Sir W. Pen staid with my wife and I to supper, very pleasant, and so good night. This day I have a chine of beef sent home, which I bespoke to send, and did send it as a present to my uncle Wight.

24th (Lord's day). Up early, and by appointment to St. Clement Danes[2] to church, and there to meet Captain Cocke, who had often commended Mr. Alsopp, their minister, to me, who is indeed an able man, but as all things else did not come up to my expectations. His text was that all good and perfect gifts are from above.[3] Thence Cocke and I to the Sun tavern behind the Exchange, and there met with others that are come from the same church, and staid and drank and talked with them a little, and so broke up, and I to the Wardrobe and there dined, and staid all the afternoon with my Lady alone talking, and thence to see Madame Turner, who, poor lady, continues very ill, and I begin to be afraid of her. Thence homewards, and meeting Mr. Yong, the upholster, he and I to the Mitre, and with Mr. Rawlinson sat and drank a quart of sack, and so I to Sir W. Batten's and there staid and supped, and so

[1] Savill, the painter of Cheapside, is not mentioned by Walpole.

[2] Richard Dukeson was the rector of the parish at this time.

[3] "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above," Epistle of *James* i. 17.

home, where I found an invitation sent my wife and I to my uncle Wight's on Tuesday next to the chine of beef which I presented them with yesterday. So to prayers and to bed.

25th. To Westminster Hall in the morning with Captain Lambert, and there he did at the Dog give me and some other friends of his, his foy, he being to set sail to-day towards the Streights. Here we had oysters and good wine. Having this morning met in the Hall with Mr. Sanchy, we appointed to meet at the play this afternoon. At noon, at the rising of the House, I met with Sir W. Pen and Major General Massy,[1] who I find by discourse to be a very ingenious man, and among other things a great master in the secresys of powder and fireworks, and another knight to dinner, at the Swan, in the Palace yard, and our meat brought from the Legg; and after dinner Sir W. Pen and I to the Theatre, and there saw "The Country Captain," a dull play, and that being done, I left him with his Torys[2] and went to the Opera, and saw the last act of "The Bondman," and there found Mr. Sanchy and Mrs. Mary Archer, sister to the fair Betty, whom I did admire at Cambridge, and thence took them to the Fleece in Covent Garden, there to bid good night to Sir W. Pen who staid for me; but Mr. Sanchy could not by any argument get his lady to trust herself with him into the tavern, which he was much troubled at, and so we returned immediately into the city by coach, and at the Mitre in Cheapside there 'light and drank, and then set her at her uncle's in the Old Jewry. And so he and I back again thither, and drank till past 12 at night, till I had drank something too much. He all the while telling me his intention to get a girl who is worth £1,000, and many times we had her sister Betty's health,

[1] Major-General Edward Massey (or Massie), son of John Massie, was captain of one of the foot companies of the Irish Expedition, and had Oliver Cromwell as his ensign (see Peacock's "Army Lists in 1642," p. 65). He was Governor of Gloucester in its obstinate defence against the royal forces, 1643; dismissed by the self-denying ordinance when he entered Charles II.'s service. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester, September 3rd, 1651, but escaped abroad.

[2] This is a strange use of the word Tory, and an early one also. The word originally meant bogtrotters or wild Irish, and as Penn was Governor of Kildare these may have been some of his Irish followers. The term was not used politically until about 1679.

whose memory I love. At last parted, and I well home, only had got cold and was hoarse and so to bed.

27th. This morning our maid Dorothy and my wife parted, which though she be a wench for her tongue not to be borne with, yet I was loth to part with her, but I took my leave kindly of her and went out to Savill's, the painter, and there sat the first time for my face with him; thence to dinner with my Lady; and so after an hour or two's talk in divinity with my Lady, Captain Ferrers and Mr. Moore and I to the Theatre, and there saw "Hamlett" very well done, and so I home, and found that my wife had been with my aunt Wight and Ferrers to wait on my Lady to-day this afternoon, and there danced and were very merry, and my Lady very fond as she is always of my wife. So to bed.

28th. At home all the morning; at noon Will brought me from Whitehall, whither I had sent him, some letters from my Lord Sandwich, from Tangier;[1] where he continues still, and hath done some execution upon the Turks, and retaken an Englishman from them,[2] of one Mr. Parker's, a merchant in Marke-lane. In the afternoon Mr. Pett and I met at the office; there being none more there than we two I saw there was not the reverence due to us observed, and so I took occasion to break up and took Mr. Gawdon along with me, and he and I (though it rained) were resolved to go, he to my Lord Treasurer's and I to the Chancellor's with a letter from my Lord to-day. So to a tavern at the end of Mark Lane, and there we staid till with much ado we got a coach, and so to my Lord Treasurer's and lost our labours, then to the Chancellor's, and there met with Mr. Dugdale,[3] and with him and one Mr. Simons, I think that belongs to my Lord Hatton,[4] and Mr. Kipps and others, to the Fountain tavern, and there staid till twelve at night drinking and singing, Mr. Simons and one Mr. Agar sing-

[1] Lord Sandwich's Journal has been printed by Kennett. See note to February 20th, 1661–62. — B.

[2] The Ironmongers' Company possess in trust an enormous sum, left by Thomas Betton, for the redemption of Christian slaves in Barbary. Since Lord Exmouth's expedition, no claims have arisen upon the fund, which is now administered for other purposes, under the direction of the Court of Chancery. — B.

[3] John Dugdale, Windsor Herald.

[4] Christopher, first Lord Hatton. Died 1670.

ing very well. Then Mr. Gawdon being almost drunk had the wit to be gone, and so I took leave too, and it being a fine moonshine night he and I footed it all the way home, but though he was drunk he went such a pace as I did admire how he was able to go. When I came home I found our new maid Sarah[1] come, who is a tall and a very well favoured wench, and one that I think will please us. So to bed.

29th. I lay long in bed, till Sir Williams both sent me word that we were to wait upon the Duke of York to-day; and that they would have me to meet them at Westminster Hall, at noon: so I rose and went thither; and there I understand that they are gone to Mr. Coventry's lodgings, in the Old Palace Yard, to dinner (the first time I knew he had any); and there I met them two and Sir G. Carteret, and had a very fine dinner, and good welcome, and discourse; and so, by water, after dinner to White Hall to the Duke, who met us in his closet; and there he did discourse to us the business of Holmes, and did desire of us to know what hath been the common practice about making of forrayne ships to strike sail to us, which they did all do as much as they could; but I could say nothing to it, which I was sorry for. So indeed I was forced to study a lie, and so after we were gone from the Duke, I told Mr. Coventry that I had heard Mr. Selden often say, that he could prove that in Henry the 7th's time, he did give commission to his captains to make the King of Denmark's ships to strike to him in the Baltique.[2] From thence Sir W. Pen and I to

[1] Sarah did not stay long with Mrs. Pepys, who was continually falling out with her. She left to enter Sir William Penn's service.

[2] The tables were in vain attempted to be turned in May, 1670, when Arthur Capel, the first Earl of Essex, sent as Ambassador Extraordinary to Denmark in a ship of war, was thrice fired upon with shot by Major-General Holke, who commanded the Castle of Cronenburg, which Essex had neglected or refused to salute. Charles did not submit tamely to this insult. Essex was ordered to obtain the fullest reparation, and he did so promptly. On the 19th of the same month, Sir John Trevor, Secretary of State, acknowledged the good success which Lord Essex had had "about the flagg. His Majesty received your letter with great satisfaction, which came seasonably to be declared here before the French Court. The satisfaction you have obtained is absolute, and a full renounce to all that pretence on their part." — B.

the Theatre, but it was so full that we could hardly get any room, so he went up to one of the boxes, and I into the 18*d.* places, and there saw "Love at first sight,"[1] a play of Mr. Killigrew's, and the first time that it hath been acted since before the troubles, and great expectation there was, but I found the play to be a poor thing, and so I perceive every body else do. So home, calling at Paul's Churchyard for a "Mare Clausum,"[2] having it in my mind to write a little matter, what I can gather, about the business of striking sayle, and present it to the Duke, which I now think will be a good way to make myself known. So home and to bed.

30th. In the morning to the Temple, Mr. Philips and Dr. Williams about my several law matters, and so to the Wardrobe to dinner, and after dinner stole away, my Lady not dining out of her chamber, and so home and then to the office all the afternoon, and that being done Sir W. Batten and I and Captain Cock got a bottle of sack into the office, and there we sat late and drank and talked, and so home and to bed. I am this day in very good health, only got a little cold. The Parliament has sat a pretty while. The old condemned judges of the late King have been brought before the Parliament, and like to be hanged. I am deep in Chancery against Tom Trice, God give a good issue; and myself under great trouble for my late great expending of money vainly, which God stop for the future. This is the last day for the old State's coyne[3] to pass in common payments, but they say it is to pass in publique payments to the King three months still.

[1] Here, as in so many other instances, Pepys gives the second title only of the play. The correct title is, "The Princesse, or Love at First Sight, a Tragi-Comedy: the scene, Naples and Sicily. Written in Naples by Thomas Killigrew." It was published at London, 1663.

[2] Selden's work is in the Pepysian Library, "Joannis Seldeni Mare Clausum. Londini, 1635," folio.

[3] In a speech of Lord Lucas in the House of Lords, the 22nd February, 1670–1 (which speech was burnt by the common hangman), he thus adverted to that coin: "It is evident that there is scarcity of money; for all the parliament's money called *breeches* (a fit stamp for the coin of the Rump) is wholly vanished — the king's proclamation and the Dutch have swept it all away, and of his now majesty's coin there appears but very little; so that in effect we have none left for

December 1st (Lord's day). In the morning at church and heard Mr. Mills. At home dined and with me by appointment Mr. Sanchy, who should have brought his mistress, Mrs. Mary Archer, of Cambridge, but she could not come, but we had a good dinner for him. And so in the afternoon my wife went to church, and he and I stayed at home and drank and talked, and he stayed with me till night and supped with me, when I expected to have seen Jack Cole and Lem. Wagstaffe, but they did not come. We this day cut a brave collar of brawn from Winchcombe which proves very good, and also opened the glass of girkins which Captain Cocke did give my wife the other day, which are rare things. So at night to bed. There hath lately been great clapping up of some old statesmen, such as Ireton, Moyer,[1] and others, and they say, upon a great plot, but I believe no such thing; but it is but justice that they should be served as they served the poor Cavaliers; and I believe it will oftentimes be so as long as I live, whether there be cause or no. This evening my brother Tom was with me, and I did talk again to him about Mr. Townsend's daughter, and I do intend to put the business in hand. I pray God give a good end to it.

2nd. To Savill the painter's, but he not being well I could do nothing there, and so I returned home, and in my way met Mr. Moore and took him with me home, where we staid and talked all the morning, and he dined with me, and after dinner went away to the Privy Seal, this being our first day this month. By and by called on by Mr. Sanchy and his mistress, and with them by coach to the Opera, to see "The Mad Lover,"[2] but not much pleased with the play. That done home all to my house, where they staid and supped and were merry, and at last late bid good night and so we to bed.

common use, but a little old lean coined money of the late three former princes. And what supply is preparing for it, my lords? I hear of none, unless it be of copper farthings, and this is the metal that is to vindicate, according to the inscription on it, *the dominion of the four seas*." — Quoted in Penn's "Memorials of Sir Wm. Penn," ii. 264.

[1] Samuel Moyer, one of the Council of State, 1653. — B.

[2] A tragi-comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, published in the edition of their plays, 1647.

3rd. To the Paynter's and sat and had more of my picture done; but it do not please me, for I fear it will not be like me. At noon from thence to the Wardrobe, where dinner not being ready Mr. Moore and I to the Temple about my little business at Mr. Turner's, and so back again, and dinner being half done I went in to my Lady, where my Lady Wright was at dinner with her, and all our talk about the great happiness that my Lady Wright says there is in being in the fashion and in variety of fashions, in scorn of others that are not so, as citizens' wives and country gentlewomen, which though it did displease me enough, yet I said nothing to it. Thence by water to the office through bridge, being carried by him in oars that the other day rowed in a scull faster than my oars to the Towre, and I did give him 6*d*. At the office all the afternoon, and at night home to read in "Mare Clausum" till bedtime, and so to bed, but had a very bad night by dreams of my wife's riding with me and her horse throwing her and breaking her leg, and then I dreamed that I . . . [was] in such pain that I waked with it, and had a great deal of pain there a very great while till I fell asleep again, and such apprehension I had of it that when I rose and trussed up myself thinking that it had been no dream. Till in the daytime I found myself very well at ease, and remembered that I did dream so, and that Mr. Creed was with me, and that I did complain to him of it, and he said he had the same pain in his left that I had in my right . . . which pleased me much to remember.

4th. To Whitehall with both Sir Williams, thence by water, where I saw a man lie dead upon Westminster Stairs that had been drowned yesterday. To the Temple, and thence to Mr. Phillips and got my copy of Sturtlow lands. So back to the 3 Tuns at Charing Cross, and there met the two Sir Williams and Col. Treswell and Mr. Falconer, and dined there at Sir W. Pen's cost, and after dinner by water to Cheapside to the painter's, and there found my wife, and having sat a little she and I by coach to the Opera and Theatre, but coming too late to both, and myself being a little out of tune we returned, and I settled to read in "Mare Clausum" till bedtime, and so to bed.

5th. This morning I went early to the Paynter's and

there sat for my picture the fourth time, but it do not yet please me, which do much trouble me. Thence to the Treasury Office, where I found Sir W. Batten come before me, and there we sat to pay off the St. George. By and by came Sir W. Pen, and he and I staid while Sir W. Batten went home to dinner, and then he came again, and Sir W. Pen and I went and dined at my house, and had two mince pies sent thither by our order from the messenger Slater, that had dressed some victuals for us, and so we were very merry, and after dinner rode out in his coach, he to Whitehall, and my wife and I to the Opera, and saw "Hamlett" well performed. Thence to the Temple and Mrs. Turner's (who continues still very ill), and so home and to bed.

6th. Lay long in bed, and then to Westminster Hall and there walked, and then with Mr. Spicer, Hawly, Washington, and little Mr. Ashwell (my old friends at the Exchequer) to the Dog, and gave them two or three quarts of wine, and so away to White Hall, where, at Sir G. Carteret's, Sir Williams both and I dined very pleasantly; and after dinner, by appointment, came the Governors of the East India Company, to sign and seal the contract between us[1] (in the King's name) and them. And that done, we all went to the King's closet, and there spoke with the King and the Duke of York, who promise to be very careful of the India trade to the utmost. So back to Sir G. Carteret's and ended our business, and so away homewards, but Sir W. Batten offering to go to the 3 Tuns at Charing Cross, where the pretty maid the daughter of the house is, I was saying that, that tickled Sir W. Pen, he seemed to take these words very captiously and angrily, which I saw, and seemed indifferent to go home in his coach with them, and so took leave to go to the Council Chamber to speak with my Lord Privy Seal, which I did, but they did stay for me, which I was pleased at, but no words passed between him and me in all our way home. So home and to bed.

7th. This morning comes Captain Ferrers and the Ger-

[1] Charles II.'s charter to the Company, confirming and extending the former charter, is dated April 3rd, 1661. Bombay, just acquired as part of Queen Katherine's dowry, was made over to the Company by Letters Patent dated March 27th, 1669.

man, Emanuel Luffe, who goes as one of my Lord's footmen, though he deserves a much better preferment, to take their leave of me, and here I got the German to play upon my theorbo, which he did both below and in my wife's chamber, who was in bed. He plays bravely. I find by him that my lute is a most excellent lute. I did give them a mince pie and a collar of brawn and some wine for their breakfast, and were very merry, and sent for Mr. Adamson's neighbour to drink Mr. Shepley's health. At last we all parted, but within a quarter of an hour after they were gone, and my wife and I were talking about buying of a fine scallop which is brought her this morning by a woman to be sold, which is to cost her 45*s.*, in comes the German back again, all in a goare of blood, which I wondered at, and tells me that he is afeard that the Captain is killed by the watermen at Towre Stayres; so I presently went thither, and found that upon some rude pressing of the watermen to ply the Captain, he struck one of them with his cane, which they would not take, but struck him again, and then the German drew his sword and ran at one of them, but they were both soundly beaten.[1] The Captain is, however, got to the hoy that carries him and the pages to the Downs, and I went into the alehouse at the Stayres and got them to deliver the Captain's feathers, which one from the Captain was come to demand, and went home again, and there found my wife dressing of the German's head, and so did [give] him a cravett for his neck, and a crown in his purse, and sent him away again. Then came Mr. Moore, and he and I to Westminster and to Worcester House to see Mr. Montagu before he goes away (this night), but could not see him, nor do I think he has a mind to see us for fear of our demanding of money of him for anything. So back to Whitehall, and eat a bit of meat at Wilkinson's, and then to the Privy Seal, and sealed there the first time this month; and, among other things that passed, there was a patent for Roger Palmer (Madam Palmer's husband) to be Earl of Castlemaine and Baron of Limbricke in Ireland; but the honour is tied up to the males got of the body of this

[1] See a similar outrage, committed by Captain Ferrers, September 12th, 1662. Swords were usually worn by footmen. See May 4th, 1662, *post.* — B.

wife, the Lady Barbary: the reason whereof every body knows. That done, by water to the office, when I found Sir W. Pen had been alone all the night and was just rose, and so I to him, and with him I found Captain Holmes, who had wrote his case, and gives me a copy, as he hath many among his friends, and presented the same to the King and Council. Which I shall make use of in my attempt of writing something concerning the business of striking sail, which I am now about.[1] But he do cry out against Sir John Minnes, as the veriest knave and rogue and coward in the world, which I was glad to hear, because he has given out bad words concerning my Lord, though I am sorry it is so. Here Captain Cox then came in, and he and I staid a good while and so good night. Home and wrote by the post to my father, and so to bed.

8th (Lord's day). In bed all the morning thinking to take physique, but it being a frost my wife would not have me. So to dinner at the Wardrobe, and after a great deal of good discourse with my Lady after dinner, and among other things of the great christening yesterday at Mr. Rumbell's, and courtiers and pomp that was there, which I wonder at, I went away up and down into all the churches almost between that place and my house, and so home. And then came my brother Tom, and staid and talked with me, and I hope he will do very well and get money. So to supper and to bed. This morning as I was in bed, one brings me T. Trice's answer to my bill in chancery from Mr. Smallwood, which I am glad to see, though I am afraid it will do me hurt.

9th. To Whitehall, and thence to the Rhenish wine-house, where I met Mons. Eschar and there took leave of him,

[1] Sir John Burroughs had already written a treatise on "The Soveraignty of the British Seas proved by Records, History, and the Municipall Lawes of this Kingdome. Written in the year 1633 by that Learned Knight, Sir John Boroughs, Keeper of the Records in the Tower of London. London, 1651," copies of which, both in Latin and English, are common, and one of which is in the Pepsyian Library. William Ryley, the herald, Deputy Keeper of the Records, had also written on the subject, and had made extracts from the records. Ryley's collections appear to have belonged to James II., and were probably made for him at this time. The Duke of Newcastle afterwards possessed them, and they are now in the British Museum.

he being to go this night to the Downs towards Portugall, and so spent all the morning. At noon to dinner to the Wardrobe; where my Lady Wright was, who did talk much upon the worth and the desert of gallantry; and that there was none fit to be courtiers, but such as have been abroad and know fashions. Which I endeavoured to oppose; and was troubled to hear her talk so, though she be a very wise and discreet lady in other things. From thence Mr. Moore and I to the Temple about my law business with my cozen Turner, and there we read over T. Trice's answer to my bill and advised thereupon what to do in his absence, he being to go out of town to-morrow. Thence he and I to Mr. Walpole, my attorney, whom I never saw before, and we all to an alehouse hard by, and there we talked of our business, and he put me into great hopes, but he is but a young man, and so I do not depend so much upon his encouragement. So by coach home, and to supper, and to bed, having staid up till 12 at night writing letters to my Lord Sandwich and all my friends with him at sea, to send to-morrow by Mons. Eschar, who goes to-morrow post to the Downs to go along with the fleet to Portugall.

10th. To Whitehall, and there finding Mons. Eschar to be gone, I sent my letters by a porter to the posthouse in Southwark to be sent by despatch to the Downs. So to dinner to my Lord Crew's by coach, and in my way had a stop of above an hour and a half, which is a great trouble this Parliament time, but it cannot be helped. However I got thither before my Lord come from the House, and so dined with him, and dinner done, home to the office, and there sat late and so home.

11th. My brother Tom and then Mr. Moore came to me this morning, and staid a while with me, and then I went out, and in my way met with Mr. Howell the Turner, who invited me to dine this day at Mr. Rawlinson's with some friends of his, officers of the Towre, at a venison pasty, which I promised him, and so I went to the Old Bayly, and there staid and drank with him, who told me the whole story how Pegg Kite has married herself to a weaver, an ugly fellow, to her undoing, of which I am glad that I have nothing to do in it. From thence home and put on my velvet coat, and so to the Mitre to dinner according to my

promise this morning, but going up into the room I found at least 12 or more persons, and knew not the face of any of them, so I went down again, and though I met Mr. Yong the upholster yet I would not be persuaded to stay, but went away and walked to the Exchequer, and up and down, and was very hungry, and from thence home, when I understand Mr. Howell was come for me to go thither, but I am glad I was not at home, and my wife was gone out by coach to Clerkenwell to see Mrs. Margaret Pen, who is at school there. So I went to see Sir W. Pen, who for this two or three days has not been well, and he and I after some talk took a coach and went to Moorfields, and there walked, though it was very cold, an hour or two, and went into an alehouse, and there I drank some ale and eat some bread and cheese, but he would not eat a bit, and so being very merry we went home again. He to his lodgings and I by promise to Sir W. Batten's, where he and my lady have gone out of town, and so Mrs. Martha was at home alone, and Mrs. Moore and there I supped upon some good things left of yesterday's dinner there, where dined a great deal of company — Sir R. Browne and others — and by and by comes in Captain Cox who promised to be here with me, but he staid very late, and had been drinking somewhere and was very drunk, and so very capricious, which I was troubled to see in a man that I took for a very wise and wary man. So I home and left him there, and so to bed.

12th. We lay long in bed, then up and made me ready, and by and by come Will Bowyer and Mr. Gregory, my old Exchequer friend, to see me, and I took them to the Dolphin and there did give them a good morning draft, and so parted, and invited them and all my old Exchequer acquaintance to come and dine with me there on Wednesday next. From thence to the Wardrobe and dined with my Lady, where her brother, Mr. John Crew, dined also, and a strange gentlewoman dined at the table as a servant of my Lady's; but I knew her not, and so I am afeard that poor Madamoiselle[1] was gone, but I since understand that she is come as housekeeper to my Lady, and is a married

[1] This may be Mademoiselle Le Blanc, mentioned on November 15th, 1661.

woman. From thence to Westminster to my Lord's house to meet my Lord Privy Seal, who appointed to seal there this afternoon, but by and by word is brought that he is come to Whitehall, and so we are fain to go thither to him, and there we staid to seal till it was so late that though I got leave to go away before he had done, yet the office was done before I could get thither, and so to Sir W. Pen's, and there sat and talked and drank with him, and so home.

13th. At home all the morning, being by the cold weather, which for these two days has been frost, in some pain in my bladder. Dined at home and then with my wife to the Paynter's, and there she sat the first time to be drawn, while I all the while stood looking on a pretty lady's picture, whose face did please me extremely. At last, he having done, I found that the dead colour of my wife is good, above what I expected, which pleased me exceedingly. So home and to the office about some special business, where Sir Williams both were, and from thence with them to the Steelyard, where my Lady Batten and others came to us, and there we drank and had musique and Captain Cox's company, and he paid all, and so late back again home by coach, and so to bed.

14th. All the morning at home lying in bed with my wife till 11 o'clock. Such a habit we have got this winter of lying long abed. Dined at home, and in the afternoon to the office. There sat late, and so home and to bed.

15th (Lord's day). To church in the morning, where our young Reader begun the first day to read. Sir W. Pen dined with me and we were merry. Again to church and so home, and all alone read till bedtime, and so to prayers and to bed. I have been troubled this day about a difference between my wife and her maid Nell, who is a simple slut, and I am afeard we shall find her a cross-grained wench. I am now full of study about writing something about our making of strangers strike to us at sea; and so am altogether reading Selden and Grotius, and such other authors to that purpose.

16th. Up by five o'clock this morning by candlelight (which I have not done for many a day), being called upon by one Mr. Bollen by appointment, who has business

to be done with my Lord Privy Seal this morning, and so by coach, calling Mr. Moore at the Wardrobe, to Chelsy, and there did get my Lord to seal it. And so back again to Westminster Hall, and thence to my Lord Sandwich's lodging, where I met my wife (who had been to see Mrs. Hunt who was brought to bed the other day of a boy), and got a joint of meat thither from the Cook's, and she and I and Sarah dined together, and after dinner to the Opera, where there was a new play ("Cutter of Coleman Street"),[1] made in the year 1658, with reflections much upon the late times; and it being the first time, the pay was doubled, and so to save money, my wife and I went up into the gallery, and there sat and saw very well; and a very good play it is. It seems of Cowly's making. From thence by coach home, and to bed.

17th. Up and to the Paynter's to see how he went forward in our picture. So back again to dinner at home, and then was sent for to the Privy Seal, whither I was forced to go and stay so long and late that I was much vexed. At last we got all done, and then made haste to the office, where they were sat, and there we sat late, and so home to supper and to Selden, "Mare Clausum," and so to bed.

18th. At the office upon business extraordinary all the morning, then to my Lady Sandwich's to dinner, whither my wife, who had been at the painter's, came to me, and there dined, and there I left her, and to the Temple my brother and I to see Mrs. Turner, who begins to be better, and so back to my Lady's, where much made of, and so home to my study till bed-time, and so to bed.

19th. This morning my wife dressed herself fine to go to the christening of Mrs. Hunt's child, and so she and I in the way in the morning went to the Paynter's, and there she sat till noon, and I all the while looking over great variety of good prints which he had, and by and by comes my boy to tell us that Mrs. Hunt has been at our house to tell us that the christening is not till Saturday next. So after the

[1] Cutter, an old word for a rough swaggerer: hence the title of Cowley's play. It was originally called "The Guardian," when acted before Prince Charles at Trinity College, Cambridge, on March 12th, 1641.

Paynter had done I did like the picture pretty well, and my wife and I went by coach home, but in the way I took occasion to fall out with my wife very highly about her ribbands being ill matched and of two colours, and to very high words, so that, like a passionate fool, I did call her whore, for which I was afterwards sorry. But I set her down at home, and went myself by appointment to the Dolphin, where Sir W. Warren did give us all a good dinner, and that being done, to the office, and there sat late, and so home.

20th. Lay long in bed, and then up, and so to the Wardrobe to dinner, and from thence out with Mr. Moore towards my house, and in our way met with Mr. Swan (my old acquaintance), and we to a tavern, where we had enough of his old simple religious talk, and he is still a coxcomb in these things as he ever was, and tells me he is setting out a book called "The unlawfull use of lawfull things;" but a very simple fellow he is, and so I leave him. So we drank and at last parted, and Mr. Moore and I into Cornhill, it being dark night, and in the street and on the Exchange discoursed about Dominion of the Sea, wherein I am lately so much concerned, and so I home and sat late up reading of Mr. Selden, and so to bed.

21st. To White Hall to the Privy Seal, where my Lord Privy Seal did tell us he could seal no more this month, for that he goes thirty miles out of town to keep his Christmas. At which I was glad, but only afeard lest any thing of the King's should force us to go after him to get a seal in the country. Thence to Westminster Hall (having by the way drank with Mrs. Sarah and Mrs. Betty at my Lord's lodgings), and thence taken by some Exchequer men to the Dogg, where, being St. Thomas's day, by custom they have a general meeting at dinner. There I was and all very merry, and there I spoke to Mr. Falconberge to look whether he could out of Domesday Book, give me any thing concerning the sea, and the dominion thereof; which he says he will look after. Thence taking leave to my brother's, and there by appointment met with Prior of Brampton who had money to pay me, but desiring some advice he stays till Monday. So by coach home to the office, where I was vexed to see Sir Williams both seem to

think so much that I should be a little out of the way, saying that without their Register they were not a Committee, which I took in some dudgeon, and see clearly that I must keep myself at a little distance with them and not crouch, or else I shall never keep myself up even with them. So home and wrote letters by the post. This evening my wife come home from christening Mrs. Hunt's son, his name John, and a merchant in Mark Lane came along with her, that was her partner. So after my business was done, and read something in Mr. Selden, I went to bed.

22nd. To church in the morning, where the Reader made a boyish young sermon. Home to dinner, and there I took occasion, from the blacknesse of the meat as it came out of the pot, to fall out with my wife and my maid for their sluttery, and so left the table, and went up to read in Mr. Selden till church time, and then my wife and I to church, and there in the pew, with the rest of the company, was Captain Holmes, in his gold-laced suit, at which I was troubled because of the old business which he attempted upon my wife. So with my mind troubled I sat still, but by and by I took occasion from the rain now holding up (it raining when we came into the church) to put my wife in mind of going to the christening (which she was invited to) of N. Osborne's child, which she did, and so went out of the pew, and my mind was eased. So home after sermon and there came by appointment Dr. T. Pepys, Will. Joyce, and my brother Tom, and supped with me, and very merry they were, and I seemed to be, but I was not pleased at all with their company. So they being gone we went to bed.

23rd. Early up and by coach (before daylight) to the Wardrobe, and took up Mr. Moore, and he and I to Chelsy to my Lord Privy Seal, and there sealed some things, he being to go out of town for all Christmas to-morrow. So back again to Westminster, and from thence by water to the Treasury Office, where I found Sir W. Pen paying off the Sophia and Griffen, and there I staid with him till noon, and having sent for some collar of beef and a mince pie, we eat and drank, and so I left him there and to my brother's by appointment to meet Prior, but he came not,

so I went and saw Mrs. Turner who continues weak, and by and by word was brought me that Prior's man was come to Tom's, and so I went and told out £128 which I am to receive of him, but Prior not coming I went away and left the money by his desire with my brother all night, and they to come to me to-morrow morning. So I took coach, and 'lighting at my bookseller's[1] in Paul's Churchyard, I met with Mr Crumlum[2] and the second master of Paul's School, and thence I took them to the Starr, and there we sat and talked, and I had great pleasure in their company, and very glad I was of meeting him so accidentally, I having omitted too long to go to see him. Here in discourse of books I did offer to give the school what books he would choose of £5. So we parted, and I home, and to Mr. Selden, and then to bed.

24th. Home all the morning and dined at home, and in the afternoon to the office. So home.

25th. In the morning to church, where at the door of our pew I was fain to stay, because that the sexton had not opened the door. A good sermon of Mr. Mills. Dined at home all alone, and taking occasion from some fault in the meat to complain of my maid's sluttery, my wife and I fell out, and I up to my chamber in a discontent. After dinner my wife comes up to me and all friends again, and she and I to walk upon the leads, and there Sir W. Pen called us, and we went to his house and supped with him, but before supper Captain Cock came to us half drunk, and began to talk, but Sir W. Pen knowing his humour and that there was no end of his talking, drinks four great glasses of wine to him, one after another, healths to the king, and by that means made him drunk, and so he went away, and so we sat down to supper, and were merry, and so after supper home and to bed.

26th. This morning Sir W. Pen and I to the Treasury office, and there we paid off the Amity (Captain Stokes's ship that was at Guinny) and another ship, and so home, and after dinner Sir William came to me, and he and his son and daughter, and I and my wife, by coach to Moor-

[1] Joseph Kirton (see *ante*, February 12th, 1659–60 (note)).

[2] Samuel Cromleholme or Crumlum, High-master (see *ante*, January 24th, 1659–60 (note)).

fields to walk: but it was most foul weather, and so we went into an alehouse and there eat some cakes and ale, and a washeall-bowle[1] woman and girl came to us and sung to us. And after all was done I called my boy (Wayneman) to us to eat some cake that was left, and the woman of the house told us that he had called for two cakes and a pot of ale for himself, at which I was angry, and am resolved to correct him for it. So home, and Sir W. Pen and his son and daughter to supper to me to a good turkey, and were merry at cards, and so to bed.

27th. In the morning to my Bookseller's to bespeak a Stephens's Thesaurus, for which I offer £4, to give to Paul's School, and from thence to Paul's Church: and there I heard Dr. Gunning preach a good sermon upon the day (being St. John's day), and did hear him tell a story, which he did persuade us to believe to be true, that St. John and the Virgin Mary did appear to Gregory, a Bishopp, at his prayer to be confirmed in the faith, which I did wonder to hear from him. Here I met with Mr. Crumlum (and told him of my endeavour to get Stephens's Thesaurus for the school), and so home, and after dinner comes Mr. Faulconberge to see me, and at his desire I sent over for his kinsman Mr. Knightly, the merchant, and so he came over and sat and drank with us, and at his request I went over with him, and there I sat till the evening, and till both Mr. Knightly and Mr. Faulconberge (for whom I sent my boy to get a coach to carry him to Wesminster) were both drunk, and so home, but better wine I never drank in all my life. So home, and finding my wife gone to Sir W. Pen's, I went thither, and there I sat and played at cards and supped, and so home and to bed.

28th. At home all the morning; and in the afternoon all of us at the office, upon a letter from the Duke for the making up of a speedy estimate of all the debts of the Navy, which is put into good forwardness. I home and Sir W. Pen to my house, who with his children staid playing cards late, and so to bed.

[1] "The wenches with their wassail bowls
About the streets are singing." — Wither's *Christmas Carol.*

The old custom of carrying the wassail bowl from door to door, with songs and merriment, in Christmas week, is still observed in some of our rural districts. — B.

29th (Lord's day). Long in bed with my wife, and though I had determined to go to dine with my wife at my Lady's (chiefly to put off dining with Sir W. Pen to-day because Holmes dined there), yet I could not get a coach time enough to go thither, and so I dined at home, and my brother Tom with me, and then a coach came and I carried my wife to Westminster, and she went to see Mrs. Hunt, and I to the Abbey, and there meeting with Mr. Hooper, he took me in among the quire, and there I sang with them their service, and so that being done, I walked up and down till night for that Mr. Coventry was not come to Whitehall since dinner again. At last I went thither and he was come, and I spoke with him about some business of the office, and so took leave of him, and sent for my wife and the coach, and so to the Wardrobe and supped, and staid very long talking with my Lady, who seems to doat every day more and more upon us. So home and to prayers, and to bed.

30th. At the office about this estimate and so with my wife and Sir W. Pen to see our pictures, which do not much displease us, and so back again, and I staid at the Mitre, whither I had invited all my old acquaintance of the Exchequer to a good chine of beef, which with three barrels of oysters and three pullets, and plenty of wine and mirth, was our dinner, and there was about twelve of us, among others Mr. Bowyer, the old man, and Mr. Faulconberge, Shadwell, Taylor, Spicer, Woodruffe (who by reason of some friend that dined with him came to us after dinner), Servington, &c., and here I made them a foolish promise to give them one this day twelvemonth, and so for ever while I live, but I do not intend it. Here I staid as long as I could keep them, and so home to Sir W. Pen, who with his children and my wife has been at a play to-day and saw "D'Ambois,"[1] which I never saw. Here we staid late at supper and playing at cards, and so home and to bed.

31st. My wife and I this morning to the Paynter's, and there she sat the last time, and I stood by and did tell him

[1] "Bussy D'Ambois," a tragedy by George Chapman, first published in 1607.

some little things to do, that now her picture I think will please me very well; and after her, her little black dogg sat in her lap, and was drawn, which made us very merry; so home to dinner, and so to the office; and there late finishing our estimate of the debts of the Navy to this day; and it come to near £374,000. So home, and after supper, and my barber had trimmed me, I sat down to end my journell for this year, and my condition at this time, by God's blessing, is thus: my health (only upon catching cold, which brings great pain in my back . . . as it used to be when I had the stone) is very good, and so my wife's in all respects: my servants, W. Hewer, Sarah, Nell, and Wayneman: my house at the Navy Office. I suppose myself to be worth about £500 clear in the world, and my goods of my house my own, and what is coming to me from Brampton, when my father dies, which God defer. But, by my uncle's death, the whole care and trouble of all, and settling of all lies upon me, which is very great, because of law-suits, especially that with T. Trice, about the interest of £200, which will, I hope, be ended soon. My chiefest thought is now to get a good wife for Tom, there being one offered by the Joyces, a cozen of theirs, worth £200 in ready money. I am also upon writing a little treatise to present to the Duke, about our privilege in the seas, as to other nations striking their flags to us. But my greatest trouble is, that I have for this last half year been a very great spendthrift in all manner of respects, that I am afeard to cast up my accounts, though I hope I am worth what I say above. But I will cast them up very shortly. I have newly taken a solemn oath about abstaining from plays and wine, which I am resolved to keep according to the letter of the oath which I keep by me. The fleet hath been ready to sail for Portugall, but hath lacked wind this fortnight, and by that means my Lord is forced to keep at sea all this winter, till he brings home the Queen, which is the expectation of all now, and the greatest matter of publique talk.

1661–62. January 1st. Waking this morning out of my sleep on a sudden, I did with my elbow hit my wife a great blow over her face and nose, which waked her with pain, at which I was sorry, and to sleep again. Up and went forth with Sir W. Pen by coach towards Westminster, and

in my way seeing that the "Spanish Curate"[1] was acted to-day, I 'light and let him go alone, and I home again and sent to young Mr. Pen and his sister to go anon with my wife and I to the Theatre. That done, Mr. W. Pen came to me and he and I walked out, and to the Stacioner's, and looked over some pictures and maps for my house, and so home again to dinner, and by and by came the two young Pens, and after we had eat a barrel of oysters we went by coach to the play, and there saw it well acted, and a good play it is, only Diego the Sexton did overdo his part too much. From thence home, and they sat with us till late at night at cards very merry, but the jest was Mr. W. Pen had left his sword in the coach, and so my boy and he run out after the coach, and by very great chance did at the Exchange meet with the coach and got his sword again. So to bed.

2nd. An invitation sent us before we were up from my Lady Sandwich's, to come and dine with her: so at the office all the morning, and at noon thither to dinner, where there was a good and great dinner, and the company, Mr. William Montagu and his Lady (but she seemed so far from the beauty that I expected her from my Lady's talk to be, that it put me into an ill humour all the day, to find my expectation so lost), Mr. Rumball and Townsend and their wives. After dinner home by water, and so to the office till night, and then I went forth, by appointment, to meet with Mr. Grant,[2] who promised to meet me at the Coffee-house to bring me acquainted with Cooper,[3] the great limner in little, but they deceived me, and so I went home, and there sat at my lute and singing till almost twelve at night, and so to bed. Sir Richd. Fanshaw is come suddenly from Portugall, but nobody knows what his business is.

[1] A comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, acted at court in December, 1622. Pepys saw this play March 16th, 1660–61, at Whitefriars Theatre.

[2] Probably John Grant or Graunt, a highly respected tradesman of Birchin Lane, author of "Observations on a Collection of the London Bills of Mortality." He died April 18th, 1674.

[3] Samuel Cooper, the most eminent of English miniature painters, born in London, 1609, and instructed in his art by his uncle, John Hoskins. He resided for some years in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, and died May 5th, 1672.

3rd. Lay long in bed, and so up and abroad to several places about petty businesses. Among others to Tom's, who I find great hopes of that he will do well, which I am glad of, and am not now so hasty to get a wife for him as I was before. So to dinner to my Lord Crew's with him and his Lady, and after dinner to Faithorne's,[1] and there bought some pictures of him; and while I was there, comes by the King's life-guard, he being gone to Lincoln's Inn this afternoon to see the Revells there; there being, according to an old custom, a prince and all his nobles, and other matters of sport and charge.[2] So home, and up to my chamber to look over my papers and other things, my mind being much troubled for these four or five days because of my present great expense, and will be so till I cast up and see how my estate stands, and that I am loth to do for fear I have spent too much, and delay it the rather that I may pay for my pictures and my wife's, and the book that I am buying for Paul's School before I do cast up my accompts.

4th. At home most of the morning hanging up pictures, and seeing how my pewter sconces that I have bought will become my stayres and entry, and then with my wife by water to Westminster, whither she to her father's and I to Westminster Hall, and there walked a turn or two with Mr. Chetwin (who had a dog challenged of him by another man that said it was his, but Mr. Chetwin called the dog, and the dog at last would follow him, and not his old master, and so Chetwin got the dog) and W. Symons, and thence to my wife, who met me at my Lord's lodgings, and she and I and old East to Wilkinson's to dinner, where we had some rost beef and a mutton pie, and a mince-pie, but none of them pleased me. After dinner by coach my wife

[1] William Faithorne, the well-known engraver. See *ante*, June 12th, 1660.

[2] Evelyn also mentions this visit of the king to Lincoln's Inn, but enters into more detail. He writes, "I went to London, invited to the solemn foolery of the Prince de la Grange at Lincoln's Inn, where came the King, Duke, &c. It began with a grand masque, and a formal pleading before the mock Princes, Grandees, Nobles, and Knights of the Sun. He had his Lord Chancellor, Chamberlain, Treasurer, and other Royal officers, gloriously clad and attended. It ended in a magnificent banquet. One Mr. Lort was the young spark who maintain'd the pageantry."—Evelyn's *Diary*, January 1st, 1661–62.

and I home, and I to the office, and there till late, and then I and my wife to Sir W. Pen's to cards and supper, and were merry, and much correspondence there has been between our two families all this Christmas. So home and to bed.

5th (Lord's day). Left my wife in bed not well . . . and I to church, and so home to dinner, and dined alone upon some marrow bones, and had a fine piece of rost beef, but being alone I eat none. So after dinner comes in my brother Tom, and he tells me how he hath seen the father and mother of the girl which my cozen Joyces would have him to have for a wife, and they are much for it, but we are in a great quandary what to do therein, £200 being but a little money; and I hope, if he continues as he begins, he may look out for one with more. To church, and before sermon there was a long psalm, and half another sung out while the Sexton gathered what the church would give him for this last year. I gave him 3*s.*, and have the last week given the Clerk 2*s.*, which I set down that I may know what to do the next year, if it please the Lord that I live so long; but the jest was, the Clerk begins the 25th psalm, which hath a proper tune to it, and then the 116th, which cannot be sung with that tune, which seemed very ridiculous. After church to Sir W. Batten's, where on purpose I have not been this fortnight, and I am resolved to keep myself more reserved to avoyd the contempt which otherwise I must fall into, and so home and sat and talked and supped with my wife, and so up to prayers and to bed, having wrote a letter this night to Sir J. Mennes in the Downs for his opinion in the business of striking of flags.

6th (Twelfth day). This morning I sent my lute to the Paynter's, and there I staid with him all the morning to see him paint the neck of my lute in my picture, which I was not pleased with after it was done. Thence to dinner to Sir W. Pen's, it being a solemn feast day with him, his wedding day,[1] and we had, besides a good chine of beef and other good cheer, eighteen mince pies in a dish, the

[1] Sir William Penn married very early in life Margaret, daughter of John Jasper, of Rotterdam. She died in 1682, and was buried at Walthamstow, March 4th, 1681–82. — Penn's *Memorials of Sir William Penn*, ii. 572.

number of the years that he hath been married,[1] where Sir W. Batten and his Lady and daughter was, and Colonel Treswell and Major Holmes, who I perceive would fain get to be free and friends with my wife, but I shall prevent it, and she herself hath also a defyance against him. After dinner they set in to drinking, so that I would stay no longer, but went away home, and Captain Cock, who was quite drunk, comes after me, and there sat awhile and so away, and anon I went again after the company was gone, and sat and played at cards with Sir W. Pen and his children, and so after supper home, and there I hear that my man Gul[2] was gone to bed, and upon enquiry I hear that he did vomit before he went to bed, and complained his head ached, and thereupon though he was asleep I sent for him out of his bed, and he rose and came up to me, and I appeared very angry and did tax him with being drunk, and he told me that he had been with Mr. Southerne and Homewood at the Dolphin, and drank a quart of sack, but that his head did ache before he went out. But I do believe he has drunk too much, and so I did threaten him to bid his uncle dispose of him some other way, and sent him down to bed and do resolve to continue to be angry with him. So to bed to my wife, and told her what had passed.

7th. Long in bed, and then rose and went along with Sir W. Pen on foot to Stepny to Mrs. Chappell's (who has the pretty boy to her son, (and there met my wife and Sir W. Pen's children all, and Mrs. Poole and her boy, and there dined and were very merry, and home again by coach and so to the office. In the afternoon and at night to Sir W. Pen's, there supped and played at cards with them and were merry, the children being to go all away to school again to-morrow. Thence home and to bed.

8th. I rose and went to Westminster Hall, and there walked up and down upon several businesses, and among others I met with Sir W. Pen, who told me that he had this morning heard Sir G. Carteret extremely angry against my man Will that he is every other day with the Commissioners of Parliament at Westminster, and that his uncle was a

[1] The same custom is noticed, February 3rd, 1661–62.
[2] William Hewer.

rogue, and that he did tell his uncle everything that passes at the office, and Sir William, though he loves the lad, did advise me to part with him, which did with this surprise mightily trouble me, though I was already angry with him, and so to the Wardrobe by water, and all the way did examine Will about the business, but did not tell him upon what score, but I find that the poor lad do suspect something. To dinner with my Lady, and after dinner talked long with her, and so home, and to Sir W. Batten's, and sat and talked with him, and so home troubled in mind, and so up to my study and read the two treaties before Mr. Selden's "Mare Clausum," and so to bed. This night come about £100 from Brampton by carrier to me, in holsters from my father, which made me laugh.

9th. At the office all the morning private with Sir G. Carteret (who I expected something from about yesterday's business, but he said nothing), Sir W. Batten, and Sir W. Pen, about drawing up an answer to several demands of my Lord Treasurer, and late at it till 2 o'clock. Then to dinner, and my wife to Sir W. Pen's, and so to the office again and sat till late, and so home, where I found Mr. Armiger below talking with my wife, but being offended with him for his leaving of my brother Tom I shewed him no countenance, but did take notice of it to him plainly, and I perceive he was troubled at it, but I am glad I told him of it. Then (when he was gone) up to write several letters by the post, and so to set my papers and things in order, and to bed. This morning we agreed upon some things to answer to the Duke about the practice of striking of the flags, which will now put me upon finishing my resolution of writing something upon the subject.

10th. To White Hall, and there spoke with Sir Paul Neale[1] about a mathematical request of my Lord's to him, which I did deliver to him, and he promised to employ somebody to answer it, something about observation of the moon and stars, but what I did not mind. Here I met with Mr. Moore, who tells me that an injuncon is granted in Chancery against T. Trice, at which I was very glad, being before in some trouble for it. With him to Westminster

[1] Sir Paul Neile, of White Waltham, Berks (see March 2nd, 1660–61, note).

Hall, where I walked till noon talking with one or other, and so to the Wardrobe to dinner, where tired with Mr. Pickering's company I returned to Westminster, by appointment, to meet my wife at Mrs. Hunt's to gossip with her, which we did alone, and were very merry, and did give her a cup and spoon for my wife's god-child, and so home by coach, and I late reading in my chamber and then to bed, my wife being angry that I keep the house so late up.

11th. My brother Tom came to me, and he and I to Mr. Turner the Draper's, and paid £15 to him for cloth owing to him by my father for his mourning for my uncle, and so to his house, and there invited all the Honiwood's to dinner on Monday next. So to the Exchange, and there all the news is of the French and Dutch joyning against us; but I do not think it yet true. So home to dinner, and in the afternoon to the office, and so to Sir W. Batten's, where in discourse I heard the custom of the election of the Dukes of Genoa, who for two years are every day attended in the greatest state; and four or five hundred men always waiting upon him as a king; and when the two years are out, and another is chose, a messenger is sent to him, who stands at the bottom of the stairs, and he at the top, and says, "V^a. Illustrissima Serenita sta finita, et puede andar en casa."—"Your serenity is now ended; and now you may be going home:" and so claps on his hat. And the old Duke (having by custom sent his goods home before), walks away, it may be but with one man at his heels; and the new one brought immediately in his room, in the greatest state in the world.[1] Another account was told us, how in the Dukedom of Ragusa, in the Adriatique (a State that is little, but more ancient, they say, than Venice, and is called the mother of Venice, and the Turks lie round about it), that they change all the officers of their guard, for fear of conspiracy, every twenty-four hours, so that nobody knows who shall be captain of the guard to-night; but two men come to a man, and lay hold of him as a prisoner, and carry him to the place; and there he hath the keys of the garrison given him, and he presently issues his orders for that

[1] The first Duke or Doge of Genoa was Simon Boccanegra, elected in 1339. Hallam gives an account of the origin of the ducal government in his "Europe during the Middle Ages," chapter iii.

night's watch: and so always from night to night. Sir Wm. Rider told the first of his own knowledge; and both he and Sir W. Batten confirm the last. Hence home and to read, and so to bed, but very late again.

12th (Lord's day). To church, where a stranger made a very good sermon. At noon Sir W. Pen and my good friend Dean Fuller, by appointment, and my wife's brother by chance, dined with me very merry and handsomely. After dinner the Dean, my wife and I by Sir W. Pen's coach left us, he to Whitehall, and my wife and I to visit Mrs. Pierce and thence Mrs. Turner, who continues very ill still, and The. is also fallen sick, which do trouble me for the poor mother. So home and to read, I being troubled to hear my wife rate though not without cause at her mayd Nell, who is a lazy slut. So to prayers and to bed.

13th. All the morning at home, and Mr. Berkenshaw[1] (whom I have not seen a great while, came to see me), who staid with me a great while talking of musique, and I am resolved to begin to learn of him to compose, and to begin to-morrow, he giving of me so great hopes that I shall soon do it. Before twelve o'clock comes, by appointment, Mr. Peter and the Dean, and Collonel Honiwood, brothers,[2] to

[1] John Berchinshaw, an Irishman, translated the "Elementale Musicum," 8vo, 1664, and issued, in 1672, a prospectus of a complete system of music, but it is doubtful if the book ever appeared. In the Pepsyian Library is a thin folio volume entitled, "Mr. Berchinshaw's Two Parts to be sung (severally) with y^e^ ordinary Church Tunes of the Singing Psalms." Evelyn mentions him in his Diary (August 3rd, 1664) in high terms, and describes him as "that rare artist who invented a mathematical way of composure very extraordinary, true as to the exact rules of art, but without much harmonie." He lived at Southwark, see *post*, February 24th, 1661-62. A John Birchenshaw was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, May 14th, 1681, but it is not certain that this was the teacher of music.

[2] These three brothers were the sons of Robert Honywood of Charing, Kent, who had purchased the estate of Mark's Hall, in Essex; and whose mother, Mary Attwaters, after forty-four years of widowhood, died at ninety-three, having lived to see three hundred and sixty-seven of her own lawful descendants. Colonel Honywood and Peter seem, from subsequent notices in the Diary, to have been both knighted: but we find no particulars of their history. Michael Honywood, D.D., was rector of Kegworth, co. Leicester, and seeking refuge at Utrecht during the Rebellion, was, on his return, made Dean of Lincoln, and died in

dine with me; but so soon that I was troubled at it. But, however, I entertained them with talk and oysters till one o'clock, and then we sat down to dinner, not staying for my uncle and aunt Wight, at which I was troubled, but they came by and by, and so we dined very merry, at least I seemed so, but the dinner does not please me, and less the Dean and Collonel, whom I found to be pitiful sorry gentlemen, though good-natured, but Mr. Peter above them both, who after dinner did show us the experiment (which I had heard talk of) of the chymicall glasses, which break all to dust by breaking off a little small end; which is a great mystery to me.[1] They being gone, my aunt Wight and my wife and I to cards, she teaching of us how to play at gleeke,[2] which is a pretty game; but I have not my head so free as to be troubled with it. By and by comes my uncle Wight back, and so to supper and talk, and then

1681, aged eighty-five, having been generally considered a learned and holy man. The widow of Dean Honywood left his library to the Dean and Chapter of Lincoln. Many early printed books of great rarity contained in this collection were dispersed under the auspices of Dean Gordon in 1817, and replaced by the purchase of modern works comparatively of no value. See Botfield's "Account of our Cathedral Libraries." In the "Topographer and Geneaologist," No. V., there is a printed account of "Mary Honywood and her Posterity," taken from a MS. of Peter Le Neve's, in the Lansdowne Collection in the British Museum." — B.

[1] They are formed by dropping melted glass into water. These drops are still called after Prince Rupert, who brought them out of Germany, where they were named "Lacrymæ Batavicæ." They consist of glass drops with long and slender tails, which burst to pieces on the breaking off those tails in any part. The invention is thus alluded to in "Hudibras": —

> "Honour is like that glassy bubble
> That finds philosophers such trouble,
> Whose least part cracked, the whole does fly,
> And wits art cracked to find out why."
>
> Part II., canto ii., line 385. — B.

[2] A game at cards played by three persons with forty-four cards, each hand having twelve cards, and eight being left for the stock. — Nares's *Glossary*. Ben Jonson mentions it with primero as a fashionable game in "The Alchemist," v. 4. The laws of the game are given in the "Wit's Interpreter," 1662, p. 365. "Whatever games were stirring at places where he retired, as gammon, gleek, piquet, or even the merry main, he made one." — North's *Life of Lord Keeper Guildford*, vol. i., p. 17.

again to cards, when my wife and I beat them two games and they us one, and so good night and to bed.

14th. All the morning at home, Mr. Berkenshaw by appointment yesterday coming to me, and begun composition of musique, and he being gone I to settle my papers and things in my chamber, and so after dinner in the afternoon to the office, and thence to my chamber about several businesses of the office and my own, and then to supper and to bed. This day my brave vellum covers to keep pictures in, come in, which pleases me very much.

15th. This morning Mr. Berkenshaw came again, and after he had examined me and taught me something in my work, he and I went to breakfast in my chamber upon a collar of brawn, and after we had eaten, asked me whether we had not committed a fault in eating to-day; telling me that it is a fast day ordered by the Parliament, to pray for more seasonable weather;[1] it having hitherto been summer weather, that it is, both as to warmth and every other thing, just as if it were the middle of May or June, which do threaten a plague (as all men think) to follow, for so it was almost the last winter; and the whole year after hath been a very sickly time to this day.[2] I did not stir out of my house all day, but conned my musique, and at night after supper to bed.

16th. Towards Cheapside; and in Paul's Churchyard saw the funeral of my Lord Cornwallis, late Steward[3] of the King's House, a bold profane talking man, go by, and thence I to the Paynter's, and there paid him £6 for the two pictures, and 36*s.* for the two frames. From thence home, and Mr. Holliard and my brother Tom dined with me, and he did give me good advice about my health. In

[1] On the 8th a proclamation was issued for a general fast to be observed in London and Westminster on the 15th, and in the rest of England on the 22nd, with prayers on occasion of "the present unseasonableness of the weather." William Lucy, Bishop of St. Davids, preached before the House of Lords. Dr. Samuel Bolton and Dr. Bruno Ryves preached at St. Margaret's before the House of Commons. — B.

[2] The old proverb says truly, that "a green yule maketh a fat kirkyard." Apples were growing at this time. — B.

[3] Frederick, created first Lord Cornwallis, April 20th, 1661, who died January 31st, 1662, was Treasurer of the Household.

the afternoon at the office, and at night to Sir W. Batten, and there saw him and Captain Cock and Stokes play at cards, and afterwards supped with them. Stokes told us, that notwithstanding the country of Gambo [1] is so unhealthy, yet the people of the place live very long, so as the present king there is 150 years old, which they count by rains: because every year it rains continually four months together. He also told us, that the kings there have above 100 wives a-piece, and offered him the choice of any of his wives to lie with, and so he did Captain Holmes. So home and to bed.

17th. To Westminster with Mr. Moore, and there, after several walks up and down to hear news, I met with Lany, the Frenchman, who told me that he had a letter from France last night, that tells him that my Lord Hinchingbroke is dead, and that he did die yesterday was se'nnight,[2] which do surprise me exceedingly (though we know that he hath been sick these two months), so I hardly ever was in my life; but being fearfull that my Lady should come to hear it too suddenly, he and I went up to my Lord Crew's, and there I dined with him, and after dinner we told him, and the whole family is much disturbed by it: so we consulted what to do to tell my Lady of it; and at last we thought of my going first to Mr. George Montagu's to hear whether he had any news of it, which I did, and there found all his house in great heaviness for the death of his son, Mr. George Montagu,[3] who did go with our young gentlemen into France, and that they hear nothing at all of our young Lord; so believing that thence comes the mistake, I returned to my Lord Crew (in my way in the Piazza seeing a house on fire, and all the streets full of people to quench it), and told them of it, which they are much glad of, and conclude, and so I hope, that my Lord is well; and so I

[1] Gambia, on the western coast of Africa, then recently possessed by the English. Its unhealthy character is still, alas! well proved by our cruisers against the slave trade. — B.

[2] The report proved to be false.

[3] Henry Montagu, first Earl of Manchester, had numerous issue by his first wife, Catherine Spencer; but George, here mentioned, was the eldest son of Margaret Crouch, widow of John Hare, the earl's third wife.

went to my Lady Sandwich, and told her all, and after much talk I parted thence with my wife, who had been there all the day, and so home to my musique, and then to bed.

18th. This morning I went to Dr. Williams, and there he told me how T. Trice had spoke to him about getting me to meet that our difference might be made up between us by ourselves, which I am glad of, and have appointed Monday next to be the day. Thence to the Wardrobe, and there hearing it would be late before they went to dinner, I went and spent some time in Paul's Churchyard among some books, and then returned thither, and there dined with my Lady and Sir H. Wright and his lady, all glad of yesterday's mistake, and after dinner to the office, and then home and wrote letters by the post to my father, and by and by comes Mr. Moore to give me an account how Mr. Montagu[1] was gone away of a sudden with the fleet, in such haste that he hath left behind some servants, and many things of consequence; and among others, my Lord's commission for Embassador. Whereupon he and I took coach, and to White Hall to my Lord's lodgings, to have spoke with Mr. Ralph Montagu,[2] his brother (and here we staid talking with Sarah and the old man); but by and by hearing that he was in Covent Garden, we went thither: and at my my Lady Harvy's, his sister, I spoke with him, and he tells me that the commission is not left behind. And so I went thence by the same coach (setting down Mr. Moore) home, and after having wrote a letter to my Lord at 12 o'clock at night by post I went to bed.

19th (Lord's day). To church in the morning, where Mr. Mills preached upon Christ's being offered up for our sins, and there proving the equity with what justice God would lay our sins upon his Son, he did make such a sermon (among other things pleading, from God's universal sovereignty over all his creatures, the power he has of command-

[1] Edward Montagu, eldest son of Edward, second Lord Montagu of Boughton. He died unmarried.

[2] Ralph, second son of Edward, second Lord Montagu of Boughton. He was ambassador to France in 1666, 1669, 1676, 1677-78, and was created Earl in 1689, and Duke of Montagu in 1705; he died March 7th, 1709.

ing what he would of his Son by the same rule as that he might have made us all, and the whole world from the beginning to have been in hell, arguing from the power the potter has over his clay), that I could have wished he had let it alone; and speaking again, the Father is now so satisfied by our security for our debt, that we might say at the last day as many of us as have interest in Christ's death: Lord, we owe thee nothing, our debt is paid. We are not beholden to thee for anything, for thy debt is paid to thee to the full; which methinks were very bold words. Home to dinner, and then my wife and I on foot to see Mrs. Turner, who continues still sick, and thence into the Old Bayly by appointment to speak with Mrs. Norbury, who lies at (it falls out) next door to my uncle Fenner's; but as God would have it, we having no desire to be seen by his people, he having lately married a midwife that is old and ugly, and that hath already brought home to him a daughter and three children, we were let in at a back door. And here she offered me the refusall of some lands of her's at Brampton, if I have a mind to buy, which I answered her I was not at present provided to do. She took occasion to talk of her sister Wight's making much of the Wights, who for namesake only my uncle do shew great kindness to, so I fear may do us that are nearer to him a great deal of wrong, if he should die without children, which I am sorry for. Thence to my uncle Wight's, and there we supped and were merry, though my uncle hath lately lost 200 or 300 at sea, and I am troubled to hear that the Turks do take more and more of our ships in the Straights, and that our merchants here in London do daily break, and are still likely to do so. So home, and I put in at Sir W. Batten's, where Major Holmes was, and in our discourse and drinking I did give Sir J. Mennes' health, which he swore he would not pledge, and called him knave and coward (upon the business of Holmes with the Swedish ship lately), which we all and I particularly did desire him to forbear, he being of our fraternity, which he took in great dudgeon, and I was vexed to hear him persist in calling him so, though I believe it to be true, but however he is to blame and I am troubled at it. So home and to prayers, and to bed.

20th. This morning Sir Wm. Batten and Pen and I did

begin the examining the Treasurer's accounts, the first time ever he had passed in the office, which is very long, and we were all at it till noon, and then to dinner, he providing a fine dinner for us, and we eat it at Sir W. Batten's, where we were very merry, there being at table the Treasurer and we three, Mr. Wayth, Ferrer, Smith, Turner, and Mr. Morrice, the wine cooper, who this day did divide the two butts, which we four did send for, of sherry from Cales, and mine was put into a hogshead, and the vessel filled up with four gallons of Malaga wine, but what it will stand us in I know not: but it is the first great quantity of wine that I ever bought. And after dinner to the office all the afternoon till late at night, and then home, where my aunt and uncle Wight and Mrs. Anne Wight came to play at cards (at gleek which she taught me and my wife last week) and so to supper, and then to cards and so good night. Then I to my practice of musique and then at 12 o'clock to bed. This day the workmen began to make me a sellar door out of the back yard, which will much please me.

21st. To the finishing of the Treasurer's accounts this morning, and then to dinner again, and were merry as yesterday, and so home, and then to the office till night, and then home to write letters, and to practise my composition of musique, and then to bed. We have heard nothing yet how far the fleet hath got toward Portugall, but the wind being changed again, we fear they are stopped, and may be beat back again to the coast of Ireland.

22d. After musique-practice, to White Hall, and thence to Westminster, in my way calling at Mr. George Montagu's, to condole him the loss of his son, who was a fine gentleman, and it is no doubt a great discomfort to our two young gentlemen, his companions in France. After this discourse he told me, among other news, the great jealousys that are now in the Parliament House. The Lord Chancellor, it seems, taking occasion from this late plot to raise fears in the people, did project the raising of an army forthwith, besides the constant militia, thinking to make the Duke of York General thereof. But the House did, in very open terms, say, they were grown too wise to be fooled again into another army; and said they had found

how that man that hath the command of an army is not beholden to any body to make him King. There are factions (private ones at Court) about Madam Palmer; but what it is about I know not. But it is something about the King's favour to her now that the Queen is coming. He told me, too, what sport the King and Court do make at Mr. Edward Montagu's leaving his things behind him. But the Chancellor (taking it a little more seriously) did openly say to my Lord Chamberlain,[1] that had it been such a gallant as my Lord Mandeville[2] his son, it might have been taken as a frolique; but for him that would be thought a grave coxcomb, it was very strange. Thence to the Hall, where I heard the House had ordered all the King's murderers, that remain, to be executed, but Fleetwood[3] and Downes.[4] So to the Wardrobe and there dined, meeting my wife there, who went after dinner with my Lady to see Mr. George Montagu's lady, and I to have a meeting by appointment with Tho. Trice and Dr. Williams in order to a treating about the difference between us, but I find there is no hopes of ending it but by law, and so after a pint or two of wine we parted. So to the Wardrobe for my wife again, and so home, and after writing and doing some things to bed.

23rd. All the morning with Mr. Berkenshaw, and after him Mr. Moore in discourse of business, and in the after-

[1] Edward, second Earl of Manchester.

[2] Robert Montagu, Viscount Mandeville, was a gentleman of the bedchamber to Charles II., 1666–1681. He became third Earl of Manchester on his father's death in 1671, and died at Paris, March 14, 1683.

[3] Charles, third son of Sir Miles Fleetwood, Knt.; General and Commander-in-Chief to the Protector Richard, whose sister, Bridget, widow of Ireton, he had married as his second wife. After the king's return he lived in obscurity, and died October 4th, 1692.

[4] John Downes, member of the Long Parliament. He joined the Parliamentary army, and was made a colonel of militia. One of the king's judges who signed the death warrant. Elected to the Council of State, November 25th, 1651, and again, May 14th, 1659. At the Restoration he published "A True and Humble Representation touching the Death of the late King as far as he may be concerned therein." Arrested at Hampstead, June 18th, 1660; condemned, but reprieved, and kept prisoner in Newgate. He was in the Tower in November, 1666.

noon by coach by invitacon to my uncle Fenner's, where I found his new wife, a pitiful, old, ugly, ill-bred woman in a hatt, a midwife. Here were many of his, and as many of her relations, sorry, mean people; and after choosing our gloves, we all went over to the Three Crane Tavern,[1] and though the best room in the house, in such a narrow dogg-hole we were crammed, and I believe we were near forty, that it made me loathe my company and victuals; and a sorry poor dinner it was too. After dinner, I took aside the two Joyce's, and took occasion to thank them for their kind thoughts for a wife for Tom: but that considering the possibility there is of my having no child, and what then I shall be able to leave him, I do think he may expect in that respect a wife with more money, and so desired them to think no more of it. Now the jest was Anthony mistakes and thinks that I did all this while encourage him (from my thoughts of favour to Tom) to pursue the match till Will Joyce tells him that he was mistaken. But how he takes it I know not, but I endeavoured to tell it him in the most respectful way that I could. This done with my wife by coach to my aunt Wight's, where I left her, and I to the office, and that being done to her again, and sat playing at cards after supper till 12 at night, and so by moonshine home and to bed.

24th. This morning came my cozen Thos. Pepys the Executor, to speak with me, and I had much talk with him both about matters of money which my Lord Sandwich has of his and I am bond for, as also of my uncle Thomas, who I hear by him do stand upon very high terms. Thence to my painter's, and there I saw our pictures in the frames, which please me well. Thence to the Wardrobe, where very merry with my Lady, and after dinner I sent for the pictures thither, and mine is well liked; but she is much offended with my wife's, and I am of her opinion, that it do much wrong her; but I will have it altered. So home, in my way calling at Pope's Head alley, and there bought me a pair of scissars and a brass square. So home and to my study and to bed.

25th. At home and the office all the morning. Walking

[1] Three Cranes, in Upper Thames Street.

in the garden[1] to give the gardener directions what to do this year (for I intend to have the garden handsome), Sir W. Pen came to me, and did break a business to me about removing his son from Oxford to Cambridge to some private college. I proposed Magdalene, but cannot name a tutor at present; but I shall think and write about it. Thence with him to the Trinity-house to dinner; where Sir Richard Brown[2] (one of the clerks of the Council, and who is much concerned against Sir N. Crisp's[3] project of making a great sasse[4] in the King's lands about Deptford, to be a wett-dock to hold 200 sail of ships. But the ground, it seems, was long since given by the King to Sir Richard) was, and after the Trinity-house men had done their business, the master, Sir William Rider, came to bid us welcome; and so to dinner, where good cheer and discourse, but I eat a little too much beef, which made me sick, and so after dinner we went to the office, and there in a garden I went in the dark and vomited, whereby I did much ease my stomach. Thence to supper with my wife to Sir W. Pen's, his daughter being come home to-day, not being very well, and so while we were at supper comes Mr. Moore with letters from my Lord Sandwich, speaking of his lying

[1] "I remember your honour very well, when you newly came out of France, and wore pantaloon breeches; at which time your late honoured father [Sir W. Penn] dwelt in the Navy Office, in that apartment the Lord Viscount Brouncker dwelt in afterwards, which was on the north part of the Navy Office garden." — P. Gibson of Penn y^e^ Quaker, *Life of Penn*, vol. ii., p. 616. — B.

[2] He had been gentleman of the privy chamber to Charles I., and resident in France for that monarch. He was created a baronet September 1st, 1649, and died February 10th, 1683. Much is said of him in the Diary of John Evelyn, who married his only child and heir; and thus became possessor of Sayes Court. Part of Deptford Dockyard is still held under the Evelyn family. The plans, on a large scale, of Sayes Court and Deptford Dockyard, executed by Joel Gascoyne in 1692, probably for Evelyn himself, are in the British Museum, together with plans of the dockyard as it existed in 1688, 1698, and 1774, respectively; and also other plans of the docks made for the Evelyns. — B.

[3] Sir N. Crisp was magnificent in all his projects. See *ante*, February 11th, 1659–60. — B.

[4] A kind of weir with flood-gate, or a navigable sluice. This project is mentioned by Evelyn, January 16th, 1661–62, and Lysons' "Environs" vol. iv., p. 392. — B.

still at Tangier, looking for the fleet; which, we hope, is now in a good way thither. So home to write letters by the post to-night, and then again to Sir W. Pen's to cards, where very merry, and so home and to bed.

26th (Lord's day). To church in the morning, and then home to dinner alone with my wife, and so both to church in the afternoon and home again, and so to read and talk with my wife, and to supper and to bed. It having been a very fine clear frosty day — God send us more of them! — for the warm weather all this winter makes us fear a sick summer. But thanks be to God, since my leaving drinking of wine, I do find myself much better and do mind my business better, and do spend less money, and less time lost in idle company.

27th. This morning, both Sir Williams and I by barge to Deptford-yard to give orders in businesses there; and called on several ships, also to give orders, and so to Woolwich, and there dined at Mr. Falconer's of victuals we carried ourselves, and one Mr. Dekins, the father of my Morena,[1] of whom we have lately bought some hemp. That being done we went home again. This morning, going to take water upon Tower-hill, we met with three sleddes standing there to carry my Lord Monson[2] and Sir H. Mildmay[3]

[1] John Dekins. See *ante*, October 6th, 1661.

[2] William, second son of Sir Thomas Monson, Bart.; created, by Charles I., Viscount Monson of Castlemaine, in the kingdom of Ireland. Notwithstanding this act of favour, he was instrumental in the king's death; and in 1661, being degraded of his honours, was sentenced, with Sir Henry Mildmay and Robert Wallop, to undergo the punishment here described. None of their names were subscribed to the king's sentence. An account of this ceremony was printed at the time, entitled, "The Traytors's Pilgrimage from the Tower to Tyburn, being a true relation of the drawing of William Lord Mounson, Sir Henry Mildmay, and 'Squire Wallop . . . with the manner of the proceedings at Tyburn, in order to the degrading and divesting of them of their former titles of honour, and their declaratory speeches to both the right worshipful Sheriffs of London and Middlesex." Lord Monson and Lord Sondes are descended from the eldest son of Sir Thomas Monson. Viscount Monson left one son by his second wife, Alston Monson, who died s. p. in 1674. — Collins's *Peerage*. — B.

[3] Sir Henry Mildmay, third son of Sir Humphrey Mildmay, had enjoyed the confidence of Charles I., who made him Master of the Jewel Office; but he sat as one of the king's judges, although he did not sign the death warrant. He died at Antwerp. His estate of

and another[1] to the gallows and back again, with ropes about their necks; which is to be repeated every year, this being the day of their sentencing the King.

28th. This morning (after my musique practice with Mr. Berkenshaw) with my wife to the Paynter's, where we staid very late to have her picture mended, which at last is come to be very like her, and I think well done; but the Paynter, though a very honest man, I found to be very silly as to matter of skill in shadows, for we were long in discourse, till I was almost angry to hear him talk so simply. So home to dinner and then to the office, and so home for all night.

29th. To Westminster, and at the Parliament door spoke with Mr. Coventry about business, and so to the Wardrobe to dinner, and thence to several places, and so home, where I found Mrs. Pen and Mrs. Rooth and Smith, who played at cards with my wife, and I did give them a barrel of oysters, and had a pullet to supper for them, and when it was ready to come to table, the foolish girl had not the manners to stay and sup with me, but went away, which did vex me cruelly. So I saw her home, and then to supper, and so to musique practice, and to bed.

30th. Fast-day for the murthering of the late King. I went to church, and Mr. Mills made a good sermon upon David's words, "Who can lay his hands upon the Lord's Anoynted and be guiltless?"[2] So home and to dinner, and employed all the afternoon in my chamber, setting things and papers to rights, which pleased me very well, and I think I shall begin to take pleasure in being at home and minding my business. I pray God I may, for I find a great need thereof. At night to supper and to bed.

31st. All the morning, after musique practice, in my cellar, ordering some alteracõns therein, being much

Wansted was confiscated, and was given to Sir Robert Brookes; and by him, or his heirs, or creditors, alienated in 1667 to Sir Josiah Childe, ancestor of the Earl Tylney. See May 14th, 1665. It is now Lord Mornington's, in right of his first wife. Sir Henry Mildmay's other estates were saved by being settled on his marriage. — B.

[1] Robert Wallop, the direct ancestor of the Earl of Portsmouth. He died in the Tower, November 16th, 1667. — B.

[2] "Who can stretch forth his hand against the Lord's anointed, and be guiltless?" — 1 *Samuel* xxvi. 9.

pleased with my new door into the back yard. So to dinner, and all the afternoon thinking upon business. I did by night set many things in order, which pleased me well, and puts me upon a resolution of keeping within doors and minding my business and the business of the office, which I pray God I may put in practice. At night to bed.

February 1st. This morning within till 11 o'clock, and then with Commissioner Pett to the office; and he staid there writing, while I and Sir W. Pen walked in the garden talking about his business of putting his son to Cambridge; and to that end I intend to write to-night to Dr. Fairebrother, to give me an account of Mr. Burton[1] of Magdalene. Thence with Mr. Pett to the Paynter's; and he likes our pictures very well, and so do I. Thence he and I to the Countess of Sandwich, to lead him to her to kiss her hands: and dined with her, and told her the news (which Sir W. Pen told me to-day) that express is come from my Lord with letters, that by a great storm and tempest the mole of Argier[2] is broken down, and many of their ships sunk into the mole. So that God Almighty hath now ended that unlucky business for us; which is very good news. After dinner to the office, where we staid late, and so I home, and late writing letters to my father and Dr. Fairebrother, and an angry letter to my brother John for not writing to me, and so to bed.

2nd (Lord's day). To church in the morning, and then home and dined with my wife, and so both of us to church again, where we had an Oxford man give us a most impertinent sermon upon "Cast your bread upon the waters,"[3] &c. So home to read, supper, and to prayers, and then to bed.

3rd. After musique practice I went to the office, and there with the two Sir Williams all the morning about business, and at noon I dined with Sir W. Batten with many friends more, it being his wedding-day, and among other froliques, it being their third year, they had three pyes, whereof the middlemost was made of an ovall form, in an

[1] Hezekiah Burton. S.T.B. 1661; died 1681. See *ante*, February 25th, 1659–60.

[2] Algiers.

[3] *Ecclesiastes* xi. 1.

ovall hole within the other two, which made much mirth, and was called the middle piece; and above all the rest, we had great striving to steal a spooneful out of it; and I remember Mrs. Mills, the minister's wife, did steal one for me and did give it me; and to end all, Mrs. Shippman did fill the pye full of white wine, it holding at least a pint and a half, and did drink it off for a health to Sir William and my Lady, it being the greatest draft that ever I did see a woman drink in my life. Before we had dined came Sir G. Carteret, and we went all three to the office and did business there till night, and then to Sir W. Batten again, and I went along with my lady and the rest of the gentlewomen to Major Holmes's, and there we had a fine supper, among others, excellent lobsters, which I never eat at this time of the year before. The Major hath good lodgings at the Trinity House. Here we staid, and at last home, and, being in my chamber, we do hear great noise of mirth at Sir William Batten's, tearing the ribbands[1] from my Lady and him. So I to bed.

4th. To Westminster Hall, where it was full term. Here all the morning, and at noon to my Lord Crew's, where one Mr. Templer[2] (an ingenious man and a person of honour he seems to be) dined; and, discoursing of the nature of serpents, he told us some that in the waste places of Lancashire do grow to a great bigness, and that do feed upon larks, which they take thus: — They observe when the lark is soared to the highest, and do crawl till they come to be just underneath them; and there they place themselves with their mouths uppermost, and there, as is conceived, they do eject poyson up to the bird; for the bird do suddenly come down again in its course of a circle, and falls directly into the mouth of the serpent; which is very strange. He is a great traveller; and, speaking of the tarantula, he says that all the harvest long (about which times they are most busy) there are fidlers go up and down the fields every where, in expectation of being hired by those that are stung. Thence to the office, where late, and

[1] As if they were a newly-married couple. See January 26th, 1660–61, and 8th February, 1662–63.

[2] Probably Benjamin Templer, rector of Ashby, in Northamptonshire. — B.

so to my chamber and then to bed, my mind a little troubled how to put things in order to my advantage in the office in readiness to the Duke's orders lately sent to us, and of which we are to treat at the office to-morrow morning. This afternoon, going into the office, one met me and did serve a subpœnâ upon me for one Field,[1] whom we did commit to prison the other day for some ill words he did give the office. The like he had for others, but we shall scour him for it.

5th. Early at the office. Sir G. Carteret, the two Sir Williams and myself all alone reading of the Duke's institutions for the settlement of our office, whereof we read as much as concerns our own duties,[2] and left the other officers for another time. I did move several things for my purpose, and did ease my mind. At noon Sir W. Pen dined with me, and after dinner he and I and my wife to the Theatre, and went in, but being very early we went out again to the next door, and drank some Rhenish wine and sugar, and so to the House again, and there saw "Rule a Wife and have a Wife" very well done. And here also I did look long upon my Lady Castlemaine, who, notwithstanding her late sickness, continues a great beauty. Home and supped with Sir W. Pen and played at cards with him, and so home and to bed, putting some cataplasm to my . . . which begins to swell again.

6th. At my musique practice, and so into my cellar to my workmen, and I am very much pleased with my alteracõn there. About noon comes my uncle Thomas to me to ask for his annuity, and I did tell him my mind freely. We had some high words, but I was willing to end all in peace, and so I made him dine with me, and I have hopes to work my end upon him. After dinner the barber trimmed me, and so to the office, where I do begin to be exact in my duty there and exacting my privileges, and shall

[1] Who afterwards caused Pepys much trouble and inconvenience.

[2] The Duke of York's letter "to the Principal Officers and Commanders of His Majesty's Navy," dated "Whitehall, January 28th, 1661–62," is printed in Penn's "Memorials of Sir W. Penn," ii. 265. The Instructions were a revisal and confirmation of the "Orders and Instructions" issued in 1640 by Algernon, Earl of Northumberland, then Lord High Admiral. Sir W. Penn had a hand in this revisal.

continue to do so. None but Sir W. Batten and me here to-night, and so we broke up early, and I home and to my chamber to put things in order, and so to bed. My swelling I think do begin to go away again.

7th. Among my workmen this morning. By and by by water to Westminster with Commissioner Pett (landing my wife at Black Friars) where I hear the prisoners in the Tower that are to die are come to the Parliament-house this morning. To the Wardrobe to dinner with my Lady; where a civitt cat, parrot, apes, and many other things are come from my Lord by Captain Hill,[1] who dined with my Lady with us to-day. Thence to the Paynter's, and am well pleased with our pictures. So by coach home, where I found the joyners putting up my chimney-piece in the dining-room, which pleases me well, only the frame for a picture they have made so massy and heavy that I cannot tell what to do with it. This evening came my she cozen Porter[2] to see us (the first time that we had seen her since we came to this end of the town) and after her Mr. Hart, who both staid with us a pretty while and so went away. By and by, hearing that Mr. Turner was much troubled at what I do in the office, and do give ill words to Sir W. Pen and others of me, I am much troubled in my mind, and so went to bed; not that I fear him at all, but the natural aptness I have to be troubled at any thing that crosses me.

8th. All the morning in the cellar with the colliers, removing the coles out of the old cole hole into the new one, which cost me 8*s*. the doing; but now the cellar is done and made clean, it do please me exceedingly, as much as any thing that was ever yet done to my house. I pray God keep me from setting my mind too much upon it. About 3 o'clock the colliers having done I went up to dinner (my wife having often urged me to come, but my mind is so set upon these things that I cannot but be with the workmen to see things done to my mind, which if I am not there is seldom done), and so to the office, and thence to talk with Sir W. Pen, walking in the dark in the garden some turns, he telling me of the ill management of our office, and how Wood the timber merchant and others were very knaves,

[1] Captain William Hill.

[2] Mrs. Porter, the turner's wife (see August 10th, 1665).

which I am apt to believe. Home and wrote letters to my father and my brother John, and so to bed. Being a little chillish, intending to take physique to-morrow morning.

9th (Lord's day). I took physique this day, and was all day in my chamber, talking with my wife about her laying out of £20, which I had long since promised her to lay out in clothes against Easter for herself, and composing some ayres, God forgive me! At night to prayers and to bed.

10th. Musique practice a good while, then to Paul's Churchyard, and there I met with Dr. Fuller's "England's Worthys,"[1] the first time that I ever saw it; and so I sat down reading in it, till it was two o'clock before I thought of the time going, and so I rose and went home to dinner, being much troubled that (though he had some discourse with me about my family and arms) he says nothing at all, nor mentions us either in Cambridgeshire or Norfolk. But I believe, indeed, our family were never considerable. At home all the afternoon, and at night to bed.

11th. Musique, then my brother Tom came, and spoke to him about selling of Sturtlow,[2] he consents to, and I think will be the best for him, considering that he needs money, and has no mind to marry. Dined at home, and at the office in the afternoon. So home to musique, my mind being full of our alterac̃ons in the garden, and my getting of things in the office settled to the advantage of my clerks, which I found Mr. Turner much troubled at, and myself am not quiet in mind. But I hope by degrees to bring it to it. At night begun to compose songs, and begin with "Gaze not on Swans."[3] So to bed.

12th. This morning, till four in the afternoon, I spent abroad, doing of many and considerable businesses at Mr. Phillips' the lawyer, with Prior, Westminster, my Lord Crew's, Wardrobe, &c., and so home about the time of day

[1] Fuller's "History of the Worthies in England," folio, 1662, is in the Pepysian Library.

[2] Sturtlow is near Brampton. Samuel frequently quarrelled with his brother Tom over the Sturtlow lands.

[3] The poetry of the song, "Gaze not on Swans," is by H. Noel, and set to music by H. Lawes, in his "Ayres and Dialogues," 1653 —B.

to dinner with my mind very highly contented with my day's work, wishing I could do so every day. Then to my chamber drawing up writings, in expectation of my uncle Thomas coming. So to my musique and then to bed. This night I had half a 100 poor Jack[1] sent me by Mr. Adis.

13th. After musique comes my cozen Tom Pepys the executor, and he did stay with me above two hours discoursing about the difference between my uncle Thomas and me, and what way there may be to make it up, and I have hopes we may do good of it for all this. Then to dinner, and then came Mr. Kennard, and he and I and Sir W. Pen went up and down his house to view what may be the contrivance and alterations there to the best advantage. So home, where Mr. Blackburne (whom I have not seen a long time) was come to speak with me, and among other discourse he do tell me plain of the corruption of all our Treasurer's officers, and that they hardly pay any money under ten per cent.; and that the other day, for a mere assignation of £200 to some counties, they took £15, which is very strange. So to the office till night, and then home and to write by the post about many businesses, and so to bed. Last night died the Queen of Bohemia.[2]

14th (Valentine's day). I did this day purposely shun to be seen at Sir W. Batten's, because I would not have his daughter to be my Valentine, as she was the last year, there being no great friendship between us now, as formerly. This morning in comes W. Bowyer, who was my wife's Valentine, she having, at which I made good sport to myself, held her hands all the morning, that she might not see the paynters that were at work in gilding my chimney-piece and pictures in my dining-room. By and by she and I by coach with him to Westminster, by the way leaving at Tom's and my wife's father's lodgings each of them some

[1] The "poor john" is a hake salted and dried. It is frequently referred to in old authors as poor fare.

[2] Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, aunt of Charles II. See *ante*, May 14th, 1660. She died at Leicester House, on the north side of the present Leicester Square, to which she had removed only five days previously from Drury House, in Drury Lane, the residence of Lord Craven, to whom it has been asserted that she was married. She was sixty-five years of age.

poor Jack, and some she carried to my father Bowyer's, where she staid while I walked in the Hall, and there among others met with Serj^t. Pierce, and I took him aside to drink a cup of ale, and he told me the basest thing of Mr. Montagu's and his man Eschar's going away in debt, that I am troubled and ashamed, but glad to be informed of. He thinks he has left £1,000 for my Lord to pay, and that he has not laid out £3,000 out of the £5,000 for my Lord's use, and is not able to make an account of any of the money. My wife and I to dinner to the Wardrobe, and then to talk with my Lady, and so by coach, it raining hard, home, and so to do business and to bed.

15th. With the two Sir Williams to the Trinity-house; and there in their society had the business debated of Sir Nicholas Crisp's sasse at Deptford. Then to dinner, and after dinner I was sworn a Younger Brother;[1] Sir W. Rider being Deputy-Master for my Lord of Sandwich; and after I was sworn, all the Elder Brothers shake me by the hand: it is their custom, it seems. Hence to the office, and so to Sir Wm. Batten's all three, and there we staid till late talking together in complaint of the Treasurer's instruments. Above all Mr. Waith, at whose child's christening our wives and we should have been to-day, but none of them went and I am glad of it, for he is a very rogue. So home, and drew up our report for Sir N. Crispe's sasse, and so to bed. No news yet of our fleet gone to Tangier, which we now begin to think long.

16th (Lord's day). To church this morning, and so home and to dinner. In the afternoon I walked to St. Bride's to

[1] The Corporation of the Trinity House received its first charter from Henry VIII. in 1514. In 1604 a select class was constituted, called elder brethren, the other members being called younger brethren. By the charter of 1609 the sole management of affairs was conferred on the elder brethren, the younger brethren having, however, a vote in the election of Master and Wardens. Among some miscellaneous manuscripts of Samuel Pepys, which were in the possession of Mr. S. J. Davey, of 47, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, in 1889, was a copy of this oath, in which Pepys swore to "use" himself "as becometh a younger brother for the time you shall so continue." At the end is the following memorandum: "I tooke this oath at y^e Trinity House in London (Sir Wm. Rider, Dep. Maister for the Earl of Sandwich), this 15th day of Feb., 1661. — Samuel Pepys." Pepys was Master of the Trinity House in 1676.

church, to hear Dr. Jacomb preach upon the recovery, and at the request of Mrs. Turner, who came abroad this day, the first time since her long sickness. He preached upon David's words, "I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord," and made a pretty good sermon, though not extraordinary. After sermon I led her home, and sat with her, and there was the Dr. got before us; but strange what a command he hath got over Mrs. Turner, who was so carefull to get him what he would, after his preaching, to drink, and he, with a cunning gravity, knows how to command, and had it, and among other things told us that he heard more of the Common Prayer this afternoon (while he stood in the vestry, before he went up into the pulpitt) than he had heard this twenty years. Thence to my uncle Wight to meet my wife, and with other friends of hers and his met by chance we were very merry, and supped, and so home, not being very well through my usual pain got by cold. So to prayers and to bed, and there had a good draft of mulled ale brought me.

17th. This morning, both Sir Williams, myself, and Captain Cocke and Captain Tinker of the Convertine,[1] which we are going to look upon (being intended to go with these ships fitting for the East Indys), down to Deptford; and thence, after being on shipboard, to Woolwich, and there eat something. The Sir Williams being unwilling to eat flesh,[2] Captain Cocke and I had a breast of veal roasted. And here I drank wine upon necessity, being ill for want of it, and I find reason to fear that by my too sudden leaving off wine, I do contract many evils upon myself. Going and coming we played at gleeke, and I won 9*s.* 6*d.* clear, the most that ever I won in my life. I pray God it may not tempt me to play again. Being come home again we went to the Dolphin, where Mr. Alcock and my Lady and Mrs. Martha Batten came to us, and after them many others

[1] A fourth-rate, of forty guns, a prize from Portugal; in 1665 it was commanded by Captain John Pearce. — B.

[2] In Lent, of which the observance, intermitted for nineteen years, was now reviving. We have seen that Pepys, as yet, had not cast off all show of Puritanism. "In this month the Fishmongers' Company petitioned the King that Lent might be kept, because they had provided abundance of fish for this season, and their prayer was granted." — Rugge. — B.

(as it always is where Sir W. Batten goes), and there we had some pullets to supper. I eat though I was not very well, and after that left them, and so home and to bed.

18th. Lay long in bed, then up to the office (we having changed our days to Tuesday and Saturday in the morning and Thursday at night), and by and by with Sir W. Pen, Mr. Kennard, and others to survey his house again, and to contrive for the alterations there, which will be handsome I think. After we had done at the office, I walked to the Wardrobe, where with Mr. Moore and Mr. Lewis Phillips[1] after dinner we did agree upon the agreement between us and Prior and I did seal and sign it. Having agreed with Sir Wm. Pen and my wife to meet them at the Opera, and finding by my walking in the streets, which were every where full of brick-battes and tyles flung down by the extraordinary wind the last night[2] (such as hath not been in memory before, unless at the death of the late Protector), that it was dangerous to go out of doors; and hearing how several persons had been killed to-day by the fall of things in the streets, and that the pageant in Fleet-street is most of it blown down, and hath broke down part of several houses, among others Dick Brigden's; and that one Lady Sanderson, a person of quality in Covent Garden, was killed by the fall of the house, in her bed, last night; I sent my boy home to forbid them to go forth. But he bringing me word that they are gone, I went thither and there saw "The Law against Lovers,"[3] a good play and well performed, especially the little girl's (whom I never saw act before)

[1] Lewis Phillips of Brampton. He was uncle to John Jackson, who married Samuel Pepys's sister Paulina.

[2] "A dreadful storm of wind happened one night in February, anno 1661–62, which, though general, at least, all over England, yet was remarkable at Oxford in these two respects; — 1. That though it forced the stones inwards into the cavity of Allhallow's spire, yet it overthrew it not. And 2. That in the morning, when there was some abatement of its fury, it was yet so violent, that it laved water out of the river Cherwell, and cast it quite over the bridge at Magdalen College, above the surface of the water, near twenty foot high; which passage, with advantage of holding by the College wall, I had then curiosity to go to see myself, which otherwise perhaps I should have as hardly credited, as some other persons now may do." — Plot's *Natural History of Oxfordshire*, p. 5. — B.

[3] A tragi-comedy, by Sir William Davenant; taken from "Measure

dancing and singing; and were it not for her, the loss of Roxalana [1] would spoil the house. So home and to musique, and so to bed.

19th. Musique practice: thence to the Trinity House to conclude upon our report of Sir N. Crisp's project, who came to us to answer objections, but we did give him no ear, but are resolved to stand to our report; though I could wish we had shewn him more justice and had heard him. Thence to the Wardrobe and dined with my Lady, and talked after dinner as I used to do, and so home and up to my chamber to put things in order to my good content, and so to musique practice.

20th. This morning came Mr. Child to see me, and set me something to my Theorbo, and by and by come letters from Tangier from my Lord, telling me how, upon a great defete given to the Portuguese there by the Moors, he had put in 300 men into the town, and so he is in possession, of which we are very glad, because now the Spaniard's designs of hindering our getting the place are frustrated.[2] I

for Measure," with the characters of Benedick and Beatrice from "Much Ado about Nothing" added; published in Davenant's Works, 1673.

[1] This actress, so called from the character she played in the "Siege of Rhodes," was Frances or Elizabeth Davenport, who was born March 3rd, 1642. Evelyn saw her on January 9th, 1661–62, she being soon after taken to be "My Lord Oxford's Miss." She was induced to marry Aubrey de Vere, twentieth and last Earl of Oxford, after indignantly refusing to become his mistress, and discovered, when too late, that the nuptial ceremony had been performed by the earl's trumpeter, in the habit of a priest. For more of her history, see "Mémoires de Grammont." Ashmole records the birth of the Earl of Oxford's son by Roxalana, April 17th, 1664, which shows that the *liaison* continued. The child was called Aubrey Vere. — Ward's *Diary*, p. 131. Downes ("Roscius Anglicanus," p. 20) places Mrs. Davenport first on the list of the four principal actresses who boarded in Sir William Davenant's house. Davies and Curll supposed this actress to be Mrs. Marshall, but this was owing to a confusion between the characters Roxana and Roxalana. Mrs. Marshall was the original Roxana in Lee's "Rival Queens," produced at the Theatre Royal in 1677. The translator of Grammont's "Memoirs" added to the confusion by translating Hamilton's "Roxelane" into "Roxana."

[2] "*Sunday*, Jan. 12. This morning, the Portuguese, 140 horse in Tangier, made a salley into the country for booty, whereof they had possessed about 400 cattle, 30 camels, and some horses, and 35 women and girls, and being six miles distant from Tangier, were intercepted

went with the letter inclosed to my Lord Chancellor to the House of Lords, and did give it him in the House. And thence to the Wardrobe with my Lady's, and there could not stay dinner, but went by promise to Mr. Savill's, and there sat the first time for my picture in little, which pleaseth me well. So to the office till night and then home.

21st. All the morning putting things in my house in order, and packing up glass to send into the country to my father, and books to my brother John, and then to my Lord Crew's to dinner; and thence to Mr. Lewes Philip's chamber, and there at noon with him for business, and received £80 upon Jaspar Trice's account, and so home with it, and so to my chamber for all this evening, and then to bed.

22nd. At the office busy all the morning, and thence to dinner to my Lady Sandwich's, and thence with Mr. Moore to our Attorney, Wellpoole's, and there found that Godfry has basely taken out a judgment against us for the £40, for which I am vexed. And thence to buy a pair of stands and a hanging shelf for my wife's chamber, and so home, and thither came Mr. Savill with the pictures, and we hung them up in our dining-room. It comes now to appear very handsome with all my pictures. This evening I wrote let-

by 100 Moors with harquebusses, who in the first charge killed the Aidill with a shot in the head, whereupon the rest of the Portuguese ran, and in the pursuit 51 were slain, whereof were 11 of the knights, besides the Aidill. The horses of the 51 were also taken by the Moors, and all the booty relieved.

"*Tuesday*, Jan. 14. This morning, Mr. Mules came to me from the Governor, for the assistance of some of our men into the castle.

"*Thursday*, Jan. 16. About 80 men out of my own ship, and the 'Princess,' went into Tangier, into the lower castle, about four of the clock in the afternoon.

"*Friday*, Jan. 17. In the morning, by eight o'clock, the 'Martyr' came in from Cales (*Cadiz*) with provisions, and about ten a clock I sent Sir Richard Stayner, with 120 men, besides officers, to the assistance of the Governor, into Tangier." — Lord Sandwich's *Journal*, in Kennet's *Register*.

On the 23rd, Lord Sandwich put one hundred more men into Tangier; on the 29th and 30th, Lord Peterborough and his garrison arrived from England, and received possession from the Portuguese; and, on the 31st, Sir Richard Stayner and the seamen re-embarked on board Lord Sandwich's fleet. — B.

ters to my father: among other things acquainting him with the unhappy accident which hath happened lately to my Lord of Dorset's two oldest sons, who, with two Belasses and one Squire Wentworth, were lately apprehended for killing and robbing of a tanner about Newington[1] on Wednesday last, and are all now in Newgate. I am much troubled for it, and for the grief and disgrace it brings to their familys and friends.[2] After this, having got a very great cold, I got something warm to-night, and so to bed.

23rd (Lord's day). My cold being increased, I staid at home all day, pleasing myself with my dining-room, now graced with pictures, and reading of Dr. Fuller's "Worthys." So I spent the day, and at night comes Sir W. Pen and supped and talked with me. This day by God's mercy I am 29 years of age, and in very good health, and like to live and get an estate; and if I have a heart to be contented, I think I may reckon myself as happy a man as any is in the world, for which God be praised. So to prayers and to bed.

24th. Long with Mr. Berkenshaw in the morning at my musique practice, finishing my song of "Gaze not on Swans," in two parts, which pleases me well, and I did give him £5 for this month or five weeks that he hath taught me, which is a great deal of money and troubled me to part with it. Thence to the Paynter's, and set again for my picture in little, and thence over the water to Southwark to Mr. Berkenshaw's house, and there sat with him all the afternoon, he showing me his great card of the body of musique, which he cries up for a rare thing, and

[1] Stoke Newington.

[2] The following account of this transaction is abridged from the "Mercurius Publicus" of the day: "Charles Lord Buckhurst, Edward Sackville, Esq., his brother; Sir Henry Belasyse, K.B., eldest son of Lord Belasyse; John Belasyse, brother to Lord Faulconberg; and Thomas Wentworth, Esq., only son of Sir G. Wentworth, whilst in pursuit of thieves near Waltham Cross, mortally wounded an innocent tanner named Hoppy, whom they had endeavoured to secure, suspecting him to have been one of the robbers; and as they took away the money found on his person, under the idea that it was stolen property, they were soon after apprehended on the charges of robbery and murder; but the Grand Jury found a bill for manslaughter only." By a subsequent allusion in the Diary to their trial, it seems probable that a verdict of acquittal was pronounced.

I do believe it cost much pains, but is not so useful as he would have it. Then we sat down and set "Nulla, nulla sit formido," and he has set it very finely. So home and to supper, and then called Will up, and chid him before my wife for refusing to go to church with the maids yesterday, and telling his mistress that he would not be made a slave of, which vexes me. So to bed.

25th. All the morning at the office. At noon with Mr. Moore to the Coffee-house, where among other things the great talk was of the effects of this late great wind; and I heard one say that he had five great trees standing together blown down; and, beginning to lop them, one of them, as soon as the lops were cut off, did, by the weight of the root, rise again and fasten. We have letters from the forest of Deane, that above 1000 oakes and as many beeches are blown down in one walk there. And letters from my father tell me of £20 hurt done to us at Brampton. This day in the news-book I find that my Lord Buckhurst[1] and his fellows have printed their case as they did give it in upon examination to a Justice of Peace, wherein they make themselves a very good tale that they were in pursuit of thieves, and that they took this man for one of them, and so killed him; and that he himself confessed it was the first time of his robbing; and that he did pay dearly for it, for he was a dead man. But I doubt things will be proved otherwise, as they say. Home to dinner, and by and by comes Mr. Hunt and his wife to see us and staid a good while with us. Then parted, and I to my study in the office. The first time since the alteracõn that I have begun to do business myself there, and I think I shall be well pleased with it. At night home to supper and to bed.

[1] Charles Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, eldest son of Richard, fifth Earl of Dorset, was born January 24th, 1638. He was a volunteer with the fleet in 1665, when he wrote his famous song beginning —

"To all ye ladies now at land
We men at sea indite."

In 1674, by the death of his uncle, Lionel Cranfield, Earl of Middlesex, he came into possession of a considerable property, and in the following year was created Earl of Middlesex. In 1677 he succeeded his father as sixth Earl of Dorset. He was a favourite companion of Charles II. and of William III., and a patron of literary men. He died January 29th, 1707.

26th. Mr. Berkenshaw with me all the morning composing of musique to "This cursed jealousy, what is it," a song of Sir W. Davenant's. After dinner I went to my Bookseller's, W. Joyce's, and several other places to pay my debts and do business, I being resolved to cast up my accounts within a day or two, for I fear I have run out too far. In coming home I met with a face I knew and challenged him, thinking it had been one of the Theatre musicians, and did enquire for a song of him, but finding it a mistake, and that it was a gentleman that comes sometimes to the office, I was much ashamed, but made a pretty good excuse that I took him for a gentleman of Gray's Inn who sings well, and so parted. Home for all night and set things in order and so to bed.

27th. This morning came Mr. Berkenshaw to me and in our discourse I, finding that he cries up his rules for most perfect (though I do grant them to be very good, and the best I believe that ever yet were made), and that I could not persuade him to grant wherein they were somewhat lame, we fell to angry words, so that in a pet he flung out of my chamber and I never stopped him, having intended to put him off to-day, whether this had happened or no, because I think I have all the rules that he hath to give. And so there remains not the practice now to do me good, and it is not for me to continue with him at £5 per month. So I settled to put all his rules in fair order in a book, which was my work all the morning till dinner. After dinner to the office till late at night, and so home to write by the post, and so to bed.

28th. The boy failing to call us up as I commanded, I was angry, and resolved to whip him for that and many other faults, to-day. Early with Sir W. Pen by coach to Whitehall, to the Duke of York's chamber, and there I presented him from my Lord a fine map of Tangier, done by one Captain Beckman,[1] a Swede, that is with my Lord. We staid looking it over a great while with the Duke after he was ready. Thence I by water to the Painter's, and

[1] Afterwards Sir Martin Beckman, many of whose plans are in the British Museum. He became chief engineer, and was knighted March 20th, 1685. The map of Tangier here mentioned is in the collection of George III. at the British Museum. — B.

there sat again for my face in little, and thence home to dinner, and so at home all the afternoon. Then came Mr. Moore and staid and talked with me, and then I to the office, there being all the Admiralty papers brought hither this afternoon from Mr. Blackburne's, where they have lain all this while ever since my coming into this office. This afternoon Mr. Hater received half a year's salary for me, so that now there is not owing me but this quarter, which will be out the next month. Home, and to be as good as my word, I bade Will get me a rod, and he and I called the boy up to one of the upper rooms of the Comptroller's house towards the garden, and there I reckoned all his faults, and whipped him soundly, but the rods were so small that I fear they did not much hurt to him, but only to my arm, which I am already, within a quarter of an hour, not able to stir almost. After supper to bed.

March 1st. This morning I paid Sir W. Batten £40, which I have owed him this half year, having borrowed it of him. Then to the office all the morning, so dined at home, and after dinner comes my uncle Thomas, with whom I had some high words of difference, but ended quietly, though I fear I shall do no good by fair means upon him. Thence my wife and I by coach, first to see my little picture that is a drawing, and thence to the Opera, and there saw "Romeo and Juliet," the first time it was ever acted; but it is a play of itself the worst that ever I heard in my life, and the worst acted that ever I saw these people do,[1] and I am resolved to go no more to see the first time of acting, for they were all of them out more or less. Thence home, and after supper and wrote by the post, I settled to what I had long intended, to cast up my accounts with myself, and after much pains to do it and great fear, I do find that I am £500 in money beforehand in the world,

[1] Genest gives the cast, on the authority of Downes, as follows ("English Stage," vol. i., p. 42): Romeo — Harris, Mercutio — Betterton, Juliet — Mrs. Saunderson. The Hon. James Howard turned Shakespeare's tragedy into a tragi-comedy, and apparently introduced a new character, Count Paris's wife, which was taken by Mrs. Holden. But this apparently was produced at a later date, when, according to Downes, Shakespeare's original and Howard's travesty were acted alternately.

which I was afraid I was not, but I find that I had spent above £250 this last half year, which troubles me much, but by God's blessing I am resolved to take up, having furnished myself with all things for a great while, and to-morrow to think upon some rules and obligations upon myself to walk by. So with my mind eased of a great deal of trouble, though with no great content to find myself above £100 worse now than I was half a year ago, I went to bed.

2nd (Lord's day). With my mind much eased talking long in bed with my wife about our frugall life for the time to come, proposing to her what I could and would do if I were worth £2,000, that is, be a knight, and keep my coach, which pleased her,[1] and so I do hope we shall hereafter live to save something, for I am resolved to keep myself by rules from expenses. To church in the morning: none in the pew but myself. So home to dinner, and after dinner came Sir William and talked with me till church time, and then to church, where at our going out I was at a loss by Sir W. Pen's putting me upon it whether to take my wife or Mrs. Martha (who alone was there), and I began to take my wife, but he jogged me, and so I took Martha, and led her down before him and my wife. So set her at home, and Sir William and my wife and I to walk in the garden, and anon hearing that Sir G. Carteret had sent to see whether we were at home or no, Sir William and I went to his house, where we waited a good while, they being at prayers, and by and by we went up to him; there the business was about hastening the East India ships, about which we are to meet to-morrow in the afternoon. So home to my house, and Sir William supped with me, and so to bed.

3rd. All the morning at home about business with my brother Tom, and then with Mr. Moore, and then I set to make some strict rules for my future practice in my expenses, which I did bind myself in the presence of God by oath to observe upon penalty therein set down, and I do not doubt but hereafter to give a good account of my time and to grow rich, for I do find a great deal more of content

[1] Lord Braybrooke wrote, "This reminds me of a story of my father's, when he was of Merton College, and heard Bowen the porter wish that he had £100 a-year, to enable him to keep a couple of hunters and a pack of foxhounds."

in these few days, that I do spend well about my business, than in all the pleasure of a whole week, besides the trouble which I remember I always have after that for the expense of my money. Dined at home, and then up to my chamber again about business, and so to the office about despatching of the East India ships, where we staid till 8 at night, and then after I had been at Sir W. Pen's awhile discoursing with him and Mr. Kenard the joiner about the new building in his house, I went home, where I found a vessel of oysters sent me from Chatham, so I fell to eat some and then to supper, and so after the barber had done to bed. I am told that this day the Parliament hath voted *2s.* per annum for every chimney in England, as a constant revenue for ever to the Crown.[1]

4th. At the office all the morning, dined at home at noon, and then to the office again in the afternoon to put things in order there, my mind being very busy in settling the office to ourselves, I having now got distinct offices for the other two. By and by Sir W. Pen and I and my wife in his coach to Moore Fields,[2] where we walked a great while, though it was no fair weather and cold; and after our walk we went to the Pope's Head,[3] and eat cakes and other fine things, and so home, and I up to my chamber to read and write, and so to bed.

5th. In the morning to the Painter's about my little picture. Thence to Tom's about business, and so to the pewterer's, to buy a poore's-box to put my forfeits in, upon breach of my late vows. So to the Wardrobe and dined,

[1] Although fumage or smoke money was as old as the Conquest, the first parliamentary levy of hearth or chimney money was by statute 13 and 14 Car. II., c. 10, which gave the king an hereditary revenue of two shillings annually upon every hearth in all houses paying church or poor rates. This act was repealed by statute 1 William and Mary, c. 10, it being declared in the preamble as "not only a great oppression to the poorer sort, but a badge of slavery upon the whole people, exposing every man's house to be entered into and searched at pleasure by persons unknown to him."

[2] Moorfields were first drained in 1527, and walks were laid out in 1606. In the following year Richard Johnson wrote "The Pleasant Walks of Moore fields."

[3] In Cornhill, where Pope's Head Alley still exists. See June 20th, 1662. There was a Pope's Head tavern in Chancery Lane, see March 22nd, 1659–60.

and thence home and to my office, and there sat looking over my papers of my voyage, when we fetched over the King, and tore so many of these that were worth nothing, as filled my closet as high as my knees. I staid doing this till 10 at night, and so home and to bed.

6th. Up early, my mind full of business, then to the office, where the two Sir Williams and I spent the morning passing the victualler's accounts, the first I have had to do withal. Then home, where my Uncle Thomas (by promise and his son Tom) were come to give me his answer whether he would have me go to law or arbitracõn with him, but he is unprovided to answer me, and desires two days more. I left them to dine with my wife, and myself to Mr. Gauden and the two knights at dinner at the Dolphin, and thence after dinner to the office back again till night, we having been these four or five days very full of business, and I thank God I am well pleased with it, and hope I shall continue of that temper, which God grant. So after a little being at Sir W. Batten's with Sir G. Carteret talking, I went home, and so to my chamber, and then to bed, my mind somewhat troubled about Brampton affairs. This night my new camelott riding coat to my coloured cloth suit came home. More news to-day of our losses at Brampton by the late storm.

7th. Early to White Hall to the chappell, where by Mr. Blagrave's means I got into his pew, and heard Dr. Creeton,[1] the great Scotchman, preach before the King, and Duke and Duchess, upon the words of Micah:—"Roule yourselves in dust." He made a most learned sermon upon the words; but, in his application, the most comical man that ever I heard in my life. Just such a man as Hugh Peters; saying that it had been better for the poor Cavalier never to have come with the King into England again; for

[1] Dr. Robert Creighton (born at Dunkeld in 1593), educated at Westminster School and Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1625 he was made Professor of Greek, and in 1627 succeeded his friend George Herbert as Public Orator, holding both offices until 1679. When Pepys heard him, Creighton was Dean of Wells. In 1670 he was consecrated Bishop of Bath and Wells. He died November 21st, 1672. His son, of the same name, was elected Greek Professor of Cambridge in 1662, and died at Wells, February 17th, 1733–4. The father and son have been sometimes confounded.

he that hath the impudence to deny obedience to the lawful magistrate, and to swear to the oath of allegiance, &c., was better treated now-a-days in Newgate, than a poor Royalist, that hath suffered all his life for the King, is at White Hall among his friends. He discoursed much against a man's lying with his wife in Lent, saying that he might be as incontinent during that time with his own wife as at another time in another man's bed. Thence with Mr. Moore to Whitehall and walked a little, and so to the Wardrobe to dinner, and so home to the office about business till late at night by myself, and so home and to bed.

8th. By coach with both Sir Williams to Westminster; this being a great day there in the House to pass the business for chimney-money, which was done. In the Hall I met with Serjeant Pierce; and he and I to drink a cup of ale at the Swan, and there he told me how my Lady Monk[1] hath disposed of all the places which Mr. Edwd. Montagu hoped to have had, as he was Master of the Horse to the Queen; which I am afraid will undo him, because he depended much upon the profit of what he should make by these places. He told me, also, many more scurvy stories of him and his brother Ralph,[2] which troubles me to hear of persons of honour as they are. About one o'clock with both Sir Williams and another, one Sir Rich. Branes, to the Trinity House, but came after they had dined, so we had something got ready for us. Here Sir W. Batten was taken with a fit of coughing that lasted a great while and made him very ill, and so he went home sick upon it. Sir W. Pen and I to the office, whither afterward came Sir G. Carteret; and we sent for Sir Thos. Allen, one of the Aldermen of the City,[3] about the business of one Colonel Appesley, whom we had taken counterfeiting of bills with all our hands and the officers of the yards, so well counterfeited that I should never have mistrusted them. We staid about this business at the office till ten at night, and at last did send him with a constable to the Counter; and did give warrants for the seizing of a complice of his, one

[1] She is called in the State Poems "the Monkey Duchess." The duke was Master of the Horse to the king.—B.

[2] Afterwards Duke of Montagu. See *ante*, January 18th, 1661–62 (note).

[3] Sir Thomas Allen, Bart., Lord Mayor, 1660.

Blinkinsopp. So home and wrote to my father, and so to bed.

9th (Lord's day). Church in the morning: dined at home, then to Church again and heard Mr. Naylor, whom I knew formerly of Keye's College, make a most eloquent sermon. Thence to Sir W. Batten's to see how he did, then to walk an hour with Sir W. Pen in the garden: then he into supper with me at my house, and so to prayers and to bed.

10th. At the office doing business all the morning, and my wife being gone to buy some things in the city I dined with Sir W. Batten, and in the afternoon met Sir W. Pen at the Treasury Office, and there paid off the Guift, where late at night, and so called in and eat a bit at Sir W. Batten's again, and so home and to bed, to-morrow being washing day.

11th. At the office all the morning, and all the afternoon rummaging of papers in my chamber, and tearing some and sorting others till late at night, and so to bed, my wife being not well all this day. This afternoon Mrs. Turner and The. came to see me, her mother not having been abroad many a day before, but now is pretty well again and has made me one of the first visits.

12th. At the office from morning till night putting of papers in order, that so I may have my office in an orderly condition. I took much pains in sorting and folding of papers. Dined at home, and there came Mrs. Goldsborough about her old business, but I did give her a short answer and sent away. This morning we had news from Mr. Coventry, that Sir G. Downing[1] (like a perfidious rogue, though the action is good and of service to the King,[2] yet he cannot with any good conscience do it) hath taken Okey, Corbet, and Barkestead[3] at Delfe, in Holland, and sent

[1] Hume states that Downing was in early life chaplain in Okey's regiment, and Pepys' reference to ingratitude would seem to allude to this. (See note, January 1st, 1659–60.)

[2] ["And hail the treason though we hate the traitor."]. On the 21st Charles returned his formal thanks to the States for their assistance in the matter.—B.

[3] John Okey, Miles Corbet, and John Barkstead, three of the regicides: executed April 19th following.—B.

them home in the Blackmore. Sir W. Pen, talking to me this afternoon of what a strange thing it is for Downing to do this, he told me of a speech he made to the Lords States of Holland, telling them to their faces that he observed that he was not received with the respect and observance now, that he was when he came from the traitor and rebell Cromwell:[1] by whom, I am sure, he hath got all he hath in the world, — and they know it too.[2]

13th. All day, either at the office or at home, busy about business till late at night, I having lately followed my business much, find great pleasure in it, and a growing content.

14th. At the office all the morning. At noon Sir W. Pen and I making a bargain with the workmen about his house, at which I did see things not so well contracted for as I would have, and I was vexed and made him so too to see me so critical in the agreement. Home to dinner. In the afternoon came the German Dr. Kuffler,[3] to discourse

[1] The President Hénault mentions a similar speech made by Lockhart, in France. "Un Ecossois, nommé Lockart, ambassadeur d'Angleterre en France, sous Cromwell, dont il avait epousé la nièce, et qui le fut aussi depuis, sous Charles II., disoi qu'il n'étoit pas considéré en France, en qualité d'ambassadeur du roi, comme il l'avoit été du tems de Cromwell; cela devoit être parcequ'il y avoit bien de la différence entre celui qui obligea la France à prendre Dunkerque pour la lui remettre, et celui qui revendit cette place à la France quand il fut remonté sur le trône." Hénault's pithy remark expresses the truth. Nothing shows the degradation of Charles in a more striking light than this coincidence of opinion in two ambassadors. The first edition of Hénault does not contain this passage. — B.

[2] Charles, when residing at Brussels, went to the Hague at night to pay a secret visit to his sister, the Princess of Orange. After his arrival, "an old reverend-like man, with a long grey beard and ordinary grey clothes," entered the inn and begged for a private interview. He then fell on his knees, and pulling off his disguise, discovered himself to be Mr. Downing, then ambassador from Cromwell to the States-General. He informed Charles that the Dutch had guaranteed to the English Commonwealth to deliver him into their hands should he ever set foot in their territory. This warning probably saved Charles's liberty. — M. B.

[3] This is the secret of Cornelius Van Drebbel (1572–1634), which is referred to again by Pepys on November 11th, 1663. Johannes Siberius Kuffler was originally a dyer at Leyden, who married Drebbel's daughter. In the "Calendar of State Papers, Domestic," 1661–62 (p. 327), is the following entry: "Request of Johannes Siberius Kuffler and Jacob Drebble for a trial of their father Cornelius Drebble's secret of sinking

with us about his engine to blow up ships. We doubted not the matter of fact, it being tried in Cromwell's time, but the safety of carrying them in ships; but he do tell us, that when he comes to tell the King his secret (for none but the Kings, successively, and their heirs must know it), it will appear to be of no danger at all. We concluded nothing; but shall discourse with the Duke of York to-morrow about it. In the afternoon, after we had done with him, I went to speak with my uncle Wight and found my aunt to have been ill a good while of a miscarriage, I staid and talked with her a good while. Thence home, where I found that Sarah the maid had been very ill all day, and my wife fears that she will have an ague, which I am much troubled for. Thence to my lute, upon which I have not played a week or two, and trying over the two songs of "Nulla, nulla," &c., and "Gaze not on Swans," which Mr. Berkenshaw set for me a little while ago, I find them most incomparable songs as he has set them, of which I am not a little proud, because I am sure none in the world has them but myself, not so much as he himself that set them. So to bed.

15th. With Sir G. Carteret and both the Sir Williams at Whitehall to wait on the Duke in his chamber, which we did about getting money for the Navy and other things. So back again to the office all the morning. Thence to the Exchange to hire a ship for the Maderas, but could get none. Then home to dinner, and Sir G. Carteret and I all the afternoon by ourselves upon business in the office till late at night. So to write letters and home to bed. Troubled at my maid's being ill.

16th (Lord's day). This morning, till churches were done, I spent going from one church to another and hearing a bit here and a bit there. So to the Wardrobe to dinner with the young Ladies, and then into my Lady's chamber and talked with her a good while, and so walked to White Hall,

or destroying ships in a moment; and if it succeed, for a reward of £10,000. The secret was left them by will, to preserve for the English crown before any other state." Cornelius van Drebbel settled in London, where he died. James I. took some interest in him, and is said to have interfered when he was in prison in Austria and in danger of execution.

an hour or two in the Park, which is now very pleasant. Here the King and Duke came to see their fowl play.[1] The Duke took very civil notice of me. So walked home, calling at Tom's, giving him my resolution about my boy's livery. Here I spent an hour walking in the garden with Sir W. Pen, and then my wife and I thither to supper, where his son William is at home not well. But all things, I fear, do not go well with them; they look discontentedly, but I know not what ails them. Drinking of cold small beer here I fell ill, and was forced to go out and vomit, and so was well again and went home by and by to bed. Fearing that Sarah would continue ill, wife and I removed this night to our matted chamber and lay there.

17th. All the morning at the office by myself about setting things in order there, and so at noon to the Exchange to see and be seen, and so home to dinner and then to the office again till night, and then home and after supper and reading a while to bed. Last night the Blackmore pink[2] brought the three prisoners, Barkestead, Okey, and Corbet, to the Tower, being taken at Delfe in Holland; where, the Captain tells me, the Dutch were a good while before they could be persuaded to let them go, they being taken prisoners in their land. But Sir G. Downing would not be answered so: though all the world takes notice of him for a most ungrateful villain for his pains.

18th. All the morning at the office with Sir W. Pen. Dined at home, and Luellin and Blurton with me. After dinner to the office again, where Sir G. Carteret and we staid awhile, and then Sir W. Pen and I on board some of the ships now fitting for East Indys and Portugall, to see in what forwardness they are, and so back home again, and I write to my father by the post about Brampton Court, which is now coming on. But that which troubles me is that my Father has now got an ague that I fear may endanger his life. So to bed.

[1] Water-fowl appear to have been kept in St. James's Park from the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but the ponds were replenished after the Restoration.

[2] A "pink" was a form of vessel now obsolete, and had a very narrow stern. The "Blackmoor" was a sixth-rate of twelve guns, built at Chatham by Captain Tayler in 1656 ("Archæologia," xlviii. 174).

19th. All the morning and afternoon at my office putting things in order, and in the evening I do begin to digest my uncle the Captain's papers into one book, which I call my Brampton book, for the clearer understanding things how they are with us. So home and supper and to bed. This noon came a letter from T. Pepys, the turner, in answer to one of mine the other day to him, wherein I did cheque him for not coming to me, as he had promised, with his and his father's resolucion about the difference between us. But he writes to me in the very same slighting terms that I did to him, without the least respect at all, but word for word as I did him, which argues a high and noble spirit in him, though it troubles me a little that he should make no more of my anger, yet I cannot blame him for doing so, he being the elder brother's son, and not depending upon me at all.[1]

20th. At my office all the morning, at noon to the Exchange, and so home to dinner, and then all the afternoon at the office till late at night, and so home and to bed, my mind in good ease when I mind business, which methinks should be a good argument to me never to do otherwise.

21st. With Sir W. Batten by water to Whitehall, and he to Westminster. I went to see Sarah and my Lord's lodgings, which are now all in dirt, to be repaired against my Lord's coming from sea with the Queen. Thence to Westminster Hall; and there walked up and down and heard the great difference that hath been between my Lord Chancellor and my Lord of Bristol, about a proviso that my Lord Chancellor would have brought into the Bill for Conformity, that it shall be in the power of the King, when he sees fit, to dispense with the Act of Conformity; and though it be carried in the House of Lords,[2] yet it is believed it will hardly pass in the Commons. Here I met with Chetwind, Parry, and several others, and went to a little house behind the Lords' house to drink some wormwood ale, which doubtless was a bawdy house, the mistress of the house having the look and dress. Here we staid till noon and then parted, I by water to the Wardrobe to meet my wife, but

[1] See *ante*, January 24th, 1659–60 (note).
[2] It passed the House of Lords on April 9th.

my Lady and they had dined, and so I dined with the servants, and then up to my Lady, and there staid and talked a good while, and then parted and walked into Cheapside, and there saw my little picture, for which I am to sit again the next week. So home, and staid late writing at my office, and so home and to bed, troubled that now my boy is also fallen sick of an ague we fear.

22nd. At the office all the morning. At noon Sir Williams both and I by water down to the Lewes, Captain Dekins, his ship, a merchantman, where we met the owners, Sir John Lewes[1] and Alderman Lewes, and several other great merchants; among others one Jefferys, a merry man that is a fumbler, and he and I called brothers, and he made all the mirth in the company. We had a very fine dinner, and all our wives' healths, with seven or nine guns apiece; and exceeding merry we were, and so home by barge again, and I vexed to find Griffin leave the office door open, and had a design to have carried away the screw or the carpet in revenge to him, but at last I would not, but sent for him and chid him, and so to supper and to bed, having drank a great deal of wine.

23rd (Lord's day). This morning was brought me my boy's fine livery, which is very handsome, and I do think to keep to black and gold lace upon gray, being the colour of my arms, for ever. To church in the morning, and so home with Sir W. Batten, and there eat some boiled great oysters, and so home, and while I was at dinner with my wife I was sick, and was forced to vomit up my oysters again, and then I was well. By and by a coach came to call me by my appointment, and so my wife and I carried to Westminster to Mrs. Hunt's, and I to Whitehall, Worcester House, and to my Lord Treasurer's to have found Sir G. Carteret, but missed in all these places. So back to White Hall, and there met with Captn. Isham, this day come from Lisbon, with letters from the Queen to the King. And he did give me letters which speak that our fleet is all at Lisbon;[2] and that the Queen do not intend to embarque

[1] He was one of the commissioners sent to Breda to desire Charles II. to return to England immediately, when he was knighted. He was afterwards created a baronet.

[2] One of these letters was probably from John Creed. Mr. S. J.

sooner than to-morrow come fortnight. So having sent for my wife, she and I to my Lady Sandwich, and after a short visit away home. She home, and I to Sir G. Carteret's about business, and so home too, and Sarah having her fit we went to bed.

24th. Early Sir G. Carteret, both Sir Williams and I on board the Experiment, to dispatch her away, she being to carry things to the Madeiras with the East Indy fleet. Here (Sir W. Pen going to Deptford to send more hands) we staid till noon talking, and eating and drinking a good ham of English bacon, and having put things in very good order home, where I found Jane, my old maid, come out of the country, and I have a mind to have her again. By and by comes La Belle Pierce to see my wife, and to bring her a pair of peruques of hair, as the fashion now is for ladies to wear; which are pretty, and are of my wife's own hair, or else I should not endure them. After a good whiles stay, I went to see if any play was acted, and I found none upon the post, it being Passion week.[1] So home again, and took water with them towards Westminster; but as we put off with the boat Griffin came after me to tell me that Sir G. Carteret and the rest were at the office, so I intended to see them through the bridge and come back again, but the tide

Davey, of 47, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, in 1889 had in his possession nine long letters from Creed to Pepys. In the first of these, dated from Lisbon, March, 1662, Creed wrote: "My Lord ambassador doth all he can to hasten the Queen's Majestie's embarquement, there being reasons enough against suffering any unnecessary delay." There appear to have been considerable delays in the arrangements for the following declaration of Charles II. was dated June 22nd, 1661: "Charles R. Whereas his Ma^{ty} is resolved to declare, under his Royall hand and seale, the most illustrious Lady Infanta of Portugall to be his lawfull wife, before the Treaty shall be signed by the King of Portugall; which is to be done only for the better expediting the marriage, without sending to Rome for a dispensation, which the laws of Portugall would require if the said most Illustrious Infanta were to be betrothed in that Kingdome," &c.

[1] The following quotation in illustration of this passage is suggested in the "Athenæum": — "Master Field, the player, riding up Fleet Street a great pace, a gentleman called him and asked him what play was played that day? He (being angry to be stayed upon so frivolous a demand) answered that he might see what play was to be played upon every *post*. I cry you mercy (said the gentleman), I took you for a *post* you rode so fast." — Taylor the Water-Poet.

being against us, when we were almost through we were carried back again with much danger, and Mrs. Pierce was much afeard and frightened. So I carried them to the other side and walked to the Beare, [1] and sent them away, and so back again myself to the office, but finding nobody there I went again to the Old Swan, and thence by water to the New Exchange,[2] and there found them, and thence by coach carried my wife to Bowes to buy something, and while they were there went to Westminster Hall, and there bought Mr. Grant's book of observations upon the weekly bills of mortality, which appear to me upon first sight to be very pretty.[3] So back again and took my wife, calling at my brother Tom's, whom I found full of work, which I am glad of, and thence at the New Exchange and so home, and I to Sir W. Batten's, and supped there out of pure hunger and to save getting anything ready at home, which is a thing I do not nor shall not use to do. So home and to bed.

26th. Up early. This being, by God's great blessing, the fourth solemn day of my cutting for the stone this day four years, and am by God's mercy in very good health, and like to do well, the Lord's name be praised for it. To the office and Sir G. Carteret's all the morning about busi-

[1] The Bear at the Bridge Foot on the west side of High Street, Southwark.

[2] The New Exchange in the Strand. See *ante*, July 18th and September 22nd, 1660.

[3] John Graunt, born in Birchin Lane, London, April 24th, 1620, bound apprentice to a haberdasher. He obtained for his friend Petty the professorship of music at Gresham College. He was captain of train-bands for several years. He was bred a Puritan, but turned a Socinian, and lastly became a Roman Catholic. F.R.S., February, 1661–62. He was recommended by the king, and Dr. Sprat writes, in his "History of the Royal Society": — "In whose election it was so farr from being a prejudice that he was a shopkeeper of London, that his Majesty gave this particular charge to his Society, that if they found any more such tradesmen, they should be sure to admit them all, without any more ado." He published his "Natural and Political Observations upon the Bills of Mortality" in 1662, and this book, which laid the foundation of the science of statistics, went through several editions during his lifetime. Afterwards it was edited and improved by Sir William Petty, who sometimes spoke of it as his own, which gave rise to Burnet's erroneous statement that he published his 'Observations on the Bills of Mortality' in the name of one Grant, a Papist." Graunt died at his house in Birchin Lane, April 18th, 1674.

ness. At noon come my good guests, Madame Turner, The., and Cozen Norton,[1] and a gentleman, one Mr. Lewin of the King's Life Guard; by the same token he told us of one of his fellows killed this morning in a duel. I had a pretty dinner for them, viz., a brace of stewed carps, six roasted chickens, and a jowl of salmon, hot, for the first course; a tanzy[2] and two neats' tongues, and cheese the second; and were very merry all the afternoon, talking and singing and piping upon the flageolette. In the evening they went with great pleasure away, and I with great content and my wife walked half an hour in the garden, and so home to supper and to bed. We had a man-cook to dress dinner to-day, and sent for Jane to help us, and my wife and she agreed at £3 a year (she would not serve under) till both could be better provided, and so she stays with us, and I hope we shall do well if poor Sarah were but rid of her ague.

27th. Early Sir G. Carteret, both Sir Williams and I by coach to Deptford, it being very windy and rainy weather, taking a codd and some prawnes in Fish Street with us. We settled to pay the Guernsey[3] a small ship, but come to a great deal of money, it having been unpaid ever since before the King came in, by which means not only the King pays wages while the ship has lain still, but the poor men have most of them been forced to borrow all the money due for their wages before they receive it, and that at a dear rate, God knows, so that many of them had very little to receive at the table, which grieved me to see it. To dinner, very merry. Then Sir George to London, and we again to the pay, and that done by coach home again and to the office, doing some business, and so home and to bed.

28th (Good Friday). At home all the morning, and

[1] Joyce Norton. See vol. *ante*, January 7th, 1659–60 (note).

[2] Tansy (*tanacetum*), a herb from which puddings were made. Hence any pudding of the kind. Selden ("Table Talk") says: "Our tansies at Easter have reference to the bitter herbs." See in Wordsworth's "University Life in the Eighteenth Century" recipes for "an apple tansey," "a bean tansey," and "a gooseberry tansey." — M. B.

[3] The "Guernsey" (previously the "Basing") was a fifth-rate of twenty-two guns, built at Walderwick in 1654 by Jonas Shish ("Archæologia," xlviii. 174).

dined with my wife, a good dinner. At my office all the afternoon. At night to my chamber to read and sing, and so to supper and to bed.

29th. At the office all the morning. Then to the Wardrobe, and there coming late dined with the people below. Then up to my Lady, and staid two hours talking with her about her family business with great content and confidence in me. So calling at several places I went home, where my people are getting the house clean against tomorrow. I to the office and wrote several letters by post, and so home and to bed.

30th (Easter day). Having my old black suit new furbished, I was pretty neat in clothes to-day, and my boy, his old suit new trimmed, very handsome. To church in the morning, and so home, leaving the two Sir Williams to take the Sacrament, which I blame myself that I have hitherto neglected all my life, but once or twice at Cambridge.[1] Dined with my wife, a good shoulder of veal well dressed by Jane, and handsomely served to table, which pleased us much, and made us hope that she will serve our turn well enough. My wife and I to church in the afternoon, and seated ourselves, she below me, and by that means the precedence of the pew which my Lady Batten and her daughter takes, is confounded; and after sermon she and I did stay behind them in the pew, and went out by ourselves a good while after them, which we judge a very fine project hereafter to avoyd contention. So my wife and I to walk an hour or two on the leads, which begins to be very pleasant, the garden being in good condition. So to supper, which is also well served in. We had a lobster to supper, with a crabb Pegg Pen sent my wife this afternoon, the reason of which we cannot think; but something there is of plot or design in it, for we have a little while carried ourselves pretty strange to them. After supper to bed.

31st. This morning Mr. Coventry and all our company met at the office about some business of the victualling, which being dispatched we parted. I to my Lord Crew's to dinner (in my way calling upon my brother Tom, with

[1] This does not accord with the certificate which Dr. Milles wrote in 1681, where he says that Pepys was a constant communicant. See Life of Pepys in vol. i.

whom I staid a good while and talked, and find him a man like to do well, which contents me much) where used with much respect, and talking with him about my Lord's debts, and whether we should make use of an offer of Sir G. Carteret's to lend my Lady 4 or £500, he told me by no means, we must not oblige my Lord to him, and by the by he made a question whether it was not my Lord's interest a little to appear to the King in debt, and for people to clamor against him as well as others for their money, that by that means the King and the world may see that he do lay out for the King's honour upon his own main stock, which many he tells me do, that in fine if there be occasion he and I will be bound for it. Thence to Sir Thomas Crew's lodgings. He hath been ill, and continues so, under fits of apoplexy. Among other things, he and I did discourse much of Mr. Montagu's base doings, and the dishonour that he will do my Lord, as well as cheating him of 2 or £3,000, which is too true. Thence to the play, where coming late, and meeting with Sir W. Pen, who had got room for my wife and his daughter in the pit, he and I into one of the boxes, and there we sat and heard "The Little Thiefe,"[1] a pretty play and well done. Thence home, and walked in the garden with them, and then to the house to supper and sat late talking, and so to bed.

April 1st. Within all the morning and at the office. At noon my wife and I (having paid our maid Nell her whole wages, who has been with me half a year, and now goes away for altogether) to the Wardrobe, where my Lady and company had almost dined. We sat down and dined. Here was Mr. Herbert, son to Sir Charles Herbert, that lately came with letters from my Lord Sandwich to the King. After some discourse we remembered one another to have been together at the tavern when Mr. Fanshaw took his leave of me at his going to Portugall with Sir Richard. After dinner he and I and the two young ladies and my wife to the playhouse, the Opera, and saw "The Mayde in the Mill," a pretty good play. In the middle of

[1] Pepys had seen Fletcher's play, "The Night-Walker, or the Little Thief," at the Whitefriars Theatre, on April 2nd, 1661.

the play my Lady Paulina, who had taken physique this morning, had need to go forth, and so I took the poor lady out and carried her to the Grange, and there sent the maid of the house into a room to her, and she did what she had a mind to, and so back again to the play; and that being done, in their coach I took them to Islington, and then, after a walk in the fields, I took them to the great cheese-cake house and entertained them, and so home, and after an hour's stay with my Lady, their coach carried us home, and so weary to bed.

2nd. Mr. Moore came to me, and he and I walked to the Spittle an hour or two before my Lord Mayor and the blew-coat boys come,[1] which at last they did, and a fine sight of charity it is indeed. We got places and staid to hear a sermon; but, it being a Presbyterian one, it was so long, that after above an hour of it we went away, and I home and dined; and then my wife and I by water to the Opera, and there saw "The Bondman" most excellently acted; and though we had seen it so often, yet I never liked it better than to-day, Ianthe[2] acting Cleora's part very well now Roxalana is gone. We are resolved to see no more plays till Whitsuntide, we having been three days together. Met Mr. Sanchy, Smithes, Gale, and Edlin at the play, but having no great mind to spend money, I left them there. And so home and to supper, and then dispatch business, and so to bed.

3rd. At home and at the office all day. At night to bed.

4th. By barge Sir George, Sir Williams both and I to Deptford, and there fell to pay off the Drake and Hampshire, then to dinner, Sir George to his lady at his house, and Sir Wm. Pen to Woolwich, and Sir W. Batten and I to the tavern, where much company came to us and our

[1] The Spital sermons were originally preached in Spital Square, but they are now given at Christ Church, Newgate Street, on Easter Monday and Tuesday.

[2] Mary Saunderson, who married Thomas Betterton, December, 1662, one of Sir William Davenant's company, who acted Ianthe in the "Siege of Rhodes," at Lincoln's Inn Fields. She retired from the stage about 1675, died April, 1712, and was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey on the 13th. The Roxalana here alluded to was Mrs. Davenport.

dinner, and somewhat short by reason of their taking part away with them. Then to pay the rest of the Hampshire and the Paradox, and were at it till 9 at night, and so by night home by barge safe, and took Tom Hater with some that the clerks had to carry home along with us in the barge, the rest staying behind to pay tickets, but came home after us that night. So being come home, to bed. I was much troubled to-day to see a dead man lie floating upon the waters, and had done (they say) these four days, and nobody takes him up to bury him, which is very barbarous.

5th. At the office till almost noon, and then broke up. Then came Sir G. Carteret, and he and I walked together alone in the garden taking notice of some faults in the office, particularly of Sir W. Batten's, and he seemed to be much pleased with me, and I hope will be the ground of a future interest of mine in him, which I shall be glad of. Then with my wife abroad, she to the Wardrobe and there dined, and I to the Exchange and so to the Wardrobe, but they had dined. After dinner my wife and the two ladies to see my aunt Wight, and thence met me at home. From thence (after Sir W. Batten and I had viewed our houses with a workman in order to the raising of our roofs higher to enlarge our houses) I went with them by coach first to Moorfields and there walked, and thence to Islington and had a fine walk in the fields there, and so, after eating and drinking, home with them, and so by water with my wife home, and after supper to bed.

6th (Lord's day). By water to White Hall, to Sir G. Carteret, to give him an account of the backwardness of the ships we have hired to Portugall: at which he is much troubled. Thence to the Chappell, and there, though crowded, heard a very honest sermon before the King by a Canon of Christ Church, upon these words, "Having a form of godliness, but denying," &c.[1] Among other things, did much insist upon the sin of adultery: which methought might touch the King, and the more because he forced it into his sermon, methinks, besides his text. So up and saw the King at dinner; and thence with Sir G.

[1] 2 Timothy iii. 5.

Carteret to his lodgings to dinner, with him and his lady, where I saluted her, and was well received as a stranger by her: she seems a good lady, and all their discourse, which was very much, was upon their sufferings and services for the King. Yet not without some trouble, to see that some that had been much bound to them, do now neglect them; and others again most civil that have received least from them: and I do believe that he hath been a good servant to the King. Thence to walk in the Park, where the King and Duke did walk round the Park. After I was tired I went and took boat to Milford stairs, and so to Graye's Inn walks, the first time I have been there this year, and it is very pleasant and full of good company. When tired I walked to the Wardrobe, and there staid a little with my Lady, and so by water from Paul's Wharf (where my boat staid for me), home and supped with my wife with Sir W. Pen, and so home and to bed.

7th. By water to Whitehall and thence to Westminster, and staid at the Parliament-door long to speak with Mr. Coventry, which vexed me. Thence to the Lords' House, and stood within the House, while the Bishops and Lords did stay till the Chancellor's coming, and then we were put out, and they to prayers. There comes a Bishop; and while he was rigging himself, he bid his man listen at the door, whereabout in the prayers they were; but the man told him something, but could not tell whereabouts it was in the prayers, nor the Bishop neither, but laughed at the conceit; so went in: but, God forgive me! I did tell it by and by to people, and did say that the man said that they were about something of saving their souls, but could not tell whereabouts in the prayers that was. I sent in a note to my Lord Privy Seal, and he came out to me; and I desired he would make another deputy for me, because of my great business of the Navy this month; but he told me he could not do it without the King's consent, which vexed me. So to Dr. Castles', and there did get a promise from his clerk that his master should officiate for me to-morrow. Thence by water to Tom's, and there with my wife took coach and to the old Exchange, where having bought six large Holland bands, I sent her home, and myself found out my uncle Wight and Mr. Rawlinson, and with them

went to the latter's house to dinner, and there had a good dinner of cold meat and good wine, but was troubled in my head after the little wine I drank, and so home to my office, and there did promise to drink no more wine but one glass a meal till Whitsuntide next upon any score. Mrs. Bowyer and her daughters being at my house I forbore to go to them, having business and my head disturbed, but staid at my office till night, and then to walk upon the leads with my wife, and so to my chamber and thence to bed. The great talk is, that the Spaniards and the Hollanders do intend to set upon the Portuguese by sea, at Lisbon, as soon as our fleet is come away; and by that means our fleet is not likely to come yet these two months or three; which I hope is not true.

8th. Up very early and to my office, and there continued till noon. So to dinner, and in comes uncle Fenner and the two Joyces. I sent for a barrel of oysters and a breast of veal roasted, and were very merry; but I cannot down with their dull company and impertinent. After dinner to the office again. So at night by coach to Whitehall, and Mr. Coventry not being there I brought my business of the office to him, it being almost dark, and so came away and took up my wife. By the way home and on Ludgate Hill there being a stop I bought two cakes, and they were our supper at home.

9th. Sir George Carteret, Sir Williams both and myself all the morning at the office passing the Victualler's accounts, and at noon to dinner at the Dolphin, where a good chine of beef and other good cheer. At dinner Sir George showed me an account in French of the great famine, which is to the greatest extremity in some part of France at this day, which is very strange.[1] So to the Exchange, Mrs. Turner (who I found sick in bed), and several other places about business, and so home. Supper and to bed.

10th. To Westminster with the two Sir Williams by water, and did several businesses, and so to the Wardrobe with Mr. Moore to dinner. Yesterday came Col. Talbot[2]

[1] On the 5th of June following, Louis, notwithstanding the scarcity, gave that splendid carousal in the court before the Tuileries, from which the place has ever since taken its name. — B.

[2] Richard Talbot, who figures conspicuously in the Grammont Me-

with letters from Portugall, that the Queen is resolved to embarque for England this week. Thence to the office all the afternoon. My Lord Windsor[1] came to us to discourse of his affairs, and to take his leave of us; he being to go Governor of Jamaica with this fleet that is now going. Late at the office. Home with my mind full of business. So to bed.

11th. Up early to my lute and a song, then about six o'clock with Sir W. Pen by water to Deptford; and among the ships now going to Portugall with men and horse, to see them dispatched. So to Greenwich; and had a fine pleasant walk to Woolwich, having in our company Captn. Minnes, with whom I was much pleased to hear him talk in fine language, but pretty well for all that. Among other things, he and the other Captains that were with us tell me that negroes drowned look white and lose their blackness, which I never heard before.[2] At Woolwich, up and down to do the same business; and so back to Greenwich by water, and there while something is dressing for our dinner, Sir William and I walked into the Park, where the King hath planted trees and made steps in the hill up to the Castle, which is very magnificent. So up and down the house, which is now repayring in the Queen's lodgings. So to dinner at the Globe, and Captain Lambert of the Duke's pleasure boat came to us and

moirs, son of Sir William Talbot. He married, first, Catherine Boynton, "the languishing Boynton" of Grammont, and secondly, Frances Jennings, eldest sister of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. Talbot was created Earl of Tyrconnel in 1685 and made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and elevated to the dukedom of Tyrconnel in 1689 by James II. after his abdication. He died at Limerick, August 5th, 1691.

[1] Thomas Windsor, Baron Windsor, Lord Lieutenant of Worcestershire, 1660; advanced to the earldom of Plymouth, 1682. Died November 3rd, 1687.

[2] In the Ethiopian the black colour does not reside in the cutis, or true skin, but in a texture superficial to, and between it and the cuticle. This texture, the *rete muscorum*, in which the dark pigment is situate, may be readily dissected off, along with the cuticle, from the true skin, which is then exposed, and is of a *whitish* colour. When the body of a negro has long been immersed in water, such a dissection is, as it were, performed by the putrefactive process; and the surface of the body being thus deprived of its two outer investments, does really look *white*. — Ex inform. Alexander Melville M'Whinnick, F.R.C.P. — B.

dined with us, and were merry, and so home, and I in the evening to the Exchange, and spoke with uncle Wight, and so home and walked with my wife on the leads late, and so the barber came to me, and so to bed very weary, which I seldom am.

12th. At the office all the morning, where, among other things, being provoked by some impertinence of Sir W. Batten's, I called him unreasonable man, at which he was very angry and so was I, but I think we shall not much fall out about it. After dinner to several places about business, and so home and wrote letters at my office, and one to Mr. Coventry about business, and at the close did excuse my not waiting on him myself so often as others do for want of leisure. So home and to bed.

13th (Lord's day). In the morning to Paul's, where I heard a pretty good sermon, and thence to dinner with my Lady at the Wardrobe; and after much talk with her after dinner, I went to the Temple to Church, and there heard another: by the same token a boy, being asleep, fell down a high seat to the ground, ready to break his neck, but got no hurt. Thence to Graye's Inn walkes; and there met Mr. Pickering and walked with him two hours till 8 o'clock till I was quite weary. His discourse most about the pride of the Duchess of York; and how all the ladies envy my Lady Castlemaine. He intends to go to Portsmouth to meet the Queen this week; which is now the discourse and expectation of the town. So home, and no sooner come but Sir W. Warren comes to me to bring me a paper of Field's (with whom we have lately had a great deal of trouble at the office), being a bitter petition to the King against our office for not doing justice upon his complaint to us of embezzlement of the King's stores by one Turpin. I took Sir William to Sir W. Pen's (who was newly come from Walthamstow), and there we read it and discoursed, but we do not much fear it, the King referring it to the Duke of York. So we drank a glass or two of wine, and so home and I to bed, my wife being in bed already.

14th. Being weary last night I lay very long in bed today, talking with my wife, and persuaded her to go to Brampton, and take Sarah with her, next week, to cure her ague by change of ayre, and we agreed all things therein.

We rose, and at noon dined, and then we to the Paynter's, and there sat the last time for my little picture, which I hope will please me. Then to Paternoster Row to buy things for my wife against her going. So home and walked upon the leads with my wife, and whether she suspected anything or no I know not, but she is quite off of her going to Brampton, which something troubles me, and yet all my design was that I might the freer go to Portsmouth when the rest go to pay off the yards there, which will be very shortly. But I will get off if I can. So to supper and to bed.

15th. At the office all the morning. Dined at home. Again at the office in the afternoon to despatch letters and so home, and with my wife, by coach, to the New Exchange, to buy her some things; where we saw some new-fashion pettycoats of sarcenett, with a black broad lace printed round the bottom and before, very handsome, and my wife had a mind to one of them, but we did not then buy one. But thence to Mr. Bowyer's, thinking to have spoke to them for our Sarah to go to Huntsmore for awhile to get away her ague, but we had not opportunity to do it, and so home and to bed.

16th. Up early and took my physique; it wrought all the morning well. At noon dined, and all the afternoon, Mr. Hater to that end coming to me, he and I did go about my abstracting all the contracts made in the office since we came into it. So at night to bed.

17th. To Mr. Holliard's in the morning, thinking to be let blood, but he was gone out. So to White Hall, thinking to have had a Seal at Privy Seal, but my Lord did not come, and so I walked back home and staid within all the afternoon, there being no office kept to-day, but in the evening Sir W. Batten sent for me to tell me that he had this day spoke to the Duke about raising our houses, and he had given us leave to do it, at which, being glad, I went home merry, and after supper to bed.

18th. This morning sending the boy down into the cellar for some beer I followed him with a cane, and did there beat him for his staying of awards and other faults, and his sister came to me down and begged for him. So I forebore, and afterwards, in my wife's chamber, did there talk

to Jane how much I did love the boy for her sake, and how much it do concern to correct the boy for his faults, or else he would be undone. So at last she was well pleased. This morning Sir G. Carteret, Sir W. Batten and I met at the office, and did conclude of our going to Portsmouth next week, in which my mind is at a great loss what to do with my wife, for I cannot persuade her to go to Brampton, and I am loth to leave her at home. All the afternoon in several places to put things in order for my going. At night home and to bed.

19th. This morning, before we sat, I went to Aldgate; and at the corner shop, a draper's, I stood, and did see Barkestead, Okey, and Corbet drawn towards the gallows at Tiburne; and there they were hanged and quartered. They all looked very cheerful; but I hear they all die defending what they did to the King to be just; which is very strange. So to the office and then home to dinner, and Captain David Lambert came to take his leave of me, he being to go back to Tangier there to lie. Then abroad about business, and in the evening did get a bever, an old one, but a very good one, of Sir W. Batten, for which I must give him something; but I am very well pleased with it. So after writing by the post to bed.

20th (Lord's day). My intention being to go this morning to White Hall to hear South,[1] my Lord Chancellor's chaplain, the famous preacher and oratour of Oxford, (who the last Lord's day did sink down in the pulpit before the King, and could not proceed,) it did rain, and the wind against me, that I could by no means get a boat or coach to carry me; and so I staid at Paul's, where the Judges did all meet, and heard a sermon, it being the first Sunday of the term; but they had a very poor sermon. So to my Lady's and dined, and so to White Hall to Sir G. Carteret,

[1] This was the learned Robert South, then public orator at Oxford, and afterwards D.D. and prebendary of Westminster, and canon of Christ-church. The story, as copied from a contemporary tract, called "Annus Mirabilis Secundus," is given with full details in Wood's "Athenæ" and Kennett's "Register." It is by no means devoid of interest; but, having been so often printed, need not be here repeated. We may observe, however, that South had experienced a similar qualm whilst preaching at Oxford a few months before; but these seizures produced no bad consequences, as he lived to be eighty-three. — B.

and so to the Chappell, where I challenged my pew as Clerk of the Privy Seal and had it, and then walked home with Mr. Blagrave to his old house in the Fishyard, and there he had a pretty kinswoman that sings, and we did sing some holy things, and afterwards others came in and so I left them, and by water through the bridge (which did trouble me) home, and so to bed.

21st. This morning I attempted to persuade my wife in bed to go to Brampton this week, but she would not which troubles me and seeing that I could keep it no longer from her, I told her that I was resolved to go to Portsmouth to-morrow. Sir W. Batten goes to Chatham to-day, and will be back again to come for Portsmouth after us on Thursday next. I went to Westminster and several places about business. Then at noon dined with my Lord Crew; and after dinner went up to Sir Thos. Crew's chamber, who is still ill. He tells me how my Lady Duchess of Richmond[1] and Castlemaine had a falling out the other day; and she calls the latter Jane Shore, and did hope to see her come to the same end that she did. Coming down again to my Lord, he told me that news was come that the Queen is landed; at which I took leave, and by coach hurried to White Hall, the bells ringing in several places; but I found there no such matter, nor anything like it. So I went by appointment to Anthony Joyce's, where I sat with his wife and Matt. Joyce an hour or two, and so her husband not being at home, away I went and in Cheapside spied him and took him into the coach. Home, and there I found my Lady Jemimah, and Anne, and Madamoiselle come to see my wife, whom I left, and to talk with Joyce about a project I have of his and my joyning, to get some money for my brother Tom and his kinswoman to help forward with her portion if they should marry. I mean in buying of tallow of him at a low rate for the King, and Tom should have the profit; but he tells me the profit will be consid-

[1] Mary, daughter of George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham, wife of James, fourth Duke of Lennox and third Duke of Richmond, who left her a widow secondly in 1655. She had previously married Charles, Lord Herbert; and she took for her third husband, Thomas Howard, brother of the Earl of Carlisle, who fought the duel with Jermyn, referred to on August 19th, 1662. She died November, 1685.

erable, at which I was troubled, but I have agreed with him to serve some in my absence. He went away, and then came Mr. Moore and sat late with me talking about business, and so went away and I to bed.

22nd. After taking leave of my wife, which we could hardly do kindly, because of her mind to go along with me, Sir W. Pen and I took coach and so over the bridge to Lambeth, W. Bodham and Tom Hewet going as clerks to Sir W. Pen, and my Will for me. Here we got a dish of buttered eggs, and there staid till Sir G. Carteret came to us from White Hall, who brought Dr. Clerke with him, at which I was very glad, and so we set out, and I was very much pleased with his company, and were very merry all the way. . . . We came to Gilford[1] and there passed our time in the garden, cutting of sparagus for supper, the best that ever I eat in my life but in the house last year. Supped well, and the Doctor and I to bed together, calling cozens from his name and my office.[2]

23d. Up early, and to Petersfield, and there dined well; and thence got a countryman to guide us by Havant, to avoid going through the Forest; but he carried us much out of the way, and upon our coming we sent away an express to Sir W. Batten to stop his coming, which I did project to make good my oath, that my wife should come if any of our wives came, which my Lady Batten did intend to do with her husband. The Doctor and I lay together at Wiard's, the chyrurgeon's, in Portsmouth, his wife a very pretty woman. We lay very well and merrily; in the morning, concluding him to be of the eldest blood and house of the Clerkes, because that all the fleas came to him and not to me.

24th. Up and to Sir G. Carteret's lodgings at Mrs. Stephens's, where we keep our table all the time we are here. Thence all of us to the Pay-house; but the books not being ready, we went to church to the lecture, where there was my Lord Ormond[3] and Manchester,[4] and much

[1] Guildford.

[2] Joking on Dr. Clerke's surname and Pepys's office of Clerk of the Acts.

[3] James, Duke of Ormonde, as Lord High Steward.

[4] Edward, Earl of Manchester, as Lord Chamberlain.

London company, though not so much as I expected. Here we had a very good sermon upon this text: "In love serving one another;" which pleased me very well. No news of the Queen at all. So to dinner; and then to the Pay all the afternoon. Then W. Pen and I walked to the King's Yard and there lay at Mr. Tippets's,[1] where exceeding well treated.

25th. All the morning at Portsmouth, at the Pay, and then to dinner, and again to the Pay; and at night got the Doctor to go lie with me, and much pleased with his company; but I was much troubled in my eyes, by reason of the healths I have this day been forced to drink.

26th. Sir George[2] and I, and his clerk Mr. Stephens, and Mr. Holt our guide, over to Gosport; and so rode to Southampton. In our way, besides my Lord Southampton's[3] parks and lands, which in one view we could see £6,000 per annum, we observed a little church-yard, where the graves are accustomed to be all sowed with sage.[4] At Southampton we went to the Mayor's and there dined, and had sturgeon of their own catching the last week, which do not happen in twenty years, and it was well ordered. They brought us also some caveare,[5] which I attempted to order, but all to no purpose, for they had neither given it salt

[1] John Tippets, appointed master-shipwright in Portsmouth Dockyard, and afterwards knighted; Commissioner of the Navy (1667–72), and Surveyor of the Navy (1672–85, 1688–92).

[2] Sir George Carteret was elected Member of Parliament for Portsmouth, April 23rd, 1661.

[3] Titchfield House, erected by Sir Thomas Wriothesley on the site of a Premonstratensian abbey granted to him with the estates, 29th Henry VIII. Upon the death of his descendant, Thomas, Earl of Southampton, and Lord Treasurer, without issue male, the house and manor were allotted to his eldest daughter Elizabeth, wife of Edmund, first Earl of Gainsborough; and their only son dying s. p. m., the property devolved to his sister Elizabeth, married to Henry, Duke of Portland, whose grandson, the third duke, alienated it to Mr. Delme. The duke's second title is taken from this place. — B.

[4] Gough says, "It is the custom at this day all over Wales to strew the graves, both within and without the church, with green herbs, branches of box, flowers, rushes, and flags, for one year, after which such as can afford it lay down a stone." — Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, edited W. C. Hazlitt, vol. ii., p. 218.

[5] A preparation of the roe of sturgeons and other fish salted. It forms a lucrative branch of commerce in Italy and Russia.

enough, nor are the seedes of the roe broke, but are all in berryes. The towne is one most gallant street, and is walled round with stone, &c., and Bevis's picture[1] upon one of the gates; many old walls of religious houses, and the key, well worth seeing. After dinner to horse again, being in nothing troubled but the badness of my hat, which I borrowed to save my beaver. Home by night and wrote letters to London, and so with Sir W. Pen to the Dock to bed.

27th (Sunday). Sir W. Pen got trimmed before me, and so took the coach to Portsmouth to wait on my Lord Steward[2] to Church, and sent the coach for me back again. So I rode to church, and met my Lord Chamberlain[3] upon the walls of the garrison, who owned and spoke to me. I followed him in the crowd of gallants through the Queen's lodgings to chappell; the rooms being all rarely furnished, and escaped hardly being set on fire yesterday. At chappell we had a most excellent and eloquent sermon. And here I spoke and saluted Mrs. Pierce, but being in haste could not learn of her where her lodgings are, which vexes me. Thence took Ned Pickering to dinner with us, and the two Marshes, father and son, dined with us, and very merry. After dinner Sir W. Batten and I, the Doctor, and Ned Pickering by coach to the Yard, and there on board the Swallow in the dock hear our navy chaplain preach a sad sermon, full of nonsense and false Latin; but prayed for the Right Honourable the principall officers.[4] After sermon took him to Mr. Tippets's to drink a glass of wine, and so at 4 back again by coach to Portsmouth, and then visited the Mayor, Mr. Timbrell, our anchor-smith, who showed us the present they have for the Queen; which is a salt-sellar of silver, the walls christall, with four eagles and four grey-hounds standing up at the top to bear up a dish; which indeed is one of the neatest pieces of plate that ever I saw, and the case is very pretty also.[5] This evening came a merchantman in the harbour, which we hired at London to carry

[1] Sir Bevis of Hampton.
[2] James, Duke of Ormonde.
[3] The Earl of Manchester.
[4] Principal officers of the navy, of which body Pepys was one as Clerk of the Acts.
[5] A salt-cellar answering this description is preserved at the Tower.

horses to Portugall; but, Lord! what running there was to the seaside to hear what news, thinking it had come from the Queen. In the evening Sir George, Sir W. Pen and I walked round the walls, and thence we two with the Doctor to the yard, and so to supper and to bed.

28th. The Doctor and I begun philosophy discourse exceeding pleasant. He offers to bring me into the college of virtuosoes [1] and my Lord Brouncker's [2] acquaintance, and to show me some anatomy, which makes me very glad; and I shall endeavour it when I come to London. Sir W. Pen much troubled upon letters came last night. Showed me one of Dr. Owen's [3] to his son,[4] whereby it appears his son is much perverted in his opinion by him; which I now perceive is one thing that hath put Sir William so long off the hooks. By coach to the Pay-house, and so to work again, and then to dinner, and to it again, and so in the evening to the yard, and supper and bed.

29th. At the pay all the morning, and so to dinner; and then to it again in the afternoon, and after our work was done, Sir G. Carteret, Sir W. Pen and I walked forth, and I spied Mrs. Pierce and another lady passing by. So I left them and went to the ladies, and walked with them up and down, and took them to Mrs. Stephens, and there gave them wine and sweetmeats, and were very merry; and then comes the Doctor, and we carried them by coach to their lodging, which was very poor, but the best they could get, and such as made much mirth among us. So I appointed one to watch when the gates of the town were ready to be shut, and to give us notice; and so the Doctor and I staid with them playing and laughing, and at last were forced to bid good night for fear of being locked into the town all night. So we walked to the yard, designing

[1] The Royal Society.

[2] William, second Lord Viscount Brouncker of Castle Lyons, born about 1620, was the first president of the Royal Society, and a respectable mathematician. Extra Commissioner of the Navy, 1664–66; Comptroller of the Treasurer's Accounts, 1660–79; Master of St. Katherine's Hospital in 1681. Died April 5th, 1684.

[3] John Owen, D.D., a learned Nonconformist divine, and a voluminous theological writer, born 1616, made Dean of Christ Church in 1653 by the Parliament, and ejected in 1659–60. He died at Ealing in 1683.

[4] William Penn, the celebrated Quaker.

how to prevent our going to London to-morrow, that we might be merry with these ladies, which I did. So to supper and merrily to bed.

30th. This morning Sir G. Carteret came down to the yard, and there we mustered over all the men and determined of some regulations in the yard, and then to dinner, all the officers of the yard with us, and after dinner walk to Portsmouth, there to pay off the Success, which we did pretty early, and so I took leave of Sir W. Pen, he desiring to know whither I went, but I would not tell him. I went to the ladies, and there took them and walked to the Mayor's to show them the present, and then to the Dock, where Mr. Tippets made much of them, and thence back again, the Doctor being come to us to their lodgings, whither came our supper by my appointment, and we very merry, playing at cards and laughing very merry till 12 o'clock at night, and so having staid so long (which we had resolved to stay till they bade us be gone), which yet they did not do but by consent, we bade them good night, and so past the guards, and went to the Doctor's lodgings, and there lay with him, our discourse being much about the quality of the lady with Mrs. Pierce, she being somewhat old and handsome, and painted and fine, and had a very handsome maid with her, which we take to be the marks of a bawd. But Mrs. Pierce says she is a stranger to her and met by chance in the coach, and pretends to be a dresser. Her name is Eastwood. So to sleep in a bad bed about one o'clock in the morning. This afternoon after dinner comes Mr. Stephenson, one of the burgesses of the town, to tell me that the Mayor and burgesses did desire my acceptance of a burgess-ship, and were ready at the Mayor's to make me one. So I went, and there they were all ready, and did with much civility give me my oath, and after the oath, did by custom shake me all by the hand. So I took them to a tavern and made them drink, and paying the reckoning, went away. They having first in the tavern made Mr. Waith also a burgess, he coming in while we were drinking. It cost me a piece in gold to the Town Clerk, and 10*s.* to the Bayliffes, and spent 6*s.*

May 1st. Sir G. Carteret, Sir W. Pen, and myself, with our clerks, set out this morning from Portsmouth very

early, and got by noon to Petersfield; several officers of the Yard accompanying us so far. Here we dined and were merry. At dinner comes my Lord Carlingford[1] from London, going to Portsmouth: tells us that the Duchess of York is brought to bed of a girl,[2] at which I find nobody pleased; and that Prince Rupert and the Duke of Buckingham are sworn of the Privy Councell. He himself made a dish with eggs of the butter of the Sparagus, which is very fine meat, which I will practise hereafter. To horse again after dinner, and got to Gilford, where after supper I to bed, having this day been offended by Sir W. Pen's foolish talk, and I offending him with my answers. Among others he in discourse complaining of want of confidence, did ask me to lend him a grain or two, which I told him I thought he was better stored with than myself, before Sir George. So that I see I must keep a greater distance than I have done, and I hope I may do it because of the interest which I am making with Sir George. To bed all alone, and my Will in the truckle bed.[3]

2nd. Early to coach again and to Kingston, where we baited a little, and presently to coach again and got early to London, and I found all well at home, and Mr. Hunt and his wife had dined with my wife to-day, and been very kind to my wife in my absence. After I had washed myself, it having been the hottest day that has been this year, I took them all by coach to Mrs. Hunt's, and I to Dr. Clerke's lady, and gave her her letter and token. She is a very fine woman, and what with her person and the number of fine ladies that were with her, I was much out of countenance, and could hardly carry myself like a man among them; but however, I staid till my courage was up

[1] Theobald, second Viscount Taafe, created Earl of Carlingford, co. Louth, 1661–62.

[2] Mary, afterwards Queen of England.

[3] According to the original Statutes of Corpus Christi Coll. Oxon, a Scholar slept in a truckle bed below each Fellow. Called also "a trindle bed." Compare Hall's description of an obsequious tutor:

"He lieth in a truckle bed
While his young master lieth o'er his head."
Satires, ii. 6, 5.

The bed was drawn in the daytime under the high bed of the tutor. See Wordsworth's "University Life in the Eighteenth Century." — M. B.

again, and talked to them, and viewed her house, which is most pleasant, and so drank and good-night. And so to my Lord's lodgings, where by chance I spied my Lady's coach, and found her and my Lady Wright there, and so I spoke to them, and they being gone went to Mr. Hunt's for my wife, and so home and to bed.

3rd. Sir. W. Pen and I by coach to St. James's, and there to the Duke's Chamber, who had been a-hunting this morning and is come back again. Thence to Westminster, where I met Mr. Moore, and hear that Mr. Watkins[1] is suddenly dead since my going. To dinner to my Lady Sandwich, and Sir Thomas Crew's children coming thither, I took them and all my Ladys to the Tower and showed them the lions[2] and all that was to be shown, and so took them to my house, and there made much of them, and so saw them back to my Lady's. Sir Thomas Crew's children being as pretty and the best behaved that ever I saw of their age. Thence, at the goldsmith's, took my picture in little,[3] which is now done, home with me, and pleases me exceedingly and my wife. So to supper and to bed, it being exceeding hot.

4th (Lord's day). Lay long talking with my wife, then Mr. Holliard came to me and let me blood, about sixteen ounces, I being exceedingly full of blood and very good. I begun to be sick; but lying upon my back I was presently well again, and did give him 5*s.* for his pains, and so we parted, and I, to my chamber to write down my journall from the beginning of my late journey to this house. Dined well, and after dinner, my arm tied up with a black ribbon, I walked with my wife to my brother Tom's; our boy waiting on us with his sword, which this day he begins to wear, to outdo Sir W. Pen's boy, who this day, and Sir W. Batten's too, begin to wear new livery; but I do take mine to be the neatest of them all. I led my wife to Mrs. Turner's pew, and the church being full, it being to hear a Doctor who is to preach a probacon sermon, I went out to the Temple and there walked, and so when church was

[1] Watkins was a clerk of the Privy Seal, see *post*, May 9th.

[2] The Tower Menagerie was not abolished until the reign of William IV.

[3] Miniature by Savill, which cost £3, see *post*, June 11th.

done went to Mrs. Turner's, and after a stay there, my wife and I walked to Grays Inn, to observe fashions of the ladies, because of my wife's making some clothes. Thence homewards, and called in at Antony Joyce's, where we found his wife brought home sick from church, and was in a convulsion fit. So home and to Sir W. Pen's and there supped, and so to prayers at home and to bed.

5th. My arme not being well, I staid within all the morning, and dined alone at home, my wife being gone out to buy some things for herself, and a gown for me to dress myself in. And so all the afternoon looking over my papers, and at night walked upon the leads, and so to bed.

6th. This morning I got my seat set upon the leads, which pleases me well. So to the office, and thence to the Change, but could not meet with my uncle Wight. So home to dinner and then out again to several places to pay money and to understand my debts, and so home and walked with my wife on the leads, and so to supper and to bed. I find it a hard matter to settle to business after so much leisure and pleasure.

7th. Walked to Westminster; where I understand the news that Mr. Montagu is this last night come to the King with news, that he left the Queen and fleet in the Bay of Biscay, coming this wayward; and that he believes she is now at the Isle of Scilly. So at noon to my Lord Crew's and there dined, and after dinner Sir Thos. Crew and I talked together, and among other instances of the simple light discourse that sometimes is in the Parliament House, he told me how in the late business of Chymny money, when all occupiers were to pay, it was questioned whether women were under that name to pay, and somebody rose and said that they were not occupiers, but occupied. Thence to Paul's Church Yard; where seeing my Ladys Sandwich and Carteret, and my wife (who this day made a visit the first time to my Lady Carteret),[1] come by coach, and going to Hide Park, I was resolved to follow them; and so went to Mrs. Turner's: and thence found her out at the Theatre, where I saw the last act of the "Knight of the

[1] Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Philip Carteret, of St. Ouen, Jersey, married to her cousin, Sir George Carteret, Bart.

Burning Pestle,"[1] which pleased me not at all. And so after the play done, she and The. Turner and Mrs. Lucin and I, in her coach to the Park; and there found them out, and spoke to them; and observed many fine ladies, and staid till all were gone almost. And so to Mrs. Turner's, and there supped, and so walked home, and by and by comes my wife home, brought by my Lady Carteret to the gate, and so to bed.

8th. At the office all the morning doing business alone, and then to the Wardrobe, where my Lady going out with the children to dinner I staid not, but returned home, and was overtaken in St. Paul's Churchyard by Sir G. Carteret in his coach, and so he carried me to the Exchange, where I staid awhile. He told me that the Queen and the fleet were in Mount's Bay on Monday last, and that the Queen endures her sickness pretty well. He also told me how Sir John Lawson hath done some execution upon the Turks in the Straight,[2] of which I am glad, and told the news the first on the Exchange, and was much followed by merchants to tell it. So home and to dinner, and by and by to the office, and after the rest gone (my Lady Albemarle being this day at dinner at Sir W. Batten's) Sir G. Carteret comes, and he and I walked in the garden, and, among other discourse, tells me that it is Mr. Coventry that is to come to us as a Commissioner of the Navy; at which he is much vexed, and cries out upon Sir W. Pen, and threatens him highly. And looking upon his lodgings, which are now enlarging, he in passion cried, "Guarda mi spada; for, by God, I may chance to keep him in Ireland, when he is there:" for Sir W. Pen is going thither with my Lord Lieutenant.[3] But it is my design to keep much in with Sir George; and I think I have begun very well towards it. So to the office, and was there late doing business, and so with my head full of business I to bed.

[1] A comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, which was written in 1611, and first published in 1613.

[2] For further particulars respecting Sir J. Lawson's fight with the Turks, see *post*, June 27th.

[3] Penn accompanied the Duke of Ormonde to Ireland in July, 1662, and he took the opportunity of visiting his estates in Cork and his government of Kinsale.

9th. Up and to my office, and so to dinner at home, and then to several places to pay my debts, and then to Westminster to Dr. Castle, who discoursed with me about Privy Seal business, which I do not much mind, it being little worth, but by Watkins's[1] late sudden death we are like to lose money. Thence to Mr. de Cretz, and there saw some good pieces that he hath copyed of the King's pieces, some of Raphael and Michael Angelo; and I have borrowed an Elizabeth of his copying to hang up in my house, and sent it home by Will. Thence with Mr. Salisbury, who I met there, into Covent Garden to an alehouse, to see a picture that hangs there, which is offered for 20*s*., and I offered fourteen—but it is worth much more money—but did not buy it, I having no mind to break my oath. Thence to see an Italian puppet play,[2] that is within the rayles there, which is very pretty, the best that ever I saw, and great resort of gallants. So to the Temple and by water home, and so walk upon the leads, and in the dark there played upon my flageolette, it being a fine still evening, and so to supper and to bed. This day I paid Godfrey's debt of 40 and odd pounds. The Duke of York went last night to Portsmouth; so that I believe the Queen is near.

10th. By myself at the office all the morning drawing up instructions for Portsmouth yard in those things wherein we at our late being there did think fit to reform, and got them signed this morning to send away to-night, the Duke being now there. At noon to the Wardrobe; there dined. My Lady told me how my Lady Castlemaine do speak of going to lie in at Hampton Court; which she and all our ladies are much troubled at, because of the King's being forced to show her countenance in the sight of the Queen when she comes. Back to the office and there all afternoon, and in the evening comes Sir G. Carteret, and he and I did hire a ship for Tangier, and other things together; and I find that he do single me out to join with me apart from the rest, which I am much glad of. So home, and after being trimmed, to bed.

[1] Mr. Watkins is mentioned as a clerk of the Privy Seal on July 11th and 24th, 1660.

[2] This appears to have been a predecessor of Powell's more famous puppet-show. An Italian puppet-show was exhibited at Charing Cross in 1666 and 1667.

11th (Lord's day). To our church in the morning, where, our Minister being out of town, a dull, flat Presbiter preached. Dined at home, and my wife's brother with us, we having a good dish of stewed beef of Jane's own dressing, which was well done, and a piece of sturgeon of a barrel sent me by Captain Cocke. In the afternoon to White Hall; and there walked an hour or two in the Park, where I saw the King now out of mourning,[1] in a suit laced with gold and silver, which it was said was out of fashion. Thence to the Wardrobe; and there consulted with the ladies about our going to Hampton Court to-morrow, and thence home, and after settled business there my wife and I to the Wardrobe, and there we lay all night in Captain Ferrers' chambers, but the bed so soft that I could not sleep that hot night.

12th. Mr. Townsend called us up by four o'clock; and by five the three ladies, my wife and I, and Mr. Townsend, his son and daughter, were got to the barge and set out. We walked from Mortlake to Richmond, and so to boat again. And from Teddington to Hampton Court Mr. Townsend and I walked again. And then met the ladies, and were showed the whole house by Mr. Marriott;[2] which is indeed nobly furnished, particularly the Queen's bed, given her by the States of Holland; a looking-glass sent by the Queen-mother from France, hanging in the Queen's chamber, and many brave pictures. So to Mr. Marriott's, and there we rested ourselves and drank. And so to barge again, and there we had good victuals and wine, and were very merry; and got home about eight at night very well. So my wife and I took leave of my Ladies, and home by a hackney-coach, the easiest that ever I met with, and so to bed.

14th. All the morning at Westminster and elsewhere about business, and dined at the Wardrobe; and after dinner, sat talking an hour or two alone with my Lady. She is afeard that my Lady Castlemaine will keep still with the King, and I am afeard she will not, for I love her well. Thence to my brother's,[3] and finding him in a lie about the

[1] The mourning was for the king's aunt, the Queen of Bohemia.
[2] Mr. Marriott was Housekeeper of Hampton Court Palace.
[3] Thomas Pepys's shop was in Bride Lane.

lining of my new morning gown, saying that it was the same with the outside, I was very angry with him and parted so. So home after an hour stay at Paul's Churchyard, and there came Mr. Morelock of Chatham, and brought me a stately cake, and I perceive he has done the same to the rest, of which I was glad; so to bed.

15th. To Westminster; and at the Privy Seal I saw Mr. Coventry's seal for his being Commissioner with us, at which I know not yet whether to be glad or otherwise. So doing several things by the way, I walked home, and after dinner to the office all the afternoon. At night, all the bells of the town rung, and bonfires made for the joy of the Queen's arrival, who came and landed at Portsmouth last night.[1] But I do not see much thorough joy, but only an indifferent one, in the hearts of people, who are much discontented at the pride and luxury of the Court, and running in debt.

16th. Up early, Mr. Hater and I to the office, and there I made an end of my book of contracts which I have been making an abstract of. Dined at home, and spent most of the day at the office. At night to supper and bed.

17th. Upon a letter this morning from Mr. Moore, I went to my cozen Turner's chamber, and there put him drawing a replication to Tom Trice's answer speedily. So to Whitehall and there met Mr. Moore, and I walked long in Westminster Hall, and thence with him to the Wardrobe to dinner, where dined Mrs. Sanderson, the mother of the maids, and after dinner my Lady and she and I on foot to Pater Noster Row to buy a petticoat against the Queen's coming for my Lady, of plain satin, and other things; and being come back again, we there met Mr. Nathaniel Crew[2]

[1] The Earl of Sandwich's letter to Lord Chancellor Clarendon (dated May 15th, 1662) contains an account of the Queen's safe landing. He writes, "The Queene as soone as she came to her lodgings received my Lady Suffolke and y^e^ Ladyes very kindly, and appointed them this morninge to come and putt her in that habit they thought would be most pleasing to y^e^ Kinge; and I doubt not, but when they have done there parts she will appeare w^th^ much more advantage and very well to y^e^ Kinges contentment." — Lister's *Life of Clarendon*, iii. 193. Rugge, in his "Diurnal," tells us that the queen attired herself in the English fashion soon after she landed.

[2] Nathaniel Crew, born 1633, fifth son of John, first Lord Crew; he

at the Wardrobe with a young gentleman, a friend and fellow student of his, and of a good family, Mr. Knightly,[1] and known to the Crews, of whom my Lady privately told me she hath some thoughts of a match for my Lady Jemimah. I like the person very well, and he hath £2,000 per annum. Thence to the office, and there we sat, and thence after writing letters to all my friends with my Lord at Portsmouth, I walked to my brother Tom's to see a velvet cloak, which I buy of Mr. Moore. It will cost me £8 10*s*.; he bought it for £6 10*s*., but it is worth my money. So home and find all things made clean against to-morrow, which pleases me well. So to bed.

18th (Whitsunday). By water to White Hall, and there to chappell in my pew belonging to me as Clerk of the Privy Seal; and there I heard a most excellent sermon of Dr. Hacket,[2] Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, upon these words: "He that drinketh this water shall never thirst." We had an excellent anthem, sung by Captain Cooke[3] and another, and brave musique. And then the King came down and offered, and took the sacrament upon his knees; a sight very well worth seeing. Hence with Sir G. Carteret to his lodging to dinner with his Lady and one Mr. Brevin, a French Divine, we were very merry, and good discourse, and I had much talk with my Lady. After dinner, and so to chappell again; and there had another good anthem of Captain Cooke's. Thence to the Councell-chamber; where the King and Councell sat till almost eleven o'clock at night, and I forced to walk up and down the gallerys till that time of night. They were reading all the bills over

himself became third Lord Crew in 1697. Sub-Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, 1659. Took orders in 1664, and was Rector of Lincoln College in 1668; Dean of Chichester, 1669; Bishop of Oxford, 1671; Bishop of Durham, 1674; sworn of the Privy Council in 1676. He was very subservient to James II., and at the Revolution was excepted from the general pardon of May, 1690, but he was allowed to keep possession of the bishopric of Durham.

[1] Mr. Knightly is referred to once or twice subsequently in the Diary, and described as a neighbour.

[2] John Hacket, elected bishop of that see, December 6th, 1661. He died October 28th, 1670, in the seventy-ninth year of his age.

[3] Henry Cooke, Master of the Children of the Chapel Royal. See August 12th, 1660 (note).

that are to pass to-morrow at the House, before the King's going out of town and proroguing the House. At last the Councell risen, and Sir G. Carteret telling me what the Councell hath ordered about the ships designed to carry horse from Ireland to Portugall, which is now altered. I got a coach and so home, sending the boat away without me. At home I found my wife discontented at my being abroad, but I pleased her. She was in her new suit of black sarcenet and yellow petticoat very pretty. So to bed.

19th. Long in bed, sometimes scolding with my wife, and then pleased again, and at last up, and put on my riding cloth suit, and a camelott coat new, which pleases me well enough. To the Temple about my replication, and so to my brother Tom's, and there hear that my father will be in town this week. So home, the shops being but some shut and some open. I hear that the House of Commons do think much that they should be forced to huddle over business this morning against the afternoon, for the King to pass their Acts, that he may go out of town.[1] But he, I hear since, was forced to stay till almost nine o'clock at night before he could have done, and then he prorogued them; and so to Gilford, and lay there. Home, and Mr. Hunt dined with me, and were merry. After dinner Sir W. Pen and his daughter, and I and my wife by coach to the Theatre, and there in a box saw "The Little Thief"

[1] To ears accustomed to the official words of speeches from the throne at the present day, the familiar tone of the following extracts from Charles's speech to the Commons, on the 1st of March, will be amusing: "I will conclude with putting you in mind of the season of the year, and the convenience of your being in the country, in many respects, for the good and welfare of it; for you will find much tares have been sowed there in your absence. The arrival of my wife, who I expect some time this month, and the necessity of my own being out of town to meet her, and to stay some time before she comes hither, makes it very necessary that the Parliament be adjourned before Easter, to meet again in the winter. . . . The mention of my wife's arrival puts me in mind to desire you to put that compliment upon her, that her entrance into the town may be with more decency than the ways will now suffer it to be; and, to that purpose, I pray you would quickly pass such laws as are before you, in order to the amending those ways, and that she may not find Whitehall surrounded with water." Such a bill passed the Commons on the 24th June. From Charles's *Speech*, March 1st, 1662. — B.

well done. Thence to Moorefields, and walked and eat some cheesecake and gammon of bacon, but when I was come home I was sick, forced to vomit it up again. So my wife walking and singing upon the leads till very late, it being pleasant and moonshine, and so to bed.

20th. Sir W. Pen and I did a little business at the office, and so home again. Then comes Dean Fuller after we had dined, but I got something for him, and very merry we were for an hour or two, and I am most pleased with his company and goodness. At last parted, and my wife and I by coach to the Opera, and there saw the 2nd part of "The Siege of Rhodes," but it is not so well done as when Roxalana was there, who, it is said, is now owned by my Lord of Oxford.[1] Thence to Tower-wharf, and there took boat, and we all walked to Halfeway House,[2] and there eat and drank, and were pleasant, and so finally home again in the evening, and so good night, this being a very pleasant life that we now lead, and have long done; the Lord be blessed, and make us thankful. But, though I am much against too much spending, yet I do think it best to enjoy some degree of pleasure now that we have health, money, and opportunity, rather than to leave pleasures to old age or poverty, when we cannot have them so properly.

21st. My wife and I by water to Westminster, and after she had seen her father (of whom lately I have heard nothing at all what he does or her mother), she comes to me to my Lord's lodgings, where she and I staid walking in White Hall garden. And in the Privy-garden saw the finest smocks and linnen petticoats of my Lady Castlemaine's, laced with rich lace at the bottom, that ever I saw; and did me good to look upon them. So to Wilkinson's, she and I and Sarah[3] to dinner, where I had a good quarter of lamb and a salat. Here Sarah told me how the King dined at my Lady Castlemaine's, and supped, every day and night

[1] For note on Mrs. Davenport, who was deceived by a pretended marriage with the Earl of Oxford, see *ante*, February 18th, 1661–62. Lord Oxford's first wife died in 1659. He married, in 1672, his second wife, Diana Kirke, of whom nothing more need be said than that she bore an inappropriate Christian name.

[2] The Halfway House, Rotherhithe, was a place of entertainment frequently visited by Pepys on his way to Deptford, towards which it was a halfway house.

[3] Lord Sandwich's housekeeper.

the last week; and that the night that the bonfires were made for joy of the Queen's arrivall, the King was there; but there was no fire at her door, though at all the rest of the doors almost in the street; which was much observed: and that the King and she did send for a pair of scales and weighed one another; and she, being with child,[1] was said to be heaviest. But she is now a most disconsolate creature, and comes not out of doors, since the King's going. But we went to the Theatre to "The French Dancing Master,"[2] and there with much pleasure gazed upon her (Lady Castlemaine); but it troubles us to see her look dejectedly and slighted by people already. The play pleased us very well; but Lacy's part, the Dancing Master, the best in the world. Thence to my brother Tom's, in expectation to have met my father to-night come out of the country, but he is not yet come, but here we found my uncle Fenner and his old wife, whom I had not seen since the wedding dinner, nor care to see her. They being gone, my wife and I went and saw Mrs. Turner, whom we found not well, and her two boys Charles and Will come out of the country, grown very plain boys after three years being under their father's care in Yorkshire. Thence to Tom's again, and there supped well, my she cozen Scott being there and my father being not come, we walked home and to bed.

22d. This morning comes an order from the Secretary of State, Nicholas, for me to let one Mr. Lee, a Councellor, to view what papers I have relating to passages of the late times, wherein Sir H. Vane's hand is employed, in order to the drawing up his charge; which I did, and at noon he,

[1] Charles Fitzroy, Lady Castlemaine's son by the King, was born in June, 1662; created Duke of Southampton, 1675; succeeded his mother as Duke of Cleveland in 1709, and died September 9th, 1730.

[2] A droll formed out of the Duke of Newcastle's play of "The Variety," and printed in the "Wits, or Sport upon Sport," 1672; acted by Killigrew's company, March 11th, 1661–62. See Sir Henry Herbert's "Register of Plays performed at the Restoration," in Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, vol. iii., p. 275. It is no wonder that Lacy performed his part so well, as he had been brought up as a dancing master. He afterwards procured a lieutenant's commission in the army, which he soon quitted for the stage, and was the author of four plays. Died 1681, and was buried in the churchyard of St. Martin-in-the-Fields.

with Sir W. Pen and his daughter, dined with me, and he to his work again, and we by coach to the Theatre and saw "Love in a Maze."[1] The play hath little in it but Lacy's part of a country fellow, which he did to admiration. So home, and supped with Sir W. Pen, where Sir W. Batten and Captn. Cocke came to us, to whom I have lately been a great stranger. This night we had each of us a letter from Captain Teddiman from the Streights, of a peace made upon good terms, by Sir J. Lawson, with the Argier men, which is most excellent news.[2] He hath also sent each of us some anchovies, olives, and muscatt; but I know not yet what that is, and am ashamed to ask. After supper home, and to bed, resolving to make up this week in seeing plays and pleasure, and so fall to business next week again for a great while.

23rd. At the office good part of the morning, and then about noon with my wife on foot to the Wardrobe. My wife went up to the dining room to my Lady Paulina, and I staid below talking with Mr. Moore in the parler, reading of the King's and Chancellor's late speeches at the proroguing of the Houses of Parliament. And while I was reading, news was brought me that my Lord Sandwich is come and gone up to my Lady, which put me into great suspense of joy, so I went up waiting my Lord's coming out of my Lady's chamber, which by and by he did, and looks very well, and my soul is glad to see him. He very merry, and hath left the King and Queen at Portsmouth, and is come up to stay here till next Wednesday, and then to meet the King and Queen at Hampton Court. So to dinner, Mr. Browne, Clerk of the House of Lords, and his wife and brother there also; and my Lord mighty merry; among

[1] The second title of Shirley's play of "The Changes." Thumpe, Sir Gervase's man, was one of Lacy's most celebrated parts.

> "For his just acting all gave him due praise,
> His part in 'The Cheats,' Jony Thumpe, Teg, and Bayes.
> In these four excelling; the Court gave him the Bays."

[2] The articles of peace between Charles II. and the city and kingdom of Algiers, concluded August 30th, 1664, by Admiral Thomas Allen, according to instructions from the Duke of York, being the same articles concluded by Sir John Lawson, April 23rd, 1662, and confirmed November 10th following, are reprinted in "Somers' Tracts," ed. 1812, vol. vii., p. 554.—B.

other things, saying that the Queen is a very agreeable lady, and paints still.[1] After dinner I showed him my letter from Teddiman about the news from Argier, which pleases him exceedingly;[2] and he writ one to the Duke of York about it, and sent it express. There coming much company after dinner to my Lord, my wife and I slunk away to the Opera, where we saw "Witt in a Constable,"[3] the first time that it is acted; but so silly a play I never saw I think in my life. After it was done, my wife and I to the puppet play in Covent Garden, which I saw the other day, and indeed it is very pleasant. Here among the fidlers I first saw a dulcimere[4] played on with sticks knocking of the strings, and is very pretty. So by water home, and supped with Sir William Pen very merry, and so to bed.

24th. To the Wardrobe, and there again spoke with my Lord, and saw W. Howe, who is grown a very pretty and is a sober fellow. Thence abroad with Mr. Creed, of whom I informed myself of all I had a mind to know. Among other things, the great difficulty my Lord hath been in all this summer for lack of good and full orders from the King; and I doubt our Lords of the Councell do not mind things as the late powers did, but their pleasures or profit more. That the Juego de Toros is a simple sport, yet the greatest in Spain. That the Queen hath given no rewards to any of the captains or officers, but only to my Lord Sandwich; and that was a bag of gold, which was no honourable present, of about £1,400 sterling. How recluse the Queen hath ever been, and all the voyage never come upon the

[1] Charles wrote of the Queen to Clarendon on May 21st: "If I have any skill in physiognomy, which I think I have, she must be as good a woman as ever was born. Her conversation, as much as I can perceive, is very good, for she has wit enough, and a most agreeable voice. You would wonder to see how well we are acquainted already. In a word, I think myself very happy, for I am confident our two humours will agree very well together." — Lister's *Life of Clarendon*, ii. 144.

[2] "I came to the Wardrobe in London to my family, where I met a letter from Captain Teddiman to Mr. Samuel Pepys, showing the news of Sir John Lawson's having made peace with Algiers, they agreeing not to search our ships." — Lord Sandwich's *Journal*, May 23rd.

[3] A comedy, by Henry Glapthorne, printed 1640.

[4] The dulcimer (or psaltery) consisted of a flat box, acting as a resonating chamber, over which strings of wire were stretched. These were struck by little hammers.

deck, nor put her head out of her cabin; but did love my Lord's musique, and would send for it down to the state-room, and she sit in her cabin within hearing of it. That my Lord was forced to have some clashing with the Council of Portugall about payment of the portion, before he could get it; which was, besides Tangier and a free trade in the Indys, two millions of crowns, half now, and the other half in twelve months. But they have brought but little money; but the rest in sugars and other commoditys, and bills of exchange. That the King of Portugall is a very fool almost, and his mother do all, and he is a very poor Prince. After a morning draft at the Star in Cheapside, I took him to the Exchange, thence home, but my wife having dined, I took him to Fish Street, and there we had a couple of lobsters, and dined upon them, and much discourse. And so I to the office, and that being done, Sir W. Pen and I to Deptford by water to Captain Rooth's to see him, he being very sick, and by land home, calling at Halfway house, where we eat and drank. So home and to bed.

25th (Lord's day). To trimming myself, which I have this week done every morning, with a pumice stone,[1] which I learnt of Mr. Marsh, when I was last at Portsmouth; and I find it very easy, speedy, and cleanly, and shall continue the practice of it. To church, and heard a good sermon of Mr. Woodcocke's at our church; only in his latter prayer for a woman in childbed, he prayed that God would deliver her from the hereditary curse of child-bearing, which seemed a pretty strange expression. Dined at home, and Mr. Creed with me. This day I had the first dish of pease I have had this year. After discourse he and I abroad, and walked up and down, and looked into many churches, among others Mr. Baxter's at Blackfryers. Then to the Wardrobe, where I found my Lord takes physic, so I did not see him, but with Captn. Ferrers in Mr. George Montagu's coach to Charing Cross; and there at the Triumph tavern he showed me some Portugall ladys, which are come to town before the Queen. They are not handsome, and their farthingales[2]

[1] Shaving with pumice stone. See also on the 31st of this month.

[2] Farthingales had gone out of fashion in England during the reign of Charles I., and therefore their use by the Portuguese ladies astonished

a strange dress. Many ladies and persons of quality come to see them. I find nothing in them that is pleasing; and I see they have learnt to kiss and look freely up and down already, and I do believe will soon forget the recluse practice of their own country. They complain much for lack of good water to drink. So to the Wardrobe back on foot and supped with my Lady, and so home, and after a walk upon the leads with my wife, to prayers and bed. The King's guards and some City companies do walk up and down the town these five or six days; which makes me think, and they do say, there are some plots in laying. God keep us.

26th. Up by four o'clock in the morning, and fell to the preparing of some accounts for my Lord of Sandwich. By and by, by appointment comes Mr. Moore, and, by what appears to us at present, we found that my Lord is above £7,000 in debt, and that he hath money coming into him that will clear all, and so we think him clear, but very little money in his purse. So to my Lord's, and after he was ready, we spent an hour with him, giving him an account thereof; and he having some £6,000 in his hands, remaining of the King's, he is resolved to make use of that, and get off of it as well as he can, which I like well of, for else I fear he will scarce get beforehand again a great while. Thence home, and to the Trinity House; where the Brethren (who have been at Deptford choosing a new Maister; which is Sir J. Minnes, notwithstanding Sir W. Batten did contend highly for it: at which I am not a little pleased, because of his proud lady) about three o'clock came hither, and so to dinner. I seated myself close by Mr. Prin, who, in discourse with me, fell upon what records he hath of the lust and wicked lives of the nuns heretofore in England, and showed me out of his pocket one wherein thirty nuns for their lust were ejected of their house, being not fit to live there, and by the Pope's command to be put, however, into other nunnerys. I could not stay to end dinner with them, but rose, and privately went out, and by water to my brother's, and thence to take my wife to the Redd Bull,[1]

the English. Evelyn also remarks in his Diary on this ugly custom (May 30th, 1662).

[1] The Red Bull Playhouse in Clerkenwell. See *note*, August 3rd, 1660.

where we saw "Doctor Faustus,"[1] but so wretchedly and poorly done, that we were sick of it, and the worse because by a former resolution it is to be the last play we are to see till Michaelmas. Thence homewards by coach, through Moorefields, where we stood awhile, and saw the wrestling. At home, got my lute upon the leads, and there played, and so to bed.

27th. To my Lord this morning, and thence to my brother's, where I found my father, poor man, come, which I was glad to see. I staid with him till noon, and then he went to my cozen Scott's to dinner, who had invited him. He tells me his alterations of the house and garden at Brampton, which please me well. I could not go with him, and so we parted at Ludgate, and I home to dinner, and to the office all the afternoon, and musique in my chamber alone at night, and so to bed.

28th. Up early to put things in order in my chamber, and then to my Lord's, with whom I spoke about several things, and so up and down in several places about business with Mr. Creed, among others to Mr. Wotton's the shoemaker, and there drank our morning draft, and then home about noon, and by and by comes my father by appointment to dine with me, which we did very merrily, I desiring to make him as merry as I can, while the poor man is in town. After dinner comes my uncle Wight and sat awhile and talked with us, and thence we three to the Mum House at Leadenhall, and there sat awhile. Then I left them, and to the Wardrobe, where I found my Lord gone to Hampton Court. Here I staid all the afternoon till late with Creed and Captain Ferrers, thinking whether we should go to-morrow together to Hampton Court, but Ferrers his wife coming in by and by to the house with the young ladies (with whom she had been abroad), she was unwilling to go, whereupon I was willing to put off our going, and so home, but still my mind was hankering after our going to-morrow. So to bed.

29th. At home all the morning. At noon to the Wardrobe, and dined with my Lady, and after dinner staid long talking with her; then homeward, and in Lumbard Street

[1] Christopher Marlowe's tragedy, with additional scenes. Printed in 1663.

was called out of a window by Alderman Backwell,[1] where I went, and saluted his lady, a very pretty woman. Here was Mr. Creed, and it seems they have been under some disorder in fear of a fire at the next door, and had been removing their goods, but the fire was over before I came. Thence home, and with my wife and the two maids, and the boy, took boat and to Foxhall,[2] where I had not been a great while. To the Old Spring Garden, and there walked long, and the wenches gathered pinks. Here we staid, and seeing that we could not have anything to eat, but very dear, and with long stay, we went forth again without any notice taken of us, and so we might have done if we had had anything. Thence to the New one, where I never was before, which much exceeds the other; and here we also walked, and the boy crept through the hedge and gathered abundance of roses, and, after a long walk, passed out of doors as we did in the other place, and here we had cakes and powdered beef[3] and ale, and so home again by water with much pleasure. This day, being the King's birth-day, was very solemnly observed; and the more, for that the Queen this day comes to Hampton Court. In the evening, bonfires were made, but nothing to the great number that was heretofore at the burning of the Rump. So to bed.

30th. This morning I made up my accounts, and find myself *de claro* worth about £530, and no more, so little

[1] Backwell carried on business as a goldsmith at the "Unicorn" in Lombard Street.

[2] Foxhall, Faukeshall, or Vauxhall, a manor in Surrey, properly Fulke's Hall, and so called from Fulke de Breauté, the notorious mercenary follower of King John. The manor house was afterwards known as Copped or Copt Hall. Sir Samuel Morland obtained a lease of the place, and King Charles made him Master of Mechanics, and here "he (Morland), anno 1667, built a fine room," says Aubrey, "the inside all of looking-glass and fountains, very pleasant to behold." The gardens were formed about 1661, and originally called the "New Spring Gardens," to distinguish them from the "Old Spring Gardens" at Charing Cross, but according to the present description by Pepys there was both an Old and a New Spring Garden at Vauxhall. Balthazar Monconys, who visited England early in the reign of Charles II., describes the *Jardins Printemps* at Lambeth as having lawns and gravel walks, dividing squares of twenty or thirty yards enclosed with hedges of gooseberry trees, within which were planted roses.

[3] Salt beef.

have I increased it since my last reckoning; but I confess I have laid out much money in clothes. Upon a suddaine motion I took my wife, and Sarah and Will by water, with some victuals with us, as low as Gravesend, intending to have gone into the Hope to the Royal James,[1] to have seen the ship and Mr. Shepley, but meeting Mr. Shepley in a hoy, bringing up my Lord's things, she and I went on board, and sailed up with them as far as half-way tree, very glad to see Mr. Shepley. Here we saw a little Turk and a negroe, which are intended for pages to the two young ladies. Many birds and other pretty noveltys there was, but I was afeard of being louzy, and so took boat again, and got to London before them, all the way, coming and going, reading in the "Wallflower"[2] with great pleasure. So home, and thence to the Wardrobe, where Mr. Shepley was come with the things. Here I staid talking with my Lady, who is preparing to go to-morrow to Hampton Court. So home, and at ten o'clock at night Mr. Shepley came to sup with me. So we had a dish of mackerell and pease, and so he bid us good night, going to lie on board the hoy, and I to bed.

31st. Lay long in bed, and so up to make up my Journall for these two or three days past. Then came Anthony Joyce, who duns me for money for the tallow which he served in lately by my desire, which vexes me, but I must get it him the next by my promise. By and by to White Hall, hearing that Sir G. Carteret was come to town, but I could not find him, and so back to Tom's, and thence I took my father to my house, and there he dined with me, discoursing of our businesses with uncle Thomas and T. Trice. After dinner he departed and I to the office where we met, and that being done I walked to my Brother's and the Wardrobe and other places about business, and so home, and had Sarah to comb my head clean, which I found so foul with powdering and other troubles, that I am resolved to try how I can keep my head dry without powder; and I

[1] The "Royal James," formerly the "Richard;" not the same ship as the "James," another second-rate.

[2] A very singular book by Dr. Thomas Bayly — "Herba Parietis; or, the Wall-flower, as it grew out of the Stone Chamber belonging to Newgate." London, 1650, folio. — B.

did also in a suddaine fit cut off all my beard, which I had been a great while bringing up, only that I may with my pumice-stone do my whole face, as I now do my chin, and to save time, which I find a very easy way and gentile. So she also washed my feet in a bath of herbs, and so to bed. This month ends with very fair weather for a great while together. My health pretty well, but only wind do now and then torment me . . . extremely. The Queen is brought a few days since to Hampton Court; and all people say of her to be a very fine and handsome lady, and very discreet; and that the King is pleased enough with her: which, I fear, will put Madam Castlemaine's nose out of joynt. The Court is wholly now at Hampton. A peace with Argier[1] is lately made; which is also good news. My father is lately come to town to see us, and though it has cost and will cost more money, yet I am pleased with the alteracons on my house at Brampton. My Lord Sandwich is lately come with the Queen from sea, very well and in good repute. Upon an audit of my estate I find myself worth about £530 *de claro*. The Act for Uniformity is lately printed,[2] which, it is thought, will make mad work among the Presbyterian ministers. People of all sides are very much discontented; some thinking themselves used, contrary to promise, too hardly; and the other, that they are not rewarded so much as they expected by the King. God keep us all. I have by a late oath obliged myself from wine and plays, of which I find good effect.

June 1st (Lord's day). At church in the morning. A stranger made a very good sermon. Dined at home, and Mr. Spong came to see me; so he and I sat down a little to sing some French psalms, and then comes Mr. Shepley and Mr. Moore, and so we to dinner, and after dinner to church again, where a Presbyter made a sad and long sermon, which vexed me, and so home, and so to walk on the leads, and supper and to prayers and bed.

2nd. Up early about business and then to the Wardrobe

[1] Peace with Algiers. See *ante*, May 22nd.

[2] 13 and 14 Car. II., cap. 4, "An Act for the Uniformity of public prayers and administration of sacraments and other rites and ceremonies, and for establishing the form of making, ordaining, and consecrating bishops, priests, and deacons in the Church of England."

with Mr. Moore, and spoke to my Lord about the exchange of the crusados[1] into sterling money, and other matters. So to my father at Tom's, and after some talk with him away home, and by and by comes my father to dinner with me, and then by coach, setting him down in Cheapside, my wife and I to Mrs. Clarke's at Westminster, the first visit that ever we both made her yet. We found her in a dishabillée, intending to go to Hampton Court to-morrow. We had much pretty discourse, and a very fine lady she is. Thence by water to Salisbury Court, and Mrs. Turner not being at home, home by coach, and so after walking on the leads and supper to bed. This day my wife put on her slasht wastecoate, which is very pretty.

3rd. Up by four o'clock and to my business in my chamber, to even accounts with my Lord and myself, and very fain I would become master of £1,000, but I have not above £530 toward it yet. At the office all the morning, and Mr. Coventry brought his patent and took his place with us this morning. Upon our making a contract, I went, as I use to do, to draw the heads thereof, but Sir W. Pen most basely told me that the Comptroller is to do it, and so begun to employ Mr. Turner about it, at which I was much vexed, and begun to dispute; and what with the letter of the Duke's orders, and Mr. Barlow's letter, and the practice of our predecessors, which Sir G. Carteret knew best when he was Comptroller, it was ruled for me. What Sir J. Minnes will do when he comes I know not, but Sir W. Pen did it like a base raskall, and so I shall remember him while I live. After office done, I went down to the Towre Wharf, where Mr. Creed and Shepley was ready with three chests of the crusados, being about £6,000, ready to bring to shore to my house, which they did, and put it in my further cellar, and Mr. Shepley took the key. I to my father and Dr. Williams and Tom Trice, by appointment, in the Old Bayly, to Short's, the alehouse, but

[1] Cruzado, a Portuguese coin of 480 reis. It is named from a cross which it bears on one side, the arms of Portugal being on the other. It varied in value at different periods from 2*s.* 3*d.* to 4*s.*

> "Believe me, I had rather lost my purse
> Full of cruzados."
>
> Shakespeare, *Othello*, act iii., sc. 4. — M. B.

could come to no terms with T. Trice. Thence to the Wardrobe, where I found my Lady come from Hampton Court, where the Queen hath used her very civilly; and my Lady tells me is a most pretty woman, at which I am glad. Yesterday (Sir R. Ford told me) the Aldermen of the City did attend her in their habits, and did present her with a gold cupp and £1,000 in gold therein. But, he told me, that they are so poor in their Chamber, that they were fain to call two or three Aldermen to raise fines to make up this sum, among which was Sir W. Warren. Home and to the office, where about 8 at night comes Sir G. Carteret and Sir W. Batten, and so we did some business, and then home and to bed, my mind troubled about Sir W. Pen, his playing the rogue with me to-day, as also about the charge of money that is in my house, which I had forgot; but I made the maids to rise and light a candle, and set it in the dining-room, to scare away thieves, and so to sleep.

4th. Up early, and Mr. Moore comes to me and tells me that Mr. Barnwell is dead, which troubles me something, and the more for that I believe we shall lose Mr. Shepley's company. By and by Sir W. Batten and I by water to Woolwich; and there saw an experiment made of Sir R. Ford's Holland's yarn (about which we have lately had so much stir; and I have much concerned myself for our ropemaker, Mr. Hughes, who has represented it as bad), and we found it to be very bad, and broke sooner than, upon a fair triall, five threads of that against four of Riga yarn; and also that some of it had old stuff that had been tarred, covered over with new hemp, which is such a cheat as hath not been heard of. I was glad of this discovery, because I would not have the King's workmen discouraged (as Sir W. Batten do most basely do) from representing the faults of merchants' goods, where there is any. After eating some fish that we had bought upon the water at Falconer's, we went to Woolwich, and there viewed our frames of our houses, and so home, and I to my Lord's, who I find resolved to buy Brampton Manor of Sir Peter Ball,[1] at which I am glad. Thence to White Hall, and

[1] Sir Peter Ball was the Queen's Attorney-General, and Evelyn mentions, in his Diary (January 11th, 1661–62), having received from him the draft of an act against the nuisance of the smoke of London.

showed Sir G. Carteret the cheat, and so to the Wardrobe, and there staid and supped with my Lady. My Lord eating nothing, but writes letters to-night to several places, he being to go out of town to-morrow. So late home and to bed.

5th. To the Wardrobe, and there my Lord did enquire my opinion of Mr. Moore, which I did give to the best advantage I could, and by that means shall get him joined with Mr. Townsend in the Wardrobe business. He did also give me all Mr. Shepley's and Mr. Moore's accounts to view, which I am glad of, as being his great trust in me, and I would willingly keep up a good interest with him. So took leave of him (he being to go this day) and to the office, where they were just sat down, and I showed them yesterday's discovery, and have got Sir R. Ford to be my enemy by it; but I care not, for it is my duty, and so did get his bill stopped for the present. To dinner, and found Dr. Thos. Pepys at my house; but I was called from dinner by a note from Mr. Moore to Alderman Backwell's, to see some thousands of my Lord's crusados weighed, and we find that 3,000 come to about £530 or 40 generally. Home again and found my father there; we talked a good while and so parted. We met at the office in the afternoon to finish Mr. Gauden's accounts, but did not do them quite. In the evening with Mr. Moore to Backwell's with another 1,200 crusados and saw them weighed, and so home and to bed.

6th. At my office all alone all the morning, and the smith being with me about other things, did open a chest that hath stood ever since I came to the office, in my office, and there we found a modell of a fine ship, which I long to know whether it be the King's or Mr. Turner's. At noon to the Wardrobe by appointment to meet my father, who did come and was well treated by my Lady, who tells me she has some thoughts to send her two little boys to our house at Brampton, but I have got leave for them to go along with me and my wife to Hampton Court to-morrow or Sunday. Thence to my brother Tom's, where we found a letter from Pall that my mother is dangerously ill in fear of death, which troubles my father and me much, but I hope it is otherwise, the letter being four days old since it was

writ. Home and at my office, and with Mr. Hater set things in order till evening, and so home and to bed by daylight. This day at my father's desire I lent my brother Tom £20, to be repaid out of the proceeds of Sturtlow when we can sell it. I sent the money all in new money by my boy from Alderman Backwell's.

7th. To the office, where all the morning, and I find Mr. Coventry is resolved to do much good, and to enquire into all the miscarriages of the office. At noon with him and Sir W. Batten to dinner at Trinity House; where, among others, Sir J. Robinson, Lieutenant of the Tower, was, who says that yesterday Sir H. Vane had a full hearing at the King's Bench, and is found guilty; and that he did never hear any man argue more simply than he in all his life, and so others say. My mind in great trouble whether I should go as I intended to Hampton Court tomorrow or no. At last resolved the contrary, because of the charge thereof, and I am afraid now to bring in any accounts for journeys, and so will others I suppose be, because of Mr. Coventry's prying into them. Thence sent for to Sir G. Carteret's, and there talked with him a good while. I perceive, as he told me, were it not that Mr. Coventry had already feathered his nest in selling of places, he do like him very well, and hopes great good from him. But he complains so of lack of money, that my heart is very sad, under the apprehension of the fall of the office. At my office all the afternoon, and at night hear that my father is gone into the country, but whether to Richmond as he intended, and thence to meet us at Hampton Court on Monday, I know not, or to Brampton. At which I am much troubled. In the evening home and to bed.

8th (Lord's day). Lay till church-time in bed, and so up and to church, and there I found Mr. Mills come home out of the country again, and preached but a lazy sermon. Home and dined with my wife, and so to church again with her. Thence walked to my Lady's, and there supped with her, and merry, among other things, with the parrott which my Lord hath brought from the sea, which speaks very well, and cries Pall so pleasantly, that made my Lord give it my Lady Paulina; but my Lady, her mother, do not like it. Home, and observe my man Will to walk with

his cloak flung over his shoulder, like a Ruffian,[1] which, whether it was that he might not be seen to walk along with the footboy, I know not, but I was vexed at it; and coming home, and after prayers, I did ask him where he learned that immodest garb, and he answered me that it was not immodest, or some such slight answer, at which I did give him two boxes on the ears, which I never did before, and so was after a little troubled at it.

9th. Early up and at the office with Mr. Hater, making my alphabet of contracts, upon the dispatch of which I am now very intent, for that I am resolved much to enquire into the price of commodities. Dined at home, and after dinner to Greatorex's, and with him and another stranger to the Tavern, but I drank no wine. He recommended Bond, of our end of the town, to teach me to measure timber, and some other things that I would learn, in order to my office. Thence back again to the office, and there T. Hater and I did make an end of my alphabet, which did much please me. So home to supper and to bed.

10th. At the office all the morning, much business; and great hopes of bringing things, by Mr. Coventry's means, to a good condition in the office. Dined at home, Mr. Hunt with us; to the office again in the afternoon, but not meeting, as was intended, I went to my brother's and bookseller's, and other places about business, and paid off all for books to this day, and do not intend to buy any more of any kind a good while, though I had a great mind to have bought the King's works, as they are new printed in folio,[2] and present it to my Lord; but I think it will be best to save the money. So home and to bed.

[1] A swaggerer or bully.

[2] There is a beautiful copy of "The Workes of King Charles the Martyr, and Collections of Declarations, Treaties, &c." (2 vols. folio, 1662), in the Pepysian Library, with a very interesting note in the first volume by Pepys (dated October 7th, 1700), to the effect that he had collated it with a copy in Lambeth Library, presented by Dr. Zachary Cradock, Provost of Eton. "This book being seized on board an English ship was delivered, by order of the Inquisition of Lisbon, to some of the English Priests to be perused and corrected according to the Rules of the Index Expurgatorius. Thus corrected it was given to Barnaby Crafford, English merchant there, and by him it was given to me, the English preacher resident there A.D. 1670, and by me as I then received it to the Library at Lambeth to be there preserved.

11th. At the office all the morning, Sir W. Batten, Sir W. Pen, and I about the Victualler's accounts. Then home to dinner and to the office again all the afternoon, Mr. Hater and I writing over my Alphabet fair, in which I took great pleasure to rule the lines and to have the capitall words wrote with red ink. So home and to supper. This evening Savill the Paynter came and did varnish over my wife's picture and mine, and I paid him for my little picture £3, and so am clear with him. So after supper to bed. This day I had a letter from my father that he is got down well, and found my mother pretty well again. So that I am vexed with all my heart at Pall for writing to him so much concerning my mother's illness (which I believe was not so great), so that he should be forced to hasten down on the sudden back into the country without taking leave, or having any pleasure here.

12th. This morning I tried on my riding cloth suit with close knees, the first that ever I had; and I think they will be very convenient, if not too hot to wear any other open knees after them. At the office all the morning, where we had a full Board, viz., Sir G. Carteret, Sir John Mennes, Sir W. Batten, Mr. Coventry, Sir W. Pen, Mr. Pett, and myself. Among many other businesses, I did get a vote signed by all, concerning my issuing of warrants, which they did not smell the use I intend to make of it; but it is to plead for my clerks to have their right of giving out all warrants, at which I am not a little pleased. But a great difference happened between Sir G. Carteret and Mr. Coventry, about passing the Victualler's account, and whether Sir George is to pay the Victualler his money, or the Exchequer; Sir George claiming it to be his place to save his threepences. It ended in anger, and I believe will come to be a question before the King and Council. I

Nov. 1, 1678. Ita testor, Zach. Cradock. — From which (through the favour of the most Reverend Father in God and my most honoured Friend his Grace the present Archbishop of Canterbury) I have this 7th of October, 1700, had an opportunity given me there (assisted by my clerk, Thomas Henderson), leisurely to overlook and with my uttermost attention to note the said Expurgations through each part of this my own Book." Whole sentences in the book are struck through, as well as such words as *Martyr*, *Defender of the Faith*, *More than Conqueror*, &c.

did what I could to keep myself unconcerned in it, having some things of my own to do before I would appear high in anything. Thence to dinner, by Mr. Gauden's invitation, to the Dolphin, where a good dinner; but what is to myself a great wonder, that with ease I past the whole dinner without drinking a drop of wine. After dinner to the office, my head full of business, and so home, and it being the longest[1] day in the year, I made all my people go to bed by daylight. But after I was a-bed and asleep, a note came from my brother Tom to tell me that my cozen Anne Pepys, of Worcestershire, her husband is dead, and she married again, and her second husband[2] in town, and intends to come and see me to-morrow.

13th. Up by 4 o'clock in the morning, and read Cicero's Second Oration against Catiline, which pleased me exceedingly; and more I discern therein than ever I thought was to be found in him; but I perceive it was my ignorance, and that he is as good a writer as ever I read in my life. By and by to Sir G. Carteret's, to talk with him about yesterday's difference at the office; and offered my service to look into any old books or papers that I have, that may make for him. He was well pleased therewith, and did much inveigh against Mr. Coventry; telling me how he had done him service in the Parliament, when Prin had drawn up things against him for taking of money for places; that he did at his desire, and upon his letters, keep him off from doing it. And many other things he told me, as how the King was beholden to him, and in what a miserable condition his family would be, if he should die before he hath cleared his accounts. Upon the whole, I do find that he do much esteem of me, and is my friend, and I may make good use of him. Thence to several places about business, among others to my brother's, and there Tom Beneere the barber trimmed me. Thence to my Lady's, and there dined with her, Mr. Laxton, Gibbons, and Goldgroove with us, and after dinner some musique, and so home to my business, and in the evening my

[1] That is, by the old style. The new style was not introduced until 1752.

[2] Mr. Fisher, described on the 15th of this month as an old cavalier and a good-humoured man.

wife and I, and Sarah and the boy, a most pleasant walk to Halfway house, and so home and to bed.

14th. Up by four o'clock in the morning and up on business at my office. Then we sat down to business, and about 11 o'clock, having a room got ready for us, we all went out to the Tower-hill; and there, over against the scaffold, made on purpose this day, saw Sir Henry Vane[1] brought. A very great press of people. He made a long speech, many times interrupted by the Sheriff and others there; and they would have taken his paper out of his hand, but he would not let it go. But they caused all the books of those that writ after him to be given the Sheriff; and the trumpets were brought under the scaffold that he might not be heard. Then he prayed, and so fitted himself, and received the blow; but the scaffold was so crowded that we could not see it done. But Boreman,[2] who had been upon the scaffold, came to us and told us, that first he began to speak of the irregular proceeding against him; that he was, against Magna Charta, denied to have his exceptions against the indictment allowed; and that there he was stopped by the Sheriff. Then he drew out his paper of notes, and begun to tell them first his life; that he was born a gentleman, that he was bred up and had the quality of a gentleman, and to make him in the opinion of the world more a gentleman, he had been, till he was seventeen years old, a good fellow, but then it pleased God to lay a foundation of grace in his heart, by which he was persuaded, against his worldly interest, to leave all preferment and go abroad, where he might serve God with more freedom. Then he was called home, and made a member of the Long Parliament; where he never did, to this day,

[1] Sir Harry Vane the younger was born 1612. Charles signed on June 12th a warrant for the execution of Vane by hanging at Tyburn on the 14th, which sentence on the following day "upon humble suit made" to him, Charles was "graciously pleased to mitigate," as the warrant terms it, for the less ignominious punishment of beheading on Tower Hill, and with permission that the head and body should be given to the relations to be by them decently and privately interred. — Lister's *Life of Clarendon*, ii. 123.

[2] It has been supposed that this was Sir William Boreman, clerk to the Board of Green Cloth, but this is unlikely, as there evidently was another Boreman frequently mentioned in the Diary.

any thing against his conscience, but all for the glory of God. Here he would have given them an account of the proceedings of the Long Parliament, but they so often interrupted him, that at last he was forced to give over: and so fell into prayer for England in generall, then for the churches in England, and then for the City of London: and so fitted himself for the block, and received the blow. He had a blister, or issue, upon his neck, which he desired them not hurt: he changed not his colour or speech to the last, but died justifying himself and the cause he had stood for; and spoke very confidently of his being presently at the right hand of Christ; and in all things appeared the most resolved man that ever died in that manner, and showed more of heat than cowardize, but yet with all humility and gravity. One asked him why he did not pray for the King. He answered, "Nay," says he, "you shall see I can pray for the King: I pray God bless him!" The King had given his body to his friends; and, therefore, he told them that he hoped they would be civil to his body when dead; and desired they would let him die like a gentleman and a Christian, and not crowded and pressed as he was. So to the office a little, and so to the Trinity-house all of us to dinner; and then to the office again all the afternoon till night. So home and to bed. This day, I hear, my Lord Peterborough is come unexpected from Tangier, to give the King an account of the place, which, we fear, is in none of the best condition. We had also certain news to-day that the Spaniard is before Lisbon with thirteen sail; six Dutch, and the rest his own ships; which will, I fear, be ill for Portugall. I writ a letter of all this day's proceedings to my Lord, at Hinchingbroke, who, I hear, is very well pleased with the work there.

15th (Lord's day). To church in the morning and home to dinner, where come my brother Tom and Mr. Fisher, my cozen, Nan Pepys's second husband, who, I perceive, is a very good-humoured man, an old cavalier. I made as much of him as I could, and were merry, and am glad she hath light of so good a man. They gone, to church again; but my wife not being dressed as I would have her, I was angry, and she, when she was out of doors in her way to church, returned home again vexed. But I to

church, Mr. Mills, an ordinary sermon. So home, and found my wife and Sarah gone to a neighbour church, at which I was not much displeased. By and by she comes again, and, after a word or two, good friends. And then her brother came to see her, and he being gone she told me that she believed he was married and had a wife worth £500 to him, and did inquire how he might dispose the money to the best advantage, but I forbore to advise her till she could certainly tell me how things are with him, being loth to meddle too soon with him. So to walk upon the leads, and to supper, and to bed.

16th. Up before four o'clock, and after some business took Will forth, and he and I walked over the Tower Hill, but the gate not being open we walked through St. Catharine's and Ratcliffe (I think it is) by the waterside above a mile before we could get a boat, and so over the water in a scull (which I have not done a great while), and walked finally to Deptford, where I saw in what forwardness the work is for Sir W. Batten's house and mine, and it is almost ready. I also, with Mr. Davis, did view my cozen Joyce's tallow, and compared it with the Irish tallow we bought lately, and found ours much more white, but as soft as it; now what is the fault, or whether it be or no a fault, I know not. So walked home again as far as over against the Towre, and so over and home, where I found Sir W. Pen and Sir John Minnes discoursing about Sir John Minnes's house and his coming to live with us, and I think he intends to have Mr. Turner's house and he to come to his lodgings, which I shall be very glad of. We three did go to Mr. Turner's to view his house, which I think was to the end that Sir John Minnes might see it. Then by water with my wife to the Wardrobe, and dined there; and in the afternoon with all the children by water to Greenwich, where I showed them the King's yacht, the house, and the park, all very pleasant; and so to the tavern, and had the musique of the house, and so merrily home again. Will and I walked home from the Wardrobe, having left my wife at the Tower Wharf coming by, whom I found gone to bed not very well. . . . So to bed.

17th. Up, and Mr. Mayland comes to me and borrowed 30*s.* of me to be paid again out of the money coming to

him in the James and Charles for his late voyage. So to the office, where all the morning. So home to dinner, my wife not being well, but however dined with me. So to the office, and at Sir W Batten's, where we all met by chance and talked, and they drank wine; but I forebore all their healths. Sir John Minnes, I perceive, is most excellent company. So home and to bed betimes by daylight.

18th. Up early; and after reading a little in Cicero, I made me ready and to my office, where all the morning very busy. At noon Mr. Creed came to me about business, and he and I walked as far as Lincoln's Inn Fields together. After a turn or two in the walks we parted, and I to my Lord Crew's and dined with him; where I hear the courage of Sir H. Vane at his death is talked on every where as a miracle. Thence to Somerset House to Sir J. Winter's chamber by appointment, and met Mr. Pett, where he and I read over his last contract with the King for the Forest of Dean, whereof I took notes because of this new one that he is now in making. That done he and I walked to Lilly's,[1] the painter's, where we saw among other rare things, the Duchess of York, her whole body, sitting in state in a chair, in white sattin, and another of the King, that is not finished; most rare things. I did give the fellow something that showed them us, and promised to come some other time, and he would show me Lady Castlemaine's, which I could not then see, it being locked up! Thence to Wright's,[2] the painter's: but, Lord! the difference that is between their two works. Thence to the Temple, and there spoke with my cozen Roger, who gives me little hopes in the business between my Uncle Tom and us. So Mr. Pett (who staid at his son's chamber) and I by coach to the old Exchange, and there parted, and I home and at the office till night. My windows at my office are made clean to-day and a casement in my closet. So home,

[1] Peter Lely, the celebrated painter, afterwards knighted. He moved to the Piazza, Covent Garden, in this year, and remained there till his death in 1680. The portrait of the Duchess of York is now at Hampton Court.

[2] Michael Wright, a native of Scotland, and portrait-painter of some note, settled in London at an early age. He died about 1700 at his house in James Street, Covent Garden.

and after some merry discourse in the kitchen with my wife and maids as I now-a-days often do, I being well pleased with both my maids, to bed.

19th. Up by five o'clock, and while my man Will was getting himself ready to come up to me I took and played upon my lute a little. So to dress myself, and to my office to prepare things against we meet this morning. We sat long to-day, and had a great private business before us about contracting with Sir W. Rider, Mr. Cutler, and Captain Cocke, for 500 ton of hemp, which we went through, and I am to draw up the conditions. Home to dinner, where I found Mr. Moore, and he and I cast up our accounts together and evened them, and then with the last chest of crusados to Alderman Backwell's, by the same token his lady going to take coach stood in the shop, and having a gilded glassfull of perfumed comfits given her by Don Duarte de Silva,[1] the Portugall merchant, that is come over with the Queen, I did offer at a taste, and so she poured some out into my hand, and, though good, yet pleased me the better coming from a pretty lady. So home and at the office preparing papers and things, and indeed my head has not been so full of business a great while, and with so much pleasure, for I begin to see the pleasure it gives. God give me health. So to bed.

20th. Up by four or five o'clock, and to the office, and there drew up the agreement between the King and Sir John Winter[2] about the Forrest of Deane; and having done it, he came himself (I did not know him to be the Queen's Secretary before, but observed him to be a man of fine parts); and we read it, and both liked it well. That done, I turned to the Forrest of Deane, in Speede's Mapps, and there he showed me how it lies; and the Lea-bayly,[3] with the great charge of carrying it to Lydny, and many other things worth my knowing; and I do perceive that I am

[1] Duarte de Silva is mentioned in the Earl of Sandwich's letter to Lord Chancellor Clarendon (dated May 15th, 1662) as "the man that is to make all good." Clarendon called him "Diego Silvas, a Jew of great wealth and full credit at Amsterdam" (see Lister's "Life of Clarendon," iii. 193).

[2] Secretary and chancellor to the Queen Dowager. — B.

[3] Lee Bayly is a hamlet in the parish of Newland, Gloucestershire.

very short in my business by not knowing many times the geographical part of my business. At my office till Mr. Moore took me out and at my house looked over our papers again, and upon our evening accounts did give full discharges one to the other, and in his and many other accounts I perceive I shall be better able to give a true balance of my estate to myself within a day or two than I have been this twelve months. Then he and I to Alderman Backwell's and did the like there, and I gave one receipt for all the money I have received thence upon the receipt of my Lord's crusados. Then I went to the Exchange, and hear that the merchants have a great fear of a breach with the Spaniard; for they think he will not brook our having Tangier, Dunkirk, and Jamaica; and our merchants begin to draw home their estates as fast as they can. Then to Pope's Head Ally, and there bought me a pair of tweezers, cost me 14*s.*, the first thing like a bawble I have bought a good while, but I do it with some trouble of mind, though my conscience tells me that I do it with an apprehension of service in my office to have a book to write memorandums in, and a pair of compasses in it; but I confess myself the willinger to do it because I perceive by my accounts that I shall be better by £30 than I expected to be. But by to-morrow night I intend to see to the bottom of all my accounts. Then home to dinner, where Mr. Moore met me. Then he went away, and I to the office and despatch much business. So in the evening, my wife and I and Jane over the water to the Halfway-house, a pretty, pleasant walk, but the wind high. So home again and to bed.

21st. Up about four o'clock, and settled some private business of my own, then made me ready and to the office to prepare things for our meeting to-day. By and by we met, and at noon Sir W. Pen and I to the Trinity House; where was a feast made by the Wardens, when great good cheer, and much, but ordinary company. The Lieutenant of the Tower, upon my demanding how Sir H. Vane died, told me that he died in a passion; but all confess with so much courage as never man died. Thence to the office, where Sir W. Rider, Capt. Cocke, and Mr. Cutler came by appointment to meet me to confer about the contract

between us and them for 500 tons of hemp. That being done, I did other business and so went home, and there found Mr. Creed, who staid talking with my wife and me an hour or two, and I put on my riding cloth suit, only for him to see how it is, and I think it will do very well. He being gone, and I hearing from my wife and the maids' complaints made of the boy, I called him up, and with my whip did whip him till I was not able to stir, and yet I could not make him confess any of the lies that they tax him with. At last, not willing to let him go away a conqueror, I took him in task again, and pulled off his frock to his shirt, and whipped him till he did confess that he did drink the whey, which he had denied, and pulled a pink, and above all did lay the candlestick upon the ground in his chamber, which he had denied this quarter of a year. I confess it is one of the greatest wonders that ever I met with that such a little boy as he could possibly be able to suffer half so much as he did to maintain a lie. I think I must be forced to put him away. So to bed, with my arm very weary.

22nd (Lord's day). This day I first put on my slasht doublet, which I like very well. Mr. Shepley came to me in the morning, telling me that he and my Lord came to town from Hinchinbroke last night. He and I spend an hour in looking over his account, and then walked to the Wardrobe, all the way discoursing of my Lord's business. He tells me to my great wonder that Mr. Barnwell is dead £500 in debt to my Lord. By and by my Lord came from church, and I dined, with some others, with him, he very merry, and after dinner took me aside and talked of state and other matters. By and by to my brother Tom's and took him out with me homewards (calling at the Wardrobe to talk a little with Mr. Moore), and so to my house, where I paid him all I owed him, and did make the £20 I lately lent him up to £40, for which he shall give bond to Mr. Shepley, for it is his money. So my wife and I to walk in the garden, where all our talk was against Sir W. Pen, against whom I have lately had cause to be much prejudiced. By and by he and his daughter came out to walk, so we took no notice of them a great while, at last in going home spoke a word or two, and so good night, and to bed. This day I am told of a Portugall lady, at Hampton Court,

that hath dropped a child already since the Queen's coming, but the King would not have them searched whose it is; and so it is not commonly known yet. Coming home to-night, I met with Will. Swan, who do talk as high for the Fanatiques as ever he did in his life; and do pity my Lord Sandwich and me that we should be given up to the wickedness of the world; and that a fall is coming upon us all; for he finds that he and his company are the true spirit of the nation, and the greater part of the nation too, who will have liberty of conscience in spite of this "Act of Uniformity," or they will die; and if they may not preach abroad, they will preach in their own houses. He told me that certainly Sir H. Vane must be gone to Heaven, for he died as much a martyr and saint as ever man did; and that the King hath lost more by that man's death, than he will get again a good while. At all which I know not what to think; but, I confess, I do think that the Bishops will never be able to carry it so high as they do.

23rd. Up early this morning, and my people are taking down the hangings and things in my house because of the great dust that is already made by the pulling down of Sir W. Batten's house, and will be by my own when I come to it. To my office, and there hard at work all the morning. At noon to the Exchange to meet Dr. Williams, who sent me this morning notice of his going into the country to-morrow, but could not find him, but meeting with Frank Moore, my Lord Lambeth's man formerly, we, and two or three friends of his did go to a tavern, and there they drank, but I nothing but small beer. In the next room one was playing very finely of the dulcimer, which well played I like well, but one of our own company, a talking fellow, did in discourse say much of this Act against Seamen,[1] for their being brought to account; and that it was made on purpose for my Lord Sandwich, who was in debt £100,000, and hath been forced to have pardon oftentimes from Oliver for the same: at which I was vexed at him, but thought it not worth my trouble to oppose what he said, but took leave and went home, and after a little dinner to my

[1] In 1662 was passed "An Act for providing of carriage by land and by water for the use of His Majesty's Navy and Ordinance" (13–14 Car. II., cap. 20), which gave power for impressing seamen, &c.

office again, and in the evening Sir W. Warren came to me about business, and that being done, discoursing of deals, I did offer to go along with him among his deal ships, which we did to half a score, where he showed me the difference' between Dram, Swinsound, Christiania, and others, and told me many pleasant notions concerning their manner of cutting and sawing them by watermills, and the reason how deals become dearer and cheaper, among others, when the snow is not so great as to fill up the vallies that they may pass from hill to hill over the snow, then it is dear carriage. From on board he took me to his yard, where vast and many places of deals, sparrs, and bulks, &c., the difference between which I never knew before, and indeed am very proud of this evening's work. He had me into his house, which is most pretty and neat and well furnished. After a glass, not of wine, for I would not be tempted to drink any, but a glass of mum, I well home by water, but it being late was forced to land at the Custom House, and so home and to bed, and after I was a-bed, letters came from the Duke for the fitting out of four ships forthwith from Portsmouth (I know not yet for what) so I was forced to make Will get them wrote, and signed them in bed and sent them away by express. And so to sleep.

24th (Midsummer day). Up early and to my office, putting things in order against we sit. There came to me my cousin Harry Alcocke, whom I much respect, to desire (by a letter from my father to me, where he had been some days) my help for him to some place. I proposed the sea to him, and I think he will take it, and I hope do well. Sat all the morning, and I bless God I find that by my diligence of late and still, I do get ground in the office every day. At noon to the Change, where I begin to be known also, and so home to dinner, and then to the office all the afternoon dispatching business. At night news is brought me that Field the rogue hath this day cast me at Guildhall in £30 for his imprisonment, to which I signed his commitment with the rest of the officers; but they having been parliament-men, that he hath begun the law with me; and threatens more, but I hope the Duke of York will bear me out. At night home, and Mr. Spong came to me,

and so he and I sat singing upon the leads till almost ten at night, and so he went away (a pretty, harmless, and ingenious man), and I to bed, in a very great content of mind, which I hope by my care still in my business will continue to me.

25th. Up by four o'clock, and put my accounts with my Lord into a very good order, and so to my office, where having put many things in order I went to the Wardrobe, but found my Lord gone to Hampton Court. After discourse with Mr. Shepley we parted, and I into Thames Street, beyond the Bridge, and there enquired among the shops the price of tarre and oyle, and do find great content in it, and hope to save the King money by this practice. So home to dinner, and then to the Change, and so home again, and at the office preparing business against to-morrow all the afternoon. At night walked with my wife upon the leads, and so to supper and to bed. My wife having lately a great pain in her ear, for which this night she begins to take physique, and I have got cold and so have a great deal of my old pain.

26th. Up and took physique, but such as to go abroad with, only to loosen me, for I am bound. So to the office, and there all the morning sitting till noon, and then took Commissioner Pett home to dinner with me, where my stomach was turned when my sturgeon came to table, upon which I saw very many little worms creeping, which I suppose was through the staleness of the pickle. He being gone, comes Mr. Nicholson,[1] my old fellow-student at Magdalene, and we played three or four things upon the violin and basse, and so parted, and I to my office till night, and there came Mr. Shepley and Creed in order to settling some accounts of my Lord to-night, and so to bed.

27th. Up early, not quite rid of my pain. I took more physique, and so made myself ready to go forth. So to my Lord, who rose as soon as he heard I was there; and in his night-gown and shirt stood talking with me alone two hours, I believe, concerning his greatest matters of state and interest. — Among other things, that his greatest design is, first, to get clear of all debts to the King for the Embassy money,

[1] Thomas Nicholson, A.M., 1672. — B.

and then a pardon. Then, to get his land settled; and then to discourse and advise what is best for him, whether to keep his sea employment longer or no. For he do discern that the Duke would be willing to have him out, and that by Coventry's means. And here he told me, how the terms at Argier[1] were wholly his; and that he did plainly tell Lawson and agree with him, that he would have the honour of them, if they should ever be agreed to; and that accordingly they did come over hither entitled, "Articles concluded on by Sir J. Lawson, according to instructions received from His Royal Highness James Duke of York, &c., and from His Excellency the Earle of Sandwich." (Which however was more than needed; but Lawson tells my Lord in his letter, that it was not he, but the Council of Warr that would have "His Royal Highness" put into the title, though he did not contribute one word to it.) But the Duke of York did yesterday propose them to the Council, to be printed with this title: "Concluded on by Sir J. Lawson, Knt." and my Lord quite left out. Here I find my Lord very politique; for he tells me, that he discerns they design to set up Lawson as much as they can: and that he do counterplot them by setting him up higher still; by which they will find themselves spoiled of their design, and at last grow jealous of Lawson. This he told me with much pleasure; and that several of the Duke's servants, by name my Lord Barkeley [of Stratton], Mr. Talbot, and others, had complained to my Lord, of Coventry, and would have him out. My Lord do acknowledge that his greatest obstacle is Coventry. He did seem to hint such a question as this: "Hitherto I have been supported by the King and Chancellor against the Duke; but what if it should come about, that it should be the Duke and Chancellor against the King?" which, though he said it in these plain words, yet I could not fully understand it; but may more hereafter. My Lord did also tell me, that the Duke himself at Portsmouth did thank My Lord for all his pains and care; and that he perceived it must be the old Captains that must do the business; and that the new ones would

[1] The Duke of York's name appears in the articles of peace, but not Lord Sandwich's, see "Somers Tracts," vol. vii., p. 555.

spoil all. And that my Lord did very discreetly tell the Duke (though quite against his judgment and inclination), that, however, the King's new captains ought to be borne with a little and encouraged. By which he will oblige that party, and prevent, as much as may be, their envy; but he says that certainly things will go to rack if ever the old captains should be wholly out, and the new ones only command. Then we fell to talk of Sir J. Minnes, of who my Lord hath a very slight opinion, and that at first he did come to my Lord very displeased and sullen, and had studied and turned over all his books to see whether it had ever been that two flags should ride together in the maintop, but could not find it, nay, he did call his captains on board to consult them. So when he came by my Lord's side, he took down his flag, and all the day did not hoist it again, but next day my Lord did tell him that it was not so fit to ride without a flag, and therefore told him that he should wear it in the fore-top, for it seems my Lord saw his instructions, which were that he should not wear his flag in the maintop in the presence of the Duke or my Lord. But that after that my Lord did caress him, and he do believe him as much his friend as his interest will let him. I told my Lord of the late passage between Swan and me, and he told me another lately between Dr. Dell and himself when he was in the country. At last we concluded upon dispatching all his accounts as soon as possible, and so I parted, and to my office, where I met Sir W. Pen, and he desired a turn with me in the garden, where he told me the day now was fixed for his going into Ireland;[1] and that whereas I had mentioned some service he could do a friend of mine there, Saml. Pepys,[2] he told me he would most readily do what I would command him, and then told me we must needs eat a dish of meat together before he went, and so invited me and my wife on Sunday next. To all which I did give a cold consent, for my heart cannot love or have a good opinion of him since his last playing the knave with me, but he took no notice of our difference at all, nor I to him, and so parted, and I by water to Deptford, where I

[1] Penn was Governor of Kinsale. — B.

[2] Mentioned elsewhere as "My cousin in Ireland." He was son of Lord Chief Justice Richard Pepys.

found Sir W. Batten alone paying off the yard three quarters pay. Thence to dinner, where too great a one was prepared, at which I was very much troubled, and wished I had not been there. After dinner comes Sir J. Minnes and some captains with him, who had been at a Councill of Warr to-day, who tell us they have acquitted Captain Hall, who was accused of cowardice in letting of old Winter, the Argier pyrate, go away from him with a prize or two; and also Captain Diamond of the murder laid to him of a man that he had struck, but he lived many months after, till being drunk, he fell into the hold, and there broke his jaw and died, but they say there are such bawdy articles against him as never were heard of. . . . To the pay again, where I left them, and walked to Redriffe, and so home, and there came Mr. Creed and Shepley to me, and staid till night about my Lord's accounts, our proceeding to set them in order, and so parted and I to bed. Mr. Holliard had been with my wife to-day, and cured her of her pain in her ear by taking out a most prodigious quantity of hard wax that had hardened itself in the bottom of the ear, of which I am very glad.

28th. Up to my Lord's and my own accounts, and so to the office, where all the forenoon sitting, and at noon by appointment to the Mitre, where Mr. Shepley gave me and Mr. Creed, and I had my uncle Wight with us, a dish of fish. Thence to the office again, and there all the afternoon till night, and so home, and after talking with my wife to bed. This day a genteel woman came to me, claiming kindred of me, as she had once done before, and borrowed 10*s.* of me, promising to repay it at night, but I hear nothing of her. I shall trust her no more. Great talk there is of a fear of a war with the Dutch; and we have order to pitch upon twenty ships to be forthwith set out; but I hope it is but a scarecrow to the world, to let them see that we can be ready for them; though, God knows! the King is not able to set out five ships at this present without great difficulty, we neither having money, credit, nor stores. My mind is now in a wonderful condition of quiet and content, more than ever in all my life, since my minding the business of my office, which I have done most constantly; and I find it to be the very effect of my late oaths against wine and

plays, which, if God please, I will keep constant in, for now my business is a delight to me, and brings me great credit, and my purse encreases too.

29th (Lord's day). Up by four o'clock, and to the settling of my own accounts, and I do find upon my monthly ballance, which I have undertaken to keep from month to month, that I am worth £650, the greatest sum that ever I was yet master of. I pray God give me a thankfull spirit, and care to improve and encrease it. To church with my wife, who this day put on her green petticoat of flowred satin, with fine white and gimp lace of her own putting on, which is very pretty. Home with Sir W. Pen to dinner by appointment, and to church again in the afternoon, and then home, Mr. Shepley coming to me about my Lord's accounts, and in the evening parted, and we to supper again to Sir W. Pen. Whatever the matter is, he do much fawn upon me, and I perceive would not fall out with me, and his daughter mighty officious to my wife, but I shall never be deceived again by him, but do hate him and his traitorous tricks with all my heart. It was an invitation in order to his taking leave of us to-day, he being to go for Ireland in a few days. So home and prayers, and to bed.

30th. Up betimes, and to my office, where I found Griffin's girl making it clean, but, God forgive me! what a mind I had to her, but did not meddle with her. She being gone, I fell upon boring holes for me to see from my closet into the great office, without going forth, wherein I please myself much. So settled to business, and at noon with my wife to the Wardrobe, and there dined, and staid talking all the afternoon with my Lord, and about four o'clock took coach with my wife and Lady, and went toward my house, calling at my Lady Carteret's, who was within by chance (she keeping altogether at Deptford for a month or two), and so we sat with her a little. Among other things told my Lady how my Lady Fanshaw[1] is fallen out with her only for speaking in behalf of the French, which my Lady wonders at, they having been formerly like

[1] Anne, daughter of Sir John Harrison, of Balls, Herts, born in Hart Street, St. Olave's, March 25th, 1625; married Richard Fanshawe, May 18th, 1644. Her memoirs of her husband, Sir Richard Fanshawe, were first printed in 1829. She died January 30th, 1679–80.

sisters, but we see there is no true lasting friendship in the world. Thence to my house, where I took great pride to lead her through the Court by the hand, she being very fine, and her page carrying up her train. She staid a little at my house, and then walked through the garden, and took water, and went first on board the King's pleasure boat, which pleased her much. Then to Greenwich Park; and with much ado she was able to walk up to the top of the hill, and so down again, and took boat, and so through bridge to Blackfryers, and home, she being much pleased with the ramble in every particular of it. So we supped with her, and then walked home, and to bed.

Observations.

This I take to be as bad a juncture as ever I observed. The King and his new Queen minding their pleasures at Hampton Court. All people discontented; some that the King do not gratify them enough; and the others, Fanatiques of all sorts, that the King do take away their liberty of conscience; and the height of the Bishops, who I fear will ruin all again. They do much cry up the manner of Sir H. Vane's death, and he deserves it. They clamour against the chimney-money, and say they will not pay it without force. And in the mean time, like to have war abroad; and Portugall to assist, when we have not money to pay for any ordinary layings-out at home. Myself all in dirt about building of my house and Sir W. Batten's a story higher. Into a good way, fallen on minding my business and saving money, which God encrease; and I do take great delight in it, and see the benefit of it. In a longing mind of going to see Brampton, but cannot get three days time, do what I can. In very good health, my wife and myself.

July 1st. To the office, and there we sat till past noon, and then Captain Cuttance and I by water to Deptford, where the Royal James[1] (in which my Lord went out the

[1] "The Royal James" (previously "The Richard") was a second-rate of seventy guns, built at Woolwich, by Christopher Pett, in 1658.

last voyage, though [he] came back in the Charles) was paying off by Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen. So to dinner, where I had Mr. Sheply to dine with us, and from thence I sent to my Lord to know whether she should be a first rate, as the men would have her, or a second. He answered that we should forbear paying the officers and such whose pay differed upon the rate of the ship, till he could speak with his Royal Highness. To the Pay again after dinner, and seeing of Cooper, the mate of the ship, whom I knew in the Charles, I spoke to him about teaching the mathematiques, and do please myself in my thoughts of learning of him, and bade him come to me in a day or two. Towards evening I left them, and to Redriffe by land, Mr. Cowly, the Clerk of the Cheque, with me, discoursing concerning the abuses of the yard, in which he did give me much light. So by water home, and after half an hour sitting talking with my wife, who was afeard I did intend to go with my Lord to fetch the Queen mother over, in which I did clear her doubts, I went to bed by daylight, in order to my rising early to-morrow.

2nd. Up while the chimes went four, and to put down my journal, and so to my office, to read over such instructions as concern the officers of the Yard; for I am much upon seeing into the miscarriages there. By and by, by appointment, comes Commissioner Pett; and then a messenger from Mr. Coventry, who sits in his boat expecting us, and so we down to him at the Tower, and there took water all, and to Deptford (he in our passage taking notice how much difference there is between the old Captains for obedience and order, and the King's new Captains, which I am very glad to hear him confess); and there we went into the Store-house, and viewed first the provisions there, and then his books, but Mr. Davis himself was not there, he having a kinswoman in the house dead, for which, when by and by I saw him, he do trouble himself most ridiculously, as if there was never another woman in the world; in which so much laziness, as also in the Clerkes of the Cheque and Survey (which after one another we did exam-

There was another second-rate of sixty guns named "The James," which was built at Deptford, by Peter Pett, in 1633 (see List of the Royal Navy in 1660, "Archæologia," vol. xlviii., p. 167).

ine), as that I do not perceive that there is one-third of their duties performed; but I perceive, to my great content, Mr. Coventry will have things reformed. So Mr. Coventry to London, and Pett and I to the Pay, where Sir Williams both were paying off the Royal James still, and so to dinner, and to the Pay again, where I did relieve several of my Lord Sandwich's people, but was sorry to see them so peremptory, and at every word would complain to my Lord, as if they shall have such a command over my Lord. In the evening I went forth and took a walk with Mr. Davis, and told him what had passed at his office to-day, and did give him my advice, and so with the rest by barge home and to bed.

3rd. Up by four o'clock and to my office till 8 o'clock, writing over two copies of our contract with Sir W. Rider, &c., for 500 Ton of hempe, which, because it is a secret, I have the trouble of writing over as well as drawing. Then home to dress myself, and so to the office, where another fray between Sir R. Ford and myself about his yarn, wherein I find the board to yield on my side, and was glad thereof, though troubled that the office should fall upon me of disobliging Sir Richard. At noon we all by invitation dined at the Dolphin with the Officers of the Ordnance; where Sir W. Compton, Mr. O'Neale,[1] and other

[1] Daniell O'Neille (as he himself signed his name) was a wealthy man of good family, who was active during the Civil War in support of Charles I. He was concerned in 1641 with Digby, Wilmot, Goring, and Ashburnham, in the "Army Plot," the object of which was to support the king, uphold the church, and overawe the parliament. He was placed in the Tower, but managed to escape in woman's clothes, and a few months later he was Lieutenant-Colonel of Horse under Rupert. At Marston he led Prince Rupert's regiment of foot, and in 1658 he accompanied the Marquis of Ormonde in disguise to London, and remained there some time, holding meetings with the Royalists, and sounding them as to the prospect of a successful rising against Cromwell (see "The Pythouse Papers," ed. W. A. Day, 1879, pp. lv–lvii, 25). A full description is given in O'Neille's monumental inscription, in Boughton-Malherbe Church, Kent: "Here lies the Body of Mr. Daniel O'Neale, who descended from that great, honoura^ble^, and antient family of the O'Neales, in Ireland, to whom he added new lustre by his own merit, being rewarded for his courage and loyalty in the civil wars, under King Charles the First and Charles the Second, w^th^ the offices of Postmaster General of England, Scotland, and Ireland, Master of the Powder, and Groome of His Maj^tyes^ Bedchamber. He

great persons, were, and a very great dinner, but I drank as I still do but my allowance of wine. After dinner, was brought to Sir W. Compton a gun to discharge seven times,[1] the best of all devices that ever I saw, and very serviceable, and not a bawble; for it is much approved of, and many thereof made. Thence to my office all the afternoon as long as I could see, about setting many businesses in order. In the evening came Mr. Lewis to me, and very ingeniously did enquire whether I ever did look into the business of the Chest[2] at Chatham; and after my readiness to be informed did appear to him, he did produce a paper, wherein he stated the government of the Chest to me; and upon the whole did tell me how it hath ever been abused, and to this day is; and what a meritorious act it would be to look after it; which I am resolved to do, if God bless me; and do thank him very much for it. So home, and after a turn or two upon the leads with my wife, who has lately had but little of my company, since I begun to follow my business, but is contented therewith since she sees how I spend my time, and so to bed.

4th. Up by five o'clock, and after my journall put in order, to my office about my business, which I am resolved to follow, for every day I see what ground I get by it. By and by comes Mr. Cooper, mate of the Royall Charles, of

was married to the right honourable Katherine Countesse of Chesterfield, who erected him this monument, as one of the last markes of her kindnesse, to show her affection longer than her weak breath would serve to express it. He died A.D. 1663, aged 60." In the "Letters of Philip, Second Earl of Chesterfield," p. 6, it is stated that he died on the 9th of April, 1667. The "Great O'Neale," whose death Pepys records as having occurred on the 24th October, 1664, many months later, could not be the same person, if the date on the monument is correct.

[1] Pepys mentions, on March 4th, 1663–4, "a new-fashion gun to shoot often, one after another," but he does not mention Sir William Compton's name in connection with it.

[2] Pepys gives some particulars about the Chest on November 13th, 1662. "The Chest at Chatham was originally planned by Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Hawkins in 1588, after the defeat of the Armada; the seamen voluntarily agreed to have 'defalked' out of their wages certain sums to form a fund for relief. The property became considerable, as well as the abuses, and in 1802 the Chest was removed to Greenwich. In 1817, the stock amounted to £300,000 Consols." — *Hist. of Rochester*, p. 346. — B.

whom I intend to learn mathematiques, and do begin with him to-day, he being a very able man, and no great matter, I suppose, will content him. After an hour's being with him at arithmetique (my first attempt being to learn the multiplication-table); then we parted till to-morrow. And so to my business at my office again till noon, about which time Sir W. Warren did come to me about business, and did begin to instruct me in the nature of fine timber and deals, telling me the nature of every sort; and from that we fell to discourse of Sir W. Batten's corruption and the people that he employs, and from one discourse to another of the kind. I was much pleased with his company, and so staid talking with him all alone at my office till 4 in the afternoon, without eating or drinking all day, and then parted, and I home to eat a bit, and so back again to my office; and toward the evening came Mr. Sheply, who is to go out of town to-morrow, and so he and I with much ado settled his accounts with my Lord, which, though they be true and honest, yet so obscure, that it vexes me to see in what manner they are kept. He being gone, and leave taken of him as of a man likely not to come to London again a great while, I eat a bit of bread and butter, and so to bed. This day I sent my brother Tom, at his request, my father's old Bass Viall which he and I have kept so long, but I fear Tom will do little good at it.

5th. To my office all the morning, to get things ready against our sitting, and by and by we sat and did business all the morning, and at noon had Sir W. Pen, who I hate with all my heart for his base treacherous tricks, but yet I think it not policy to declare it yet, and his son William, to my house to dinner, where was also Mr. Creed and my cozen Harry Alcocke. I having some venison given me a day or two ago, and so I had a shoulder roasted, another baked, and the umbles[1] baked in a pie, and all very well done. We were merry as I could be in that company, and the more because I would not seem otherwise to Sir W. Pen, he being within a day or two to go for Ireland. After dinner he and his son went away, and Mr. Creed

[1] The umbles are the liver, kidneys, and other portions of the inside of the deer. They were usually made into pies, and old cookery books contain directions for the making of *umble pies*.

would, with all his rhetoric, have persuaded me to have gone to a play; and in good earnest I find my nature desirous to have gone, notwithstanding my promise and my business, to which I have lately kept myself so close, but I did refuse it, and I hope shall ever do so, and above all things it is considerable that my mind was never in my life in so good a condition of quiet as it has been since I have followed my business and seen myself to get greater and greater fitness in my employment, and honour every day more than other. So at my office all the afternoon, and then my mathematiques at night with Mr. Cooper, and so to supper and to bed.

6th (Lord's day). Lay long in bed to-day with my wife merry and pleasant, and then rose and settled my accounts with my wife for housekeeping, and do see that my kitchen, besides wine, fire, candle, sope, and many other things, comes to about 30*s.* a week, or a little over. To church, where Mr. Mills made a lazy sermon. So home to dinner, where my brother Tom dined with me, and so my wife and I to church again in the afternoon, and that done I walked to the Wardrobe, and spent my time with Mr. Creed and Mr. Moore talking about business; so up to supper with my Lady [Sandwich], who tells me, with much trouble, that my Lady Castlemaine is still as great with the King, and that the King comes as often to her as ever he did, at which, God forgive me, I am well pleased. It began to rain, and so I borrowed a hat and cloak of Mr. Moore and walked home, where I found Captain Ferrer with my wife, and after speaking a matter of an hour with him he went home and we all to bed. Jack Cole, my old friend, found me out at the Wardrobe; and, among other things, he told me that certainly most of the chief ministers of London would fling up their livings; and that, soon or late, the issue thereof would be sad to the King and Court.

7th. Up and to my office early, and there all the morning alone till dinner, and after dinner to my office again, and about 3 o'clock with my wife by water to Westminster, where I staid in the Hall while my wife went to see her father and mother, and she returning we by water home again, and by and by comes Mr. Cooper, so he and I to our mathematiques, and so supper and to bed. My morn-

ing's work at the office was to put the new books of my office into order, and writing on the backsides what books they be, and transcribing out of some old books some things into them.

8th. At the office all the morning and dined at home, and after dinner in all haste to make up my accounts with my Lord, which I did with some trouble, because I had some hopes to have made a profit to myself in this account and above what was due to me (which God forgive me in), but I could not, but carried them to my Lord, with whom they passed well. So to the Wardrobe, where alone with my Lord above an hour; and he do seem still to have his old confidence in me; and tells me to boot, that Mr. Coventry hath spoke of me to him to great advantage; wherein I am much pleased. By and by comes in Mr. Coventry to visit my Lord; and so my Lord and he and I walked together in the great chamber a good while; and I found him a most ingenuous man and good company. He being gone I also went home by water, Mr. Moore with me for discourse sake, and then parted from me, Cooper being there ready to attend me, so he and I to work till it was dark, and then eat a bit and by daylight to bed.

9th. Up by four o'clock, and at my multiplicacion-table hard, which is all the trouble I meet withal in my arithmetique. So made me ready and to the office, where all the morning busy, and Sir W. Pen came to my office to take his leave of me, and desiring a turn in the garden, did commit the care of his building [1] to me, and offered all his services to me in all matters of mine. I did, God forgive me! promise him all my service and love, though the rogue knows he deserves none from me, nor do I intend to show him any; but as he dissembles with me, so must I with him. Dined at home, and so to the office again, my wife with me, and while I was for an hour making a hole behind my seat in my closet to look into the office, she was talking to me about her going to Brampton, which I would willingly have her to do but for the cost of it, and to stay here will be very inconvenient because of the dirt that I must have when my house is pulled down. Then to my

[1] The officers had been allowed to raise their houses. — B.

business till night, then Mr. Cooper and I to our business, and then came Mr. Mills, the minister, to see me, which he hath but rarely done to me, though every day almost to others of us; but he is a cunning fellow, and knows where the good victuals is, and the good drink, at Sir W. Batten's. However, I used him civilly, though I love him as I do the rest of his coat. So to supper and to bed.

10th. Up by four o'clock, and before I went to the office I practised my arithmetique, and then, when my wife was up, did call her and Sarah, and did make up a difference beween them, for she is so good a servant as I am loth to part with her. So to the office all the morning, where very much business, but it vexes me to see so much disorder at our table, that, every man minding a several business, we dispatch nothing. Dined at home with my wife, then to the office again, and being called by Sir W. Batten, walked to the Victualler's office,[1] there to view all the several offices and houses to see that they were employed in order to give the Council an account thereof. So after having taken an oath or two of Mr. Lewes and Captain Brown and others I returned to the office, and there sat despatching several businesses alone till night, and so home and by daylight to bed.

11th. Up by four o'clock, and hard at my multiplicacion-table, which I am now almost master of, and so made me ready and to my office, where by and by comes Mr. Pett, and then a messenger from Mr. Coventry, who stays in his boat at the Tower for us. So we to him, and down to Deptford first, and there viewed some deals lately served in at a low price, which our officers, like knaves, would untruly value in their worth, but we found them good. Then to Woolwich, and viewed well all the houses and stores there, which lie in very great confusion for want of storehouses, and then to Mr. Ackworth's and Sheldon's to view their books, which we found not to answer the King's service and security at all as to the stores. Then to the Ropeyard, and there viewed the hemp, wherein we found great corruption, and then saw a trial between Sir R. Ford's yarn and our own, and found great odds. So by water back again. About

[1] See note, May 21st, 1661.

five in the afternoon to Whitehall, and so to St. James's; and at Mr. Coventry's chamber, which is very neat and fine, we had a pretty neat dinner, and after dinner fell to discourse of business and regulation, and do think of many things that will put matters into better order, and upon the whole my heart rejoices to see Mr. Coventry so ingenious, and able, and studious to do good, and with much frankness and respect to Mr. Pett and myself particularly. About 9 o'clock we broke up after much discourse and many things agreed on in order to our business of regulation, and so by water (landing Mr. Pett at the Temple) I went home and to bed.

12th. Up by five o'clock, and put things in my house in order to be laid up, against my workmen come on Monday to take down the top of my house, which trouble I must go through now, but it troubles me much to think of it. So to my office, where till noon we sat, and then I to dinner and to the office all the afternoon with much business. At night with Cooper at arithmetique, and then came Mr. Creed about my Lord's accounts to even them, and he gone I to supper and to bed.

13th (Lord's day). . . . I had my old pain all yesterday and this morning, and so kept my bed all this morning. So up and after dinner and some of my people to church, I set about taking down my books and papers and making my chamber fit against to-morrow to have the people come to work in pulling down the top of my house. In the evening I walked to the garden and sent for Mr. Turner (who yesterday did give me occasion of speaking to him about the difference between him and me), and I told him my whole mind, and how it was in my power to do him a discourtesy about his place of petty purveyance, and at last did make him see (I think) that it was his concernment to be friendly to me and what belongs to me. After speaking my mind to him and he to me, we walked down and took boat at the Tower and to Deptford, on purpose to sign and seal a couple of warrants, as justice of peace in Kent, against one Annis, who is to be tried next Tuesday, at Maidstone assizes, for stealing some lead out of Woolwich Yard. Going and coming I did discourse with Mr. Turner about the faults of our management of the business of our office,

of which he is sensible, but I believe is a very knave. Come home I found a rabbit at the fire, and so supped well, and so to my journall and to bed.

14th. Up by 4 o'clock and to my arithmetique, and so to my office till 8, then to Thames Street along with old Mr. Green, among the tarr-men, and did instruct myself in the nature and prices of tarr, but could not get Stockholm for the use of the office under £10 15*s*. per last, which is a great price. So home, and at noon Dr. T. Pepys came to me, and he and I to the Exchequer, and so back to dinner, where by chance comes Mr. Pierce, the chyrurgeon, and then Mr. Battersby, the minister, and then Mr. Dun, and it happened that I had a haunch of venison boiled, and so they were very wellcome and merry; but my simple Dr. do talk so like a fool that I am weary of him. They being gone, to my office again, and there all the afternoon, and at night home and took a few turns with my wife in the garden and so to bed. My house being this day almost quite untiled in order to its rising higher. This night I began to put on my waistcoat also. I found the pageant in Cornhill taken down, which was pretty strange.

15th. Up by 4 o'clock, and after doing some business as to settling my papers at home, I went to my office, and there busy till sitting time. So at the office all the morning, where J. Southern, Mr. Coventry's clerk, did offer me a warrant for an officer to sign which I desired, claiming it for my clerk's duty, which however did trouble me a little to be put upon it, but I did it. We broke up late, and I to dinner at home, where my brother Tom and Mr. Cooke came and dined with me, but I could not be merry for my business, but to my office again after dinner, and they two and my wife abroad. In the evening comes Mr. Cooper, and I took him by water on purpose to tell me things belonging to ships, which was time well spent, and so home again, and my wife came home and tells me she has been very merry and well pleased with her walk with them. About bedtime it fell a-raining, and the house being all open at top, it vexed me; but there was no help for it.

16th. In the morning I found all my ceilings spoiled with rain last night, so that I fear they must be all new

whited when the work is done. Made me ready and to my office, and by and by came Mr. Moore to me, and so I went home and consulted about drawing up a fair state of all my Lord's accounts, which being settled, he went away, and I fell to writing of it very neatly, and it was very handsome and concisely done. At noon to my Lord's with it, but found him at dinner, and some great company with him, Mr. Edward Montagu and his brother, and Mr. Coventry, and after dinner he went out with them, and so I lost my labour; but dined with Mr. Moore and the people below, who after dinner fell to talk of Portugall rings, and Captain Ferrers offered five or six to sell, and I seeming to like a ring made of a coco-nutt with a stone done in it, he did offer and would give it me. By and by we went to Mr. Creed's lodging, and there got a dish or two of sweetmeats, and I seeing a very neat leaden standish to carry papers, pen, and ink in when one travels I also got that of him, and that done I went home by water and to finish some of my Lord's business, and so early to bed. This day I was told that my Lady Castlemaine (being quite fallen out with her husband) did yesterday go away from him, with all her plate, jewels, and other best things; and is gone to Richmond to a brother of her's[1]; which, I am apt to think, was a design to get out of town, that the King might come at her the better. But strange it is how for her beauty I am willing to construe all this to the best and to pity her wherein it is to her hurt, though I know well enough she is a whore.

17th. To my office, and by and by to our sitting; where much business. Mr. Coventry took his leave, being to go with the Duke over for the Queen-Mother. I dined at home, and so to my Lord's, where I presented him with a true state of all his accounts to last Monday, being the 14th of July, which did please him, and to my great joy I continue in his great esteem and opinion. I this day took a general acquittance from my Lord to the same day. So that now I have but very few persons to deal withall for money in the world. Home and found much business to

[1] Lady Castlemaine repaired to Richmond Palace, the residence of her uncle, Colonel Edward Villiers (see Steinman's "Memoir of Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland," 1871, p. 34).

be upon my hands, and was late at the office writing letters by candle light, which is rare at this time of the year, but I do it with much content and joy, and then I do please me to see that I begin to have people direct themselves to me in all businesses. Very late I was forced to send for Mr. Turner, Smith, Young, about things to be sent down early to-morrow on board the King's pleasure boat, and so to bed with my head full of business, but well contented in mind as ever in my life.

18th. Up very early, and got a-top of my house, seeing the design of my work, and like it very well, and it comes into my head to have my dining-room wainscoated, which will be very pretty. By-and-by by water to Deptford, to put several things in order, being myself now only left in town, and so back again to the office, and there doing business all the morning and the afternoon also till night, and then comes Cooper for my mathematiques, but, in good earnest, my head is so full of business that I cannot understand it as otherwise I should do. At night to bed, being much troubled at the rain coming into my house, the top being open.

19th. Up early and to some business, and my wife coming to me I staid long with her discoursing about her going into the country, and as she is not very forward so am I at a great loss whether to have her go or no because of the charge, and yet in some considerations I would be glad she was there, because of the dirtiness of my house and the trouble of having of a family there. So to my office, and there all the morning, and then to dinner and my brother Tom dined with me only to see me. In the afternoon I went upon the river to look after some tarr I am sending down and some coles, and so home again; it raining hard upon the water, I put ashore and sheltered myself, while the King came by in his barge, going down towards the Downs to meet the Queen: the Duke being gone yesterday. But methought it lessened my esteem of a king, that he should not be able to command the rain. Home, and Cooper coming (after I had dispatched several letters) to my mathematiques, and so at night to bed to a chamber at Sir W. Pen's, my own house being so foul that I cannot lie there any longer. and there the chamber lies so as that I

come into it over my leads without going about, but yet I am not fully content with it, for there will be much trouble to have servants running over the leads to and fro.

20th (Lord's day). My wife and I lay talking long in bed, and at last she is come to be willing to stay two months in the country, for it is her unwillingness to stay till the house is quite done that makes me at a loss how to have her go or stay. But that which troubles me most is that it has rained all this morning so furiously that I fear my house is all over water, and with that expectation I rose and went into my house and find that it is as wet as the open street, and that there is not one dry-footing above nor below in my house. So I fitted myself for dirt, and removed all my books to the office and all day putting up and restoring things, it raining all day long as hard within doors as without. At last to dinner, we had a calf's head and bacon at my chamber at Sir W. Pen's, and there I and my wife concluded to have her go and her two maids and the boy, and so there shall be none but Will and I left at home, and so the house will be freer, for it is impossible to have anybody come into my house while it is in this condition, and with this resolution all the afternoon we were putting up things in the further cellar against next week for them to be gone, and my wife and I into the office and there measured a soiled flag that I had found there, and hope to get it to myself, for it has not been demanded since I came to the office. But my wife is not hasty to have it, but rather to stay a while longer and see the event whether it will be missed or no. At night to my office, and there put down this day's passages in my journall, and read my oaths, as I am obliged every Lord's day. And so to Sir W. Pen's to my chamber again, being all in dirt and foul, and in fear of having catched cold to-day with dabbling in the water. But what has vexed me to-day was that by carrying the key to Sir W. Pen's last night, it could not in the midst of all my hurry to carry away my books and things, be found, and at last they found it in the fire that we made last night. So to bed.

21st. Up early, and though I found myself out of order and cold, and the weather cold and likely to rain, yet upon my promise and desire to do what I intended, I did take

boat and down to Greenwich, to Captain Cocke's, who hath a most pleasant seat, and neat. Here I drank wine, and eat some fruit off the trees; and he showed a great rarity, which was two or three of a great number of silver dishes and plates, which he bought of an embassador that did lack money, in the edge or rim of which was placed silver and gold medalls, very ancient, and I believe wrought, by which, if they be, they are the greatest rarity that ever I saw in my life, and I will show Mr. Crumlum them. Thence to Woolwich to the Rope-yard; and there looked over several sorts of hemp, and did fall upon my great survey of seeing the working and experiments of the strength and the charge in the dressing of every sort; and I do think have brought it to so great a certainty, as I have done the King great service in it: and do purpose to get it ready against the Duke's coming to town to present to him. I breakfasted at Mr. Falconer's well, and much pleased with my inquiries. Thence to the dock, where we walked in Mr. Shelden's garden, eating more fruit, and drinking, and eating figs, which were very good, and talking while the Royal James was bringing towards the dock, and then we went out and saw the manner and trouble of docking such a ship, which yet they could not do, but only brought her head into the Dock, and so shored her up till next tide. But, good God! what a deal of company was there from both yards to help to do it, when half the company would have done it as well. But I see it is impossible for the King to have things done as cheap as other men. Thence by water, and by and by landing at the riverside somewhere among the reeds, we walked to Greenwich, where to Cocke's house again and walked in the garden, and then in to his lady, who I find is still pretty but was now vexed and did speak very discontented and angry to the Captain for disappointing a gentleman that he had invited to dinner, which he took like a wise man and said little, but she was very angry, which put me clear out of countenance that I was sorry I went in. So after I had eat still some more fruit I took leave of her in the garden plucking apricots for preserving, and went away and so by water home, and there Mr. Moore coming and telling me that my Lady goes into the country to-morrow, I carried my wife by coach to take

her leave of her father, I staying in Westminster Hall, she going away also this week, and thence to my Lady's, where we staid and supped with her, but found that my Lady was truly angry and discontented with us for our neglecting to see her as we used to do, but after a little she was pleased as she was used to be, at which we were glad. So after supper home to bed.

22d. Among my workmen early: then to the office, and there I had letters from the Downs from Mr. Coventry; who tells me of the foul weather they had last Sunday, that drove them back from near Boulogne, whither they were going for the Queen, back again to the Downs, with the loss of their cables, sayles, and mast; but are all safe, only my Lord Sandwich, who went before with the yachts; they know not what is become of him, which do trouble me much; but I hope he got ashore before the storm begun; which God grant! All day at the office, only at home at dinner, where I was highly angry with my wife for her keys being out of the way, but they were found at last, and so friends again. All the afternoon answering letters and writing letters, and at night to Mr. Coventry an ample letter in answer to all his and the Duke's business. Late at night at the office, where my business is great, being now all alone in town, but I shall go through it with pleasure. So home and to bed.

23rd. This morning angry a little in the morning, and my house being so much out of order makes me a little pettish. I went to the office, and there dispatched business by myself, and so again in the afternoon; being a little vexed that my brother Tom, by his neglect, do fail to get a coach for my wife and maid this week, by which she will not be at Brampton Feast, to meet my Lady at my father's. At night home, and late packing up things in order to their going to Brampton to-morrow, and so to bed, quite out of sorts in my mind by reason that the weather is so bad, and my house all full of wet, and the trouble of going from one house to another to Sir W. Pen's upon every occasion. Besides much disturbed by reason of the talk up and down the town, that my Lord Sandwich is lost; but I trust in God the contrary.

24th. Up early this morning sending the things to the

carrier's, and my boy, who goes to-day, though his mistress do not till next Monday. All the morning at the office, Sir W. Batten being come to town last night. I hear, to my great content, that my Lord Sandwich is safe landed in France. Dined at our chamber, where W. Bowyer with us, and after much simple talk with him, I left him, and to my office, where all the afternoon busy till 9 at night, among other things improving my late experiment at Woolwich about hemp. So home and to bed.

25th. At the office all the morning, reading Mr. Holland's[1] discourse of the Navy, lent me by Mr. Turner, and am much pleased with them, they hitting the very diseases of the Navy, which we are troubled with now-a-days. I shall bestow writing of them over and much reading thereof. This morning Sir W. Batten came in to the office and desired to speak with me; he began by telling me that he observed a strangeness between him and me of late, and would know the reason of it, telling me he heard that I was offended with merchants coming to his house and making contracts there. I did tell him that as a friend I had spoke of it to Sir W. Pen and desired him to take a time to tell him of it, and not as a backbiter, with which he was satisfied, but I find that Sir W. Pen has played the knave with me, and not told it from me as a friend, but in a bad sense. He also told me that he heard that exceptions were taken at his carrying his wife down to Portsmouth, saying that the King should not pay for it, but I denied that I had spoke of it, nor did I. At last he desired the difference between our wives might not make a difference between us, which I was exceedingly glad to hear, and do see every day the fruit of looking after my business, which I pray God continue me in, for I do begin to be very happy. Dined at home, and

[1] This was a MS. of ninety folio pages, entitled, "A Brief Discourse of the Navy," and appears afterwards to have been in the possession of Sir William Penn. At the end is written, "Composed by Mr. John Holland 29th 7^{bris} 1638." Attached to the MS. is a note in the handwriting of William Penn the Quaker, of the date 1675–6, giving direction to a transcriber to make a copy of it for himself, but adding this prohibition, "*I will part with no copy.*" The transcript is now in the British Museum (Sloane MSS., No. 3232), and forms part of "Sir William Penn's Naval Tracts," but the author's name at the end is omitted. — Penn's *Memorials of Sir William Penn*, ii. 530.

so to the office all the afternoon again, and at night home and to bed.

26th. Sir W. Batten, Mr. Pett, and I at the office sitting all the morning. So dined at home, and then to my office again, causing the model hanging in my chamber to be taken down and hung up in my office, for fear of being spoilt by the workmen, and for my own convenience of studying it. This afternoon I had a letter from Mr. Creed, who hath escaped narrowly in the King's yacht, and got safe to the Downs after the late storm; and that there the King do tell him, that he is sure that my Lord is landed at Callis safe, of which being glad, I sent news thereof to my Lord Crew, and by the post to my Lady into the country. This afternoon I went to Westminster; and there hear that the King and Queen intend to come to White Hall from Hampton Court next week, for all winter. Thence to Mrs. Sarah, and there looked over my Lord's lodgings, which are very pretty; and White Hall garden and the Bowling-ally (where lords and ladies are now at bowles), in brave condition. Mrs. Sarah told me how the falling out between my Lady Castlemaine and her Lord was about christening of the child[1] lately, which he would have, and had done by a priest: and, some days after, she had it again christened by a minister; the King, and Lord of Oxford, and Duchesse of Suffolk,[2] being witnesses: and christened with a proviso,

[1] The boy was born in June at Lady Castlemaine's house in King Street. By the direction of Lord Castlemaine, who had become a Roman Catholic, the child was baptized by a priest, and this led to a final separation between husband and wife. Some days afterwards the child was again baptized by the rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster, in presence of the godparents, the King, Aubrey de Vere, Earl of Oxford, and Barbara, Countess of Suffolk, first Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen and Lady Castlemaine's aunt. The entry in the register of St. Margaret's is as follows: "1662 June 18 Charles Palmer L^d^ Limbricke, s. to y^e^ right honor^ble^ Roger Earl of Castlemaine by Barbara" (Steinman's "Memoir of Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland," 1871, p. 33). The child was afterwards called Charles Fitzroy, and was created Duke of Southampton in 1674. He succeeded his mother in the dukedom of Cleveland in 1709, and died 1730.

[2] There was no Duchess of Suffolk at this time. The lady referred to was Barbara, eldest daughter of Sir Edward Villiers, widow of Richard Wenman, eldest son of Philip, third Viscount Wenman, an Irish peer, and second wife of James Howard, third Earl of Suffolk.

that it had not already been christened. Since that she left her Lord, carrying away every thing in the house; so much as every dish, and cloth, and servant but the porter. He is gone discontented into France, they say, to enter a monastery; and now she is coming back again to her house in King-street. But I hear that the Queen did prick her out of the list presented her by the King;[1] desiring that she might have that favour done her, or that he would send her from whence she come: and that the King was angry and the Queen discontented a whole day and night upon it; but that the King hath promised to have nothing to do with her hereafter. But I cannot believe that the King can fling her off so, he loving her too well: and so I writ this night to my Lady to be my opinion; she calling her my lady, and the lady I admire. Here I find that my Lord hath lost the garden to his lodgings, and that it is turning into a tennis-court.[2] Hence by water to the Wardrobe to see how all do there, and so home to supper and to bed.

27th (Lord's day). At church alone in the pew in the

[1] "By the King's command Lord Clarendon, much against his inclination, had twice visited his royal mistress with a view of inducing her, by persuasions which he could not justify, to give way to the King's determination to have Lady Castlemaine of her household. . . . Lord Clarendon has given a full account of all that transpired between himself, the King and the Queen, on this very unpleasant business ('Continuation of Life of Clarendon,' 1759, ff. 168–178)." — Steinman's *Memoir of Duchess of Cleveland*, p. 35. "The day at length arrived when Lady Castlemaine was to be formally admitted a Lady of the Bedchamber. The royal warrant, addressed to the Lord Chamberlain, bears date June 1, 1663, and includes with that of her ladyship, the names of the Duchess of Buckingham, the Countesses of Chesterfield and Bath, and the Countess Mareshall. A separate warrant of the same day directs his lordship to admit the Countess of Suffolk as Groom of the Stole and first Lady of the Bedchamber, to which undividable offices she had, with the additional ones of Mistress of the Robes and Keeper of the Privy Purse, been nominated by a warrant dated April 2, 1662, wherein the reception of her oath is expressly deferred until the Queen's household shall be established. We here are furnished with the evidence that Charles would not sign the warrants for the *five* until Catherine had withdrawn her objection to his favourite *one*." — Addenda to Steinman's *Memoir of Duchess of Cleveland* (privately printed), 1874, p. 1.

[2] The old Tennis Court at Whitehall, built by Henry VIII., was converted by Charles II. into lodgings for the Duke of Monmouth, and this garden was turned into the new Tennis Court, which was finished

morning. In the afternoon by water I carried my wife to Westminster, where she went to take leave of her father,[1] and I to walk in the Park, which is now every day more and more pleasant, by the new works upon it. Here meeting with Laud Crispe, I took him to the farther end, and sat under a tree in a corner, and there sung some songs, he singing well, but no skill, and so would sing false sometimes. Then took leave of him, and found my wife at my Lord's lodging, and so took her home by water, and to supper in Sir W. Pen's balcony, and Mrs. Keene with us, and then came my wife's brother, and then broke up, and to bed.

28th. Up early, and by six o'clock, after my wife was ready, I walked with her to the George, at Holborn Conduit,[2] where the coach stood ready to carry her and her maid to Bugden,[3] but that not being ready, my brother Tom staid with them to see them gone, and so I took a troubled though willing good-bye, because of the bad condition of my house to have a family in it. So I took leave of her and walked to the waterside, and there took boat for the Tower; hearing that the Queen-Mother is come this morning already as high as Woolwich: and that my Lord Sandwich was with her; at which my heart was glad, and I sent the waterman, though yet not very certain of it, to my wife to carry news thereof to my Lady. So to my office all the morning abstracting the Duke's instructions in the margin

about the end of 1663. Captain Cooke, as Master of the Tennis Court, had apartments close by. (See Julian Marshall's "Annals of Tennis," 1878, pp. 86–88.)

[1] Mrs. Pepys's father was Alexander Marchant, Sieur de St. Michel, a scion of a good family in Anjou. Having turned Huguenot at the age of twenty-one, his father disinherited him, and he was left penniless. He came over in the retinue of Henrietta Maria, on her marriage with Charles I., as one of her Majesty's gentlemen carvers, but the Queen dismissed him on finding out he was a Protestant and did not go to mass. He described himself as being captain and major of English troops in Italy and Flanders. — Wheatley's *Pepys and the World he lived in*, pp. 6, 250. He was full of schemes; see September 22nd, 1663, for account of his patent for curing smoky chimneys.

[2] There is a token of Angus Bryan at the George, Holborn Bridge. — *Boyne's Tokens*, ed. Williamson, vol. i., p. 630.

[3] Buckden, a village in Huntingdonshire, four miles south-west of Huntingdon.

thereof. So home all alone to dinner, and then to the office again, and in the evening Cooper comes, and he being gone, to my chamber a little troubled and melancholy, to my lute late, and so to bed, Will lying there at my feet, and the wench in my house in Will's bed.

29th. Early up, and brought all my money, which is near £300, out of my house into this chamber; and so to the office, and there we sat all the morning, Sir George Carteret and Mr. Coventry being come from sea. This morning among other things I broached the business of our being abused about flags, which I know doth trouble Sir W. Batten, but I care not. At noon being invited I went with Sir George and Mr. Coventry to Sir W. Batten's to dinner, and there merry, and very friendly to Sir Wm. and he to me, and complies much with me, but I know he envies me, and I do not value him. To the office again, and in the evening walked to Deptford (Cooper with me talking of mathematiques), to send a fellow to prison for cutting of buoy ropes, and to see the difference between the flags sent in now-a-days, and I find the old ones, which were much cheaper, to be wholly as good. So I took one of a sort with me, and Mr. Wayth accompanying of me a good way, talking of the faults of the Navy, I walked to Redriffe back, and so home by water, and after having done, late, at the office, I went to my chamber and to bed.

30th. Up early, and to my office, where Cooper came to me and begun his lecture upon the body of a ship, which my having of a modell in the office is of great use to me, and very pleasant and useful it is. Then by water to White Hall, and there waited upon my Lord Sandwich; and joyed him, at his lodgings, of his safe coming home after all his danger, which he confesses to be very great. And his people do tell me how bravely my Lord did carry himself, while my Lord Crofts[1] did cry; and I perceive it is all the town talk how poorly he carried himself. But the best was of one Mr. Rawlins,[2] a courtier, that was with my Lord;

[1] William Crofts, created Baron Crofts, of Saxham, in Suffolk, 1658, and died s. p. 1677. Governor to the King's son (afterwards the Duke of Monmouth), who bore his name before he took that of Scott from his wife.

[2] Giles Rawlings occurs in an old household book of James, Duke

and in the greatest danger cried, "God damn me, my Lord, I won't give you three-pence for your place now." But all ends in the honour of the pleasure-boats; which, had they not been very good boats, they could never have endured the sea as they did. Thence with Captain Fletcher, of the Gage, in his ship's boat with 8 oars (but every ordinary oars outrowed us) to Woolwich, expecting to find Sir W. Batten there upon his survey, but he is not come, and so we got a dish of steaks at the White Hart, while his clarkes and others were feasting of it in the best room of the house, and after dinner playing at shuffleboard,[1] and when at last they heard I was there, they went about their survey. But God help the King! what surveys shall be taken after this manner! I after dinner about my business to the Rope-yard, and there staid till night, repeating several trialls of the strength, wayte, waste, and other things of hemp, by which I have furnished myself enough to finish my intended business of stating the goodness of all sorts of hemp. At night home by boat with Sir W. Warren, who I landed by the way, and so being come home to bed.

31st. Up early and among my workmen, I ordering my rooms above, which will please me very well. So to my office, and there we sat all the morning, where I begin more and more to grow considerable there. At noon Mr. Coventry and I by his coach to the Exchange together; and in Lumbard-street met Captain Browne of the Rosebush: at which he was cruel angry: and did threaten to go to-day to the Duke at Hampton Court, and get him turned out because he was not sailed. But at the Exchange we resolved of

of York, at Audley End, as Gentleman of the Privy Purse to his Royal Highness, with a salary of £400 per annum. See August 19th, *post.* — B.

[1] The game of shovelboard was played by two players (each provided with five coins) on a smooth heavy table. On the table were marked with chalk a series of lines, and the play was to strike the coin on the edge of the table with the hand so that it rested between these lines. Shakespeare uses the expression "shove-groat shilling," as does Ben Jonson. These shillings were usually smooth and worn for the convenience of playing. Strutt says ("Sports and Pastimes"), "I have seen a shovel-board table at a low public house in Benjamin Street, near Clerkenwell Green, which is about three feet in breadth and thirty-nine feet two inches in length, and said to be the longest at this time in London."

eating a bit together, which we did at the Ship behind the Exchange, and so took boat to Billingsgate, and went down on board the Rosebush at Woolwich, and found all things out of order, but after frightening the officers there, we left them to make more haste, and so on shore to the yard, and did the same to the officers of the yard, that the ship was not dispatched. Here we found Sir W. Batten going about his survey, but so poorly and unlike a survey of the Navy, that I am ashamed of it, and so is Mr. Coventry. We found fault with many things, and among others the measure of some timber now serving in which Mr. Day the assistant told us of, and so by water home again, all the way talking of the office business and other very pleasant discourse, and much proud I am of getting thus far into his books, which I think I am very much in. So home late, and it being the last day of the month, I did make up my accounts before I went to bed, and found myself worth about £650, for which the Lord God be praised, and so to bed. I drank but two glasses of wine this day, and yet it makes my head ake all night, and indisposed me all the next day, of which I am glad. I am now in town only with my man Will and Jane, and because my house is in building, I do lie at Sir W. Pen's house, he being gone to Ireland. My wife, her maid and boy gone to Brampton. I am very well entered into the business and esteem of the office, and do ply it close, and find benefit by it.

August 1st. Up, my head aching, and to my office, where Cooper read me another lecture upon my modell very pleasant. So to my business all the morning, which increases by people coming now to me to the office. At noon to the Exchange, where meeting Mr. Creed and Moore we three to a house hard by (which I was not pleased with) to dinner, and after dinner and some discourse ordinary by coach home, it raining hard, and so at the office all the afternoon till evening to my chamber, where, God forgive me, I was sorry to hear that Sir W. Pen's maid Betty was gone away yesterday, for I was in hopes to have had a bout with her before she had gone, she being very pretty. I had also a mind to my own wench, but I dare not for fear she should prove honest and refuse and then tell my wife. I staid up late, putting things in order for my going to Chat-

ham to-morrow, and so to bed, being in pain . . . with the little riding in a coach to-day from the Exchange, which do trouble me.

2nd. Up early, and got me ready in my riding clothes, and so to the office, and there wrote letters to my father and wife against night, and then to the business of my office, which being done, I took boat with Will, and down to Greenwich, where Captain Cocke not being at home I was vexed, and went to walk in the Park till he come thither to me: and Will's forgetting to bring my boots in the boat did also vex me, for I was forced to send the boat back again for them. I to Captain Cocke's along with him to dinner, where I find his lady still pretty, but not so good a humour as I thought she was. We had a plain, good dinner, and I see they do live very frugally. I eat among other fruit much mulberrys, a thing I have not eat of these many years, since I used to be at Ashted,[1] at my cozen Pepys's. After dinner we to boat, and had a pleasant passage down to Gravesend, but it was nine o'clock before we got thither, so that we were in great doubt what to do, whether to stay there or no; and the rather because I was afeard to ride, because of my pain . . . ; but at the Swan, finding Mr. Hemson and Lieutenant Carteret[2] of the Foresight come to meet me, I borrowed Mr. Hemson's horse, and he took another, and so we rode to Rochester in the dark, and there at the Crown Mr. Gregory, Barrow,[3] and others staid to meet me. So after a glass of wine, we to our barge, that was ready for me, to the Hill-house, where we soon went to bed, before we slept I telling upon discourse Captain Cocke the manner of my being cut of the stone, which pleased him much. So to sleep.

3rd (Lord's day). Up early, and with Captain Cocke to the dock-yard, a fine walk, and fine weather. Where we walked till Commissioner Pett come to us, and took us to his house, and showed us his garden and fine things, and did give us a fine breakfast of bread and butter, and sweetmeats and other things with great choice, and strong drinks,

[1] A village near Epsom.

[2] The "Foresight" was a fourth-rate of forty guns; it was built at Deptford, by Shish, in 1650.

[3] Barrow was storekeeper at Chatham.

with which I could not avoyde making my head ake, though I drank but little. Thither came Captain Allen of the Foresight, and the officers of the yard to see me. Thence by and by to church, by coach, with the Commissioner, and had a dull sermon. A full church, and some pretty women in it; among others, Beck Allen, who was a bride-maid to a new married couple that came to church to-day, and, which was pretty strange, sat in a pew hung with mourning for a mother of the bride's, which methinks should have been taken down. After dinner going out of the church saluted Mrs. Pett, who came after us in the coach to church, and other officers' wives. The Commissioner staid at dinner with me, and we had a good dinner, better than I would have had, but I saw there was no helping of it. After dinner the Commissioner and I left the company and walked in the garden at the Hill-house, which is very pleasant, and there talked of our businesses and matters of the navy. So to church again, where quite weary, and so after sermon walked with him to the yard up and down and the fields, and saw the place designed for the wet dock. And so to his house, and had a syllabub, and saw his closet, which come short of what I expected, but there was fine modells of ships in it indeed, whose worth I could not judge of. At night walked home to the Hill-house, Mr. Barrow with me, talking of the faults of the yard, walking in the fields an hour or two, and so home to supper, and so Captain Cocke and I to bed. This day among other stories he told me how despicable a thing it is to be a hangman in Poland, although it be a place of credit. And that, in his time, there was some repairs to be made of the gallows there, which was very fine of stone; but nobody could be got to mend it till the Burgo-master, or Mayor of the town, with all the companies of those trades which were necessary to be used about those repairs, did go in their habits with flags, in solemn procession to the place, and there the Burgo-master did give the first blow with the hammer upon the wooden work; and the rest of the Masters of the Companys upon the works belonging to their trades; that so workmen might not be ashamed to be employed upon doing of the gallows' works.

4th. Up by four o'clock in the morning and walked to

the Dock, where Commissioner Pett and I took barge and went to the guardships and mustered them, finding them but badly manned; thence to the Sovereign,[1] which we found kept in good order and very clean, which pleased us well, but few of the officers on board. Thence to the Charles, and were troubled to see her kept so neglectedly by the boatswain Clements, who I always took for a very good officer; it is a very brave ship. Thence to Upnor Castle,[2] and there went up to the top, where there is a fine prospect, but of very small force; so to the yard, and there mustered the whole ordinary, where great disorder by multitude of servants and old decrepid men, which must be remedied. So to all the storehouses and viewed the stores of all sorts and the hemp, where we found Captain Cocke's (which he came down to see along with me) very bad, and some others, and with much content (God forgive me) I did hear by the Clerk of the Ropeyard how it was by Sir W. Batten's private letter that one parcel of Alderman Barker's[3] was received. At two o'clock to dinner to the Hill-house, and after dinner dispatched many people's business, and then to the yard again, and looked over Mr. Gregory's and Barrow's houses to see the matter of difference between them concerning an alteration that Barrow would make, which I shall report to the board, but both their houses very pretty, and deserve to be so, being well kept. Then to a trial of several sorts of hemp, but could not perform it here so well as at Woolwich, but we did do it pretty well. So took barge at the dock and to Rochester, and there Captain Cocke and I and our two men took coach about 8 at night and to Gravesend, where it was very dark before we got thither to the Swan; and there, meeting with Doncaster, an old waterman of mine above bridge, we eat a short supper, being very merry with the drolling, drunken coachman that brought us, and so took water. It being

[1] The "Sovereign" was a first-rate of one hundred guns, built at Woolwich, by Captain Phineas Pett, sen., in 1637.

[2] Upnor Castle, Kent, was erected by Queen Elizabeth to defend the passage of the Medway. In 1677 the Dutch were prevented from going up the river by this fort.

[3] William Barker, who married Martha, daughter of William Turner, and widow of Daniel Williams. His son William was created a baronet in 1676.

very dark, and the wind rising, and our waterman unacquainted with this part of the river, so that we presently cast upon the Essex shore, but got off again, and so, as well as we could, went on, but I in such fear that I could not sleep till we came to Erith, and there it begun to be calm, and the stars to shine, and so I began to take heart again, and the rest too, and so made shift to slumber a little. Above Woolwich we lost our way, and went back to Blackwall, and up and down, being guided by nothing but the barking of a dog, which we had observed in passing by Blackwall, and so,

5th. Got right again with much ado, after two or three circles and so on, and at Greenwich set in Captain Cocke, and I set forward, hailing to all the King's ships at Deptford, but could not wake any man: so that we could have done what we would with their ships. At last waked one man; but it was a merchant ship, the Royall Catharine: so to the Tower-dock and home, where the girl sat up for me. It was about three o'clock, and putting Mr. Boddam out of my bed, went to bed, and lay till nine o'clock, and so to the office, where we sat all the morning, and I did give some accounts of my service. Dined alone at home, and was glad my house is begun tiling. And to the office again all the afternoon, till it was so dark that I could not see hardly what it is that I now set down when I write this word, and so went to my chamber and to bed, being sleepy.

6th. Up early, and, going to my office, met Sir G. Carteret in coming through the yard, and so walked a good while talking with him about Sir W. Batten, and find that he is going down the wind in every body's esteem, and in that of his honesty by this letter that he wrote to Captn. Allen concerning Alderman Barker's hemp. Thence by water to White Hall; and so to St. James's; but there found Mr. Coventry gone to Hampton Court. So to my Lord's; and he is also gone: this being a great day at the Council about some business at the Council before the King. Here I met with Mr. Pierce, the chyrurgeon, who told me how Mr. Edward Montagu hath lately had a duell with Mr. Cholmely,[1]

[1] Hugh Cholmeley, afterwards the third baronet of that name; he was the second son of Sir Hugh Cholmeley, of Whitby (governor of Scarborough for Charles I.), whose autobiography has been printed. This Hugh succeeded his nephew of the same name, who died a minor

that is first gentleman-usher to the Queen, and was a messenger from the King to her in Portugall, and is a fine gentleman; but had received many affronts from Mr. Montagu, and some unkindness from my Lord, upon his score (for which I am sorry). He proved too hard for Montagu, and drove him so far backward that he fell into a ditch, and dropt his sword, but with honour would take no advantage over him; but did give him his life: and the world says Mr. Montagu did carry himself very poorly in the business, and hath lost his honour for ever with all people in it, of which I am very glad, in hopes that it will humble him. I hear also that he hath sent to my Lord to borrow £400, giving his brother Harvey's[1] security for it, and that my Lord will lend it him, for which I am sorry. Thence home, and at my office all the morning, and dined at home, and can hardly keep myself from having a mind to my wench, but I hope I shall not fall to such a shame to myself. All the afternoon also at my office, and did business. In the evening came Mr. Bland[2] the merchant to me, who has lived long in Spain, and is concerned in the business of Tangier, who did discourse with me largely of it, and after he was gone did send me three or four printed things that he hath wrote of trade in general and of Tangier particularly, but I do not find much in them. This afternoon Mr. Waith was with me, and did tell me much concerning the Chest, which I am resolved to look into; and I perceive he is sensible of Sir W. Batten's carriage; and is pleased to see any thing work against him. Who, poor man, is, I perceive, much troubled, and did yesterday morning walk in the garden with me, did tell me he did see there was a

in June, 1665, after which date Pepys speaks of him by his title. In February, 1666, he married Lady Anne Compton, eldest daughter of Spencer, Earl of Northampton. He was afterwards, for some years, governor of Tangier, of which he published an account. He died January 9th, 1688. He was descended from a younger branch of that great family of Egertons and Cholmondeleys. — B.

[1] Sir Daniel Harvey, who married Elizabeth Montagu.

[2] John Bland published in 1660 a quarto pamphlet of fifty-seven pages, entitled, "Trade revived, or a way proposed to restore the Trade of this our English nation in its manufactories, coin, shiping, and revenue. London, 1660," a copy of which is in the British Museum Library.

design of bringing another man in his room, and took notice of my sorting myself with others, and that we did business of ourselves without him. Part of which is true, but I denied, and truly, any design of doing him any such wrong as that. He told me he did not say it particularly of me, but he was confident there was somebody intended to be brought in, nay, that the trayne was laid before Sir W. Pen went, which I was glad to hear him say. Upon the whole I see he perceives himself tottering, and that he is suspected, and would be kind to me, but I do my business in the office and neglect him. At night writing in my study a mouse ran over my table, which I shut up fast under myshelf's, upon my table till to-morrow, and so home and to bed.

7th. Up by four o'clock and to my office, and by and by Mr. Cooper comes and to our modell, which pleases me more and more. At this till 8 o'clock, and so we sat in the office and staid all the morning, my interest still growing, for which God be praised. This morning I got unexpectedly the Reserve for Mr. Cooper to be maister of, which was only by taking an opportune time to motion [it], which is one good effect of my being constant at the office, that nothing passes without me; and I have the choice of my own time to propose anything I would have. Dined at home, and to the office again at my business all the afternoon till night, and so to supper and to bed. It being become a pleasure to me now-a-days to follow my business, and the greatest part may be imputed to my drinking no wine, and going to no plays.

8th. Up by four o'clcok in the morning, and at five by water to Woolwich, there to see the manner of tarring, and all the morning looking to see the several proceedings in making of cordage, and other things relating to that sort of works, much to my satisfaction. At noon came Mr. Coventry on purpose from Hampton Court to see the same, and dined with Mr. Falconer, and after dinner to several experiments of Hemp, and particularly some Milan hemp that is brought over ready dressed. Thence we walked talking, very good discourse all the way to Greenwich, and I do find most excellent discourse from him. Among other things, his rule of suspecting every man that proposes any thing to him to be a knave; or, at least, to have some ends of his

own in it. Being led thereto by the story of Sir John Millicent,[1] that would have had a patent from King James for every man to have had leave to have given him a shilling; and that he might take it of every man that had a mind to give it, and being answered that that was a fair thing, but what needed he a patent for it, and what he would do to them that would not give him. He answered, he would not force them; but that they should come to the Council of State, to give a reason why they would not. Another rule is a proverb that he hath been taught, which is that a man that cannot sit still in his chamber (the reason of which I did not understand him), and he that cannot say no (that is, that is of so good a nature that he cannot deny any thing, or cross another in doing any thing), is not fit for business. The last of which is a very great fault of mine, which I must amend in. Thence by boat; I being hot, he put the skirt of his cloak about me; and it being rough, he told me the passage of a Frenchman through London Bridge, where, when he saw the great fall, he begun to cross himself and say his prayers in the greatest fear in the world, and soon as he was over, he swore "Morbleu! c'est le plus grand plaisir du monde," being the most like a French humour in the world.[2] To Deptford, and there surprised the Yard, and called them to a muster, and discovered many abuses, which we shall be able to understand hereafter and amend. Thence walked to Redriffe, and so to London Bridge, where I parted with him, and walked home and did a little business, and to supper and to bed.

9th. Up by four o'clock or a little after, and to my office, whither by and by comes Cooper, to whom I told my getting for him the Reserve, for which he was very thankful,

[1] Sir John Millicent, Bart., of Barham, in Cambridgeshire.

[2] When the first editions of this Diary were printed no note was required here. Before the erection of the present London Bridge the fall of water at the ebb tide was great, and to pass at that time was called "Shooting the bridge." It was very hazardous for small boats. The ancient mode, even in Henry VIII.'s time, of going to the Tower and Greenwich, was to land at the Three Cranes, in Upper Thames Street, suffer the barges to shoot the bridge, and to enter them again at Billingsgate. See Cavendish's "Wolsey," p. 40, ed. 1852; Life of the Duke of Somerset in Fox's "Acts," vol. vi., p. 293; Life of Bishop Hall, in Wordsworth's "Eccl. Biog.," vol. iv., p. 318, ed. 1853. — B.

and fell to work upon our modell, and did a good morning's work upon the rigging, and am very sorry that I must lose him so soon. By and by comes Mr. Coventry, and he and I alone sat at the office all the morning upon business. And so to dinner to Trinity House, and thence by his coach towards White Hall; but there being a stop at the Savoy,[1] we 'light and took water, and my Lord Sandwich being out of town, we parted there, all the way having good discourse, and in short I find him the most ingenuous person I ever found in my life, and am happy in his acquaintance and my interest in him. Home by water, and did business at my office. Writing a letter to my brother John to dissuade him from being Moderator of his year, which I hear is proffered him, of which I am very glad. By and by comes Cooper, and he and I by candlelight at my modell, being willing to learn as much of him as is possible before he goes. So home and to bed.

10th (Lord's day). Being to dine at my brother's, I walked to St. Dunstan's, the church being now finished; and here I heard Dr. Bates,[2] who made a most eloquent sermon; and I am sorry I have hitherto had so low an opinion of the man, for I have not heard a neater sermon a great while, and more to my content. So to Tom's, where Dr. Fairebrother, newly come from Cambridge, met me, and Dr. Thomas Pepys. I framed myself as pleasant as I could, but my mind was another way. Hither came my uncle Fenner, hearing that I was here, and spoke to me about Pegg Kite's business of her portion, which her husband demands, but I will have nothing to do with it. I believe he has no mind to part with the money out of his hands, but let him do what he will with it. He told me the new service-book[3] (which is now lately come forth) was laid upon their deske at St. Sepulchre's for Mr. Gouge[4] to read;

[1] The Savoy Palace in the Strand, a considerable part of which existed so lately as 1816. — B.

[2] William Bates, D.D. (born 1625, died 1699), called the "silver-tongued" divine. He was appointed to the living of St. Dunstan's in the West, which he retained till the Act of Uniformity was passed. His farewell sermon was preached on the 17th of this same month, see *post*. He took part in the negotiations for the restoration of Charles II.

[3] The Common Prayer Book of 1662, now in use.

[4] Thomas Gouge (1609–1681), an eminent Presbyterian minister,

but he laid it aside, and would not meddle with it: and I perceive the Presbyters do all prepare to give over all against Bartholomew tide. Mr. Herring, being lately turned out at St. Bride's, did read the psalm to the people while they sung at Dr. Bates's, which methought is a strange turn. After dinner to St. Bride's, and there heard one Carpenter, an old man, who, they say, hath been a Jesuit priest, and is come over to us; but he preaches very well. So home with Mrs. Turner, and there hear that Mr. Calamy hath taken his farewell this day of his people, and that others will do so the next Sunday. Mr. Turner,[1] the draper, I hear, is knighted, made Alderman, and pricked for Sheriffe, with Sir Thomas Bluddel,[2] for the next year, by the King, and so are called with great honour the King's Sheriffes. Thence walked home, meeting Mr. Moore by the way, and he home with me and walked till it was dark in the garden, and so good night, and I to my closet in my office to perfect my Journall and to read my solemn vows, and so to bed.

11th. All the morning at the office. Dined at home all alone, and so to my office again, whither Dean Fuller came to see me, and having business about a ship to carry his goods to Dublin,[3] whither he is shortly to return, I went with him to the Hermitage, and the ship happening to be Captn. Holland's I did give orders for them to be well looked after, and thence with him to the Custom House about getting a pass for them, and so to the Dolphin tavern, where I spent 6*d.* on him, but drank but one glass of wine, and so parted. He tells me that his niece, that sings so well, whom I have long longed to see, is married to one Mr. Boys, a wholesale man at the Three Crowns in Cheapside. I to the office again, whither Cooper came and read

son of William Gouge, D.D. (lecturer at and afterwards Rector of St. Anne's, Blackfriars). He was vicar of the parish of St. Sepulchre from 1638 until the Act of Uniformity, in 1662, forced him to resign his living.

[1] Sir William Turner, Merchant Taylor, Lord Mayor of London, 1668–69.

[2] A mistake for Bludworth. He had been Colonel of the Orange Regiment of the Trained Bands. Lord Mayor, 1665–66.

[3] Where he was Dean of St. Patrick's. He became Bishop of Limerick in 1663.

his last lecture to me upon my modell, and so bid me good bye, he being to go to-morrow to Chatham to take charge of the ship I have got him. So to my business till 9 at night, and so to supper and to bed, my mind a little at ease because my house is now quite tiled.

12th. Up early at my office, and I find all people beginning to come to me. Among others Mr. Deane,[1] the Assistant of Woolwich, who I find will discover to me the whole abuse that his Majesty suffers in the measuring of timber, of which I shall be glad. He promises me also a modell of a ship, which will please me exceedingly, for I do want one of my own. By and by we sat, and among other things Sir W. Batten and I had a difference about his clerk's making a warrant for a Maister, which I would not suffer, but got another signed, which he desires may be referred to a full board, and I am willing to it. But though I did get another signed of my own clerk's, yet I will give it to his clerk, because I would not be judged unkind, and though I will stand upon my privilege. At noon home and to dinner alone, and so to the office again, where busy all the afternoon till 10 o'clock at night, and so to supper and to bed, my mind being a little disquieted about Sir W. Batten's dispute to-day, though this afternoon I did speak with his man Norman at last, and told him the reason of my claim.

13th. Up early, and to my office, where people come to me about business, and by and by we met on purpose to enquire into the business of the flag-makers, where I am the person that do chiefly manage the business against them on the King's part; and I do find it the greatest cheat that I have yet found; they having eightpence per yard allowed them by pretence of a contract, where no such

[1] Anthony Deane, eldest son of Anthony Deane, mariner of Harwich, Essex, was born about 1638, celebrated as a shipbuilder. He was appointed to Woolwich dockyard at the Restoration, and was subsequently master shipwright at Harwich in 1664, and at Portsmouth in 1668. In 1672 he was Commissioner of the Navy at Portsmouth, and in 1675 Comptroller of the Victualling, and was knighted about that time. He was M.P. for Shoreham in 1678, and for Harwich in 1679 and 1685 (with Pepys), and elected Fellow of the Royal Society in 1681. He was committed to the Tower with Pepys in 1679, and discharged in the following year. He died in Charterhouse Square in 1721 (see Duckett's "Naval Commissioners," 1889, p. 71).

thing appears; and it is threepence more than was formerly paid, and than I now offer the Board to have them done. We did not fully end it, but refer it to another time. At noon Commr. Pett and I by water to Greenwich, and on board the pleasure-boats to see what they wanted, they being ordered to sea, and very pretty things I still find them, and so on shore and at the Shipp had a bit of meat and dined, there waiting upon us a barber of Mr. Pett's acquaintance that plays very well upon the viollin. Thence to Lambeth; and there saw the little pleasure-boat in building by the King, my Lord Brunkard,[1] and the virtuosoes of the town, according to new lines, which Mr. Pett cries up mightily, but how it will prove we shall soon see. So by water home, and busy at my study late, drawing a letter to the yards of reprehension and direction for the board to sign, in which I took great pains. So home and to bed.

14th. Up early and to look on my works, and find my house to go on apace. So to my office to prepare business, and then we met and sat till noon, and then Commissioner Pett and I being invited, went by Sir John Winter's coach sent for us, to the Mitre, in Fenchurch-street, to a venison-pasty; where I found him a very worthy man; and good discourse. Most of which was concerning the Forest of Dean, and the timber there, and iron-workes with their great antiquity, and the vast heaps of cinders which they find, and are now of great value, being necessary for the making of iron at this day; and without which they cannot work: with the age of many trees there left at a great fall in Edward the Third's time, by the name of forbid-trees, which at this day are called vorbid trees. Thence to my office about business till late, and so home and to bed.

15th. Up very early, and up about seeing how my work proceeds, and am pretty well pleased therewith; especially my wife's closet will be very pretty. So to the office and

[1] William Brouncker, second Viscount Brouncker of Castle Lyons in the Irish peerage; created M.D., at Oxford, in 1647; Keeper of the Great Seal to Queen Katharine, a Commissioner of the Admiralty, and Master of St. Catherine's Hospital. He was a man of considerable talents, and the first President of the Royal Society. He died April 5th, 1684, aged sixty-four. There is a fine portrait of him, by Lely, at Hagley (Lord Lyttelton's), and another by the same painter in the rooms of the Royal Society. See *post*, March 24th, 1667.

there very busy, and many people coming to me. At noon to the Change, and there hear of some Quakers that are seized on, that would have blown up the prison in Southwark where they are put. So to the Swan, in Old Fish Street, where Mr. Brigden and his father-in-law, Blackbury, of whom we had bought timber in the office, but have not dealt well with us, did make me a fine dinner only to myself; and after dinner comes in a jugler, which shewed us very pretty tricks. I seemed very pleasant, but am no friend to the man's dealings with us in the office. After an hour or two sitting after dinner talking about office business, where I had not spent any time a great while, I went to Paul's Church Yard to my bookseller's; and there I hear that next Sunday will be the last of a great many Presbyterian ministers in town, who, I hear, will give up all. I pray God the issue may be good, for the discontent is great. Home and to my office till 9 at night doing business, and so to bed. My mind well pleased with a letter I found at home from Mr. Coventry, expressing his satisfaction in a letter I writ last night, and sent him this morning, to be corrected by him in order to its sending down to all the Yards as a charge to them.

17th (Lord's day). Up very early, this being the last Sunday that the Presbyterians are to preach, unless they read the new Common Prayer and renounce the Covenant,[1] and so I had a mind to hear Dr. Bates's farewell sermon, and walked thither, calling first at my brother's, where I found that he is come home after being a week abroad with Dr. Pepys, nobody knows where, nor I but by chance, that he was gone, which troubles me. So I called only at the door, but did not ask for him, but went to Madam Turner's to know whether she went to church, and to tell her that I would dine with her; and so walked to St. Dunstan's, where, it not being seven o'clock yet, the doors were not open; and so I went and walked an hour in the Temple-garden, reading my vows, which it is a great content to me to see how I am a changed man in all respects for the better, since I took them, which the God of Heaven con-

[1] On St. Bartholomew's day, August 24th, 1662, the Act of Uniformity took effect, and about two hundred Presbyterian and Independent ministers lost their preferments.

tinue to me, and make me thankful for. At eight o'clock I went, and crowded in at a back door among others, the church being half-full almost before any doors were open publicly; which is the first time that I have done so these many years since I used to go with my father and mother, and so got into the gallery, beside the pulpit, and heard very well. His text was, "Now the God of Peace——;" the last Hebrews, and the 20th verse: he making a very good sermon, and very little reflections in it to any thing of the times. Besides the sermon, I was very well pleased with the sight of a fine lady that I have often seen walk in Graye's Inn Walks, and it was my chance to meet her again at the door going out, and very pretty and sprightly she is, and I believe the same that my wife and I some years since did meet at Temple Bar gate and have sometimes spoke of. So to Madam Turner's, and dined with her. She had heard Parson Herring take his leave; tho' he, by reading so much of the Common Prayer as he did, hath cast himself out of the good opinion of both sides. After dinner to St. Dunstan's again; and the church quite crowded before I came, which was just at one o'clock; but I got into the gallery again, but stood in a crowd and did exceedingly sweat all the time. He pursued his text again very well; and only at the conclusion told us, after this manner: "I do believe that many of you do expect that I should say something to you in reference to the time, this being the last time that possibly I may appear here. You know it is not my manner to speak any thing in the pulpit that is extraneous to my text and business; yet this I shall say, that it is not my opinion, fashion, or humour that keeps me from complying with what is required of us; but something which, after much prayer, discourse, and study yet remains unsatisfied, and commands me herein. Wherefore, if it is my unhappiness not to receive such an illuminacion as should direct me to do otherwise, I know no reason why men should not pardon me in this world, and am confident that God will pardon me for it in the next." And so he concluded. Parson Herring read a psalm and chapters before sermon; and one was the chapter in the Acts, where the story of Ananias and Sapphira is. And after he had done, says he, "This is just the case of England at present. God

he bids us to preach, and men bid us not to preach; and if we do, we are to be imprisoned and further punished. All that I can say to it is, that I beg your prayers, and the prayers of all good Christians, for us." This was all the exposition he made of the chapter in these very words, and no more. I was much pleased with Dr. Bates's manner of bringing in the Lord's Prayer after his own; thus, "In whose comprehensive words we sum up all our imperfect desires; saying, 'Our Father,'" &c. Church being done and it raining I took a hackney coach and so home, being all in a sweat and fearful of getting cold. To my study at my office, and thither came Mr. Moore to me and walked till it was quite dark. Then I wrote a letter to my Lord Privy Seale as from my Lord for Mr. —— to be sworn directly by deputy to my Lord, he denying to swear him as deputy together with me. So that I am now clear of it, and the profit is now come to be so little that I am not displeased at my getting off so well. He being gone I to my study and read, and so to eat a bit of bread and cheese and so to bed. I hear most of the Presbyters took their leaves to-day, and that the City is much dissatisfied with it. I pray God keep peace among us, and make the Bishops careful of bringing in good men in their rooms, or else all will fly a-pieces; for bad ones will not [go] down with the City.

18th. Up very early, and up upon my house to see how work goes on, which do please me very well. So about seven o'clock took horse and rode to Bowe, and there staid at the King's Head, and eat a breakfast of eggs till Mr. Deane of Woolwich came to me, and he and I rid into Waltham Forest, and there we saw many trees of the King's a-hewing; and he showed me the whole mystery of off square,[1] wherein the King is abused in the timber that he

[1] Off-square is evidently a mistake, in the shorthand MS., for half-square, which is explained by the following extract from W. Leybourn's "Complete Surveyor," third edition, London, 1674, folio: —

"Before I proceed, I must needs detect one grand and too common an error; for most artificers, when they meet with squared timber, whose breadth and depth are unequal, they usually add the breadth and depth together, and take the half for a mean square, and so proceed. This, indeed, though it be always an error, yet it is not so great when the difference of the breadth and depth is not much; but, if the

buys, which I shall with much pleasure be able to correct. After we had been a good while in the wood, we rode to Illford, and there, while dinner was getting ready, he and I practised measuring of the tables and other things till I did understand measuring of timber and board very well. So to dinner and by and by, being sent for, comes Mr. Cooper, our officer in the Forest, and did give me an account of things there, and how the country is backward to come in with their carts. By and by comes one Mr. Marshall, of whom the King has many carriages for his timber, and they staid and drank with me, and while I am here, Sir W.

difference be great, the error is very obnoxious either to buyer or seller. I will instance in one example: —

"Let a piece of timber be 2 foot 24 parts broad, and 1 foot 30 parts deep, and 26 foot long: how many foot are contained therein?

"First for the true way —

"1. As 1 is to 2·24 parts, the breadth, so is 1·30 parts, the depth, to 3·92 parts, the content at the end.

"2. As 1 is to 2·92, so is 26, the length, to 56·07, the content, which is 56 foot and about an inch.

"Now for the customary false way —

The breadth of the piece is	2·24
The depth thereof is	1·30
Their sum is	3·54
The half sum is	1·77

And this 1·77 parts they take for the true square, which is egregiously false; for now come to the line of numbers, and say —

"1. As 1 is to 1·77 parts, so is 1·77 parts to 3·13 parts.

"2. As 1 is to 3·13 parts, so is 26, the length, to 81·45 parts, that is to 81 foot and almost half a foot, whereas, by the true way, it contains but 56 foot and ·07 parts. The difference in this piece being 25 foot and above one-third part of a foot, which is above half a load of timber, and timber being at 50*s.* or £3 per load, here is 25*s.* or 30*s.* lost by the buyer, and gained by the seller; a considerable fallacy to buy one load, and pay for above a load and a half. But, if people will be deceived, let them be deceived."

It is to be hoped that Pepys carried out his intention of putting an end to the nefarious practice of cheating the King in the purchase of timber. He speaks of it in good faith, and his term, mystery, simply implies his ignorance of the art of measuring. With regard to Sir William Warren, the case was probably different: he made large presents to Pepys, and confesses that he perjured himself before the Committee of the House of Commons, in concealing the fact. Frauds in the supply of timber for the use of the Navy have been common subjects of complaint at a much later period. — B.

Batten passed by in his coach, homewards from Colchester, where he had been seeing his son-in-law, Lemon, that lies a-dying, but I would take no notice of him, but let him go. By and by I got a horseback again and rode to Barking, and there saw the place where they ship this timber for Woolwich; and so Deane and I home again, and parted at Bowe, and I home just before a great showre of rayne, as God would have it. I find Deane a pretty able man, and able to do the King service; but, I think, more out of envy to the rest of the officers of the yard, of whom he complains much, than true love, more than others, to the service. He would fain seem a modest man, and yet will commend his own work and skill, and vie with other persons, especially the Petts, but I let him alone to hear all he will say. Whiled away the evening at my office trying to repeat the rules of measuring learnt this day, and so to bed with my mind very well pleased with this day's work.

19th. Up betimes and to see how my work goes on. Then Mr. Creed came to me, and he and I walked an hour or two till 8 o'clock in the garden, speaking of our accounts one with another and then things public. Among other things he tells me that my Lord has put me into Commission with himself and many noblemen and others for Tangier, which, if it be, is not only great honour, but may be of profit too, and I am very glad of it. By and by to sit at the office; and Mr. Coventry did tell us of the duell between Mr. Jermyn,[1] nephew to my Lord St. Alban's, and Colonel Giles Rawlins,[2] the latter of whom is killed, and the first mortally wounded, as it is thought. They fought against Captain Thomas Howard,[3] my Lord Car-

[1] Henry Jermyn, younger nephew of the Earl of St. Albans. He was created Baron Jermyn of Dover, 1685, and died in 1708, s. p.; his elder brother, Thomas, became second Baron Jermyn of Bury St. Edmund's, on the death of his uncle, the Earl of St. Albans, in 1683, and died unmarried in 1703. Thomas Jermyn was Governor of Jersey.

[2] See July 30th, 1662, *ante*.

[3] "*Aug.* 18, 1662. Capt. Thomas Howard, the Earl of Carlisle's brother, and the Lord Dillon's son, a Colonel, met with Mr. Giles Rawlings, privy purse to the D. of York, and Mr. Jermyn, the Earl of St. Alban's nephew. . . . There had been a slight quarrel betwixt them, and as they, Rawlings and Jermyn, came from tennis, these two drew at them, and then Col. Dillon killed this Mr. Rawlings dead

lisle's brother, and another unknown;[1] who, they say, had armour on that they could not be hurt, so that one of their swords went up to the hilt against it. They had horses ready, and are fled. But what is most strange, Howard sent one challenge, but they could not meet, and then another,[2] and did meet yesterday at the old Pall Mall[3] at St. James's, and would not to the last tell Jermyn what the quarrel was; nor do any body know. The Court is much concerned in this fray, and I am glad of it; hoping that it will cause some good laws against it. After sitting, Sir G. Carteret and I walked a good while in the garden, who told me that Sir W. Batten had made his complaint to him that some of us had a mind to do him a bad turn, but I do not see that Sir George is concerned for him at all, but rather against him. He professes all love to me, and did tell me how he had spoke of me to my Lord Chancellor, and that if my Lord Sandwich would ask my Lord Chancellor, he should know what he had said of me to him to

upon the spot. Mr. Jermyn was left for dead. This Captain Howard was unfortunate since the return of his Majᵗʸ, in killing a horse-courser man in St. Giles. Mr. Rawlings was much lamented; he lived in a very handsome state, six horses in his coach, three footmen, &c. *Oct.* Capt. Thomas Howard, and Lord Dillon's son, both of them fled about the killing of Mr. Giles Rawlings; but after a quarter of a year they came into England, and were acquitted by law." — Rugge's *Diurnal.* Thomas Howard, fourth son of Sir William Howard, was afterwards a colonel in the army, and third husband of Mary, Duchess of Richmond (see *ante*, April 21st, 1662).

[1] Colonel Cary Dillon, youngest son of Robert, second Earl of Roscommon (then Lord Dillon), who is previously referred to as the suitor of the beautiful Frances Boteler (or Butler), and not, as stated in former editions of the Diary, Charles, eldest son of James, fourth Viscount Dillon. Cary Dillon succeeded his nephew the poet, in 1684, as fifth Earl of Roscommon. He married Katharine, daughter of John Werden of Chester, and died November 25th, 1689.

[2] Hamilton gives the following account of the duel, which arose from rivalry between Howard and Jermyn about Lady Shrewsbury: "Jermyn prit pour second, Giles Rawlings, homme de bonne fortune, et gros joueur. Howard se servit de Dillon, adroit et brave, fort honnête homme, et par malheur intime ami de Rawlings. Dans ce combat, la fortune ne fut point pour les favoris de l'amour. Le pauvre Rawlings y fut tué tout roide, et Jermyn, percé de trois coups d'épée, fut porté chez son oncle, avec fort peu de signes de vie." — *Mém. de Grammont.* — B.

[3] The old Pall Mall represents the present street, which was so called when the Mall was made in St. James's Park.

my advantage, of which I am very glad, and do not doubt that all things will grow better and better every day for me. Dined at home alone, then to my office, and there till late at night doing business, and so home, eat a bit, and to bed.

20th. Up early, and to my office, and thence to my Lord Sandwich, whom I found in bed, and he sent for me in. Among other talk, he do tell me that he hath put me into commission with a great many great persons in the business of Tangier, which is a very great honour to me, and may be of good concernment to me. By and by comes in Mr. Coventry to us, whom my Lord tells that he is also put into the commission, and that I am there, of which he said he was glad; and did tell my Lord that I was indeed the life of this office, and much more to my commendation beyond measure. And that, whereas before he did bear me respect for his sake, he do do it now much more for my own; which is a great blessing to me. Sir G. Carteret having told me what he did yesterday concerning his speaking to my Lord Chancellor about me. So that on all hands, by God's blessing, I find myself a very rising man. By and by comes my Lord Peterborough in, with whom we talked a good while, and he is going to-morrow towards Tangier again. I perceive there is yet good hopes of peace with Guyland,[1] which is of great concernment to Tangier. And many other things I heard which yet I understand not, and so cannot remember. My Lord and Lord Peterborough going out to the Solicitor General[2] about the drawing up of this Commission, I went to Westminster Hall with Mr. Moore, and there meeting Mr. Townsend, he would needs take me to Fleet Street, to one Mr. Barwell, squire sadler to the King, and there we and several other Wardrobe-men dined. We had a venison pasty, and other good plain and handsome dishes; the mistress of the house a pretty, well-carriaged woman, and a fine hand she hath; and her maid a pretty brown lass. But I do find my nature ready to run back to

[1] A Moorish usurper, who had put himself at the head of an army for the purpose of attacking Tangier. — B.

[2] Sir Heneage Finch, Bart., was Solicitor-General from 1660 to 1670, in which latter year he became Attorney-General. He was created Earl of Nottingham in 1681.

my old course of drinking wine and staying from my business, and yet, thank God, I was not fully contented with it, but did stay at little ease, and after dinner hastened home by water, and so to my office till late at night. In the evening Mr. Hayward came to me to advise with me about the business of the Chest, which I have now a mind to put in practice, though I know it will vex Sir W. Batten, which is one of the ends (God forgive me) that I have in it. So home, and eat a bit, and to bed.

21st. Up early, and to my office, and by and by we sat all the morning. At noon, though I was invited to my uncle Fenner's to dinner to a haunch of venison I sent him yesterday, yet I did not go, but chose to go to Mr. Rawlinson's, where my uncle Wight and my aunt, and some neighbour couples were at a very good venison pasty. Hither came, after we were set down, a most pretty young lady (only her hands were not white nor handsome), which pleased me well, and I found her to be sister to Mrs. Anne Wight that comes to my uncle Wight's. We were good company, and had a very pretty dinner. And after dinner some talk, I with my aunt and this young lady about their being [at] Epsom, from whence they came to-day, and so home and to my office, and there doing business till past 9 at night, and so home and to bed. But though I drank no wine to-day, yet how easily was I of my own accord stirred up to desire my aunt and this pretty lady (for it was for her that I did it) to carry them to Greenwich and see the pleasure boats. But my aunt would not go, of which since I am much glad.

22nd. About three o'clock this morning I waked with the noise of the rayne, having never in my life heard a more violent shower; and then the catt was lockt in the chamber, and kept a great mewing, and leapt upon the bed, which made me I could not sleep a great while. Then to sleep, and about five o'clock rose, and up to my office, and about 8 o'clock went down to Deptford, and there with Mr. Davis did look over most of his stores; by the same token in the great storehouse, while Captain Badily was talking to us, one from a trap-door above let fall unawares a coyle of cable, that it was 10,000 to one it had not broke Captain Badily's neck, it came so near him, but did him

no hurt. I went on with looking and informing myself of the stores with great delight, and having done there, I took boat home again and dined, and after dinner sent for some of my workmen and did scold at them so as I hope my work will be hastened. Then by water to Westminster Hall, and there I hear that old Mr. Hales[1] did lately die suddenly in an hour's time. Here I met with Will Bowyer, and had a promise from him of a place to stand to-morrow at his house to see the show. Thence to my Lord's, and thither sent for Mr. Creed, who came, and walked together talking about business, and then to his lodgings at Clerke's, the confectioner's, where he did give me a little banquet, and I had liked to have begged a parrot for my wife, but he hath put me in a way to get a better from Steventon,[2] at Portsmouth. But I did get of him a draught of Tangier to take a copy by, which pleases me very well. So home by water and to my office, where late, and so home to bed.

23d. Up early, and about my works in my house, to see what is done and design more. Then to my office, and by and by we sat till noon at the office. After sitting, Mr. Coventry and I did walk together a great while in the Garden, where he did tell me his mind about Sir G. Carteret's having so much the command of the money, which must be removed. And indeed it is the bane of all our business. He observed to me also how Sir W. Batten begins to struggle and to look after his business, which he do indeed a little, but it will come to nothing. I also put him upon getting an order from the Duke for our inquiries into the Chest, which he will see done. So we parted, and Mr. Creed by appointment being come, he and I went out together, and at an ordinary in Lumbard Streete dined together, and so walked down to the Styllyard,[3] and so all along Thames-

[1] This must be some friend of Pepys's who is unknown to fame. In former editions the passage in the text has been supposed to refer to John Hales of Eton, but the "ever-memorable" Hales died some years before (on May 19th, 1656).

[2] Steventon was uncle of William Hewer.

[3] The Steelyard, Steleyard, or Stilliard, the hall of the Hanse merchants, stood in Upper Thames Street, where the Cannon Street station now stands. The superficial area of the place amounted to four acres. The principal entrance in Thames Street was formed by stone gateways.

street, but could not get a boat: I offered eight shillings for a boat to attend me this afternoon, and they would not, it being the day of the Queen's coming to town from Hampton Court. So we fairly walked it to White Hall, and through my Lord's lodgings we got into White Hall garden, and so to the Bowling-green, and up to the top of the new Banqueting House there, over the Thames, which was a most pleasant place as any I could have got; and all the show consisted chiefly in the number of boats and barges; and two pageants, one of a King, and another of a Queen, with her Maydes of Honour sitting at her feet very prettily; and they tell me the Queen is Sir Richard Ford's daughter. Anon come the King and Queen in a barge under a canopy with 10,000 barges and boats, I think, for we could see no water for them, nor discern the King nor Queen. And so they landed at White Hall Bridge,[1] and the great guns on the other side went off. But that which pleased me best was, that my Lady Castlemaine stood over against us upon a piece of White Hall, where I glutted myself with looking on her. But methought it was strange to see her Lord and her upon the same place walking up and down without taking notice one of another, only at first entry he put off his hat, and she made him a very civil salute, but afterwards took no notice one of another; but both of them now and then would take their child, which the nurse held in her armes, and dandle it. One thing more; there happened a scaffold below to fall, and we feared some hurt, but there was none, but she of all the great ladies only run down among the common rabble to see what hurt was done, and did take care of a child that received some little hurt, which methought was so noble. Anon there came one there booted and spurred that she talked long with. And by and by, she being in her hair, she put on his hat, which was but an ordinary one, to keep the wind off. But methinks it became her mightily, as every thing else do. The show being over, I went away, not weary with looking on her, and to my Lord's lodgings,

The ground floors of the buildings between these gates were devoted to the Rhenish wine tavern frequently alluded to by Pepys.

[1] The landing stage or stairs at Whitehall. These places were frequently called bridges.

where my brother Tom and Dr. Thomas Pepys were to speak with me. So I walked with them in the garden, and was very angry with them both for their going out of town without my knowledge; but they told me the business, which was to see a gentlewoman for a wife for Tom, of Mr. Cooke's providing, worth £500, of good education, her name Hobell, and lives near Banbury, demands £40 per annum joynter.[1] Tom likes her, and, they say, had a very good reception, and that Cooke hath been very serviceable therein, and that she is committed to old Mr. Young, of the Wardrobe's, tuition. After I had told them my mind about their folly in going so unadvisedly, I then begun to inquire after the business, and so did give no answer as to my opinion till I have looked farther into it by Mr. Young. By and by, as we were walking in my Lord's walk, comes my Lord, and so we broke our discourse and went in with him, and after I had put them away I went in to my Lord, and he and I had half an hour's private discourse about the discontents of the times, which we concluded would not come to anything of difference, though the Presbyters would be glad enough of it; but we do not think religion will so soon cause another war. Then to his own business. He asked my advice there, whether he should go on to purchase more land and to borrow money to pay for it, which he is willing to do, because such a bargain as that of Mr. Buggins's, of Stukely, will not be every day to be had, and Brampton is now perfectly granted him by the King — I mean the reversion of it — after the Queen's death; and, in the meantime, he buys it of Sir Peter Ball his present right. Then we fell to talk of Navy business, and he concludes, as I do, that he needs not put himself upon any more voyages abroad to spend money, unless a war comes; and that by keeping his family awhile in the country, he shall be able to gather money. He is glad of a friendship with Mr. Coventry, and I put him upon increasing it, which he will do, but he (as Mr. Coventry do) do much cry against the course of our payments and the Treasurer to have the whole power in his own hands of doing what he will, but I think

[1] The engagement was broken off on account of the insufficiency of the lady's portion (see *post*, October 22nd).

will not meddle in himself. He told me also that in the Commission for Tangier Mr. Coventry had advised him that Mr. Povy,[1] who intended to be Treasurer, and it is intended him, may not be of the Commission itself, and my Lord I think will endeavour to get him to be contented to be left out of the Commission, and it is a very good rule indeed that the Treasurer in no office ought to be of the Commission. Here we broke off, and I bid him good night, and so with much ado, the streets being at nine o'clock at night crammed with people going home to the city, for all the borders of the river had been full of people, as the King had come, to a miracle got to the Palace Yard, and there took boat, and so to the Old Swan, and so walked home, and to bed very weary.

24th (Lord's day). Slept till 7 o'clock, which I have not done a very great while, but it was my weariness last night that caused it. So rose and to my office till church time, writing down my yesterday's observations, and so to church, where I all alone, and found Will Griffin and Thomas Hewett got into the pew next to our backs, where our maids sit, but when I come, they went out; so forward some people are to outrun themselves. Here we had a lazy, dull sermon. So home to dinner, where my brother Tom came to me, and both before and after dinner he and I walked all alone in the garden, talking about his late journey and his

[1] Thomas Povy, who had held, under Cromwell, a high situation in the Office of Plantations, was appointed in July, 1660, Treasurer and Receiver-General of the Rents and Revenues of James, Duke of York; but his royal master's affairs falling into confusion, he surrendered his patent on the 27th July, 1668, for a consideration of £2,000. He was also First Treasurer for Tangier, which office he resigned to Pepys. Povy had apartments at Whitehall, besides his lodgings in Lincoln's Inn, and a villa near Hounslow, called the Priory, which he had inherited from Justinian Povy, who purchased it in 1625. He was one of the sons of Justinian Povy, Auditor-General to Queen Anne of Denmark in 1614, whose father was John Povy, citizen and embroiderer of London. Justinian obtained a grant of arms: *sable*, a bend engrailed between six cinque-foils, *or*, with an annulet for difference. Thomas Povy had two brothers — Richard, who was Commissioner-General of Provisions at Jamaica; and William, Provost-Marshal at Barbadoes. Evelyn describes Thomas Povy, then one of the Masters of Requests (Diary, February 29th, 1675–6), as "a nice contriver of all elegancies, and exceedingly formal." By Pepys's report, he was "a wretched accountant." His letter-books are in the British Museum. — B.

mistress, and for what he tells me it is like to do well. He being gone, I to church again, where Mr. Mills, making a sermon upon confession, he did endeavour to pull down auricular confession, but did set it up by his bad arguments against it, and advising people to come to him to confess their sins when they had any weight upon their consciences, as much as is possible, which did vex me to hear. So home, and after an hour's being in my office alone, looking over the plates and globes, I walked to my uncle Wight's, the truth is, in hopes to have seen and been acquainted with the pretty lady that came along with them to dinner the other day to Mr. Rawlinson, but she is gone away. But here I staid supper, and much company there was; among others, Dr. Burnett,[1] Mr. Cole the lawyer, Mr. Rawlinson, and Mr. Sutton, a brother of my aunt's, that I never saw before. Among other things they tell me that there hath been a disturbance in a church in Friday Street;[2] a great many young [people] knotting together and crying out "Porridge"[3] often and seditiously in the church, and took the Common Prayer Book, they say, away; and, some say, did tear it; but it is a thing which appears to me very ominous. I pray God avert it. After supper home and to bed.

25th. Up early, and among my workmen when they came, and set them in good order at work on all hands, which, though it at first began angrily, yet I pleased myself afterwards in seeing it put into a good posture, and so I left them, and away by water to Woolwich (calling in my way in Hamcreek, where I have never been before, and there

[1] Alexander Burnett, M.D., who lived in Fenchurch Street. He died of the plague, August 25th, 1665.

[2] St. Matthew's Church was situated on the west side of Friday Street, near Cheapside. It was destroyed in the Great Fire, and rebuilt under Sir Christopher Wren. This building was pulled down in 1881.

[3] A nickname given by the Dissenters to the Prayer-Book. In Mrs. Behn's "City Heiress" (1682), Sir Anthony says to Sir Timothy, "You come from Church, too." Sir Timothy replies, "Ay, needs must when the Devil drives—I go to save my bacon, as they say, once a month, and that too after the Porridge is served up." Scott quotes, in his notes to "Woodstock," a pamphlet entitled, "Vindication of the Book of Common Prayer, against the contumelious Slanders of the Fanatic party terming it Porridge."

found two of the King's ships lie there without any living creature aboard, which troubled me, every thing being stole away that can be), where I staid seeing a cable of 14 inches laid, in which there was good variety. Then to Mr. Falconer's, and there eat a bit of roast meat off of the spit, and so away to the yard, and there among other things mustered the yard, and did things that I perceive people do begin to value me, and that I shall be able to be of command in all matters, which God be praised for. Then to Mr. Pett's, and there eat some fruit and drank, and so to boat again, and to Deptford, calling there about the business of my house only, and so home, where by appointment I found Mr. Coventry, Sir W. Batten, and Mr. Waith met at Sir W. Batten's, and thither I met, and so agreed upon a way of answering my Lord Treasurer's letter. Here I found Mr. Coventry had got a letter from the Duke, sent us for looking into the business of the Chest, of which I am glad. After we had done here I went home, and up among my workmen, and found they had done a good day's work, and so to my office till late ordering of several businesses, and so home and to bed, my mind, God be praised, full of business, but great quiet.

26th. Up betimes and among my works and workmen, and with great [pleasure] seeing them go on merrily, and a good many hands, which I perceive makes good riddance, and so to the office, where we sat all the morning, and at noon dined alone with Sir W. Batten, which I have not done a great while, but his lady being out of the way I was the willinger to do it, and after dinner he and I by water to Deptford, and there found Sir G. Carteret and my Lady at dinner, and so we sat down and eat another dinner of venison with them, and so we went to the payhouse, and there staid till 10 o'clock at night paying off the Martin and Kinsale, being small but troublesome ships to pay, and so in the dark by water home to the Custom House, and so got a lanthorn to light us home, there being Mr. Morrice the wine cooper with us, he having been at Deptford to view some of the King's casks we have to sell. So to bed.

27th. Up and among my workmen, my work going on still very well. So to my office all the morning, and dined again with Sir W. Batten, his Lady being in the country.

Among other stories, he told us of the Mayor of Bristoll's reading a pass with the bottom upwards; and a barber that could not read, that flung a letter in the kennel when one came to desire him to read the superscription, saying, "Do you think I stand here to read letters?" Among my workmen again, pleasing myself all the afternoon there, and so to the office doing business till past 9 at night, and so home and to bed. This afternoon Mrs. Hunt came to see me, and I did give her a Muske Millon. To-day my hogshead of sherry I have sold to Sir W. Batten, and am glad of my money instead of wine. After I had wrote this at my office (as I have of late altogether done since my wife has been in the country) I went into my house, and Will having been making up books at Deptford with other clerks all day, I did not think he was come home, but was in fear for him, it being very late, what was become of him. But when I came home I found him there at his ease in his study, which vexed me cruelly, that he should no more mind me, but to let me be all alone at the office waiting for him. Whereupon I struck him, and did stay up till 12 o'clock at night chiding him for it, and did in plain terms tell him that I would not be served so, and that I am resolved to look out some boy that I may have the bringing up of after my own mind, and which I do intend to do, for I do find that he has got a taste of liberty since he came to me that he will not leave. Having discharged my mind, I went to bed.

28th. I observe that Will, whom I used to call two or three times in a morning, would now wake of himself and rise without calling. Which though angry I was glad to see. So I rose and among my workmen, in my gown, without a doublet, an hour or two or more, till I was afraid of getting an ague, and so to the office, and there we sat all the morning, and at noon Mr. Coventry and I dined at Sir W. Batten's, where I have now dined three days together, and so in the afternoon again we sat, which we intend to do two afternoons in a week besides our other sitting. In the evening we rose, and I to see how my work goes on, and so to my office, writing by the post and doing other matters, and so home and to bed late.

29th. Up betimes and among my workmen, where I did stay with them the greatest part of the morning, only a little

at the office, and so to dinner alone at home, and so to my workmen again, finding my presence to carry on the work both to my mind and with more haste, and I thank God I am pleased with it. At night, the workmen being gone, I went to my office, and among other businesses did begin to-night with Mr. Lewes to look into the nature of a purser's account, and the business of victualling, in which there is great variety; but I find I shall understand it, and be able to do service there also. So being weary and chill, being in some fear of an ague, I went home and to bed.

30th. Up betimes among my workmen, and so to the office, where we sat all the morning, and at noon rose and had news that Sir W. Pen would be in town from Ireland, which I much wonder at, he giving so little notice of it, and it troubled me exceedingly what to do for a lodging, and more what to do with my goods, that are all in his house; but at last I resolved to let them lie there till Monday, and so got Griffin[1] to get a lodging as near as he could, which is without a door of our back door upon Tower Hill, a chamber where John Pavis, one of our clerks, do lie in, but he do provide himself elsewhere, and I am to have his chamber. So at the office all the afternoon and the evening till past 10 at night expecting Sir W. Pen's coming, but he not coming to-night I went thither and there lay very well, and like my lodging well enough. My man Will after he had got me to bed did go home and lay there, and my maid Jane lay among my goods at Sir W. Pen's.

31st (Lord's day). Waked early, but being in a strange house, did not rise till 7 o'clock almost, and so rose and read over my oaths, and whiled away an hour thinking upon businesses till Will came to get me ready, and so got ready and to my office, and thence to church. After sermon home and dined alone. News is brought me that Sir W. Pen is come. But I would take no notice thereof till after dinner, and then sent him word that I would wait on him, but he is gone to bed. So to my office, and there made my monthly [accounts], and find myself worth in money about £686 19*s*. 2½*d*., for which God be praised; and indeed greatly I hope to thank Almighty God, who do most mani-

[1] Will Griffin, the doorkeeper.

festly bless me in my endeavours to do the duties of my office, I now saving money, and my expenses being little. My wife is still in the country; my house all in dirt; but my work in a good forwardness, and will be much to my mind at last. In the afternoon to church, and there heard a simple sermon of a stranger upon David's words, "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the way of the ungodly," &c., and the best of his sermon was the degrees of walking, standing, and sitting, showing how by steps and degrees sinners do grow in wickedness. After sermon to my brother Tom's, who I found has taken physic to-day, and I talked with him about his country mistress, and read Cook's letter, wherein I am well satisfied, and will appear in promoting it; so back and to Mr. Rawlinson's, and there supped with him, and in came my uncle Wight and my aunt. Our discourse of the discontents that are abroad, among, and by reason of the Presbyters. Some were clapped up to-day, and strict watch is kept in the City by the train-bands, and letters of a plot are taken. God preserve us! for all these things bode very ill. So home, and after going to welcome home Sir W. Pen, who was unready, going to bed, I staid with him a little while, and so to my lodging and to bed.

September 1st. Up betimes at my lodging and to my office and among my workmen, and then with Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen by coach to St. James's, this being the first day of our meeting there by the Duke's order; but when we come, we found him going out by coach with his Duchess, and he told us he was to go abroad with the Queen to-day (to Durdans,[1] it seems, to dine with my Lord Barkeley, where I have been very merry when I was a little boy); so we went and staid a little at Mr. Coventry's chamber, and I to my Lord Sandwich's, who is gone to wait upon the King and Queen to-day. And so Mr. Paget being there, Will Howe and I and he played over some things of Locke's that we used to play at sea, that pleased us three well, it being the first music I have heard a great while, so much has my business of late taken me off from all my former delights. By and by by water home, and there dined alone,

[1] Durdans, a famous house near Epsom, then occupied by Lord Berkeley.

and after dinner with my brother Tom's two men I removed all my goods out of Sir W. Pen's house into one room that I have with much ado got ready at my house, and so I am to be quit of any further obligation to him. So to my office, but missing my key, which I had in my hand just now, makes me very angry and out of order, it being a thing that I hate in others, and more in myself, to be careless of keys, I thinking another not fit to be trusted that leaves a key behind their hole. One thing more vexes me: my wife writes me from the country that her boy plays the rogue there, and she is weary of him, and complains also of her maid Sarah, of which I am also very sorry. Being thus out of temper, I could do little at my office, but went home and eat a bit, and so to my lodging to bed.

2nd. Up betimes and got myself ready alone, and so to my office, my mind much troubled for my key that I lost yesterday, and so to my workmen and put them in order, and so to my office, and we met all the morning, and then dined at Sir W. Batten's with Sir W. Pen, and so to my office again all the afternoon, and in the evening wrote a letter to Mr. Cooke, in the country, in behalf of my brother Tom, to his mistress, it being the first of my appearing in it, and if she be as Tom sets her out, it may be very well for him. So home and eat a bit, and so to my lodging to bed.

3rd. Up betimes, but now the days begin to shorten, and so whereas I used to rise by four o'clock, it is not broad daylight now till after five o'clock, so that it is after five before I do rise. To my office, and about 8 o'clock I went over to Redriffe, and walked to Deptford, where I found Mr. Coventry and Sir W. Pen beginning the pay, it being my desire to be there to-day because it is the first pay that Mr. Coventry has been at, and I would be thought to be as much with Mr. Coventry as I can. Here we staid till noon, and by that time paid off the Breda,[1] and then to dinner at the tavern, where I have obtained that our commons is not so large as they used to be, which I am glad to see. After dinner by water to the office, and there we met and sold the Weymouth, Successe, and Fellowship hulkes,[2] where pleas-

[1] The "Breda" (previously the "Nantwich") was a fourth-rate of forty guns, built at Bristol in 1654.

[2] The "Weymouth" was a sixth-rate of nineteen guns. There were

ant to see how backward men are at first to bid; and yet when the candle is going out, how they bawl and dispute afterwards who bid the most first. And here I observed one man cunninger than the rest that was sure to bid the last man, and to carry it; and inquiring the reason, he told me that just as the flame goes out the smoke descends, which is a thing I never observed before, and by that he do know the instant when to bid last, which is very pretty. In our discourse in the boat Mr. Coventry told us how the Fanatiques and the Presbyters, that did intend to rise about this time, did choose this day as the most auspicious to them in their endeavours against monarchy: it being fatal twice to the King, and the day of Oliver's death.[1] But, blessed be God! all is likely to be quiet, I hope. After the sale I walked to my brother's, in my way meeting with Dr. Fairbrother, of whom I enquired what news in Church matters. He tells me, what I heard confirmed since, that it was fully resolved by the King's new Council that an indulgence should be granted the Presbyters; but upon the Bishop of London's speech[2] (who is now one of the most powerful men in England with the King), their minds were wholly turned. And it is said that my Lord Albemarle did oppose him most; but that I do believe is only in appearance. He told me also that most of the Presbyters now begin to wish they had complied, now they see that no Indulgence will be granted them, which they hoped for; and that the Bishop of London hath taken good care that places are supplied with very good and able men, which is the only thing that will keep all quiet. I took him in the tavern at Puddle dock, but neither he nor I drank any of the wine we called for, but

two vessels named the "Success" — the "Old Success," a fifth-rate of thirty-four guns, and the "Success" (previously the "Bradford"), a fifth-rate of twenty-four guns (see List of the Royal Navy in 1660, "Archæologia," vol. xlviii., p. 167).

[1] Cromwell had considered the 3rd of September as the most fortunate day of his life, on account of his victories at Dunbar and Worcester. It was also remarkable for the great storm that occurred at the time of his death; and as being the day on which the Fire of London, in 1666, burnt with the greatest fury. — B.

[2] Gilbert Sheldon, born July 19th, 1598; Fellow of All Souls, Oxford, 1622; Warden, 1635; Bishop of London, 1660–63; Archbishop of Canterbury, 1663. Died November 9th, 1677.

left it, and so after discourse parted, and Mr. Townsend not being at home I went to my brother's, and there heard how his love matter proceeded, which do not displease me, and so by water to White Hall to my Lord's lodgings, where he being to go to Hinchingbroke to-morrow morning, I staid and fiddled with Will. Howe some new tunes very pleasant, and then my Lord came in and had much kind talk with him, and then to bed with Mr. Moore there alone. So having taken my leave of my Lord before I went to bed, I resolved to rise early and be gone without more speaking to him—

4th. Which I did, and by water betimes to the Tower and so home, where I shifted myself, being to dine abroad, and so being also trimmed, which is a thing I have very seldom done of late, I gat to my office and then met and sit all the morning, and at noon we all to the Trinity House, where we treated, very dearly, I believe, the officers of the Ordnance; where was Sir W. Compton and the rest and the Lieutenant of the Tower. We had much and good music, which was my best entertainment. Sir Wm. Compton I heard talk with great pleasure of the difference between the fleet now and in Queen Elizabeth's days; where, in 88, she had but 36 sail great and small, in the world; and ten rounds of powder was their allowance at that time against the Spaniard.[1] After Sir W. Compton and Mr. Coventry, and some of the best of the rest were gone, I grew weary of staying with Sir Williams both, and the more for that my Lady Batten and her crew, at least half a score, come into the room, and I believe we shall pay size for it; but 'tis very pleasant to see her in her hair under her hood, and how by little and little she would fain be a gallant; but, Lord! the company she keeps about her are like herself, that she may be known by them what she is. Being quite weary I stole from them and to my office, where I did business till 9 at night, and so to my lodgings to bed.

5th. Up by break of day at 5 o'clock, and down by

[1] John Bruce, M.P., F.R.S., drew up a very important report for the use of the Privy Council, which was privately printed in 1799. It is entitled, "Report on the Arrangements made for the Internal Defence of this Kingdom when Spain by its Armada projected the invasion of England."

water to Woolwich: in my way saw the yacht lately built by our virtuosoes (my Lord Brunkard[1] and others, with the help of Commissioner Pett also) set out from Greenwich with the little Dutch bezan,[2] to try for mastery; and before they got to Woolwich the Dutch beat them half-a-mile (and I hear this afternoon, that, in coming home, it got above three miles); which all our people are glad of. Here I staid and mustered the yard and looked into the storehouses, and so walked all alone to Greenwich, and thence by water to Deptford, and there examined some stores, and did some of my own business in hastening my work there, and so walked to Redriffe, being by this time pretty weary and all in a sweat; took boat there for the Tower, which made me a little fearful, it being a cold, windy morning. So to my lodgings and there rubbed myself clean, and so to Mr. Bland's, the merchant, by invitation, I alone of all our company of this office; where I found all the officers of the Customs, very grave fine gentlemen, and I am very glad to know them;[3] viz. — Sir Job Harvy, Sir John Wolstenholme, Sir John Jacob, Sir Nicholas Crisp, Sir John Harrison, and Sir John Shaw: very good company. And among other pretty discourse, some was of Sir Jerom Bowes, Embassador from Queene Elizabeth to the Emperor of Russia;[4] who, because some of the noblemen there

[1] William, Lord Viscount Brouncker, see *ante*, August 13th, 1662.

[2] For previous references to the Dutch and English yachts, see *ante*, August 15th and November 8th, 1660.

[3] The Commissioners of Customs, appointed September 20th, 1660, were: Sir Job Harby. Sir John Wolstenholme; created a baronet, 1664; an intimate friend of Lord Clarendon's; and Collector outward for the Port of London; died 1679. Sir John Jacob, of Bromley, Middlesex; created a baronet, 1664, for his loyalty and zeal for the royal family; his third wife was a daughter of Sir John Ashburnham; died 1665–66. Sir Nicholas Crisp (see vol. i., p. 51). Sir John Harrison, of Balls, Herts (now the seat of the Marquis Townshend). Audrey Harrison, daughter of Edward Harrison of Balls, brought the property into the Townshend family by her marriage with Charles, third Viscount Townshend. Sir John Shaw, a Farmer of the Customs, was created a baronet, in 1665, for his services in lending the King large sums of money during his exile; died 1679–80.

[4] In 1583; the object of his mission being to persuade the Muscovite (Ivan IV. the Terrible) to a peace with John, King of Sweden. He was also employed to confirm the trade of the English with Russia, and having incurred some personal danger, was received with favour on his

would go up the stairs to the Emperor before him, he would not go up till the Emperor had ordered those two men to be dragged down-stairs, with their heads knocking upon every stair till they were killed. And when he was come up, they demanded his sword of him before he entered the room. He told them, if they would have his sword, they should have his boots too. And so caused his boots to be pulled off, and his night-gown and night-cap and slippers to be sent for; and made the Emperor stay till he could go in his night-dress, since he might not go as a soldier. And lastly, when the Emperor in contempt, to show his command of his subjects, did command one to leap from the window down and broke his neck in the sight of our Embassador, he replied that his mistress did set more by, and did make better use of the necks of her subjects: but said that, to show what her subjects would do for her, he would, and did, fling down his gantlett before the Emperor; and challenged all the nobility there to take it up, in defence of the Emperor against his Queen: for which, at this very day, the name of Sir Jerom Bowes is famous and honoured there. After dinner I came home and found Sir John Minnes come this day, and I went to him to Sir W. Batten's, where it pleased me to see how jealous Sir Williams both are of my going down to Woolwich, &c., and doing my duty as I nowadays do, and of my dining with the Commission of the Customs. So to my office, and there till 9 at night, and so to my lodgings to bed. I this day heard that Mr. Martin Noell[1] is knighted by the King, which I much wonder at; but yet he is certainly a very useful man.

6th. Lay long, that is, till 6 and past before I rose, in

return by the Queen. He died in 1616. There is a portrait of him in Lord Suffolk's Gallery at Charlton, Wilts. — B.

[1] The Council of State sitting at Whitehall, says Lilly ("Life," p. 124), had no knowledge of what was passing out of doors, until Sir Martin Noel, a discreet citizen, came about nine at night, and informed them thereof. From this notice, Noel has been considered as the original of the messenger who brings the news of the burning of the Rumps, so admirably related in "Hudibras," part iii., canto 11, l. 1497. We know nothing further about Sir Martin, except that he was a scrivener, and that Pepys records his death of the plague, in 1665. His son, of the same name, was knighted in November, 1665. — B.

order to sweat a little away the cold which I was afraid I might have got yesterday, but I bless God I am well. So up and to my office, and then we met and sat till noon, very full of business. Then Sir John Minnes, both Sir Williams and I to the Trinity House, where we had at dinner a couple of venison pasties, of which I eat but little, being almost cloyed, having been at five pasties in three days, namely, two at our own feast, and one yesterday, and two to-day. So home and at the office all the afternoon, busy till nine at night, and so to my lodging and to bed. This afternoon I had my new key and the lock of my office door altered, having lost my key the other day, which vexed me.

7th (Lord's day). Up betimes and round about by the streets to my office, and walked in the garden and in my office till my man Will rose, and then sent to tell Sir J. Minnes that I would go with him to Whitehall, which anon we did, in his coach, and to the Chapell, where I heard a good sermon of the Dean of Ely's,[1] upon returning to the old ways, and a most excellent anthem, with symphonys between, sung by Captain Cooke. Then home with Mr. Fox and his lady; and there dined with them, where much company come to them. Most of our discourse was what ministers are flung out that will not conform: and the care of the Bishop of London that we are here supplied with very good men. Thence to my Lord's, where nobody at home but a woman that let me in, and Sarah above, whither I went up to her and played and talked with her. . . . After I had talked an hour or two with her I went and gave Mr. Hunt a short visit, he being at home alone, and thence walked homewards, and meeting Mr. Pierce, the chyrurgeon, he took me into Somersett House; and there carried me into the Queen-Mother's presence-chamber, where she was with our own Queen sitting on her left hand (whom I did never see before); and though she be not very charming, yet she hath a good, modest, and innocent look, which is pleasing. Here I also saw Madam Castlemaine,

[1] Francis Wilford, D.D., Master of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, made Dean of Ely, May 20th, 1662. He died in July, 1667, being then Vice-Chancellor, and was buried in the chapel of his college. — B.

and, which pleased me most, Mr. Crofts,[1] the King's bastard, a most pretty spark of about 15 years old, who, I perceive, do hang much upon my Lady Castlemaine, and is always with her; and, I hear, the Queens both of them are mighty kind to him. By and by in comes the King, and anon the Duke and his Duchess; so that, they being all together, was such a sight as I never could almost have happened to see with so much ease and leisure. They staid till it was dark, and then went away; the King and his Queen, and my Lady Castlemaine and young Crofts, in one coach and the rest in other coaches. Here were great store of great ladies, but very few handsome. The King and Queen were very merry; and he would have made the Queen-Mother believe that his Queen was with child, and said that she said so. And the young Queen answered, "You lye;" which was the first English word that I ever heard her say: which made the King good sport; and he would have taught her to say in English, "Confess and be hanged." The company being gone I walked home with great content as I can be in for seeing the greatest rarity, and yet a little troubled that I should see them before my wife's coming home, I having made a promise that I would not, nor did I do it industriously and by design, but by chance only. To my office, to fit myself for waiting on the Duke to-morrow morning with the rest of our company, and so to my lodgings and to bed.

8th. Up betimes and to my office preparing an account to give the Duke this morning of what we have of late done at the office. About 7 o'clock I went forth thinking to go along with Sir John Minnes and the rest, and I found them gone, which did vex me, so I went directly to the old Swan and took boat before them to Sir G. Carteret's lodgings at Whitehall, and there staying till he was dressed talking with

[1] James, the son of Charles II. by Lucy Walter, daughter of William Walter, of Roch Castle, co. Pembroke. He was born April 9th, 1649, and landed in England with the Queen-Mother, July 28th, 1662, when he bore the name of Crofts, after Lord Crofts, his governor. He was created Duke of Monmouth, February 14th, 1663, and married Lady Anne Scott, daughter and heiress of Francis, second Earl of Buccleuch, on April 20th following. In 1673 he took the name of Scott, and was created Duke of Buccleuch.

him, he and I to St. James's, where Sir Williams both and Sir John were come, and so up with Mr. Coventry to the Duke; who, after he was out of his bed, did send for us in; and, when he was quite ready, took us into his closet, and there told us that he do intend to renew the old custom for the Admirals to have their principal officers to meet them once a-week, to give them an account what they have done that week; which I am glad of: and so the rest did tell his Royal Highness that I could do it best for the time past. And so I produced my short notes, and did give him an account of all that we have of late done; and proposed to him several things for his commands, which he did give us, and so dismissed us. The rest to Deptford, I to the Exchequer to meet Mr. Townsend, where I hear he is gone to the Sun tavern, and there found him with some friends at breakfast, which I eat with him, and so we crossed the water together, and in walking I told him my brother Tom's intentions for a wife, which he would do me all favour in to Mr. Young, whose kinswoman he do look after. We took boat again at the Falcon, and there parted, and I to the old Swan, and so to the Change, and there meeting Sir W. Warren did step to a tavern, and there sat and talked about price of masts and other things, and so broke up and to my office to see what business, and so we took water again, and at the Tower I over to Redriffe, and there left him in the boat and walked to Deptford, and there up and down the yard speaking with people, and so Sir W. Pen coming out of the payhouse did single me out to tell me Sir J. Minnes' dislike of my blinding his lights over his stairs (which indeed is very bad) and blocking up the house of office on the leads. Which did trouble me. So I went into the payhouse and took an occasion of speaking with him alone, and did give him good satisfaction therein, so as that I am well pleased and do hope now to have my closet on the leads without any more trouble, for he do not object against my having a door upon the leads, but that all my family should not make it a thoroughfare, which I am contented with. So to the pay, and in the evening home in the barge, and so to my office, and after doing some business there to my lodgings, and so to bed.

9th. At my office betimes, and by and by we sat, and at

noon Mr. Coventry, Sir J. Minnes, Mr. Pett, and myself by water to Deptford, where we met Sir G. C., Sir W. B., and Sir W. P. At the pay of a ship, and we dine together on a haunch of good venison boiled, and after dinner returned again to the office, and there met several tradesmen by our appointment to know of them their lowest rates that they will take for their several provisions that they sell to us, for I do resolve to know that, and to buy no dearer, that so when we know the lowest rate, it shall be the Treasurer's fault, and not ours, that we pay dearer. This afternoon Sir John Minnes, Mr. Coventry, and I went into Sir John's lodgings, where he showed us how I have blinded all his lights, and stopped up his garden door, and other things he takes notice of that he resolves to abridge me of, which do vex me so much that for all this evening and all night in my bed, so great a fool I am, and little master of my passion, that I could not sleep for the thoughts of my losing the privilege of the leads, and other things which in themselves are small and not worth half the trouble. The more fool am I, and must labour against it for shame, especially I that used to preach up Epictetus's rule of *τὰ ἐφ' ἡμῖν καὶ τὰ οὐκ ἐφ' ἡμῖν*.[1] Late at my office, troubled in mind, and then to bed, but could hardly sleep at night.

10th. Up and to my house, and there contrived a way how Sir John Minnes shall come into the leads, and yet I save part of the closet I hoped for, which, if it will not please him, I am a madman to be troubled at it. To my office, and then at my house among my lazy workmen all day. In the afternoon to the Wardrobe to speak with Mr. Townsend, who tells me that he has spoke with Mr. Young about my brother Tom's business, and finds that he has made enquiry of him, and do hear him so well spoken of that he doubts not that the business will take with ordinary endeavours. So to my brother's, and there finding both door and hatch open, I went in and knocked 3 or 4 times, and nobody came to me, which troubled me mightily; at last came Margaret,[2] who complained of Peter, who by and

[1] Epictetus, "Encheiridion," i. 1: *τῶν ὄντων τὰ μέν ἐστιν ἐφ' ἡμῖν τὰ δε οὐκ ἐφ' ἡμῖν*, "Some things are in our power, others are not." Pepys means, "I ought not to vex myself about what I cannot control."

[2] Margaret was Tom Pepys's servant; see April 6th, 1664.

by came in, and I did rattle him soundly for it. I did afterwards take occasion to talk seriously alone with Margaret, who I find a very discreet, good woman, and tells me, upon my demand, that her master is a very good husband,[1] and minds his business well, but his fault is that he has not command over his two men, but they do what they list, and care not for his commands, and especially on Sundays they go whither they please, and not to church, which vexes me mightily, and I am resolved to school [him] soundly for it, it being so much unlike my father, that I cannot endure it in myself or him. So walked home and in my way at the Exchange found my uncle Wight, and he and I to an alehouse to drink a cup of beer, and so away, and I home and at the office till 9 o'clock and past, and so to my lodgings. I forgot that last night Mr. Cooke came to me to make his peace for inviting my brother lately out of town without my leave, but he do give me such a character of the lady that he has found out for him that I do much rejoice at, and did this night write a letter to her, which he enclosed in one of his, and by the report that I hear of her I confess I am much pleased with the match.

11th. Up, but not so soon as I have of late practised, my little trouble of mind and the shortness of the days making me to lie a little longer than I used to do, but I must make it up by sitting up longer of nights. To my office, whither my brother Tom, whom I chide sufficiently for yesterday's work. So we sat at the office all the morning, some of us at Deptford paying the ordinary there; at noon Sir W. Pen took me to his lodgings to dinner, and after dinner I to my office again, and now and then to see how my work goes on, and so to my office late, and so to my lodgings, and after staying up till past 12 at night, at my musique upon my lute, to bed. This night Tom came to show me a civil letter sent him from his mistress. I am pleased well enough with the business.

12th. Up betimes and to my office, and up to my workmen, which goes on slowly and troubles me much. Besides, my mind is troubled till I see how Sir John Minnes will carry himself to me about my lodgings, for all my fear is

[1] A good manager.

that he will get my best chamber from me, for as for the leads I care not a farthing for them. At my office all the morning, Mr. Lewes teaching me to understand the method of making up Purser's accounts, which is very needful for me and very hard. Dined at home all in dirt, and my mind weary of being thus out of order, but I hope in God it will away, but for the present I am very melancholy, as I have been a great while. All the afternoon till 9 at night at my office, and then home and eat an egg or two, and so to my lodgings and to bed. This day, by letters from my father, I hear that Captain Ferrers, who is with my Lord in the country, was at Brampton (with Mr. Creed) to see him; and that a day or two ago, being provoked to strike one of my Lord's footmen, the footman drew his sword, and hath almost cut the fingers of one of his hands off; which I am sorry for: but this is the vanity of being apt to command and strike.

13th. Up betimes and to my office, and we sat all the morning, and then at noon dined alone at home, and so among my work folks studying how to get my way sure to me to go upon the leads, which I fear at last I must be contented to go without, but, however, my mind is troubled still about it. We met again in the afternoon to set accounts even between the King and the masters of ships hired to carry provisions to Lisbon, and in the evening Mr. Moore came to me and did lie with me at my lodgings. It is great pleasure to me his company and discourse, and did talk also about my law business, which I must now fall upon minding again, the term coming on apace. So to bed.

14th (Lord's day). Up very early, and Mr. Moore taking leave of me the barber came and trimmed me (I having him now to come to me again after I have used a pumice-stone a good while, not but what I like this where I cannot conveniently have a barber, but here I cannot keep my hair dry without one), and so by water to White Hall, by the way hearing that the Bishop of London had given a very strict order against boats going on Sundays, and as I come back again, we were examined by the masters of the company in another boat; but I told them who I was. But the door not being open to Westminster stairs there, called in at the Legg and drank a cup of ale and a toast, which I have

not done many a month before, but it served me for my two glasses of wine to-day. Thence to St. James's to Mr. Coventry, and there staid talking privately with him an hour in his chamber of the business of our office, and found him to admiration good and industrious, and I think my most true friend in all things that are fair. He tells me freely his mind of every man and in every thing. Thence to White Hall chapel, where sermon almost done, and I heard Captain Cooke's new musique. This the first day of having vialls and other instruments to play a symphony between every verse of the anthem; but the musique more full than it was the last Sunday, and very fine it is.[1] But yet I could discern Captain Cooke to overdo his part at singing, which I never did before. Thence up into the Queen's presence, and there saw the Queen again as I did last Sunday, and some fine ladies with her; but, my troth, not many. Thence to Sir G. Carteret's, and find him to have sprained his foot and is lame, but yet hath been at chappell, and my Lady much troubled for one of her daughters that is sick. I dined with them, and a very pretty lady, their kinswoman, with them. My joy is, that I do think I have good hold on Sir George and Mr. Coventry. Sir George told me of a chest of drawers that were given Sir W. B. by Hughes the rope-maker, whom he has since put out of his employment, and now the fellow do cry out upon Sir W. for his cabinet. So home again by water and to church, and from church Sir Williams both and Sir John Minnes into the garden, and anon Sir W. Pen and I did discourse about my lodgings and Sir J. Minnes, and I did open all

[1] Charles II. determined to form his own chapel on the model of that at Versailles. Twenty-four instrumentalists were engaged, and this was the first day upon which they were brought into requisition. Evelyn alludes to the change in his Diary, but he puts the date down as the 21st instead of the 14th. "Instead of the antient, grave and solemn wind musiq accompanying the organ, was introduc'd a concert of 24 violins between every pause after the French fantastical light way, better suiting a tavern or playhouse than a church. This was the first time of change, and now we no more heard the cornet which gave life to the organ, that instrument quite left off in which the English were so skilful." A list of the twenty-four fiddlers in 1674, taken from an Exchequer document, "The names of the Gents of his Majesties Private Musick paid out of the Exchequer," is printed in North's "Memoires of Musick," ed. Rimbault, 1846, p. 98 (note).

my mind to him, and he told me what he had heard, and I do see that I shall hardly keep my best lodging chamber, which troubles me, but I did send for Goodenough the plasterer, who tells me that it did ever belong to my lodgings, but lent by Mr. Payles to Com^r. Smith, and so I will strive hard for it before I lose it. So to supper with them at Sir W. Batten's, and do counterfeit myself well pleased, but my heart is troubled and offended at the whole company. So to my office to prepare notes to read to the Duke to-morrow morning, and so to my lodgings and to bed, my mind a little eased because I am resolved to know the worst concerning my lodgings to-morrow. Among other things Sir W. Pen did tell me of one of my servants looking into Sir J. Minnes' window when my Lady Batten lay there, which do much trouble them, and me also, and I fear will wholly occasion my losing the leads. One thing more he told me of my Jane's cutting off a carpenter's long mustacho, and how the fellow cried, and his wife would not come near him a great while, believing that he had been among some of his wenches. At which I was merry, though I perceive they discourse of it as a crime of hers, which I understand not.

15th. Up betimes to meet with the plasterer and bricklayer that did first divide our lodgings, and they do both tell me that my chamber now in dispute did ever belong to my lodgings, which do put me into good quiet of mind. So by water with Sir Wm. Pen to White Hall; and, with much ado, was fain to walk over the piles through the bridge, while Sir W. Batten and Sir J. Minnes were aground against the bridge, and could not in a great while get through. At White Hall we hear that the Duke of York is gone a-hunting to-day; and so we returned: they going to the Duke of Albemarle's, where I left them (after I had observed a very good picture or two there), and so home, and there did resolve to give up my endeavours for access to the leads, and to shut up my doors lest the being open might give them occasion of longing for my chamber, which I am in most fear about. So to Deptford, and took my Lady Batten and her daughter and Mrs. Turner along with me, they being going through the garden thither, they to Mr. Unthwayte's and I to the Pay, and then about 3 o'clock

went to dinner (Sir W. Pen and I), and after dinner to the Pay again, and at night by barge home altogether, and so to my lodgings and to bed, my mind full of trouble about my house.

16th. Up and to my workmen, and then to the office, and there we sat till noon; then to the Exchange, and in my way met with the housekeeper of this office, and he did give me so good an account of my chamber in my house about which I am so much troubled that I am well at ease in my mind. At my office all the afternoon alone. In the evening Sir J. M. and I walked together a good while in the garden, very pleasant, and takes no notice that he do design any further trouble to me about my house. At night eat a bit of bread and cheese, and so to my lodgings and to bed, my mind ill at ease for these particulars: my house in dirt, and like to lose my best chamber. My wife writes me from the country that she is not pleased there with my father nor mother, nor any of her servants, and that my boy is turned a very rogue. I have £30 to pay to the cavaliers: then a doubt about my being forced to leave all my business here, when I am called to the court at Brampton; and lastly, my law businesses, which vex me to my heart what I shall be able to do next term, which is near at hand.

17th. At my office all the morning, and at noon to the Exchange, where meeting Mr. Moore and Mr. Stucky, of the Wardrobe, we to an ordinary to dinner, and after dinner Mr. Moore and I about 3 o'clock to Paul's school, to wait upon Mr. Crumlum (Mr. Moore having a hopeful lad, a kinsman of his, there at school), who we take very luckily, and went up to his chamber with him, where there was also an old fellow student of Mr. Crumlum's, one Mr. Newell, come to see him, of whom he made so much, and of me, that the truth is he with kindness did drink more than I believe he used to do, and did begin to be a little impertinent, the more when after all he would in the evening go forth with us and give us a bottle of wine abroad, and at the tavern met with an acquaintance of his that did occasion impertinent discourse, that though I honour the man, and he do declare abundance of learning and worth, yet I confess my opinion is much lessened of him, and therefore let it be a caution to myself not to love drink, since it has

such an effect upon others of greater worth in my own esteem. I could not avoid drinking of 5 glasses this afternoon with him, and after I had parted with him Mr. Moore and I to my house, and after we had eaten something to my lodgings, where the master of the house, a very ordinary fellow, was ready to entertain me and took me into his dining-room where his wife was, a pretty and notable lady, too fine surely for him, and too much wit too. Here I was forced to stay with them a good while and did drink again, there being friends of theirs with them. At last being weary of his idle company, I bid good-night and so to my chamber and Mr. [Moore] and I to bed, neither of us well pleased with our afternoon's work, merely from our being witnesses of Mr. Crumlum's weakness. This day my boy is come from Brampton, and my wife I think the next week.

18th. At the office all the morning, and at noon Sir G. Carteret, Mr. Coventry, and I by invitation to dinner to Sheriff Maynell's,[1] the great money-man; he, Alderman Backwell, and much noble and brave company, with the privilege of their rare discourse, which is great content to me above all other things in the world. And after a great dinner and much discourse, we arose and took leave, and home to the business of my office, where I thank God I take delight, and in the evening to my lodging and to bed. Among other discourse, speaking concerning the great charity used in Catholic countrys, Mr. Ashburnham[2] did tell us, that this last year, there being great want of corn in Paris, and so a collection made for the poor, there was two pearls brought in, nobody knew from whom (till the Queen, seeing

[1] Alderman Francis Meynell was a goldsmith and banker in London, and then one of the sheriffs. He was the third son of Godfrey Meynell, of Willington, in Derbyshire, and died in 1666; his father was buried at Langley, in that county, where their descendants still possess property. Sir W. Dugdale, in his Diary, mentions his having defaced the achievements which had been hung up at Bradley, in Derbyshire, where the alderman was interred: not, as it would seem, from any doubt as to that gentleman being entitled to bear arms, but because a London painter had been employed to blazon the shield who had not obtained the sanction of the Heralds' Office, and thereby excited their jealousy at a moment when their occupation was on the decline. — B.

[2] William Ashburnham, Cofferer of the King's Household.

them, knew whose they were, but did not discover it), which were sold for 200,000 crownes.

19th. Up betimes and to my office, and at 9 o'clock, none of the rest going, I went alone to Deptford, and there went on where they left last night to pay Woolwich yard, and so at noon dined well, being chief at the table, and do not see but every body begins to give me as much respect and honour as any of the rest. After dinner to Pay again, and so till 9 at night, my great trouble being that I was forced to begin an ill practice of bringing down the wages of servants, for which people did curse me, which I do not love. At night, after I had eaten a cold pullet, I walked by brave moonshine, with three or four armed men to guard me, to Redriffe, it being a joy to my heart to think of the condition that I am now in, that people should of themselves provide this for me, unspoke to. I hear this walk is dangerous to walk alone by night, and much robbery committed here. So from thence by water home, and so to my lodgings to bed.

20th. Up betimes and to my office, where I found my brother Tom, who tells me that his mistress's mother has wrote a letter to Mr. Lull of her full satisfaction about Tom, of which I was glad, and do think the business will take All this morning we sat at the office, Sir J. Minnes and I. And so dined at home, and among my workmen all the afternoon, and in the evening Tom brought Mr. Lull to me, a friend of his mistress, a serious man, with whom I spoke, and he gives me a good account of her and of their satisfaction in Tom, all which pleases me well. We walked a good while in the garden together, and did give him a glass of wine at my office, and so parted. So to write letters by the post and news of this to my father concerning Tom, and so home to supper and to my lodgings and to bed. To-night my barber sent me his man to trim me, who did live in King Street in Westminster lately, and tells me that three or four that I knew in that street, tradesmen, are lately fallen mad, and some of them dead, and the others continue mad. They live all within a door or two one of another.

21st (Lord's day). Got up betimes and walked to St. James's, and there to Mr. Coventry, and sat an hour with him, talking of business of the office with great pleasure,

and I do perceive he do speak his whole mind to me. Thence to the Park, where by appointment I met my brother Tom and Mr. Cooke, and there spoke about Tom's business, and to good satisfaction. The Queen coming by in her coach, going to her chappell at St. James's[1] (the first time it hath been ready for her), I crowded after her, and I got up to the room where her closet is; and there stood and saw the fine altar, ornaments, and the fryers in their habits, and the priests come in with their fine copes and many other very fine things. I heard their musique too; which may be good, but it did not appear so to me, neither as to their manner of singing, nor was it good concord to my ears, whatever the matter was. The Queene very devout: but what pleased me best was to see my dear Lady Castlemaine, who, tho' a Protestant, did wait upon the Queen to chappell. By and by, after mass was done, a fryer with his cowl did rise up and preach a sermon in Portuguese; which I not understanding, did go away, and to the King's chappell, but that was done; and so up to the Queen's presence-chamber, where she and the King was expected to dine: but she staying at St. James's, they were forced to remove the things to the King's presence [chamber]; and there he dined alone, and I with Mr. Fox very finely; but I see I must not make too much of that liberty for my honour sake only, not but that I am very well received. After dinner to Tom's, and so home, and after walking a good while in the garden I went to my uncle Wight's, where I found my aunt in mourning and making sad stories for the loss of her dear sister Nicholls, of which I should have been very weary but that pretty Mrs. Margaret Wight came in and I was much pleased with her company, and so all supper did vex my aunt talking in commendation of the mass which I had been at to-day, but excused it afterwards that it was only to make mirth. And so after supper broke up and home, and after putting my notes in order against to-morrow I went to bed.

22nd. Up betimes among my workmen, hastening to get

[1] It is not certain where this chapel was situated, but it was probably the same as that attached to Marlborough House, and known as the German Chapel. This chapel is said to have been built by Inigo Jones for the use of Queen Henrietta Maria, and it was, therefore, suitable for the Roman Catholic service.

things ready against my wife's coming, and so with Sir J. M., Sir W. B., and Sir W. P., by coach to St. James's, and there with the Duke. I did give him an account of all things past of late, but I stood in great pain, having a great fit of the colic, having catched cold yesterday by putting off my stockings to wipe my toes, but at last it lessened, and then I was pretty well again, but in pain all day more or less. Thence I parted from them and walked to Greatorex's, and there with him did overlook many pretty things, new inventions, and have bespoke a weather glass of him. Thence to my Lord Crew's, and dined with the servants, he having dined; and so, after dinner, up to him, and sat an hour talking with him of publique, and my Lord's private businesses, with much content. So to my brother Tom's, where Mr. Cooke expected me, and did go with me to see Mr. Young and Mr. Lull in Blackfryers, kindred of Tom's mistress, where I was very well used, and do find things to go in the business to my good content. Thence to Mr. Townsend, and did there talk with Mr. Young himself also, and then home and to my study, and so to my lodgings and to bed.

23rd. Up betimes and with my workmen, taking some pleasure to see my work come towards an end, though I am vexed every day enough with their delay. We met and sat all the morning, dined at home alone, and with my workmen all the afternoon, and in the evening by water and land to Deptford to give order for things about my house, and came back again by coach with Sir G. Carteret and Sir W. Batten (who has been at a Pay to-day), and to my office and did some business, and so to supper and to my lodgings, and so to bed. In our coming home Sir G. Carteret told me how in most cabaretts in France they have writ upon the walls in fair letters to be read, "Dieu te regarde," as a good lesson to be in every man's mind, and have also, as in Holland, their poor's box; in both which places at the making all contracts and bargain they give so much, which they call God's penny.[1]

24th. Up betimes and among my workmen, and among

[1] Pepys himself gives an account of this custom; see May 18th, 1660.

them all the morning till noon, and then to my Lord Crew's, and there dined alone with him, and among other things he do advise me by all means to keep my Lord Sandwich from proceeding too far in the business of Tangier. First, for that he is confident the King will not be able to find money for the building the Mole; and next, for that it is to be done as we propose it by the reducing of the garrison; and then either my Lord must oppose the Duke of York, who will have the Irish regiment under the command of Fitzgerald[1] continued, or else my Lord Peterborough, who is concerned to have the English continued, and he, it seems, is gone back again merely upon my Lord Sandwich's encouragement. Thence to Mr. Wotton, the shoemaker's, and there bought a pair of boots, cost me 30*s*., and he told me how Bird[2] hath lately broke his leg, while he was fencing in "Aglaura,"[3] upon the stage, and that the new theatre of all will be ready against term. So to my brother's, and there discoursed with him and Mr. Cooke about their journey to Tom's mistress again, and I did speak with Mr. Croxton about measuring of silk flags. So by water home and to my workmen, and so at night till late at my office, inditing a letter from Tom to his mistress upon his sending her a watch for a token, and so home and to supper, and to my lodgings and to bed. It is my content that by several hands to-day I hear that I have the name of good-natured man among the poor people that come to the office.

25th. Up betimes and to my workmen, and then to the office, where we sat all the morning. So home to dinner alone and then to my workmen till night, and so to my office till bedtime, and so after supper to my lodgings and to bed. This evening I sat awhile at Sir W. Batten's with Sir J. Minnes, &c., where he told us among many other things how in Portugal they scorn to make a seat for a house of office, but they do . . . all in pots and so empty them in the river. I did also hear how the woman, formerly

[1] Colonel Fitzgerald was Deputy-Governor of Tangier.

[2] Lord Braybrooke says that this was a mistake for Nicholas Burt, but there was an actor at this time named Theophilus Bird.

[3] "Aglaura," a tragi-comedy by Sir John Suckling, first published in 1638.

nurse to Mrs. Lemon (Sir W. Batten's daughter), her child was torn to pieces by two doggs at Walthamstow this week, and is dead, which is very strange.

26th. Up betimes and among my workmen. By and by to Sir W. Batten, who with Sir J. M. are going to Chatham this morning, and I was in great pain till they were gone that I might see whether Sir John do speak any thing of my chamber that I am afraid of losing or no. But he did not, and so my mind is a little at more ease. So all day long till night among my workmen, and in the afternoon did cause the partition between the entry and the boy's room to be pulled down to lay it all into one, which I hope will please me and make my coming in more pleasant. Late at my office at night writing a letter of excuse to Sir G. Carteret that I cannot wait upon him to-morrow morning to Chatham as I promised, which I am loth to do because of my workmen and my wife's coming to town to-morrow. So to my lodgings and to bed.

27th. Up betimes and among my workmen, and with great pleasure see the posts in the entry taken down beyond expectation, so that now the boy's room being laid into the entry do make my coming in very handsome, which was the only fault remaining almost in my house. We sat all the morning, and in the afternoon I got many jobbs done to my mind, and my wife's chamber put into a good readiness against her coming, which she did at night, for Will did, by my leave to go, meet her upon the road, and at night did bring me word she was come to my brother's, by my order. So I made myself ready and put things at home in order, and so went thither to her. Being come, I found her and her maid and dogg very well, and herself grown a little fatter than she was. I was very well pleased to see her, and after supper to bed, and had her company with great content and much mutual love, only I do perceive that there has been falling out between my mother and she, and a little between my father and she; but I hope all is well again, and I perceive she likes Brampton House and seat better than ever I did myself, and tells me how my Lord hath drawn a plot of some alteracions to be made there, and hath brought it up, which I saw and like well. I perceive my Lord and Lady

have been very kind to her, and Captn. Ferrers so kind that I perceive I have some jealousy of him, but I know what is the Captain's manner of carriage, and therefore it is nothing to me. She tells me of a Court like to be in a little time, which troubles me, for I would not willingly go out of town.

28th (Lord's day). Waked early, and fell talking one with another with great pleasure of my house at Brampton and that here, and other matters. She tells me what a rogue my boy is, and strange things he has been found guilty of, not fit to name, which vexes [me], but most of all the unquiett life that my mother makes my father and herself lead through her want of reason. At last I rose, and with Tom to the French Church at the Savoy,[1] where I never was before — a pretty place it is — and there they have the Common Prayer Book read in French, and, which I never saw before, the minister do preach with his hat off, I suppose in further conformity with our Church. So to Tom's to dinner with my wife, and there came Mr. Cooke, and Joyce Norton do also dine there, and after dinner Cooke and I did talk about his journey and Tom's within a day or two about his mistress. And I did tell him my mind and give him my opinion in it. So I walked home and found my house made a little clean, and pleases me better and better, and so to church in the afternoon, and after sermon to my study, and there did some things against to-morrow that I go to the Duke's, and so walked to Tom's again, and there supped and to bed with good content of mind.

29th (Michaelmas day). This day my oaths for drinking of wine and going to plays are out, and so I do resolve to take a liberty to-day, and then to fall to them again. Up and by coach to White Hall, in my way taking up Mr. Moore, and walked with him, talking a good while about business, in St. James's Park, and there left him, and to Mr. Coventry's, and so with him and Sir W. Pen up to the Duke, where the King came also and staid till the Duke

[1] "The French church in the Savoy" was established by Charles II. It was removed to Bloombury Street, and the present building, designed by Ambrose Poynter, architect, 1845–46. The Common Prayer Book in French is still used there.

was ready. It being Collar-day, we had no time to talk with him about any business. They went out together. So we parted, and in the park Mr. Cooke by appointment met me, to whom I did give my thoughts concerning Tom's match and their journey to-morrow, and did carry him by water to Tom's, and there taking up my wife, maid, dog, and him, did carry them home, where my wife is much pleased with my house, and so am I fully. I sent for some dinner and there dined, Mrs. Margaret Pen being by, to whom I had spoke to go along with us to a play this afternoon, and then to the King's Theatre, where we saw "Midsummer's Night's Dream,"[1] which I had never seen before, nor shall ever again, for it is the most insipid ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life. I saw, I confess, some good dancing and some handsome women, which was all my pleasure. Thence set my wife down at Madam Turner's, and so by coach home, and having delivered Pegg Pen to her father safe, went home, where I find Mr. Deane, of Woolwich, hath sent me the modell he had promised me; but it so far exceeds my expectations, that I am sorry almost he should make such a present to no greater a person; but I am exceeding glad of it, and shall study to do him a courtesy for it. So to my office and wrote a letter to Tom's mistress's mother to send by Cooke to-morrow. Then came Mr. Moore thinking to have looked over the business of my Brampton papers against the Court, but my mind was so full of other matters (as it is my nature when I have been a good while from a business, that I have almost forgot it, I am loth to come to it again) that I could not set upon it, and so he and I past the evening away in discourse, and to my lodgings and to bed.

30th. We rose, and he about his business, and I to my house to look over my workmen; but good God! how I do find myself by yesterday's liberty hard to be brought to follow business again, but however, I must do it, considering the great sweet and pleasure and content of mind that I have had since I did leave drink and plays, and other pleasures, and followed my business. So to my office,

[1] This seems to be the only mention of the acting of Shakespeare's play at this time, and it does not appear to have been a favourite.

where we sat till noon, and then I to dinner with Sir W. Pen, and while we were at it coming my wife to the office, and so I sent for her up, and after dinner we took coach and to the Duke's playhouse, where we saw "The Duchess of Malfy"[1] well performed, but Betterton and Ianthe to admiration. That being done, home again, by coach, and my wife's chamber got ready for her to lie in to-night, but my business did call me to my office, so that staying late I did not lie with her at home, but at my lodgings. Strange to see how easily my mind do revert to its former practice of loving plays and wine, having given myself a liberty to them but these two days; but this night I have again bound myself to Christmas next, in which I desire God to bless me and preserve me, for under God I find it to be the best course that ever I could take to bring myself to mind my business. I have also made up this evening my monthly ballance, and find that, notwithstanding the loss of £30 to be paid to the loyall and necessitous cavaliers by act of Parliament,[2] yet I am worth about £680, for which the Lord God be praised. My condition at present is this:—I have long been building, and my house to my great content is now almost done. But yet not so but that I shall have dirt, which troubles me too, for my wife has been in the country at Brampton these two months, and is now come home a week or two before the house is ready for her. My mind is somewhat troubled about my best chamber, which I question whether I shall be able to keep or no. I am also troubled for the journey which I must needs take suddenly to the Court at Brampton, but most of all for that I am not provided to understand my business, having not minded it a great while, and

[1] A tragedy by John Webster, first published in 1623. The character of Bosola was taken by Betterton, and that of the Duchess of Malfy by Mary Saunderson, shortly afterwards his wife (Ianthe). The acting is highly praised by Downes.

[2] Two acts were passed in 1662 for this purpose, viz., 13 and 14 Car. II. cap. 8: "An act for distribution of threescore thousand pounds amongst the truly loyal and indigent commission officers, and for assessing of offices and distributing the monies thereby raised for their further supply;" and cap. 9, "An act for the relief of poor and maimed officers and soldiers who have faithfully served his Majesty and his royal father in the late wars."

at the best shall be able but to make a bad matter of it, but God, I hope, will guide all to the best, and I am resolved to-morrow to fall hard to it. I pray God help me therein, for my father and mother and all our well-doings do depend upon my care therein. My Lord Sandwich has lately been in the country, and very civil to my wife, and hath himself spent some pains in drawing a plot of some alteracions in our house there, which I shall follow as I get money. As for the office, my late industry hath been such, as I am become as high in reputacion as any man there, and good hold I have of Mr. Coventry and Sir G. Carteret, which I am resolved, and it is necessary for me, to maintain by all fair means. Things are all quiett, but the King poor, and no hopes almost of his being otherwise, by which things will go to rack, especially in the Navy. The late outing of the Presbyterian clergy by their not renouncing the Covenant as the Act of Parliament commands, is the greatest piece of state now in discourse. But for ought I see they are gone out very peaceably, and the people not so much concerned therein as was expected. My brother Tom is gone out of town this day, to make a second journey to his mistress at Banbury, of which I have good expectacions, and pray God to bless him therein. My mind, I hope, is settled to follow my business again, for I find that two days' neglect of business do give more discontent in mind than ten times the pleasure thereof can repair again, be it what it will.

October 1st. Up with my mind pretty well at rest about my accounts and other business, and so to my house and there put my work to business, and then down to Deptford to do the same there, and so back and with my workmen all the afternoon, and my wife putting a chamber in order for us to lie in. At night to look over some Brampton papers against the Court which I expect every day to hear of, and that done home and with my wife to bed, the first time I have lain there these two months and more, which I am now glad to do again, and do so like the chamber as it is now ordered that all my fear is my not keeping it. But I hope the best, for it would vex me to the heart to lose it.

2nd. Up and to the office, where we sat till noon, and

then to dinner, and Mr. Moore came and dined with me, and after dinner to look over my Brampton papers, which was a most necessary work, though it is not so much to my content as I could wish. I fear that it must be as it can, and not as I would. He being gone I to my workmen again, and at night by coach towards Whitehall took up Mr. Moore and set him at my Lord's, and myself, hearing that there was a play at the Cockpit (and my Lord Sandwich, who came to town last night, at it), I do go thither, and by very great fortune did follow four or five gentlemen who were carried to a little private door in a wall, and so crept through a narrow place and come into one of the boxes next the King's, but so as I could not see the King or Queene, but many of the fine ladies, who yet are really not so handsome generally as I used to take them to be, but that they are finely dressed. Here we saw "The Cardinall,"[1] a tragedy I had never seen before, nor is there any great matter in it. The company that came in with me into the box, were all Frenchmen that could speak no English, but Lord! what sport they made to ask a pretty lady that they got among them that understood both French and English to make her tell them what the actors said. Thence to my Lord's, and saw him, and staid with him half an hour in his chamber talking about some of mine and his own business, and so up to bed with Mr. Moore in the chamber over my Lord's.

3rd. Rose, and without taking leave or speaking to my Lord went out early and walked home, calling at my brother's and Paul's Churchyard, but bought nothing because of my oath, though I had a great mind to it. At my office, and with my workmen till noon, and then dined with my wife upon herrings, the first I have eat this year, and so to my workmen again. By and by comes a gentleman to speak with my wife, and I found him to be a gentleman that had used her very civilly in her coming up out of the country, on which score I showed him great respect, and found him a very ingenious gentleman, and sat and talked with him a great while. He gone, to my workmen again, and in the evening comes Captain Ferrers, and sat and

[1] A tragedy by James Shirley, licensed on November 25th, 1641, and printed in 1652.

talked a great while, and told me the story of his receiving his cut in the hand by falling out with one of my Lord's footmen.[1] He told me also of the impertinence and mischief that Ned Pickering has made in the country between my Lord and all his servants almost by his finding of faults, which I am vexed to hear, it being a great disgrace to my Lord to have the fellow seen to be so great still with him. He brought me a letter from my father, that appoints the day for the Court at Brampton to be the 13th of this month; but I perceive he has kept the letter in his pocket these three days, so that if the day had been sooner, I might have been spilt. So that it is a great folly to send letters of business by any friend that require haste. He being gone I to my office all the evening, doing business there till bedtime, it being now my manner since my wife is come to spend too much of my daytime with her and the workmen and do my office business at night, which must not be after the work of the house is done. This night late I had notice that Dekins,[2] the merchant, is dead this afternoon suddenly, for grief that his daughter, my Morena,[3] who has long been ill, is given over by the Doctors. For both which I am very sorry. So home and to bed.

4th. To my office all the morning, after I was up (my wife beginning to make me lie long a mornings), where we sat till noon, and then dined at home, and after a little with my workmen to my office till 9 at night, among other things examining the particulars of the miscarriage of the Satisfaction,[4] sunk the other day on the Dutch coast through the negligence of the pilott.

5th (Lord's day). Lay long in bed talking with my wife,

[1] See *ante*, September 12th, where the incident is mentioned.

[2] John Dekins (or Dickens), previously mentioned in the Diary, from whom the Navy Office bought hemp (see January 27th, 1661–62).

[3] Elizabeth Dekins (or Dickens), a brunette, sometimes described as "Morena" (the Portuguese term for a dark-complexioned woman, probably introduced with Queen Catherine of Braganza, who was also a brunette), and sometimes as "a black girl." She died shortly after this entry was made, and was buried in Allhallows Barking Church, October 22nd.

[4] The "Satisfaction" was a Dutch prize. It was a fifth-rate of twenty-six guns (see further, October 16th).

and among other things fell out about my maid Sarah, whom my wife would fain put away, when I think her as good a servant as ever came into a house, but it seems my wife would have one that would dress a head well, but we were friends at last. I to church; and this day the parson has got one to read with a surplice on. I suppose himself will take it up hereafter, for a cunning fellow he is as any of his coat. Dined with my wife, and then to talk again above, chiefly about her learning to dance against her going next year into the country, which I am willing she shall do. Then to church to a tedious sermon, and hence walked to Tom's to see how things are in his absence in the country, and so home and in my wife's chamber till bedtime talking, and then to my office to put things in order to wait on the Duke to-morrow morning, and so home and to bed.

6th. Sir W. Pen and I early to St. James's by water, where Mr. Coventry, finding the Duke in bed, and not very well, we did not stay to speak with him, but to White Hall, and there took boat and down to Woolwich we went. In our way Mr. Coventry telling us how of late upon enquiry into the miscarriages of the Duke's family, Mr. Biggs, his steward, is found very faulty, and is turned out of his employment. Then we fell to reading of a book which I saw the other day at my Lord Sandwich's, intended for the late King, finely bound up, a treatise concerning the benefit the Hollanders make of our fishing, but whereas I expected great matters from it, I find it a very impertinent [book], and though some things good, yet so full of tautologies, that we were weary of it. At Woolwich we mustered the yard, and then to the Hart to dinner, and then to the Rope-yard, where I did vex Sir W. Pen I know to appear so well acquainted, I thought better than he, in the business of hemp; thence to Deptford, and there looked over several businesses, and wakened the officers there; so walked to Redriffe, and thence, landing Sir W. Pen at the Tower, I to White Hall with Mr. Coventry, and so to my Lord Sandwich's lodgings, but my Lord was not within, being at a ball this night with the King at my Lady Castlemaine's at next door. But here to my trouble I hear that Mr. Moore is gone very sick to the Wardrobe this afternoon, which troubles me much both for his own sake and for mine, because of

my law business that he does for me and also for my Lord's matters. So hence by water, late as it was, to the Wardrobe, and there found him in a high fever, in bed, and much cast down by his being ill. So thought it not convenient to stay, but left him and walked home, and there weary went to supper, and then the barber came to me, and after he had done, to my office to set down my journall of this day, and so home and to bed.

7th. At the office all the morning, dined at home with my wife. After dinner with her by coach to see Mr. Moore, who continues ill. I took his books of accounts, and did discourse with him about my Lord's and my own businesses, and there being Mr. Battersby by, did take notice of my having paid him the £100 borrowed of him, which they both did confess and promise to return me my bond. Thence by water with Will. Howe to Westminster, and there staying a little while in the Hall (my wife's father and mother being abroad, and so she returning presently) thence by coach to my Lord's, and there I left money for Captain Ferrers to buy me two bands. So towards the New Exchange, and there while my wife was buying things I walked up and down with Dr. Williams, talking about my law businesses, and thence took him to my brother's, and there gave him a glass of wine, and so parted, and then by coach with my wife home, and Sir J. M. and Sir W. B. being come from Chatham Pay I did go see them for complaisance, and so home and to bed.

8th. Up and by water to my Lord Sandwich's, and was with him a good while in his chamber, and among other things to my extraordinary joy, he did tell me how much I was beholding to the Duke of York, who did yesterday of his own accord tell him that he did thank him for one person brought into the Navy, naming myself, and much more to my commendation, which is the greatest comfort and encouragement that ever I had in my life, and do owe it all to Mr. Coventry's goodness and ingenuity. I was glad above measure of this. Thence to Mr. Moore, who, I hope, is better than he was, and so home and dined at home, and all the afternoon busy at my office, and at night by coach to my Lord's again, thinking to speak with him, but he is at White Hall with the King, before whom the

puppet plays I saw this summer in Covent-garden are acted this night. Hither this night my scallop,[1] bought and got made by Captain Ferrers' lady, is sent, and I brought it home, a very neat one. It cost me about £3, and £3 more I have given him to buy me another. I do find myself much bound to go handsome, which I shall do in linen, and so the other things may be all the plainer. Here I staid playing some new tunes to parts with Wm. Howe, and, my Lord not coming home, I came home late on foot, my boy carrying a link, and so eat a bit and to bed, my head full of ordering of businesses against my journey to-morrow, that there may be nothing done to my wrong in my absence. This day Sir W. Pen did speak to me from Sir J. Minnes to desire my best chamber of me, and my great joy is that I perceive he do not stand upon his right, which I was much afraid of, and so I hope I shall do well enough with him for it, for I will not part with it by fair means, though I contrive to let him have another room for it.

9th. Up early about my business to get me ready for my journey. But first to the office; where we sat all the morning till noon, and then broke up; and I bid them adieu for a week, having the Duke's leave got me by Mr. Coventry. To whom I did give thanks for my newes yesterday of the Duke's words to my Lord Sandwich concerning me, which he took well; and do tell me so freely his love and value of me, that my mind is now in as great a state of quiett as to my interest in the office, as I could ever wish to be. I should this day have dined at Sir W. Pen's at a venison pasty with the rest of our fellows, but I could not get time, but sent for a bit home, and so between one and two o'clock got on horseback at our back gate, with my man Will with me, both well-mounted on two grey horses. We rode and got to Ware before night; and so resolved to ride on to Puckeridge, which we did, though the way was bad, and the evening dark before we got thither, by help of company riding before us; and among others, a gentleman that took up at the same inn, the Falcon, with

[1] A lace band, the edges of which were indented with segments of circles, so as to resemble a scallop shell. The word "scallop" was used till recently for a part of a lady's dress embroidered and cut to resemble a scallop shell.

me, his name Mr. Brian, with whom I supped, and was very good company, and a scholar. He tells me, that it is believed the Queen is with child, for that the coaches are ordered to ride very easily through the streets. After supper we paid the reckoning together, and so he to his chamber and I to bed, very well, but my feet being much cramped by my new hard boots that I bought the other day of Wotton were in much pain. Will lay in another bed in the chamber with me.

10th. Up, and between eight and nine mounted again; but my feet so swelled with yesterday's pain, that I could not get on my boots, which vexed me to the blood, but was forced to pay 4*s*. for a pair of old shoes of my landlord's, and so rid in shoes to Cambridge; but the way so good that but for a little rain I had got very well thither, and set up at the Beare: and there being spied in the street passing through the town my cozen Angier came to me, and I must needs to his house, which I did; and there found Dr. Fairbrother, with a good dinner, a barrel of good oysters, a couple of lobsters, and wine. But, above all, telling me that this day there is a Congregation for the choice of some officers in the University, he after dinner gets me a gown, cap, and hood, and carries me to the Schooles, where Mr. Pepper, my brother's tutor, and this day chosen Proctor, did appoint a M.A. to lead me into the Regent House, where I sat with them, and did [vote] by subscribing papers thus: "Ego Samuel Pepys eligo Magistrum Bernardum Skelton,[1] (and which was more strange, my old schoolfellow and acquaintance, and who afterwards did take notice of me, and we spoke together), alterum è taxatoribus hujus Academiæ in annum sequentem." The like I did for one Biggs, for the other Taxor, and for other officers, as the Vice-Proctor (Mr. Covell), for Mr. Pepper, and which was the gentleman that did carry me into the Regent House. This being done, and the Congregation dissolved by the Vice-Chancellor, I did with much content return to my Cozen Angier's, being much pleased of doing this jobb of work, which I had long wished for and could never have

[1] Afterwards agent in Holland for James II., who made use of him to inveigle over to England the Duke of Monmouth. — B.

had such a time as now to do it with so much ease. Thence to Trinity Hall, and there staid a good while with Dr. John Pepys, who tells me that [his] brother Roger has gone out of town to keep a Court; and so I was forced to go to Impington, to take such advice as my old uncle and his son Claxton[1] could give me. Which I did, and there supped and talked with them, but not of my business till by and by after supper comes in, unlooked for, my cozen Roger, with whom by and by I discoursed largely, and in short he gives me good counsel, but tells me plainly that it is my best way to study a composition with my uncle Thomas, for that law will not help us, and that it is but a folly to flatter ourselves, with which, though much to my trouble, yet I was well satisfied, because it told me what I am to trust to, and so to bed.

11th. Up betimes, and after a little breakfast, and a very poor one, like our supper, and such as I cannot feed on, because of my she-cozen Claxton's[2] gouty hands; and after Roger had carried me up and down his house and orchards, to show me them, I mounted, and rode to Huntingdon, and so to Brampton; where I found my father and two brothers, and Mr. Cooke, my mother and sister. So we are now all together, God knows when we shall be so again. I walked up and down the house and garden, and find my father's alteracions very handsome. But not so but that there will be cause enough of doing more if ever I should come to live there, but it is, however, very well for a country being as any little thing in the country. So to dinner, where there being nothing but a poor breast of mutton, and that ill-dressed, I was much displeased, there being Mr. Cooke there, who I invited to come over with my brother thither, and for whom I was concerned to make much of. I told my father and mother of it, and so had it very well mended for the time after, as long as I staid, though I am very glad to see them live so frugally. But now to my business. I found my uncle Thomas come into the country, and do give out great words, and forwarns all our people of paying us

[1] Hamond Claxton of Booton, co. Norfolk.

[2] Paulina, daughter of Talbot Pepys of Impington, and sister of Roger and of Dr. John Pepys, married Hamond Claxton. She was born at Norwich, January 30th, 1622.

rent, and gives out that he will invalidate the Will, it being but conditional, we paying debts and legacies, which we have not done, but I hope we shall yet go through well enough. I settled to look over papers, and discourse of business against the Court till the evening, and then rode to Hinchingbroke (Will with me), and there to my Lady's chamber and saw her, but, it being night, and my head full of business, staid not long, but drank a cup of ale below, and so home again, and to supper, and to bed, being not quiet in mind till I speak with Piggott, to see how his business goes, whose land lies mortgaged to my late uncle, but never taken up by him, and so I fear the heire at law will do it and that we cannot, but my design is to supplant him by pretending bonds as well as a mortgage for the same money, and so as executor have the benefit of the bonds.

12th (Lord's day). Made myself fine with Captain Ferrers's lace band, being lothe to wear my own new scallop, it is so fine; and, after the barber had done with us, to church, where I saw most of the gentry of the parish; among others, Mrs. Hanbury, a proper lady, and Mr. Bernard and his Lady, with her father, my late Lord St. John,[1] who looks now like a very plain grave man. Mr. Wells preached a pretty good sermon, and they say he is pretty well in his witts again. So home to dinner, and so to walk in the garden, and then to Church again, and so home, there coming several people about business, and among others Mr. Piggott, who gives me good assurance of his truth to me and our business, in which I am very much pleased, and tells me what my uncle Thomas said to him and what he designs, which (in fine) is to be admitted to the estate as well as we, which I must endeavour to oppose as well as I can. So to supper, but my mind is so full of our business that I am no company at all, and then their

[1] Oliver St. John, Solicitor-General, 1641–43, and Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, 1648; one of Cromwell's Lords, and therefore, after the Restoration, properly called "My late Lord." His third daughter, Elizabeth, by his second wife, daughter of Henry Cromwell of Upwood, uncle to the Protector, married John Bernard, who succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his father, Sir Robert, in 1666, and was M.P. for Huntingdon. St. John died December 31st, 1673, at the age of seventy-five. There is a monument to his memory in Brampton Church, Huntingdonshire.

drink do not please me, till I did send to Goody Stanks for some of her's which is very small and fresh, with a little taste of wormewood, which ever after did please me very well. So after supper to bed, thinking of business, but every night getting my brother John to go up with me for discourse sake, while I was making unready.[1]

13th. Up to Hinchingbroke, and there with Mr. Sheply did look all over the house, and I do, I confess, like well of the alteracions, and do like the staircase, but there being nothing to make the outside more regular and modern, I am not satisfied with it, but do think it to be too much to be laid out upon it. Thence with Sheply to Huntingdon to the Crown, and there did sit and talk, and eat a breakfast of cold roast beef, and so he to St. Ives Market, and I to Sir Robert Bernard's for council, having a letter from my Lord Sandwich to that end. He do give it me with much kindness in appearance, and upon my desire do promise to put off my uncle's admittance, if he can fairly, and upon the whole do make my case appear better to me than my cozen Roger did, but not so but that we are liable to much trouble, and that it will be best to come to an agreement if possible. With my mind here also pretty well to see things proceed so well I returned to Brampton, and spent the morning in looking over papers and getting my copies ready against to-morrow. So to dinner, and then to walk with my father and other business, when by and by comes in my uncle Thomas and his son Thomas to see us, and very calm they were and we to them. And after a short How do you, and drinking a cup of beer, they went away again, and so by and by my father and I to Mr. Phillips, and there discoursed with him in order to to-morrow's business of the Court and getting several papers ready, when presently comes in my uncle Thomas and his son thither also, but finding us there I believe they were disappointed and so went forth again, and went to the house that Prior has lately bought of us (which was Bar-

[1] That is, "undressing." So of the French lords leaping over the walls in their shirts:

"*Alenc.* How now, my lords! what all unready so?
Bast. Unready! ay, and glad we 'scaped so well."
1 *Henry VI.*, act ii., sc. 1. — M. B.

ton's) and there did make entry and forbade paying rent to us, as now I hear they have done everywhere else, and that that was their intent in coming to see us this day. I perceive most of the people that do deal with us begin to be afraid that their title to what they buy will not be good. Which troubled me also I confess a little, but I endeavoured to remove all as well as I could. Among other things they make me afraid that Barton was never admitted to that that my uncle bought of him, but I hope the contrary. Thence home, and with my father took a melancholy walk to Portholme, seeing the country-maids milking their cows there, they being there now at grass, and to see with what mirth they come all home together in pomp with their milk, and sometimes they have musique go before them. So back home again, and to supper, and in comes Piggott with a counterfeit bond which by agreement between us (though it be very just in itself) he has made, by which I shall lay claim to the interest of the mortgage money, and so waiting with much impatience and doubt the issue of to-morrow's Court, I to bed, but hardly slept half an hour the whole night, my mind did so run with fears of to-morrow.

14th. Up, and did digest into a method all I could say in our defence, in case there should be occasion, for I hear he will have counsel to plead for him in the Court, and so about nine o'clock to the court at the Lordshipp where the jury was called; and there being vacancies, they would have had my father, in respect to him, [to] have been one of the Homage, but he thought fit to refuse it, he not knowing enough the customs of the town. They being sworn and the charge given them, they fell to our business, finding the heir-at-law to be my uncle Thomas; but Sir Robert [Bernard] did tell them that he had seen how the estate was devised to my father by my uncle's will, according to the custom of the manour, which they would have denied, first, that it was not according to the custom of the manour, proposing some difficulty about the half-acre of land which is given the heir-at-law according to custom, which did put me into great fear lest it might not be in my uncle's possession at his death, but mortgaged with other to T. Trice (who was there, and was

with my good will admitted to Taylor's house mortgaged to him if not being worth the money for which it was mortgaged, which I perceive he now, although he lately bragged the contrary, yet is now sensible of, and would have us to redeem it with money, and he would now resurrender it to us rather than the heir-at-law (or else that it was part of Goody Gorum's in which she has a life, and so might not be capable of being according to the custom given to the heir-at-law, but Will Stanks tells me we are sure enough against all that. Then they fell to talk of Piggott's land mortgaged to my uncle, but he never admitted to it, which they now as heir would have admitted to. But the steward, as he promised me, did find pretensions very kindly and readily to put off their admittance, by which I find they are much defeated, and if ever, I hope, will now listen to a treaty and agreement with us, at our meeting at London. So they took their leaves of the steward and Court, and went away, and by and by, after other business many brought in, they broke up to dinner. So my father and I home with great content to dinner; my mind now as full against the afternoon business, which we sat upon after dinner at the Court, and did sue out a recovery, and cut off the intayle; and my brothers there, to join therein. And my father and I admitted to all the lands; he for life, and I for myself and my heirs in reversion, and then did surrender according to bargain to Prior, Greene, and Shepheard the three cottages with their appurtenances that they have bought of us, and that being done and taken leave of the steward, I did with most compleat joy of mind go from the Court with my father home, and in a quarter of an hour did get on horseback, with my brother Tom, Cooke, and Will, all mounted, and without eating or drinking, take leave of father, mother, Pall, to whom I did give 10*s*., but have shown no kindness since I come, for I find her so very ill-natured that I cannot love her, and she so cruel a hypocrite that she can cry when she pleases, and John and I away, calling in at Hinchingbroke, and taking leave in three words of my Lady, and the young ladies; and so by moonlight most bravely all the way to Cambridge, with great pleasure, whither we come at about nine o'clock, and took up at the

Bear, but the house being full of guests we had very ill lodging, which troubled me, but had a supper, and my mind at good ease, and so to bed. Will in another bed in my chamber.

15th. My mind, though out of trouble, yet intent upon my journey home, being desirous to know how all my matters go there, I could hardly sleep, but waked very early; and, when it was time, did call up Will, and we rose, and musique (with a bandore[1] for the base) did give me a levett;[2] and so we got ready; and while breakfast was providing, I went forth (by the way finding Mr. George Montagu and his Lady, whom I saluted, going to take their coach thus early to proceed on their journey, they having lodged in the chamber just under me all this night) and showed Mr. Cooke King's College Chapel, Trinity College, and St. John's College Library; and that being done, to our inn again: where I met Dr. Fairbrother brought thither by my brother Tom, and he did breakfast with us, a very good-natured man he is, and told us how the room we were in was the room where Cromwell and his associated officers did begin to plot and act their mischiefs in these counties. Having eat well, only our oysters proving bad, we mounted, having a pair of boots that I borrowed and carried with me from Impington, my own to be sent from Cambridge to London, and took leave of all, and begun our journey about nine o'clock. After we had rode about 10 miles we got out of our way into Royston road, which did vex me cruelly, and the worst for that my brother's horse, which was lame yesterday, grows worse to-day, that he could not keep pace with us. At last with much ado we got into the road again, having misguided also a gentleman's man who had lost his master and thought us to be going the same way did follow us, but coming into the road again we met

[1] A musical instrument with wire strings, and sounded with a plectrum; used as a bass to a cittern. The banjo is a modification of the bandore, as the name is a negro corruption of that word.

[2] A blast of trumpets, intended as a *reveillée*, from French *lever*.

> "First he that led the Cavalcade
> Wore a Sow-gelder's Flagellet,
> On which he blew as strong a Levet
> As well-feed Lawyer on his breviate."
>
> *Hudibras*, II. ii. v. 609.

with his master, by his coat a divine, but I perceiving Tom's horse not able to keep with us, I desired Mr. Cooke and him to take their own time, and Will and I we rode before them keeping a good pace, and came to Ware about three o'clock in the afternoon, the ways being every where but bad. Here I fell into acquaintance and eat and drank with the divine, but know not who he is, and after an hour's bait to myself and horses he, though resolved to have lodged there, yet for company would out again, and so we remounted at four o'clock, and he went with me as far almost as Tibbald's[1] and there parted with us, taking up there for all night, but finding our horses in good case and the night being pretty light, though by reason of cloud the moon did not shine out, we even made shift from one place to another to reach London, though both of us very weary. And having left our horses at their masters, walked home, found all things well, and with full joy, though very weary, came home and went to bed, there happening nothing since our going to my discontent in the least degree; which do so please me, that I cannot but bless God for my journey, observing a whole course of success from the beginning to the end of it, and I do find it to be the reward of my diligence, which all along in this has been extraordinary, for I have not had the least kind of divertisement imaginable since my going forth, but merely carrying on my business which God has been pleased to bless. So to bed very hot and feverish by being weary, but early morning the fever was over.

16th. And so I rose in good temper, finding a good chimney-piece made in my upper dining-room chamber, and the dining-room wainscot in a good forwardness, at which I am glad, and then to the office, where by T. Hater I found all things to my mind, and so we sat at the office till noon, and then at home to dinner with my wife. Then coming Mr. Creede in order to some business with Sir J.

[1] Theobalds, a royal palace and park in the parish of Cheshunt, Herts. The house was built by Sir William Cecil (afterwards Lord Burghley) in 1560. James I. exchanged Hatfield with the Earl of Salisbury for this estate. Charles II. granted Theobalds to Monk, Duke of Albemarle, but at the death of his son it reverted to the crown. The last vestiges of the palace were destroyed in 1765.

Minnes about his accounts, this afternoon I took him to the Treasury office, where Sir John and I did stay late paying some money to the men that are saved out of the Satisfaction[1] that was lost the other day. The King gives them half-pay, which is more than is used in such cases, for they never used to have any thing, and yet the men were most outrageously discontented, and did rail and curse us till I was troubled to hear it, and wished myself unconcerned therein. Mr. Creede seeing us engaged took leave of us. Here late, and so home, and at the office set down my journey-journall to this hour, and so shut up my book, giving God thanks for my good success therein, and so home, and to supper, and to bed. I hear Mr. Moore is in a way of recovery. Sir H. Bennet[2] made Secretary of State in Sir Edward Nicholas's stead; not known whether by consent or not. My brother Tom and Cooke are come to town I hear this morning, and he sends me word that his mistress's mother is also come to treat with us about her daughter's portion and her jointure, which I am willing should be out of Sturtlow lands.

17th. This morning Tom comes to me, and I advise him how to deal with his mistress's mother about his giving her a joynture, but I intend to speak with her shortly, and tell her my mind. Then to my Lord Sandwich by water, and told him how well things do go in the country with me, of which he was very glad, and seems to concern himself much for me. Thence with Mr. Creed to Westminster Hall, and by and by thither comes Captn. Ferrers, upon my sending for him, and we three to Creed's chamber, and there sat a good while and drank chocolate. Here I am told how things go at Court; that the young men get uppermost, and the old serious lords are out of favour; that Sir H. Bennet, being brought into Sir Edward Nicholas's place, Sir Charles Barkeley[3] is made Privy

[1] The "Satisfaction" was a Dutch prize, a fifth-rate of twenty-six guns.

[2] Henry Bennet was born 1618, and knighted in 1657; M.P. for Kellington, 1663–65. Created Baron Arlington, 1665, and Viscount Thetford and Earl of Arlington, 1672. In the latter year he was also created a Knight of the Garter. He died July 28th, 1685. Isabella, his daughter and sole heir married the first Duke of Grafton in 1682.

[3] Created Baron Berkeley of Rathdown, and Viscount Fitzharding

Purse; a most vicious person, and one whom Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, to-day (at which I laugh to myself), did tell me that he offered his wife £300 per annum to be his mistress. He also told me that none in Court hath more the King's ear now than Sir Charles Barkeley, and Sir H. Bennet, and my Lady Castlemaine, whose interest is now as great as ever: and that Mrs. Haslerigge,[1] the great beauty, is got with child, and now brought to bed, and lays it to the King or the Duke of York. He tells me too that my Lord St. Albans[2] is like to be Lord Treasurer: all which things do trouble me much. Here I staid talking a good while, and so by water to see Mr. Moore, who is out of bed and in a way to be well, and thence home, and with Commr. Pett by water to view Wood's masts that he proffers to sell, which we found bad, and so to Deptford to look over some businesses, and so home and I to my office, all our talk being upon Sir J. M. and Sir W. B.'s base carriage against him at their late being at Chatham, which I am sorry to hear, but I doubt not but we shall fling Sir W. B. upon his back ere long. At my office, I hearing Sir W. Pen was not well, I went to him to see, and sat with him, and so home and to bed.

18th. This morning, having resolved of my brother's entertaining his mistress's mother to-morrow, I sent my wife thither to-day to lie there to-night and to direct him in the business, and I all the morning at the office, and the afternoon intent upon my workmen, especially my joyners, who will make my dining room very pretty. At night to my office to dispatch business, and then to see Sir W. Pen, who continues in great pain, and so home and alone to bed, but my head being full of my own and my brother Tom's business I could hardly sleep, though not in much trouble, but only multitude of thoughts.

19th (Lord's day). Got me ready in the morning and put on my first new lace-band; and so neat it is, that I am resolved my great expense shall be lace-bands, and it will

of Bearhaven (in Ireland), 1663; and, in 1665, Baron Botetort, and Earl of Falmouth, in England. Died June 3rd, 1665. He was the second son of Sir Charles Berkeley of Bruton.

[1] The child was owned by neither of the royal brothers.— B.

[2] The Earl of St. Albans was never appointed Lord Treasurer.

set off any thing else the more. So walked to my brother's, where I met Mr. Cooke, and discoursing with him do find that he and Tom have promised a joynture of £50 to his mistress, and say that I did give my consent that she should be joyntured in £30 per ann. for Sturtlow, and the rest to be made up out of her portion. At which I was stark mad, and very angry the business should be carried with so much folly and against my mind and all reason. But I was willing to forbear discovering of it, and did receive Mrs. Butler, her mother, Mr. Lull and his wife, very civil people, very kindly, and without the least discontent, and Tom had a good and neat dinner for us. We had little discourse of any business, but leave it to one Mr. Smith on her part and myself on ours. So we staid till sermon was done, and I took leave, and to see Mr. Moore, who recovers well; and his doctor coming to him, one Dr. Merrit,[1] we had some of his very good discourse of anatomy, and other things, very pleasant. By and by, I with Mr. Townsend walked in the garden, talking and advising with him about Tom's business, and he tells me he will speak with Smith, and says I offer fair to give her £30 joynture and no more. Thence Tom waiting for me homewards towards my house, talking and scolding him for his folly, and telling him my mind plainly what he has to trust to if he goes this way to work, for he shall never have her upon the terms they demand of £50. He left me, and I to my uncle Wight, and there supped, and there was pretty Mistress Margt. Wight, whom I esteem very pretty, and love dearly to look upon her. We were very pleasant, I drolling with my aunt and them, but I am sorry to hear that the news of the selling of Dunkirk[2] is taken so gener-

[1] Christopher Merrett, M.D., a native of Gloucestershire, born February 16th, 1614, a friend of Harvey, and author of several works on medicine and natural history. Expelled from his Fellowship of the Royal College of Physicians, September 30th, 1681. He died at his house in Hatton Garden, August 19th, 1695.

[2] A treaty was signed on the 27th October by which Dunkirk was sold to France for five million livres, two of which were to be paid immediately, and the remaining three by eight bills at dates varying from three months to two years; during which time the King of England was to contribute the aid of a naval force, if necessary, for defence against Spain. Subsequently the remaining three millions were reduced

ally ill, as I find it is among the merchants; and other things, as removal of officers at Court, good for worse; and all things else made much worse in their report among people than they are. And this night, I know not upon what ground, the gates of the City ordered to be kept shut, and double guards every where. So home, and after preparing things against to-morrow for the Duke, to bed. Indeed I do find every body's spirit very full of trouble; and the things of the Court and Council very ill taken; so as to be apt to appear in bad colours, if there should ever be a beginning of trouble, which God forbid!

20th. Up and in Sir J. Minnes's coach with him and Sir W. Batten to White Hall, where now the Duke is come again to lodge: and to Mr. Coventry's little new chamber there. And by and by up to the Duke, who was making himself ready; and there among other discourse young Killigrew did so commend "The Villaine,"[1] a new play made by Tom Porter, and acted only on Saturday at the Duke's house, as if there never had been any such play come upon the stage. The same yesterday was told me by Captain Ferrers; and this morning afterwards by Dr. Clerke, who saw it. Insomuch that after I had done with the Duke, and thence gone with Commissioner Pett to Mr. Lilly's,[2] the great painter, who came forth to us; but believing that I come to bespeak a picture, he prevented us by telling us, that he should not be at leisure these three weeks; which methinks is a rare thing. And then to see in

to 2,500,000 to be paid at Paris, and 254,000 in London. It is not known that Clarendon suggested the sale of Dunkirk, but it is certain that he adopted the measure with zeal. There is also no doubt that he got as much as France could be induced to give. — Lister's *Life of Clarendon*, ii. 173–4.

[1] A tragedy by T. Porter. "The Villain, a tragedy which I have seen acted at the Duke's Theatre with great applause: the part of Malignii being incomparably played by Mr. Sandford." — *Langbaine*, p. 407. "This person [Sandford] acted strongly with his face; and, as King Charles said, was the best villain in the world." — *Tony Aston*, p. 11. — B.

[2] Peter Lely, who was knighted by Charles II. He lived for a time in Drury Lane, but in 1662 he moved to a house in the Piazza, Covent Garden. He died of apoplexy, 1680, and left an estate in Lincolnshire of £800 a year. His collection of pictures and drawings was very fine, and realized £26,000 when sold by auction.

what pomp his table was laid for himself to go to dinner; and here, among other pictures, saw the so much desired by me picture of my Lady Castlemaine, which is a most blessed picture; and that that I must have a copy of. And having thence gone to my brother's, where my wife lodged last night, and eat something there, I took her by coach to the Duke's house, and there was the house full of company: but whether it was in over-expecting or what, I know not, but I was never less pleased with a play in my life. Though there was good singing and dancing, yet no fancy in the play, but something that made it less contenting was my conscience that I ought not to have gone by my vow, and, besides, my business commanded me elsewhere. But, however, as soon as I came home I did pay my crown to the poor's box, according to my vow, and so no harm as to that is done, but only business lost and money lost, and my old habit of pleasure wakened, which I will keep down the more hereafter, for I thank God these pleasures are not sweet to me now in the very enjoying of them. So by coach home, and after a little business at my office, and seeing Sir W. Pen, who continues ill, I went to bed. Dunkirk, I am confirmed, is absolutely sold; for which I am very sorry.

21st. Up, and while I was dressing myself, my brother Tom being there I did chide him for his folly in abusing himself about the match, for I perceive he do endeavour all he can to get her, and she and her friends to have more than her portion deserves, which now from 6 or £700 is come to £450. I did by several steps shew Tom how he would not be £100 the better for her according to the ways he took to joynture her. After having done with him to the office, and there all the morning, and in the middle of our sitting my workmen setting about the putting up of my rails upon my leads, Sir J. Minnes did spy them and fell a-swearing, which I took no notice of, but was vexed, and am still to the very heart for it, for fear it should put him upon taking the closett and my chamber from me, which I protest I am now afraid of. But it is my very great folly to be so much troubled at these trifles, more than at the loss of £100, or things of greater concernment; but I forget the lesson I used to preach to others of τὰ ἐφ', ἡμῖν καὶ τὰ

οὐκ ἐφ' ἡμῖν.[1] After dinner to my office with my head and heart full of troublesome business, and thence by water with Mr. Smith, to Mr. Lechmore,[2] the Councellor at the Temple, about Field's business; and he tells me plainly that, there being a verdict against me, there is no help for it, but it must proceed to judgment. It is £30 damage to me for my joining with others in committing Field to prison, we being not Justices of the Peace in the City, though in Middlesex; this troubled me, but I hope the King will make it good to us. Thence to Mr. Smith, the scrivener, upon Ludgate Hill, to whom Mrs. Butler do committ her business concerning her daughter and my brother. He tells me her daughter's portion is but £400, at which I am more troubled than before; and they find fault that his house is too little. So after I had told him my full mind, I went away to meet again to-morrow, but I believe the business will be broke off, which for Tom's sake I am much grieved for, but it cannot be helped without his ruin. Thence to see Mr. Moore, who is pretty well again, and we read over and discoursed about Mrs. Goldsborough's business, and her son coming by my appointment thither, I did tell him our resolution as to her having her estate reconveyed to her. Hither also came my brother, and before Mr. Moore I did advise and counsel him about his match, and how we had all been abused by Mr. Cooke's folly. So home and to my office, and there settled many businesses, and so home and to supper, and so to bed, Sir W. Pen being still in great pain.

22nd. Up, and carrying my wife and her brother to Covent Garden, near their father's new lodging, by coach, I to my Lord Sandwich's, who receives me now more and more kindly, now he sees that I am respected in the world; and is my most noble patron. Here I staid and talked

[1] From Epictetus, "Encheiridion," i. 1. See *ante*, September 9th, where Pepys uses the same quotation.

[2] Nicholas Lechmere, born September, 1613, called to the bar in 1641, and elected a bencher of the Middle Temple in 1655. He took the side of the Parliament, and was afterwards a staunch supporter of Richard Cromwell; but he made his peace with Charles II., and obtained a full pardon at Breda. At the age of seventy-six he was made a Baron of the Exchequer (May 4th, 1689), and knighted. He died April 30th, 1701.

about many things, with my Lord and Mr. Povy, being there about Tangier business, for which the Commission is a taking out. Hence (after talking with Mr. Cooke, whom I met here about Mrs. Butler's portion, he do persist to say that it will be worth £600 certain, when he knows as well as I do now that it is but £400, and so I told him, but he is a fool, and has made fools of us). So I by water to my brother's, and thence to Mr. Smith's, where I was last night, and there by appointment met Mrs. Butler, with whom I plainly discoursed and she with me. I find she will give but £400, and no more, and is not willing to do that without a joynture, which she expects and I will not grant for that portion, and upon the whole I find that Cooke has made great brags on both sides, and so has abused us both, but know not how to help it, for I perceive she had much greater expectations of Tom's house and being than she finds. But however we did break off the business wholly, but with great love and kindness between her and me, and would have been glad we had known one another's minds sooner, without being misguided by this fellow to both our shames and trouble. For I find her a very discreet, sober woman, and her daughter, I understand and believe, is a good lady; and if portions did agree, though she finds fault with Tom's house, and his bad imperfection in his speech, I believe we should well agree in other matters. After taking a kind farewell, I to Tom's, and there did give him a full account of this sad news, with which I find he is much troubled, but do appear to me to be willing to be guided herein, and apprehends that it is not for his good to do otherwise, and so I do persuade [him] to follow his business again, and I hope he will, but for Cooke's part and Dr. Pepys, I shall know them for two fools another time. Hence, it raining hard, by coach home, being first trimmed here by Benier, who being acquainted with all the players, do tell me that Betterton is not married to Ianthe,[1] as they

[1] Mary Saunderson, famous for acting the character of Ianthe in Davenant's "Siege of Rhodes." The marriage licence of "Thomas Betterton, bachelor, of Westminster, aged about 30, and Mary Saunderson, of St. Giles, Cripplegate, spinster, about 25," is dated December 24th, 1662. See Chester's "London Marriage Licences," ed. Foster, 1887, col. 123.

say; but also that he is a very sober, serious man, and studious and humble, following of his studies, and is rich already with what he gets and saves, and then to my office till late, doing great deal of business, and settling my mind in pretty good order as to my business, though at present they are very many. So home and to bed. This night was buried, as I hear by the bells at Barking Church, my poor Morena,[1] whose sickness being desperate, did kill her poor father; and he being dead for sorrow, she could not recover, nor desire to live, but from that time do languish more and more, and so is now dead and buried.

23rd. Up and among my workmen, and so to the office, and there sitting all the morning we stept all out to visit Sir W. Batten, who it seems has not been well all yesterday, but being let blood is now pretty well, and Sir W. Pen after office I went to see, but he continues in great pain of the gout and in bed, cannot stir hand nor foot but with great pain. So to my office all the evening putting things public and private in order, and so at night home and to supper and to bed, finding great content since I am come to follow my business again, which God preserve in me.

24th. After with great pleasure lying a great while talking and sporting in bed with my wife (for we have been for some years now, and at present more and more, a very happy couple, blessed be God), I got up and to my office, and having done there some business, I by water, and then walked to Deptford to discourse with Mr. Cowly and Davis about my late conceptions about keeping books of the distinct works done in the yards, against which I find no objection but their ignorance and unwillingness to do anything of pains and what is out of their ordinary dull road, but I like it well, and will proceed in it. So home and dined there with my wife upon a most excellent dish of tripes of my own directing, covered with mustard, as I have heretofore seen them done at my Lord Crew's, of which I made a very great meal, and sent for a glass of wine for myself, and so to see Sir W. Pen, who continues bed-rid in great pain, and hence to the Treasury to Sir J.

[1] The burial of Elizabeth, daughter of John Dekins or Dickens, is recorded in the parish register of All Hallows, Barking, as having taken place on October 22nd. See *ante*, October 3rd.

Minnes paying off of tickets, and at night home, and in my study (after seeing Sir W. Batten, who also continues ill) I fell to draw out my conceptions about books for the clerk that cheques in the yard to keep according to the distinct works there, which pleases me very well, and I am confident it will be of great use. At 9 at night home, and to supper, and to bed. This noon came to see me and sat with me a little after dinner Mr. Pierce, the chyrurgeon, who tells me how ill things go at Court: that the King do show no countenance to any that belong to the Queen; nor, above all, to such English as she brought over with her, or hath here since, for fear they should tell her how he carries himself to Mrs. Palmer;[1] insomuch that though he has a promise, and is sure of being made her chyrurgeon, he is at a loss what to do in it, whether to take it or no, since the King's mind is so altered in favour to all her dependants, whom she is fain to let go back into Portugall (though she brought them from their friends against their wills with promise of preferment), without doing any thing for them. But he tells me that her own physician did tell him within these three days that the Queen do know how the King orders things, and how he carries himself to my Lady Castlemaine and others, as well as any body; but though she hath spirit enough, yet seeing that she do no good by taking notice of it, for the present she forbears it in policy; of which I am very glad. But I pray God keep us in peace; for this, with other things, do give great discontent to all people.

25th. Up and to the office, and there with Mr. Coventry sat all the morning, only we two, the rest being absent or sick. Dined at home with my wife upon a good dish of neats' feet and mustard, of which I made a good meal. All the afternoon alone at my office and among my workmen, who (I mean the joyners) have even ended my dining room, and will be very handsome and to my full content. In the evening at my office about one business or another, and so home and to bed, with my mind every day more and more quiet since I come to follow my business, and shall be very happy indeed when the trouble of my house is over.

[1] Lady Castlemaine.

26th (Lord's day). Up and put on my new Scallop, and is very fine. To church, and there saw the first time Mr. Mills in a surplice; but it seemed absurd for him to pull it over his ears in the reading-pew, after he had done, before all the church, to go up to the pulpitt, to preach without it. Home and dined, and Mr. Sympson, my joyner that do my dining-room, and my brother Tom with me to a delicate fat pig. Tom takes his disappointment of his mistress to heart; but all will be well again in a little time. Then to church again, and heard a simple Scot preach most tediously. So home, and to see Sir W. Batten, who is pretty well again, and then to my uncle Wight's to show my fine band and to see Mrs. Margaret Wight, but she was not there. All this day soldiers going up and down the town, there being an alarm and many Quakers and others clapped up; but I believe without any reason: only they say in Dorsetshire there hath been some rising discovered. So after supper home, and then to my study, and making up my monthly account to myself. I find myself, by my expense in bands and clothes this month, abated a little of my last, and that I am worth £679 still; for which God be praised. So home and to bed with quiett mind, blessed be God, but afeard of my candle's going out, which makes me write thus slubberingly.[1]

27th. Up, and after giving order to the plasterer now to set upon the finishing of my house, then by water to wait upon the Duke, and walking in the matted Gallery, by and by comes Mr. Coventry and Sir John Minnes, and then to the Duke, and after he was ready, to his closet, where I did give him my usual account of matters, and afterwards, upon Sir J. Minnes' desire to have one to assist him in his employment, Sir W. Pen is appointed to be his, and Mr. Pett to be the Surveyor's assistant. Mr. Coventry did desire to be excused, and so I hope (at least it is my present opinion) to have none joined with me, but only Mr. Coventry do desire that I would find work for one of his clerks, which I did not deny, but however I will think of it, whether without prejudice to mine I can do it.

[1] This passage, as well as one written on August 5th, 1662, for which he makes an excuse, is written quite plainly, and the manuscript is as neat as usual.

Thence to my Lord Sandwich, who now-a-days calls me into his chamber, and alone did discourse with me about the jealousy that the Court have of people's rising; wherein he do much dislike my Lord Monk's being so eager against a company of poor wretches, dragging them up and down the street; but would have him rather to take some of the greatest ringleaders of them, and punish them; whereas this do but tell the world the King's fears and doubts. For Dunkirk, he wonders any wise people should be so troubled thereat, and scorns all their talk against it, for that he says it was not Dunkirk, but the other places, that did and would annoy us, though we had that, as much as if we had it not. He also took notice of the new Ministers of State, Sir H. Bennet and Sir Charles Barkeley, their bringing in, and the high game that my Lady Castlemaine plays at Court (which I took occasion to mention as that that the people do take great notice of), all which he confessed. Afterwards he told me of poor Mr. Spong, that being with other people examined before the King and Council (they being laid up as suspected persons; and it seems Spong is so far thought guilty as that they intend to pitch upon him to put to the wracke or some other torture), he do take knowledge of my Lord Sandwich, and said that he was well known to Mr. Pepys. But my Lord knows, and I told him, that it was only in matter of musique and pipes, but that I thought him to be a very innocent fellow; and indeed I am very sorry for him. After my Lord and I had done in private, we went out, and with Captain Cuttance and Bunn did look over their draught of a bridge for Tangier, which will be brought by my desire to our office by them to-morrow. Thence to Westminster Hall, and there walked long with Mr. Creed, and then to the great half-a-crown ordinary, at the King's Head, near Charing Cross, where we had a most excellent neat dinner and very high company, and in a noble manner. After dinner he and I into another room over a pot of ale and talked. He showed me our commission, wherein the Duke of York, Prince Rupert, Duke of Albemarle, Lord Peterborough, Lord Sandwich, Sir G. Carteret, Sir William Compton, Mr. Coventry, Sir R. Ford, Sir William Rider, Mr. Cholmley, Mr. Povy, myself, and Captain Cuttance, in this order are joyned for the carrying on the

service of Tangier, which I take for a great honour to me. He told me what great faction there is at Court; and above all, what is whispered, that young Crofts is lawful son to the King, the King being married to his mother.[1] How true this is, God knows; but I believe the Duke of York will not be fooled in this of three crowns. Thence to White Hall, and walked long in the galleries till (as they are commanded to all strange persons), one come to tell us, we not being known, and being observed to walk there four or five hours (which was not true, unless they count my walking there in the morning), he was commanded to ask who we were; which being told, he excused his question, and was satisfied. These things speak great fear and jealousys. Here we staid some time, thinking to stay out the play before the King to-night, but it being "The Villaine," and my wife not being there, I had no mind. So walk to the Exchange, and there took many turns with him; among other things, observing one very pretty Exchange lass, with her face full of black patches, which was a strange sight. So bid him good-night and away by coach to Mr. Moore, with whom I staid an hour, and found him pretty well and intends to go abroad to-morrow, and so it raining hard by coach home, and having visited both Sir

[1] There has been much confusion as to the name and parentage of Charles's mistress. Lucy Walter was the daughter of William Walter of Roch Castle, co. Pembroke, and Mr. S. Steinman, in his "Althorp Memoirs" (privately printed, 1869), sets out her pedigree, which is a good one. Roch Castle was taken and burnt by the Parliamentary forces in 1644, and Lucy was in London in 1648, where she made the acquaintance of Colonel Algernon Sidney. She then fell into the possession of his brother, Colonel Robert Sidney. In September of the same year she was taken up by Charles, Prince of Wales. Charles terminated his connection with her on October 30th, 1651, and she died in 1658, as appears by a document (administration entry in the Register of the Prerogative Court) met with by the late Colonel Chester. William Erskine, who had served Charles as cupbearer in his wanderings, and was appointed master of the Charter-house in December, 1677, had the care of Lucy Walter, and buried her in Paris. He declared that the king never had any intention of marrying her, and she did not deserve it. Thomas Ross, the tutor of her son, put the idea of this claim into his head, and asked Dr. Cosin to certify to a marriage. In consequence of this he was removed from his office, and Lord Crofts took his place (Steinman's "Althorp Memoirs"). Lucy Walter took the name of Barlow during her wanderings.

Williams, who are both sick, but like to be well again, I to my office, and there did some business, and so home and to bed. At Sir W. Batten's I met with Mr. Mills, who tells me that he could get nothing out of the maid hard by (that did poyson herself) before she died, but that she did it because she did not like herself, nor had not liked herself, nor anything she did a great while. It seems she was well-favoured enough, but crooked, and this was all she could be got to say, which is very strange.

28th. At the office sitting all the morning, and then home to dinner with my wife, and after dinner she and I passing an hour or two in ridiculous talk, and then to my office, doing business there till 9 at night, and so home and to supper and to bed. My house is now in its last dirt, I hope, the plasterer and painter now being upon winding up all my trouble, which I expect will now in a fortnight's time, or a little more, be quite over.

29th (Lord Mayor's day). Intended to have made me fine, and by invitacion to have dined with the Lord Mayor to-day, but going to see Sir W. Batten this morning, I found Sir G. Carteret and Sir J. Minnes going with Sir W. Batten and myself to examine Sir G. Carteret's accounts for the last year, whereupon I settled to it with them all the day long, only dinner time (which Sir G. Carteret gave us), and by night did as good as finish them, and so parted, and thence to my office, and there set papers in order and business against to-morrow. I received a letter this day from my father, speaking more trouble about my uncle Thomas his business, and of proceeding to lay claim to Brampton and all my uncle left, because it is given conditional that we should pay legacys, which to him we have not yet done, but I hope that will do us no hurt; God help us if it should, but it disquiets my mind. I have also a letter from my Lord Sandwich desiring me upon matters of concernment to be with him early to-morrow morning, which I wonder what it should be. So my mind full of thoughts, and some trouble at night, home and to bed. Sir G. Carteret, who had been at the examining most of the late people that are clapped up, do say that he do not think that there hath been any great plotting among them, though they have a good will to it; but their condition is so poor, and silly, and low, that they do not fear them at all.

30th. Could sleep but little to-night for thoughts of my business. So up by candlelight and by water to Whitehall, and so to my Lord Sandwich, who was up in his chamber and all alone, did acquaint me with his business; which was, that our old acquaintance Mr. Wade (in Axe Yard) hath discovered to him £7,000 hid in the Tower, of which he was to have two for discovery; my Lord himself two, and the King the other three, when it was found; and that the King's warrant runs for me on my Lord's part, and one Mr. Lee for Sir Harry Bennet, to demand leave of the Lieutenant of the Tower for to make search. After he had told me the whole business, I took leave and hastened to my office, expecting to be called by a letter from my Lord to set upon the business, and so there I sat with the officers all the morning. At noon when we were up comes Mr. Wade with my Lord's letter, and tells me the whole business. So we consulted for me to go first to Sir H. Bennet, who is now with many of the Privy Counsellors at the Tower, examining of their late prisoners, to advise with him when to begin. So I went; and the guard at the Tower Gate, making me leave my sword at the gate, I was forced to stay so long in the ale-house hard by, till my boy run home for my cloak, that my Lord Mayor that now is, Sir John Robinson, Lieutenant of the Tower, with all his company, was gone with their coaches to his house in Minchen Lane.[1] So my cloak being come, I walked thither; and there, by Sir G. Carteret's means, did presently speak with Sir H. Bennet, who did show and give me the King's warrant to me and Mr. Leigh, and another to himself, for the paying of £2,000 to my Lord, and other two to the discoverers. After a little discourse, dinner come in; and I dined with them. There was my Lord Mayor, my Lord Lauderdale, Mr. Secretary Morris, to whom Sir H. Bennet would give the upper hand; Sir Wm. Compton, Sir G. Carteret, and myself, and some other company, and a brave dinner. After dinner, Sir H. Bennet did call aside the Lord Mayor and me, and did break the business to him, who did not, nor durst appear the least averse to it,

[1] Now Mincing Lane. Stow writes, "Mincheon Lane, so called of tenements there some time pertaining to the Minchuns or nuns of St. Helen's in Bishopsgate Street."

but did promise all assistance forthwith to set upon it. So Mr. Lee and I to our office, and there walked till Mr. Wade and one Evett his guide did come, and W. Griffin, and a porter with his picke-axes, &c.; and so they walked along with us to the Tower, and Sir H. Bennet and my Lord Mayor did give us full power to fall to work. So our guide demands a candle, and down into the cellars he goes, inquiring whether they were the same that Baxter[1] alway had. We went into several little cellars, and then went out a-doors to view, and to the Cole Harbour;[2] but none did answer so well to the marks which was given him to find it by, as one arched vault. Where, after a great deal of council whether to set upon it now, or delay for better and more full advice, we set to it, to digging we went to almost eight o'clock at night, but could find nothing. But, however, our guides did not at all seem discouraged; for that they being confident that the money is there they look for, but having never been in the cellars, they could not be positive to the place, and therefore will inform themselves more fully now they have been there, of the party that do advise them. So locking the door after us, we left work to-night, and up to the Deputy Governor (my Lord Mayor, and Sir H. Bennet, with the rest of the company being gone an hour before); and he do undertake to keep the key of the cellars, that none shall go down without his privity. But, Lord! to see what a young simple fantastique coxcombe is made Deputy Governor, would make one mad; and how he called out for his night-gown of silk, only to make a show to us; and yet for half an hour I did not think he was the Deputy Governor, and so spoke not to him about the business, but waited for another man; at last I broke our business to him; and he promising his care, we parted. And Mr. Leigh and I by coach to White Hall, where I did give my Lord Sandwich an account of our proceedings, and

[1] Intended for John Barkstead, Lieutenant of the Tower under Cromwell. Committed to the Tower (see March 17th, 1661–62).

[2] Cold Harbour, in Upper Thames Street. The City of London Brewery (formerly Calvert's), No. 89, Upper Thames Street, occupies the site. The name has not been satisfactorily explained. One explanation is that it is a corruption of *Koelner Herberge*, or inn of the Cologne merchants.

some encouragement to hope for something hereafter, and so bade him good-night, and so by coach home again, where to my trouble I found that the painter had not been here to-day to do any thing, which vexes me mightily. So to my office to put down my journal, and so home and to bed. This morning, walking with Mr. Coventry in the garden, he did tell me how Sir G. Carteret had carried the business of the Victuallers' money to be paid by himself, contrary to old practice; at which he is angry I perceive, but I believe means no hurt, but that things may be done as they ought. He expects Sir George should not bespatter him privately, in revenge, but openly. Against which he prepares to bedaub him, and swears he will do it from the beginning, from Jersey to this day. And as to his own taking of too large fees or rewards for places that he had sold, he will prove that he was directed to it by Sir George himself among others. And yet he did not deny Sir G. Carteret his due, in saying that he is a man that do take the most pains, and gives himself the most to do business of any man about the Court, without any desire of pleasure or divertisements; which is very true. But which pleased me mightily, he said in these words, that he was resolved, whatever it cost him, to make an experiment, and see whether it was possible for a man to keep himself up in Court by dealing plainly and walking uprightly, with any private game a playing: in the doing whereof, if his ground do slip from under him, he will be contented; but he is resolved to try, and never to baulke taking notice of any thing that is to the King's prejudice, let it fall where it will; which is a most brave resolucion. He was very free with me; and by my troth, I do see more reall worth in him than in most men that I do know. I would not forget two passages of Sir J. Minnes's at yesterday's dinner. The one, that to the question how it comes to pass that there are no boars seen in London, but many sows and pigs; it was answered, that the constable gets them a-nights. The other, Thos. Killigrew's way of getting to see plays when he was a boy. He would go to the Red Bull, and when the man cried to the boys, "Who will go and be a devil, and he shall see the play for nothing?" then would he go in, and be a devil upon the stage, and so get to see plays.

31st. Lay pretty long in bed, and then up and among my workmen, the carpenters being this day laying of my floor of my dining room, with whom I staid a good while, and so to my office, and did a little business, and so home to dinner, and after dinner all the afternoon with my carpenters, making them lay all my boards but one in my dining room this day, which I am confident they would have made two good days work of if I had not been there, and it will be very pleasant. At night to my office, and there late doing of my office business, and so home to supper and bed. Thus ends this month, I and my family in good health, but weary heartily of dirt, but now in hopes within two or three weeks to be out of it. My head troubled with much business, but especially my fear of Sir J. Minnes claiming my bed-chamber of me, but I hope now that it is almost over, for I perceive he is fitting his house to go into it the next week. Then my law businesses for Brampton makes me mad almost, for that I want time to follow them, but I must by no means neglect them. I thank God I do save money, though it be but a little, but I hope to find out some job or other that I may get a sum by to set me up. I am now also busy in a discovery for my Lord Sandwich and Sir H. Bennett by Mr. Wade's means of some of Baxter's [Barkstead] money hid in one of his cellars in the Tower. If we get it it may be I may be 10 or £20 the better for it. I thank God I have no crosses, but only much business to trouble my mind with. In all other things as happy a man as any in the world, for the whole world seems to smile upon me, and if my house were done that I could diligently follow my business, I would not doubt to do God, and the King, and myself good service. And all I do impute almost wholly to my late temperance, since my making of my vowes against wine and plays, which keeps me most happily and contentfully to my business; which God continue! Public matters are full of discontent, what with the sale of Dunkirk, and my Lady Castlemaine, and her faction at Court; though I know not what they would have more than to debauch the king, whom God preserve from it! And then great plots are talked to be discovered, and all the prisons in town full of ordinary people, taken from their meeting-places last Sun-

day. But for certain some plots there hath been, though not brought to a head.

November 1st. Up and after a little while with my workmen I went to my office, and then to our sitting all the morning. At noon with Mr. Creede, whom I found at my house, to the Trinity House, to a great dinner there, by invitacion, and much company. It seems one Captain Evans makes his Elder Brother's dinner to-day. Among other discourses one Mr. Oudant, secretary to the late Princesse of Orange, did discourse of the convenience as to keeping the highways from being deep, by their horses, in Holland (and Flanders where the ground is as miry as ours is), going in their carts and waggons as ours in coaches, wishing the same here as an expedient to make the ways better, and I think there is something in it, where there is breadth enough. Thence to my office, sent for to meet Mr. Leigh again, from Sir H. Bennet. And he and I, with Wade and his intelligencer and labourers, to the Tower cellars, to make one tryall more; where we staid two or three hours digging, and dug a great deal all under the arches, as it was now most confidently directed, and so seriously, and upon pretended good grounds, that I myself did truly expect to speed; but we missed of all: and so we went away the second time like fools. And to our office, whither, a coach being come, Mr. Leigh goes home to Whitehall; and I by appointment to the Dolphin Tavern, to meet Wade and the other, Captn. Evett, who now do tell me plainly, that he that do put him upon this is one that had it from Barkestead's own mouth, and was advised with by him, just before the King's coming in, how to get it out, and had all the signs told him how and where it lay, and had always been the great confident of Barkestead even to the trusting him with his life and all he had. So that he did much convince me that there is good ground for what we go about. But I fear it may be that he did find some conveyance of it away, without the help of this man, before he died. But he is resolved to go to the party once more, and then to determine what we shall do further. So we parted, and I to my office, where after sending away my letters to the post I do hear that Sir J. Minnes is resolved to turn part of our entry into a room and to divide

the back yard between Sir W. Pen and him, which though I do not see how it will annoy me much particularly, yet it do trouble me a little for fear it should, but I do not see how it can well unless in his desiring my coming to my back stairs, but for that I shall do as well as himself or Sir W. Pen, who is most concerned to look after it.

2nd (Lord's day). Lay long with pleasure talking with my wife, in whom I never had greater content, blessed be God! than now, she continuing with the same care and thrift and innocence, so long as I keep her from occasions of being otherwise, as ever she was in her life, and keeps the house as well. To church, where Mr. Mills, after he had read the service, and shifted himself as he did the last day, preached a very ordinary sermon. So home to dinner with my wife. Then up into my new rooms which are almost finished, and there walked with great content talking with my wife till church time, and then to church, and there being a lazy preacher I slept out the sermon, and so home, and after visiting the two Sir Williams, who are both of them mending apace, I to my office preparing things against to-morrow for the Duke, and so home and to bed, with some pain, . . . having taken cold this morning in sitting too long bare-legged to pare my corns. My wife and I spent a good deal of this evening in reading "Du Bartas' Imposture" and other parts which my wife of late has taken up to read, and is very fine as anything I meet with.

3d. Up and with Sir J. Minnes in his coach to White Hall, to the Duke's; but found him gone out a-hunting. Thence to my Lord Sandwich, from whom I receive every day more and more signs of his confidence and esteem of me. Here I met with Pierce the chyrurgeon, who tells me that my Lady Castlemaine is with child; but though it be the King's, yet her Lord being still in town, and sometimes seeing of her, though never to eat or lie together, it will be laid to him. He tells me also how the Duke of York is smitten in love with my Lady Chesterfield[1] (a vir-

[1] Lady Elizabeth Butler, daughter of James Butler, first Duke of Ormond, second wife of Philip Stanhope, second Earl of Chesterfield. She died July, 1665 (see "Mémoires de Grammont," chap. viii.). Peter Cunningham thinks that this banishment was only temporary,

tuous lady, daughter to my Lord of Ormond); and so much, that the duchess of York hath complained to the King and her father about it, and my Lady Chesterfield is gone into the country for it. At all which I am sorry; but it is the effect of idleness, and having nothing else to employ their great spirits upon. Thence with Mr. Creede and Mr. Moore (who is got upon his legs and come to see my Lord) to Wilkinson's, and there I did give them and Mr. Howe their dinner of roast beef, cost me 5*s.*, and after dinner carried Mr. Moore as far as Paul's in a coach, giving him direction about my law business, and there set him down, and I home and among my workmen, who happened of all sorts to meet to their making an end of a great many jobbs, so that after to-morrow, I shall have but a little plastering and all the painting almost to do, which was good content to me. At night to my office, and did business; and there came to me Mr. Wade and Evett, who have been again with their prime intelligencer, a woman, I perceive: and though we have missed twice, yet they bring such an account of the probability of the truth of the thing, though we are not certain of the place, that we shall set upon it once more; and I am willing and hopefull in it. So we resolved to set upon it again on Wednesday morning; and the woman herself will be there in a disguise, and confirm us in the place. So they took leave for the night, and I to my business, and then home to my wife and to supper and bed, my pain being going away. So by God's great blessing my mind is in good condition of quiet.

4th. Lay long talking pleasantly with my wife in bed, it having rained, and do still, very much all night long. Up and to the office, where we sat till noon. This morning we had news by letters that Sir Richard Stayner[1] is dead at sea in the Mary, which is now come into Portsmouth

for, according to the Grammont Memoirs, she was in town when the Russian ambassador was in London, December, 1662, and January, 1662–63. "It appears from the books of the Lord Steward's office . . . that Lord Chesterfield set out for the country on the 12th May, 1663, and, from his 'Short Notes' referred to in the Memoirs before his Correspondence, that he remained at Bretby, in Derbyshire, with his wife, throughout the summer of that year" ("Story of Nell Gwyn," 1852, p. 189).

[1] Sir Richard Stayner's funeral is mentioned on the 28th of this month.

from Lisbon; which we are sorry for, he being a very stout seaman. But there will be no great miss of him for all that. Dined at home with my wife, and all the afternoon among my workmen, and at night to my office to do business there, and then to see Sir W. Pen, who is still sick, but his pain less than it was. He took occasion to talk with me about Sir J. Minnes's intention to divide the entry and the yard, and so to keep him out of the yard, and forcing him to go through the garden to his house. Which he is vexed at, and I am glad to see that Sir J. Minnes do use him just as he do me, and so I perceive it is not anything extraordinary his carriage to me in the matter of our houses, for this is worse than anything he has done to me, that he should give order for the stopping up of his way to his house without so much as advising with him or letting of him know it, and I confess that it is very highly and basely done of him. So to my office again, and after doing business there, then home to supper and to bed.

5th. Up and with my painters painting my dining room all day long till night, not stirring out at all. Only in the morning my Lady Batten did send to speak with me, and told me very civilly that she did not desire, nor hoped I did, that anything should pass between us but what was civill, though there was not the neighbourliness between her and my wife that was fit to be, and so complained of my maid's mocking of her; when she called "Nan" to her maid within her own house, my maid Jane in the garden overheard her, and mocked her, and some other such like things she told me, and of my wife's speaking unhandsomely of her; to all which I did give her a very respectfull answer, such as did please her, and am sorry indeed that this should be, though I do not desire there should be any acquaintance between my wife and her. But I promised to avoid such words and passages for the future. So home, and by and by Sir W. Pen did send for me to his bedside, and tell me how really Sir J. Minnes did resolve to have one of my rooms, and that he was very angry and hot, and said he would speak to the Duke. To which, knowing that all this was but to scare me, and to get him to put off his resolution of making up the entry, I did tell him plainly how I did not value his anger more than he

did mine, and that I should be willing to do what the Duke commanded, and I was sure to have justice of him, and that was all I did say to him about it, though I was much vexed, and after a little stay went home; and there telling my wife she did put me into heart, and resolve to offer him to change lodgings, and believe that that will one way or other bring us to some end in this dispute. At night I called up my maids, and schooled Jane, who did answer me so humbly and drolly about it, that though I seemed angry, I was much pleased with her and [my] wife also. So at night to bed.

6th. At the office forenoon and afternoon till late at night very busy answering my Lord Treasurer's letter, and my mind troubled till we come to some end with Sir J. Minnes about our lodgings, and so home. And after some pleasant discourse and supper to bed, and in my dream much troubled by being with Will. Swan, a great fanatic, my old acquaintance, and, methought, taken and led up with him for a plotter, all our discourse being at present about the late plots.

7th. Up and being by appointment called upon by Mr. Lee, he and I to the Tower, to make our third attempt upon the cellar. And now privately the woman, Barkestead's great confident, is brought, who do positively say that this is the place which he did say the money was hid in, and where he and she did put up the £50,000[1] in butter firkins; and the very day that he went out of England did say that neither he nor his would be the better for that money, and therefore wishing that she and hers might. And so left us, and we full of hope did resolve to dig all over the cellar, which by seven o'clock at night we performed. At noon we sent for a dinner, and upon the head of a barrel dined very merrily, and to work again. Between times, Mr. Lee, who had been much in Spain, did tell me pretty stories of the customs and other things, as I asked him, of the country, to my great content. But at last we saw we were mistaken; and after digging the cellar quite through, and removing the barrels from one side to the other, we were forced to pay our porters, and give over our expectacions,

[1] Thus in the MS., although the amount was first stated as £7,000 (see October 30th, 1662).

though I do believe there must be money hid somewhere by him, or else he did delude this woman in hopes to oblige her to further serving him, which I am apt to believe. Thence by coach to White Hall, and at my Lord's lodgings did write a letter, he not being within, to tell him how things went, and so away again, only hearing that Mrs. Sarah is married, I did go up stairs again and joy her and kiss her, she owning of it; and it seems it is to a cook. I am glad she is disposed of, for she grows old, and is very painfull,[1] and one I have reason to wish well for her old service to me. Then to my brother's, where my wife, by my order, is to-night, to stay a night or two while my house is made clean, and thence home, where I am angry to see, instead of the house made in part clean, all the pewter goods and other things are brought up to scouring, which makes the house ten times worse, at which I was very much displeased, but cannot help it. So to my office to set down my journal, and so home and to bed.

8th. All the morning sitting at the office, and after that dined alone at home, and so to the office again till 9 o'clock, being loth to go home, the house is so dirty, and my wife at my brother's. So home and to bed.

9th (Lord's day). Lay alone a good while, my mind busy about pleading to-morrow to the Duke if there shall be occasion for this chamber that I lie in against Sir J. Minnes. Then up, and after being ready walked to my brother's, where my wife is, calling at many churches, and then to the Temple, hearing a bit there too, and observing that in the streets and churches the Sunday is kept in appearance as well as I have known it at any time. Then to dinner to my brother's, only he and my wife, and after dinner to see Mr. Moore, who is pretty well, and he and I to St. Gregory's, where I escaped a great fall down the staires of the gallery: so into a pew there and heard Dr. Ball[2] make a very good sermon, though short of what I expected, as for the most part it do fall out. So home with Mr. Moore to his chamber, and after a little talk I walked home to my house and staid at Sir W. Batten's. Till late at night with him and

[1] Painstaking.

[2] Dr. Ball was at this time rector of the parish of St. Mary Woolchurch Haw, and in 1665 he became Master of the Temple.

Sir J. Minnes, with whom we did abundance of most excellent discourse of former passages of sea commanders and officers of the navy, and so home and to bed, with my mind well at ease but only as to my chamber, which I fear to lose.

10th. Up betimes and to set my workmen to work, and then a little to the office, and so with Sir J. Minnes, Sir W. Batten, and myself by coach to White Hall, to the Duke, who, after he was ready, did take us into his closett. Thither come my Lord General Monk, and did privately talk with the Duke about having the life-guards pass through the City to-day only for show and to fright people, for I perceive there are great fears abroad; for all which I am troubled and full of doubt that things will not go well. He being gone, we fell to business of the Navy. Among other things, how to pay off this fleet that is now come from Portugall; the King of Portugall sending them home, he having no more use for them, which we wonder at, that his condition should be so soon altered. And our landmen also are coming back, being almost starved in that poor country. Having done here I went by my Lord Sandwich's, who was not at home, and so to Westminster Hall, where full of term, and here met with many about business, among others my cozen Roger Pepys, who is all for a composition with my uncle Thomas, which upon any fair terms I am for also and desire it. Thence by water, and so by land to my Lord Crew's, and dined with him and his brother, I know not his name; where very good discourse; among others, of France's intention to make a patriarch of his own, independent from the Pope, by which he will be able to cope with the Spaniard in all councils, which hitherto he has never done. My Lord Crew told us how he heard my Lord of Holland[1] say that, being Embassador about the match with the Queene-Mother that now is, the King of France[2] insisted upon a dispensation from the Pope, which my Lord Holland making a question of, and that he was

[1] Henry Rich, second son of Robert, first Earl of Warwick, born about 1589; M.P. for Leicester, 1614. Created Lord Kensington, March 8th, 1623. Ambassador Extraordinary to Paris, March 19th, 1624. He was advanced to the earldom of Holland, September 24th, 1624; K.G., 1625. Beheaded by the Parliament, March 9th, 1649.

[2] Louis XIII., in 1624.

commanded to yield to nothing to the prejudice of our religion, says the King of France, "You need not fear that, for if the Pope will not dispense with the match, my Bishopp of Paris shall." By and by come in great Mr. Swinfen,[1] the Parliament-man, who, among other discourse of the rise and fall of familys, told us of Bishopp Bridgeman[2] (brother of Sir Orlando) who lately hath bought a seat[3] anciently of the Levers, and then the Ashtons; and so he hath in his great hall window (having repaired and beautified the house) caused four great places to be left for coates of armes. In one he hath put the Levers, with this motto, "Olim." In another the Ashtons, with this, "Heri." In the next his own, with this, "Hodie." In the fourth nothing but this motto, "Cras nescio cujus." Thence towards my brother's; met with Jack Cole in Fleet Street, and he and I went into his cozen Mary Cole's (whom I never saw since she was married), and drank a pint of wine and much good discourse. I found him a little conceited, but he had good things in him, and a man may know the temper of the City by him, he being of a general conversation, and can tell how matters go; and upon that score I will encourage his acquaintance. Thence to my brother's, and taking my wife up, carried her to Charing Cross, and there showed her the Italian motion, much after the nature of what I showed her a while since in Covent Garden. Their puppets here are somewhat better, but their motions not at all. Thence by coach to my Lady's, and, hiding my wife with Sarah below, I went up and heard some musique with my Lord, and afterwards discoursed with him alone, and so good night to him and below, having sent for Mr. Creed, had thought to have shown my wife a play before the King, but it is so late that we could not, and so we took coach, and taking up Sarah at my brother's with their night geare we went home, and I to my office to settle matters, and so home and to bed. This morning in the Duke's chamber

[1] John Swinfen, M.P. for Tamworth.

[2] John Bridgeman, Bishop of Chester, ancestor of the present Earl of Bradford. Great Levers, the seat alluded to, must probably have been bought by Sir Orlando Bridgeman, or some other member of the family, not by the bishop, as he died in 1652. Pepys seems to speak of a person then living. See *ante*, October 10th, 1660. — B.

[3] Ashton Hall, in Lancashire.

Sir J. Minnes did break to me his desire about my chamber, which I did put off to another time to discourse of, he speaking to me very kindly to make me the less trouble myself, hoping to save myself and to contrive something or other to pleasure him as well, though I know not well what. The town, I hear, is full of discontents, and all know of the King's new bastard by Mrs. Haslerigge,[1] and as far as I can hear will never be contented with Episcopacy, they are so cruelly set for Presbytery, and the Bishopps carry themselves so high, that they are never likely to gain anything upon them.

11th. All the morning sitting at the office, and then to dinner with my wife, and so to the office again (where a good while Mr. Bland was with me, telling me very fine things in merchandize, which, but that the trouble of my office do so cruelly hinder me, I would take some pains in) till late at night. Towards the evening I, as I have done for three or four nights, studying something of Arithmetique, which do please me well to see myself come forward. So home, to supper, and to bed.

12th. At my office most of the morning, after I had done among my painters, and sent away Mr. Shaw and Hawly, who came to give me a visit this morning. Shaw it seems is newly re-married to a rich widow. At noon dined at home with my wife, and by and by, by my wife's appointment came two young ladies, sisters,[2] acquaintances of my wife's brother's, who are desirous to wait upon some ladies, and proffer their service to my wife. The youngest, indeed, hath a good voice, and sings very well, besides other good qualitys; but I fear hath been bred up with too great liberty for my family, and I fear greater inconveniences of expenses, and my wife's liberty will follow, which I must study to avoid till I have a better purse; though, I confess, the gentlewoman, being pretty handsome, and singing, makes me have a good mind to her. Anon I took them by coach and carried them to a friend's of theirs, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and there I left them and I to the Temple

[1] See *ante*, October 17th, 1662.

[2] The two Gosnells. The Christian names of these two sisters are not known. No reference to the one who turned actress can be found in the ordinary sources of theatrical history.

by appointment to my cousin Roger's chamber, where my uncle Thomas and his son Thomas met us, I having hoped that they would have agreed with me to have had [it] ended by my cozen Roger, but they will have two strangers to be for them against two others of mine, and so we parted without doing anything till the two send me the names of their arbiters. Thence I walked home, calling a little in Paul's Churchyard, and, I thank God, can read and never buy a book, though I have a great mind to it. So to the Dolphin Tavern near home, by appointment, and there met with Wade and Evett, and have resolved to make a new attempt upon another discovery, in which God give us better fortune than in the other, but I have great confidence that there is no cheat in these people, but that they go upon good grounds, though they have been mistaken in the place of the first. From thence, without drinking a drop of wine, home to my office and there made an end, though late, of my collection of the prices of masts for these twelve years to this day, in order to the buying of some of Wood, and I bound it up in painted paper to lie by as a book for future use. So home and to supper and to bed, and a little before and after we were in bed we had much talk and difference between us about my wife's having a woman, which I seemed much angry at, that she should go so far in it without consideration and my being consulted with. So to bed.

13th. Up and began our discontent again and sorely angered my wife, who indeed do live very lonely, but I do perceive that it is want of work that do make her and all other people think of ways of spending their time worse, and this I owe to my building, that do not admit of her undertaking any thing of work, because the house has been and is still so dirty. I to my office, and there sat all the morning and dined with discontent with my wife at noon, and so to my office, and there this afternoon we had our first meeting upon our commission of inspecting the Chest,[1] and there met Sir J. Minnes, Sir Francis Clerke,[2] Mr. Heath, Atturney of the Dutchy, Mr. Prinn, Sir W. Rider, Captn. Cocke, and myself. Our first work to read over the

[1] See *ante*, July 3rd, 1662.
[2] Francis Clerke, knighted May 28th, 1660; M.P. for Rochester.

Institution, which is a decree in Chancery in the year 1617, upon an inquisition made at Rochester about that time into the revenues of the Chest, which had then, from the year 1588 or 1590, by the advice of the Lord High Admiral and principal officers then being, by consent of the seamen, being settled, paying sixpence per month, according to their wages then, which was then but 10*s*. which is now 24*s*. We adjourned to a fortnight hence. So broke up, and I to see Sir W. Pen, who is now pretty well, but lies in bed still; he cannot rise to stand. Then to my office late, and this afternoon my wife in her discontent sent me a letter, which I am in a quandary what to do, whether to read it or not, but I purpose not, but to burn it before her face, that I may put a stop to more of this nature. But I must think of some way, either to find her some body to keep her company, or to set her to work, and by employment to take up her thoughts and time. After doing what I had to do I went home to supper, and there was very sullen to my wife, and so went to bed and to sleep (though with much ado, my mind being troubled) without speaking one word to her.

14th. She begun to talk in the morning and to be friends, believing all this while that I had read her letter, which I perceive by her discourse was full of good counsel, and relating the reason of her desiring a woman, and how little charge she did intend it to be to me, so I begun and argued it as full and plain to her, and she to reason it highly to me, to put her away, and take one of the Bowyers if I did dislike her, that I did resolve when the house is ready she shall try her for a while; the truth is, I having a mind to have her come for her musique and dancing. So up and about my papers all the morning, and her brother coming I did tell him my mind plain, who did assure me that they were both of the sisters very humble and very poor, and that she that we are to have would carry herself so. So I was well contented and spent part of the morning at my office, and so home and to dinner, and after dinner, finding Sarah to be discontented at the news of this woman, I did begin in my wife's chamber to talk to her and tell her that it was not out of unkindness to her, but my wife came up, and I perceive she is not too reconciled to her whatever the matter is, that I perceive I shall not be able to keep her, though

she is as good a servant (only a little pettish) that ever I desire to have, and a creditable servant. So she desired leave to go out to look [for] a service, and did, for which I am troubled, and fell out highly afterwards with my wife about it. So to my office, where we met this afternoon about answering a great letter of my Lord Treasurer's, and that done to my office drawing up a letter to him, and so home to supper.

15th. All the morning at the office sitting, dined with my wife pleasantly at home, then among my painters, and by and by went to my Civil Lawyers about my uncle's suit, and so home again and saw my painters make an end of my house this night, which is my great joy, and so to my office and did business till ten at night, and so home and to supper, and after reading part of Bussy d'Ambois,[1] a good play I bought to-day, to bed.

16th (Lord's day). About three o'clock in the morning waked with a rude noise among Sir J. Minnes his servants (he not being yet come to his lodgings), who are the rudest people but they that lived before, one Mrs. Davis, that ever I knew in my life. To sleep again, and after long talking pleasantly with my wife, up and to church, where Mrs. Goodyer, now Mrs. Buckworth, was churched. I love the woman for her gravity above any in the parish. So home and to dinner with my wife with great content, and after dinner walked up and down my house, which is now almost finished, there being nothing to do but the glazier and furniture to put up. By and by comes Tom, and after a little talk I with him towards his end, but seeing many strangers and coaches coming to our church, and finding that it was a sermon to be preached by a probationer for the Turkey Company,[2] to be sent to Smyrna, I returned thither. And several Turkey merchants filled all the best pews (and some in ours) in the Church, but a most pitiful sermon it was upon a text in Zachariah, and a great time he spent to show whose son Zachary was, and to prove Malachi to be the last prophet before John the Baptist. Home and to see Sir W. Pen, who gets strength, but still keeps his bed.

[1] A tragedy by George Chapman, first published in 1607. The plot is taken from French history of the reign of Henry VIII.

[2] The Turkey or Levant Company was established in 1581. The Charter of Incorporation is dated January 7th, 1592.

Then home and to my office to do some business there, and so home to supper and to bed.

17th. To the Duke's to-day, but he is gone a-hunting, and therefore I to my Lord Sandwich's, and having spoke a little with him about his businesses, I to Westminster Hall and there staid long doing many businesses, and so home by the Temple and other places doing the like, and at home I found my wife dressing by appointment by her woman[1] that I think is to be, and her other sister being here to-day with her and my wife's brother, I took Mr. Creed, that came to dine, to an ordinary behind the Change, and there dined together, and after dinner home and there spent an hour or two till almost dark, talking with my wife, and making Mrs. Gosnell sing; and then, there being no coach to be got, by water to White Hall; but Gosnell not being willing to go through bridge, we were forced to land and take water again, and put her and her sister ashore at the Temple. I am mightily pleased with her humour and singing. At White Hall by appointment, Mr. Creed carried my wife and I to the Cockpitt,[2] and we had excellent places, and saw the King, Queen, Duke of Monmouth,[3] his son, and my Lady Castlemaine, and all the fine ladies; and "The Scornfull Lady," well performed. They had done by eleven o'clock, and it being fine moonshine, we took coach and home, but could wake nobody at my house, and so were fain to have my boy get through one of the windows, and so opened the door and called up the maids, and went to supper and to bed, my mind being troubled at what my wife tells me, that her woman will not come till she hears from her mother, for I am so fond of her that I am loth now not to have her, though I know it will be a great charge to me which I ought to avoid, and so will make it up in other things. So to bed.

18th. Up and to the office, where Mr. Phillip the lawyer

[1] Mrs. Gosnell.

[2] This was the Cockpit adjoining Whitehall Palace. The "Scornful Lady" was a comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, first published in 1616.

[3] This entry would appear to have been altered at a later date, as James Crofts or Fitzroy was not raised to the peerage and created Duke of Monmouth until February 14th, 1662–63.

came to me, but I put him off to the afternoon. At noon I dined at Sir W. Batten's, Sir John Minnes being here, and he and I very kind, but I every day expect to pull a crow with him about our lodgings. My mind troubled about Gosnell and my law businesses. So after dinner to Mr. Phillips his chamber, where he demands an abatement for Piggott's money, which vexes me also, but I will not give it him without my father's consent, which I will write to him to-night about, and have done it. Here meeting my uncle Thomas, he and I to my cozen Roger's chamber, and there I did give my uncle him and Mr. Philips to be my two arbiters against Mr. Cole and Punt, but I expect no great good of the matter. Thence walked home, and my wife came home, having been abroad to-day, laying out above £12 in linen, and a copper, and a pot, and bedstead, and other household stuff, which troubles me also, so that my mind to-night is very heavy and divided. Late at my office, drawing up a letter to my Lord Treasurer, which we have been long about, and so home, and, my mind troubled, to bed.

20th. All the morning sitting at the office, at noon with Mr. Coventry to the Temple to advise about Field's, but our lawyers not being in the way we went to St. James's, and there at his chamber dined, and I am still in love more and more with him for his real worth. I broke to him my desire for my wife's brother to send him to sea as a midshipman, which he is willing to agree to, and will do it when I desire it. After dinner to the Temple, to Mr. Thurland;[1] and thence to my Lord Chief Baron, Sir Edward Hale's,[2] and back with Mr. Thurland to his chamber, where he told us that Field will have the better of us; and that we must study to make up the business as well as we can, which do much vex and trouble us: but I am glad the Duke is concerned in it. Thence by coach home-

[1] Edward Thurland, born at Reigate in 1606, and called to the bar by the Inner Temple on October 2nd, 1634; M.P. for Reigate, May, 1640, also in 1660 and 1661. Recorder of Reigate and Guildford, and appointed Solicitor to the Duke of York, when he was knighted. Baron of the Exchequer, 1673. Died December 10th, 1682.

[2] Mistake for Sir Matthew Hale, who, on Sir Orlando Bridgeman's promotion to the Lord Chief Justiceship of the Common Pleas, was made Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer on November 7th, 1662.

wards, calling at a tavern in the way (being guided by the messenger in whose custody Field lies), and spoke with Mr. Smith our messenger about the business, and so home, where I found that my wife had finished very neatly my study with the former hangings of the dining [room], which will upon occasion serve for a fine withdrawing room. So a little to my office and so home, and spent the evening upon my house, and so to supper and to bed.

21st. Within all day long, helping to put up my hangings in my house in my wife's chamber, to my great content. In the afternoon I went to speak to Sir J. Minnes at his lodgings, where I found many great ladies, and his lodgings made very fine indeed. At night to supper and to bed: this night having first put up a spitting sheet, which I find very convenient. This day come the King's pleasure-boats from Calais, with the Dunkirk money, being 400,000 pistolles.

22nd. This morning, from some difference between my wife and Sarah, her maid, my wife and I fell out cruelly, to my great discontent. But I do see her set so against the wench, whom I take to be a most extraordinary good servant, that I was forced for the wench's sake to bid her get her another place, which shall cost some trouble to my wife, however, before I suffer to be. Thence to the office, where I sat all the morning, then dined, Mr. Moore with me, at home, my wife busy putting her furniture in order. Then he and I out, and he home and I to my cozen Roger Pepys to advise about treating with my uncle Thomas, and thence called at the Wardrobe on Mr. Moore again, and so home, and after doing much business at my office I went home and caused a new fashion knocker to be put on my door, and did other things to the putting my house in order, and getting my outward door painted, and the arch. This day I bought the book of country dances against my wife's woman Gosnell comes, who dances finely; and there meeting Mr. Playford he did give me his Latin songs of Mr. Deering's,[1] which he lately printed. This day Mr. Moore told me that for certain the Queen-

[1] There is a copy of Dering's Latin songs in the British Museum, entitled, "Cantica Sacra ad duas et tres voces composita." London, 1662, folio. — B.

Mother is married to my Lord St. Albans, and he is like to be made Lord Treasurer. Newes that Sir J. Lawson hath made up a peace now with Tunis and Tripoli, as well as Argiers, by which he will come home very highly honoured.

23rd (Lord's day). Up, after some talk with my wife, soberly, upon yesterday's difference, and made good friends, and to church to hear Mr. Mills, and so home, and Mr. Moore and my brother Tom dined with me. My wife not being well to-day did not rise. In the afternoon to church again, and heard drowsy Mr. Graves, and so to see Sir W. Pen, who continues ill in bed, but grows better and better every day. Thence to Sir W. Batten's, and there staid awhile and heard how Sir R. Ford's daughter is married to a fellow without friends' consent, and the match carried on and made up at Will Griffin's, our door-keeper's. So to my office and did a little business, and so home and to bed. I talked to my brother to-day, who desires me to give him leave to look after his mistress still; and he will not have me put to any trouble or obligation in it, which I did give him leave to do. I hear to-day how old rich Audley[1] is lately dead, and left a very great estate, and made a great many poor familys rich, not all to one. Among others, one Davis,[2] my old schoolfellow at Paul's, and since a bookseller in Paul's Church Yard: and it seems do forgive one man £60,000 which he had wronged him of, but names not his name; but it is well known to be the scrivener in Fleet Street, at whose house he lodged. There is also this week dead a poulterer, in Gracious Street,[3] which was thought rich, but not so rich, that hath left £800 per annum, taken in other men's names, and 40,000 Jacobs[4] in gold.

[1] Hugh Audley died November 15th, 1662. Smyth, in his "Obituary" (p. 56), says he was sometime of the Court of Wards. There is an old tract called "The Way to be Rich, according to the Practice of the great Audley, who began with £200 in 1605, and dyed worth £400,000, November, 1662." London, printed for E. Davies, 1662.

[2] 1652, December 24th, "Died John Daves, Old Jewry, broaker, a prisoner buried in St. Olave's, Old Jewry: his son, Tho. Daves, a bookseller, was afterwards an alderman and Lord Mayor of London, enriched by the legacy of Hugh Audley." — Smith's *Obituary*, p. 33. — B.

[3] Gracechurch Street.

[4] A jacobus was a gold coin of the value of twenty-five shillings, called after James I., in whose reign it was first coined.

24th. Sir J. Minnes, Sir W. Batten, and I, going forth toward White Hall, we hear that the King and Duke are come this morning to the Tower to see the Dunkirk money.[1] So we by coach to them, and there went up and down all the magazines with them; but methought it was but poor discourse and frothy that the King's companions (young Killigrew among the rest) about the codpieces of some of the men in armour there to be seen, had with him. We saw none of the money, but Mr. Slingsby[2] did show the King, and I did see, the stamps of the new money that is now to be made by Blondeau's[3] fashion, which are very neat, and like the King. Thence the King to Woolwich, though a very cold day; and the Duke to White Hall, commanding us to come after him, which we did by coach; and in his closett, my Lord Sandwich being there, did discourse with us about getting some of this money to pay off the Fleets, and other matters; and then away hence, and, it being almost dinner time, I to my Lord Crew's, and dined with him, and had very good discourse, and he seemed to be much pleased with my visits. Thence to Mr. Phillips, and so to the Temple, where met my cozen Roger Pepys and his brother, Dr. John, as my arbitrators against Mr. Cole and Mr. John Bernard for my uncle Thomas, and we two with them by appointment. They began very high in their demands, and my friends, partly being not so well acquainted with the will, and partly, I doubt, not being so good wits as they, for which I blame my choosing of relations (who besides that are equally engaged to stand for them as me), I was much troubled thereat, and taking occasion to deny without my father's consent to bind myself in a bond of £2,000 to stand to their award, I broke off the business for the present till I hear and consider further, and so thence by coach (my cozen, Thomas Pepys, being in another chamber busy all

[1] Alderman Backwell brought over the money.

[2] Henry Slingsby, Master of the Mint. — B.

[3] Peter Blondeau was employed by the Commonwealth to coin their money. After the Restoration, November 3rd, 1662, he received letters of denization, and a grant for being engineer of the Mint in the Tower of London, and for using his new invention for coining gold and silver with the mill and press, with the fee of £100 per annum (Walpole's "Anecdotes of Painting").

the while, going along with me) homeward, and I set him down by the way; but, Lord! how he did endeavour to find out a ninepence to club with me for the coach, and for want was forced to give me a shilling, and how he still cries "Gad!" and talks of Popery coming in, as all the Fanatiques do, of which I was ashamed. So home, finding my poor wife very busy putting things in order, and so to bed, my mind being very much troubled, and could hardly sleep all night, thinking how things are like to go with us about Brampton, and blaming myself for living so high as I do when for ought I know my father and mother may come to live upon my hands when all is done.

25th. Up and to the office all the morning, and at noon with the rest, by Mr. Holy, the ironmonger's invitation, to the Dolphin, to a venison pasty, very good, and rare at this time of the year, and thence by coach with Mr. Coventry as far as the Temple, and thence to Greatorex's, where I staid and talked with him, and got him to mend my pocket ruler for me, and so by coach to my Lord's lodging, where I sat with Mr. Moore by appointment, making up accounts for my Lord Sandwich, which done he and I and Capt. Ferrers and W. Howe very merry a good while in the great dining room, and so it being late and my Lord not coming in, I by coach to the Temple, and thence walked home, and so to my study to do some business, and then home and to bed. Great talk among people how some of the Fanatiques do say that the end of the world is at hand, and that next Tuesday is to be the day. Against which, whenever it shall be, good God fit us all.

26th. In the morning to the Temple to my cozen Roger, who now desires that I would excuse him from arbitrating, he not being able to stand for me as he would do, without appearing too high against my uncle Thomas, which will raise his clamour. With this I am very well pleased, for I did desire it, and so I shall choose other counsel. Thence home, he being busy that I could not speak more with him. All day long till twelve o'clock at night getting my house in order, my wife putting up the red hangings and bed in her woman's chamber, and I my books and all other matters in my chamber and study, which is now very pretty. So to bed.

27th. At my waking, I found the tops of the houses covered with snow, which is a rare sight, that I have not seen these three years. Up, and put my people to perfect the cleaning of my house, and so to the office, where we sat till noon; and then we all went to the next house upon Tower Hill, to see the coming by of the Russia Embassador; for whose reception all the City trained-bands do attend in the streets, and the King's life-guards, and most of the wealthy citizens in their black velvet coats, and gold chains (which remain of their gallantry at the King's coming in), but they staid so long that we went down again home to dinner. And after I had dined, I heard they were coming, and so I walked to the Conduit in the Quarrefowr,[1] at the end of Gracious-street and Cornhill; and there (the spouts thereof running very near me upon all the people that were under it) I saw them pretty well go by. I could not see the Embassador in his coach; but his attendants in their habits and fur caps very handsome, comely men, and most of them with hawkes upon their fists to present to the King. But Lord! to see the absurd nature of Englishmen, that cannot forbear laughing and jeering at every thing that looks strange. So back and to the office, and there we met and sat till seven o'clock, making a bargain with Mr. Wood for his masts of New England, and then in Mr. Coventry's coach to the Temple, but my cozen Roger Pepys not being at leisure to speak to me about my business, I presently walked home, and to my office till very late doing business, and so home, where I found my house more and more clear and in order, and hope in a day or two now to be in very good condition there and to my full content. Which God grant! So to supper and to bed.

28th. A very hard frost; which is news to us after having none almost these three years. Up and to Ironmongers' Hall[2] by ten o'clock to the funeral of Sir Richard

[1] In two ordinances of the reign of Edward III., printed in Riley's "Memorials of London" (pp. 300, 389), this is called the "Carfukes," which nearly approaches the name of the "Carfax," at Oxford, where four ways also met. Pepys's form of the word is nearer *quatre voies*, the French equivalent of *quadrivium*.

[2] Ironmongers' Hall, on the north side of Fenchurch Street, was

Stayner.[1] Here we were, all the officers of the Navy, and my Lord Sandwich, who did discourse with us about the fishery, telling us of his Majesty's resolution to give £200 to every man that will set out a Busse;[2] and advising about the effects of this encouragement, which will be a very great matter certainly. Here we had good rings, and by and by were to take coach; and I being got in with Mr. Creed into a four-horse coach, which they come and told us were only for the mourners, I went out, and so took this occasion to go home. Where I staid all day expecting Gosnell's coming, but there came an excuse from her that she had not heard yet from her mother, but that she will come next week, which I wish she may, since I must keep one that I may have some pleasure therein. So to my office till late writing out a copy of my uncle's will, and so home and to bed.

29th. Before I went to the office my wife's brother did come to us, and we did instruct him to go to Gosnell's and to see what the true matter is of her not coming, and whether she do intend to come or no, and so I to the office; and this morning come Sir G. Carteret to us (being the first time we have seen him since his coming from France): he tells us, that the silver which he received for Dunkirk did weigh 120,000 weight. Here all the morning upon business, and at noon (not going home to dinner, though word was brought me that Will. Joyce was there, whom I had not seen at my house nor any where else these three or four months) with Mr. Coventry by his coach as far as Fleet Street, and there stepped into Madam Turner's, where was told I should find my cozen Roger Pepys, and with him to the Temple, but not having time to do anything I went towards my Lord Sandwich's. (In my way went into Captn. Cuttance's coach, and with him to my Lord's.) But the company not being ready I did slip down to Wilkinson's, and having not eat anything to-day did eat a mutton pie and drank, and so to my Lord's, where my Lord and

much used in the seventeenth century for grand funerals and funeral banquets. The present hall was built in 1748.

[1] Sir Richard Stayner's body was buried at Greenwich on the 28th November.

[2] A small sea-vessel used in the Dutch herring-fishery.

Mr. Coventry, Sir Wm. Darcy,[1] one Mr. Parham (a very knowing and well-spoken man in this business), with several others, did meet about stating the business of the fishery, and the manner of the King's giving of this £200 to every man that shall set out a new-made English Busse by the middle of June next. In which business we had many fine pretty discourses; and I did here see the great pleasure to be had in discoursing of publique matters with men that are particularly acquainted with this or that business. Having come to some issue, wherein a motion of mine was well received, about sending these invitations from the King to all the fishing-ports in general, with limiting so many Busses to this, and that port, before we know the readiness of subscribers, we parted, and I walked home all the way, and having wrote a letter full of business to my father, in my way calling upon my cozen Turner and Mr. Calthrop at the Temple, for their consent to be my arbitrators, which they are willing to. My wife and I to bed pretty pleasant, for that her brother brings word that Gosnell, which my wife and I in discourse do pleasantly call our Marmotte, will certainly come next week without fail, which God grant may be for the best.

30th (Lord's day). To church in the morning, and Mr. Mills made a pretty good sermon. It is a bitter cold frost to-day. Dined alone with my wife to-day with great content, my house being quite clean from top to bottom. In the afternoon I to the French church[2] here in the city, and stood in the aisle all the sermon, with great delight hearing a very admirable sermon, from a very young man, upon the article in our creed, in order of catechism, upon the Resurrection. Thence home, and to visit Sir W. Pen, who continues still bed-rid. Here was Sir W. Batten and his Lady, and Mrs. Turner, and I very merry, talking of

[1] Third son of Sir Conyers Darcy, created by patent, August 10th, 1641, Baron Darcy.

[2] The French Protestant Church was founded by Edward VI. in the church of St. Anthony's Hospital in Threadneedle Street. This was destroyed in the Great Fire, and rebuilt, but demolished for the approaches of the new Royal Exchange. The church was then removed to St. Martin's-le-Grand, but this was also removed in 1888 to make room for the new Post Office buildings.

the confidence of Sir R. Ford's new-married daughter, though she married so strangely lately, yet appears at church as brisk as can be, and takes place of her elder sister, a maid. Thence home and to supper, and then, cold as it is, to my office, to make up my monthly accounts, and I do find that, through the fitting of my house this month, I have spent in that and kitchen £50 this month; so that now I am worth but £660, or thereabouts. This being done and fitted myself for the Duke to-morrow, I went home, and to prayers and to bed. This day I first did wear a muffe,[1] being my wife's last year's muffe, and now I have bought her a new one, this serves me very well. Thus ends this month; in great frost; myself and family all well, but my mind much disordered about my uncle's law business, being now in an order of being arbitrated between us, which I wish to God it were done. I am also somewhat uncertain what to think of my going about to take a woman-servant into my house, in the quality of a woman for my wife. My wife promises it shall cost me nothing but her meat and wages, and that it shall not be attended with any other expenses, upon which termes I admit of it; for that it will, I hope, save me money in having my wife go abroad on visits and other delights; so that I hope the best, but am resolved to alter it, if matters prove otherwise than I would have them. Publique matters in an ill condition of discontent against the height and vanity of the Court, and their bad payments: but that which troubles most, is the Clergy, which will never content the City, which is not to be reconciled to Bishopps: the more the pity that differences must still be. Dunkirk newly sold, and the money brought over; of which we hope to get some to pay the Navy: which by Sir J. Lawson's having dispatched the business in the Straights, by making peace with Argier,[2] Tunis, and Tripoli (and so his fleet will also shortly come home), will now every day grow less, and so the King's charge be abated; which God send!

December 1st. Up and by coach with Sir John Minnes and Sir W. Batten to White Hall to the Duke's chamber,

[1] The fashion of men wearing muffs appears to have been introduced from France in this reign.

[2] The ancient name for Algiers.

where, as is usual, my Lord Sandwich and all of us, after his being ready, to his closett, and there discoursed of matters of the Navy, and here Mr. Coventry did do me the great kindness to take notice to the Duke of my pains in making a collection of all contracts about masts, which have been of great use to us. Thence I to my Lord Sandwich's, to Mr. Moore, to talk a little about business; and then over the Parke (where I first in my life, it being a great frost, did see people sliding with their skeates,[1] which is a very pretty art), to Mr. Coventry's chamber to St. James's, where we all met to a venison pasty, and were very merry, Major Norwood being with us, whom they did play upon for his surrendering of Dunkirk. Here we staid till three or four o'clock; and so to the Council Chamber, where there met the Duke of York, Prince Rupert, Duke of Albemarle, my Lord Sandwich, Sir Wm. Compton, Mr. Coventry, Sir J. Minnes, Sir R. Ford, Sir W. Rider, myself, and Captain Cuttance, as Commissioners for Tangier.[2] And after our Commission was read by Mr. Creed, who I perceive is to be our Secretary, we did fall to discourse of matters: as, first, the supplying them forthwith with victualls; then the reducing it to make way for the money, which upon their reduction is to go to the building of the Mole; and so to other matters, ordered as against next meeting. This done we broke up, and I to the Cockpitt, with much crowding and waiting, where I saw "The Valiant Cidd"[3] acted, a play I have read with great delight, but is a most dull thing acted, which I never understood before, there being no pleasure in it, though done by Betterton and by Ianthe,[4] and another fine wench that is come in the room of Roxalana;[5] nor did the King or Queen once smile all the whole play, nor any of the company seem to take any pleasure but what was in the greatness and gallantry of the company. Thence to

[1] Iron skates appear to have been introduced by the Dutch, as the name certainly was; but we learn from Fitzstephen that bone skates (although not so called) were used in London in the twelfth century.

[2] Pepys's appointment as member of the Tangier Committee (see *ante*, August 19th).

[3] Translated from the "Cid" of Corneille.

[4] Ianthe was Mrs. Betterton.

[5] Elizabeth Davenport having left the stage, her place was probably taken by Mrs. Norton (see *ante*, February 18th, 1661–62).

my Lord's, and Mr. Moore being in bed I staid not, but with a link walked home and got thither by 12 o'clock, knocked up my boy, and put myself to bed.

2nd. Before I went to the office my wife and I had another falling out about Sarah,[1] against whom she has a deadly hate, I know not for what, nor can I see but she is a very good servant. Then to my office, and there sat all the morning, and then to dinner with my wife at home, and after dinner did give Jane[2] a very serious lesson, against we take her to be our chamber-maid, which I spoke so to her that the poor girl cried and did promise to be very dutifull and carefull. So to the office, where we sat as Commissioners for the Chest, and so examined most of the old accountants to the Chest about it, and so we broke up, and I to my office till late preparing business, and so home, being cold, and this night first put on a wastecoate. So to bed.

3rd. Called up by Commissioner Pett, and with him by water, much against my will, to Deptford, and after drinking a warm morning draft, with Mr. Wood and our officers measuring all the morning his New England masts, with which sight I was much pleased for my information, though I perceive great neglect and indifference in all the King's officers in what they do for the King. That done, to the Globe, and there dined with Mr. Wood, and so by water with Mr. Pett home again, all the way reading his Chest accounts, in which I did see things did not please me; as his allowing himself £300 for one year's looking to the business of the Chest, and £150 per annum for the rest of the years. But I found no fault to him himself, but shall when they come to be read at the Board. We did also call at Limehouse to view two Busses that are building, that being a thing we are now very hot upon. Our call was to see what dimensions they are of, being 50 feet by the keel and about 60 tons. Home and did a little business, and so taking Mr. Pett by the way, we walked to the Temple, in our way seeing one of the Russia Embassador's coaches go along, with his footmen not in liverys, but their country

[1] Mrs. Pepys fell out with Sarah on the 22nd November (see *ante*).
[2] Jane Wayneman.

habits; one of one colour and another of another, which was very strange. At the Temple spoke with Mr. Turner and Calthrop, and so walked home again, being in some pain through the cold which I have got to-day by water, which troubles me. At the office doing business a good while, and so home and had a posset, and so to bed.

4th. At the office all the morning setting about business, and after dinner to it again, and so till night, and then home looking over my Brampton papers against to-morrow that we are to meet with our counsel on both sides toward an arbitration, upon which I was very late, and so to bed.

5th. Up, it being a snow and hard frost, and being up I did call up Sarah, who do go away to-day or to-morrow. I paid her her wages, and gave her 10*s.* myself, and my wife 5*s.* to give her. For my part I think never servant and mistress parted upon such foolish terms in the world as they do, only for an opinion in my wife that she is ill-natured, in all other things being a good servant. The wench cried, and I was ready to cry too, but to keep peace I am content she should go, and the rather, though I say nothing of that, that Jane may come into her place. This being done, I walked towards Guildhall, thither being summoned by the Commissioners for the Lieutenancy; but they sat not this morning. So meeting in my way W. Swan, I took him to a house thereabouts, and gave him a morning draft of buttered ale;[1] he telling me still much of his Fanatique stories, as if he were a great zealot, when I know him to be a very rogue. But I do it for discourse, and to see how things stand with him and his party; who I perceive have great expectation that God will not bless the Court nor Church, as it is now settled, but they must be purified. The worst news he tells me, is that Mr. Chetwind is dead, my old and most ingenious acquaintance. He is dead, worth £3,000, which I did not expect, he living so high as he did always and neatly. He hath given W. Symons his wife £300, and made Will one of his executors. Thence to the Temple to my counsel, and thence to Gray's Inn to meet with Mr. Cole but could not, and so took a turn or two in the garden, being very pleasant with the snow and

[1] Buttered ale must have been a horrible concoction, as it is described as ale boiled with lump sugar and spice.

frost. Thence to my brother's, and there I eat something at dinner and transcribed a copy or two of the state of my uncle's estate, which I prepared last night, and so to the Temple Church, and there walked alone till 4 or 5 o'clock, and then to my cozen Turner's chamber and staid there, up and down from his to Calthrop's and Bernard's chambers, till so late, that Mr. Cole not coming, we broke up for meeting this night, and so taking my uncle Thomas homewards with me by coach, talking of our desire to have a peace, and set him down at Gracious-street end, and so home, and there I find Gosnell come, who, my wife tells me, is like to prove a pretty companion, of which I am glad. So to my office for a little business and then home, my mind having been all this day in most extraordinary trouble and care for my father, there being so great an appearance of my uncle's going away with the greatest part of the estate, but in the evening by Gosnell's coming I do put off these thoughts to entertain myself with my wife and her, who sings exceeding well, and I shall take great delight in her, and so merrily to bed.

6th. Up and to the office, and there sat all the morning, Mr. Coventry and I alone, the rest being paying off of ships. Dined at home with my wife and Gosnell, my mind much pleased with her, and after dinner sat with them a good while, till my wife seemed to take notice of my being at home now more than at other times. I went to the office, and there I sat till late, doing of business, and at 9 o'clock walked to Mr. Rawlinson's, thinking to meet my uncle Wight there, where he was, but a great deal of his wife's kindred-women and I knew not whom (which Mr. Rawlinson did seem to me to take much notice of his being led by the nose by his wife), I went away to my office again, and doing my business there, I went home, and after a song by Gosnell we to bed.

7th (Lord's day). A great snow, and so to church this morning with my wife, which is the first time she hath been at church since her going to Brampton, and Gosnell attending her, which was very gracefull. So home, and we dined above in our dining room, the first time since it was new done, and in the afternoon I thought to go to the French church; but finding the Dutch congregation there, and then

finding the French congregation's sermon begun in the Dutch, I returned home, and up to our gallery, where I found my wife and Gosnell, and after a drowsy sermon, we all three to my aunt Wight's, where great store of her usuall company, and here we staid a pretty while talking, I differing from my aunt, as I commonly do, in our opinion of the handsomeness of the Queen, which I oppose mightily, saying that if my nose be handsome, then is her's, and such like. After much discourse, seeing the room full, and being unwilling to stay all three, I took leave, and so with my wife only to see Sir W. Pen, who is now got out of his bed, and sits by the fireside. And after some talk, home and to supper, and after prayers to bed. This night came in my wife's brother and talked to my wife and Gosnell about his wife, which they told me afterwards of, and I do smell that he I doubt is overreached in thinking that he has got a rich wife,[1] and I fear she will prove otherwise. So to bed.

8th. Up, and carrying Gosnell by coach, set her down at Temple Barr, she going about business of hers to-day. By the way she was telling me how Balty did tell her that my wife did go every day in the week to Court and plays, and that she should have liberty of going abroad as often as she pleased, and many other lies, which I am vexed at, and I doubt the wench did come in some expectation of, which troubles me. So to the Duke and Mr. Coventry, and alone, the rest being at a Pay and elsewhere, and alone with Mr. Coventry I did read over our letter to my Lord Treasurer, which I think now is done as well as it can be. Then to my Lord Sandwich's, and there spent the rest of the morning in making up my Lord's accounts with Mr. Moore, and then dined with Mr. Moore and Battersby his friend, very well and merry, and good discourse. Then into the Park, to see them slide with their skeates, which is very pretty. And so to the Duke's, where the Committee for Tangier met: and here we sat down all with him at a table, and had much good discourse about the business, and is to my great content. That done, I hearing what play it was that is to

[1] Reference is made to a young lady whom Balty St. Michel wished to marry on 11th September, 1661.

be acted before the King to-night, I would not stay, but home by coach, where I find my wife troubled about Gosnell, who brings word that her uncle, Justice Jiggins, requires her to come three times a week to him, to follow some business that her mother intrusts her withall, and that, unless she may have that leisure given her, he will not have her take any place; for which we are both troubled, but there is no help for it, and believing it to be a good providence of God to prevent my running behindhand in the world, I am somewhat contented therewith, and shall make my wife so, who, poor wretch, I know will consider of things, though in good earnest the privacy of her life must needs be irksome to her. So I made Gosnell and we sit up looking over the book of Dances till 12 at night, not observing how the time went, and so to prayers and to bed.

9th. Lay long with my wife, contenting her about the business of Gosnell's going, and I perceive she will be contented as well as myself, and so to the office, and after sitting all the morning in hopes to have Mr. Coventry dine with me, he was forced to go to White Hall, and so I dined with my own company only, taking Mr. Hater home with me, but he, poor man, was not very well, and so could not eat any thing. After dinner staid within all the afternoon, being vexed in my mind about the going away of Sarah this afternoon, who cried mightily, and so was I ready to do, and Jane did also, and then anon went Gosnell away, which did trouble me too; though upon many considerations, it is better that I am rid of the charge. All together makes my house appear to me very lonely, which troubles me much, and in a melancholy humour I went to the office, and there about business sat till I was called to Sir G. Carteret at the Treasury office about my Lord Treasurer's letter, wherein he puts me to a new trouble to write it over again. So home and late with Sir John Minnes at the office looking over Mr. Creed's accounts, and then home and to supper, and my wife and I melancholy to bed.

10th. This morning rose, receiving a messenger from Sir G. Carteret and a letter from Mr. Coventry, one contrary to another, about our letter to my Lord Treasurer, at which I am troubled, but I went to Sir George, and being desirous to please both, I think I have found out a way to

do it. So back to the office with Sir J. Minnes, in his coach, but so great a snow that we could hardly pass the streets. So we and Sir W. Batten to the office, and there did discourse of Mr. Creed's accounts, and I fear it will be a good while before we shall go through them, and many things we meet with, all of difficulty. Then to the Dolphin, where Sir J. Minnes, Sir W. Batten, and I, did treat the Auditors of the Exchequer, Auditors Wood and Beale, and hither come Sir G. Carteret to us. We had a good dinner, cost us £5 and 6*s*., whereof my share 26*s*., and after dinner did discourse of our salarys and other matters, which I think now they will allow. Thence home, and there I found our new cook-mayde Susan come, who is recommended to us by my wife's brother, for which I like her never the better, but being a good well-looked lass, I am willing to try, and Jane begins to take upon her as a chamber-mayde. So to the office, where late putting papers and my books and businesses in order, it being very cold, and so home to supper.

11th. Up, it being a great frost upon the snow, and we sat all the morning upon Mr. Creed's accounts, wherein I did him some service and some disservice. At noon he dined with me, and we sat all the afternoon together, discoursing of ways to get money, which I am now giving myself wholly up to, and in the evening he went away and I to my office, concluding all matters concerning our great letter so long in doing to my Lord Treasurer, till almost one in the morning, and then home with my mind much eased, and so to bed.

12th. From a very hard frost, when I wake, I find a very great thaw, and my house overflown with it, which vexed me. At the office and home, doing business all the morning. Then dined with my wife and sat talking with her all the afternoon, and then to the office, and there examining my copy of Mr. Holland's book till 10 at night, and so home to supper and bed.

13th. Slept long to-day till Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten were set out towards Portsmouth before I rose, and Sir G. Carteret came to the office to speak with me before I was up. So I started up and down to him. By and by we sat, Mr. Coventry and I (Sir G. Carteret being gone),

and among other things, Field and Stint did come, and received the £41 given him by the judgment against me and Harry Kem;[1] and we did also sign bonds in £500 to stand to the award of Mr. Porter and Smith for the rest: which, however, I did not sign to till I got Mr. Coventry to go up with me to Sir W. Pen; and he did promise me before him to bear his share in what should be awarded, and both concluded that Sir W. Batten would do no less. At noon broke up and dined with my wife, and then to the office again, and there made an end of last night's examination, and got my study there made very clean and put in order, and then to write by the post, among other letters one to Sir W. Batten about this day's work with Field, desiring his promise also. The letter I have caused to be entered in our public book of letters. So home to supper and to bed.

14th (Lord's day). Lay with great content talking with my wife in bed, and so up and to church and then home, and had a neat dinner by ourselves, and after dinner walked to White Hall and my Lord's, and up and down till chappell time, and then to the King's chappell, where I heard the service, and so to my Lord's, and there Mr. Howe and Pagett, the counsellor, an old lover of musique. We sang some Psalms of Mr. Lawes,[2] and played some symphonys between till night, that I was sent for to Mr. Creed's lodging, and there was Captain Ferrers and his lady and W. Howe and I; we supped very well and good sport in discourse. After supper I was sent for to my Lord, with whom I staid talking about his, and my owne, and the publique affairs, with great content, he advising me as to my owne choosing of Sir R. Bernard for umpire in the businesses between my uncle and us, that I would not trust to him upon his direction, for he did not think him a man to be trusted at all; and so bid him good night, and to Mr. Creed's again; Mr. Moore, with whom I intended to have lain, lying physically without sheets; and there, after some discourse, to bed, and lay ill, though the bed

[1] Fine for the imprisonment of Field (see February 4th, 1661–62, and October 21st, 1662).

[2] William Lawes, the composer of psalms, was the elder brother of the more celebrated Henry Lawes.

good, my stomach being sicke all night with my too heavy supper.

15th. Up and to my Lord's and thence to the Duke, and followed him into the Park, where, though the ice was broken and dangerous, yet he would go slide upon his scates, which I did not like, but he slides very well. So back and to his closett, whither my Lord Sandwich comes, and there Mr. Coventry and we three had long discourse together about the matters of the Navy; and, indeed, I find myself more and more obliged to Mr. Coventry, who studies to do me all the right he can in every thing to the Duke. Thence walked a good while up and down the gallerys; and among others, met with Dr. Clerke, who in discourse tells me, that Sir Charles Barkeley's greatness is only his being pimp to the King, and to my Lady Castlemaine. And yet for all this, that the King is very kind to the Queen; who, he says, is one of the best women in the world. Strange how the King is bewitched to this pretty Castlemaine. Thence to my Lord's, and there with Mr. Creed, Moore, and Howe to the Crown and dined, and thence to Whitehall, where I walked up and down the gallerys, spending my time upon the pictures, till the Duke and the Committee for Tangier met (the Duke not staying with us), where the only matter was to discourse with my Lord Rutherford,[1] who is this day made Governor of Tangier, for I know not what reasons; and my Lord of Peterborough to be called home; which, though it is said it is done with kindness, yet all the world may see it is done otherwise, and I am sorry to see a Catholick Governor sent to command there, where all the rest of the officers almost are such already. But God knows what the reason is! and all may see how slippery places all courtiers stand in.

[1] Andrew Rutherford, son of William Rutherford of Quarry-holes, went young into the French service, and became a lieutenant-general of that kingdom. At the Restoration he brought over an honourable testimony from the King of France, and was created a baron of Scotland, and in 1663 advanced to the earldom of Teviot for his management of the sale of Dunkirk, of which he was governor. He was afterwards appointed Governor of Tangier, and was killed by the Moors in 1664: dying without issue, his earldom became extinct; but the barony of Rutherford descended, according to the patent, to Sir Thomas Rutherford of Hunthill. — B.

Thence by coach home, in my way calling upon Sir John Berkenheade,[1] to speak about my assessment of £42 to the Loyal Sufferers; which, I perceive, I cannot help; but he tells me I have been abused by Sir R. Ford, which I shall hereafter make use of when it shall be fit. Thence called at the Major-General's, Sir R. Browne, about my being assessed armes to the militia; but he was abroad; and so driving through the backside of the Shambles in Newgate Market, my coach plucked down two pieces of beef into the dirt, upon which the butchers stopped the horses, and a great rout of people in the street, crying that he had done him 40*s.* and £5 worth of hurt; but going down, I saw that he had done little or none; and so I give them a shilling for it and they were well contented, and so home, and there to my Lady Batten's to see her, who tells me she hath just now a letter from Sir William, how that he and Sir J. Minnes did very narrowly escape drowning on the road, the waters are so high; but is well. But, Lord! what a hypocrite-like face she made to tell it me. Thence to Sir W. Pen and sat long with him in discourse, I making myself appear one of greater action and resolution as to publique business than I have hitherto done, at which he listens, but I know is a rogue in his heart and likes not, but I perceive I may hold up my head, and the more the better, I minding of my business as I have done, in which God do and will bless me. So home and with great content to bed, and talk and chat with my wife while I was at supper, to our great pleasure.

16th. Up and to the office, and thither came Mr. Coventry and Sir G. Carteret, and among other business was Strutt's the purser, against Captn. Browne, Sir W. Batten's brother-in-law, but, Lord! though I believe the Captain has played the knave, though I seem to have a good opinion of him and to mean him well, what a most troublesome fellow that Strutt is, such as I never did meet with his

[1] Sir John Berkenhead, LL.D., F.R.S., political writer on the Royalist side, born at Northwich, Cheshire; servitor at Oriel College, Oxford, and afterwards Fellow of All Souls; M.P. for Wilton, 1661, and knighted the following year; Master of the Faculty Office, and of the Court of Requests. Died at Whitehall, December, 1679, and buried in the churchyard of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

fellow in my life. His talking and ours to make him hold his peace set my head off akeing all the afternoon with great pain. So to dinner, thinking to have had Mr. Coventry, but he could not go with me; and so I took Captn. Murford. Of whom I do hear what the world says of me; that all do conclude Mr. Coventry, and Pett, and me, to be of a knot; and that we do now carry all things before us; and much more in particular of me, and my studiousnesse, &c., to my great content. After dinner came Mrs. Browne, the Captain's wife, to see me and my wife, and I showed her a good countenance, and indeed her husband has been civil to us, but though I speak them fair, yet I doubt I shall not be able to do her husband much favour in this business of Strutt's, whom without doubt he has abused. So to the office, and hence, having done some business, by coach to White Hall to Secretary Bennet's, and agreed with Mr. Lee to set upon our new adventure at the Tower to-morrow. Hence to Col. Lovelace in Cannon Row about seeing how Sir R. Ford did report all the officers of the navy to be rated for the Loyal Sufferers, but finding him at the Rhenish winehouse I could not have any answer, but must take another time. Thence to my Lord's, and having sat talking with Mr. Moore bewailing the vanity and disorders of the age, I went by coach to my brother's, where I met Sarah, my late mayde, who had a desire to speak with me, and I with her to know what it was, who told me out of good will to me, for she loves me dearly, that I would beware of my wife's brother, for he is begging or borrowing of her and often, and told me of her Scallop whisk,[1] and her borrowing of 50*s.* for Will, which she believes was for him and her father. I do observe so much goodness and seriousness in the mayde, that I am again and again sorry that I have parted with her, though it was full against my will then, and if she had anything in the world I would commend her for a wife for my brother Tom. After much discourse and her professions of love to me and all my relations, I bade her good night and did kiss her, and indeed she seemed very well-favoured to me to-night, as she is always. So by coach home and to my office, did some business, and so home to supper and to bed.

[1] See note *ante*, November 22nd, 1660.

17th. This morning come Mr. Lee, Wade, and Evett, intending to have gone upon our new design to the Tower to-day; but it raining, and the work being to be done in the open garden, we put it off to Friday next. And so I to the office doing business, and then dined at home with my poor wife with great content, and so to the office again and made an end of examining the other of Mr. Holland's books about the Navy, with which I am much contented, and so to other businesses till night at my office, and so home to supper, and after much dear company and talk with my wife, to bed.

18th. Up and to the office, Mr. Coventry and I alone sat till two o'clock, and then he inviting himself to my house to dinner, of which I was proud; but my dinner being a legg of mutton and two capons, they were not done enough, which did vex me; but we made shift to please him, I think; but I was, when he was gone, very angry with my wife and people. This afternoon came my wife's brother and his wife, and Mrs. Lodum his landlady (my old friend Mr. Ashwell's sister). Balty's wife is a most little and yet, I believe, pretty old girl, not handsome, nor has anything in the world pleasing, but, they say, she plays mighty well on the Base Violl. They dined at her father's to-day, but for ought I hear he is a wise man, and will not give any thing to his daughter till he sees what her husband do put himself to, so that I doubt he has made but a bad matter of it, but am resolved not to meddle with it. They gone I to the office, and to see Sir W. Pen, with my wife, and thence I to Mr. Cade the stationer, to direct him what to do with my two copies of Mr. Holland's books which he is to bind, and after supplying myself with several things of him, I returned to my office, and so home to supper and to bed.

19th. Up and by appointment with Mr. Lee, Wade, Evett, and workmen to the Tower, and with the Lieutenant's leave set them to work in the garden, in the corner against the mayne-guard, a most unlikely place. It being cold, Mr. Lee and I did sit all the day till three o'clock by the fire in the Governor's house; I reading a play of Fletcher's, being "A Wife for a Month," [1] wherein no great

[1] A tragi-comedy, licensed May 27th, 1624, printed in Beaumont

wit or language. Having done we went to them at work, and having wrought below the bottom of the foundation of the wall, I bid them give over, and so all our hopes ended; and so went home, taking Mr. Leigh with me, and after drunk a cup of wine he went away, and I to my office, there reading in Sir W. Petty's book, and so home and to bed, a little displeased with my wife, who, poor wretch, is troubled with her lonely life, which I know not how without great charge to help as yet, but I will study how to do it.

20th. Up and had £100 brought me by Prior of Brampton in full of his purchase money for Barton's house and some land. So to the office, and thence with Mr. Coventry in his coach to St. James's, with great content and pride to see him treat me so friendly; and dined with him, and so to White Hall together; where we met upon the Tangier Commission, and discoursed many things thereon; but little will be done before my Lord Rutherford comes there, as to the fortification or Mole. That done, my Lord Sandwich and I walked together a good while in the Matted Gallery, he acquainting me with his late enquiries into the Wardrobe business to his content; and tells me how things stand. And that the first year was worth about £3,000 to him, and the next about as much; so that at this day, if he were paid, it will be worth about £7,000 to him. But it contents me above all things to see him trust me as his confidant: so I bid him good night, he being to go into the country, to keep his Christmas, on Monday next. So by coach home and to my office, being post night, and then home and to bed.

21st (Lord's day). Lay long in bed, so up to Church, and so home to dinner alone with my wife very pleasant. After dinner I walked to my brother's, where he told me some hopes he had of bringing his business to pass still of his mistress, but I do find they do stand upon terms that will not be either fit or in his power to grant, and therefore I did dislike his talk and advised him to give it quite over. Thence walked to White Hall, and there to chappell, and from thence up stairs, and up and down the house

and Fletcher's Works, 1647. Pepys does not appear to have seen it acted.

and gallerys on the King's and Queen's side, and so through the garden to my Lord's lodgings, where there was Mr. Gibbons,[1] Madge, and Mallard, and Pagett; and by and by comes in my Lord Sandwich, and so we had great store of good musique. By and by comes in my simple Lord Chandois,[2] who (my Lord Sandwich being gone out to Court) began to sing psalms, but so dully that I was weary of it. At last we broke up; and by and by comes in my Lord Sandwich again, and he and I to talk together about his businesses, and so he to bed and I and Mr. Creed and Captain Ferrers fell to a cold goose pye of Mrs. Sarah's, heartily, and so spent our time till past twelve o'clock, and then with Creed to his lodgings, and so with him to bed, and slept till

22nd. Six or seven o'clock and so up, and by the fire-side read a good part of "The Advice to a Daughter," which a simple coxcomb has wrote against Osborne, but in all my life I never did nor can expect to see so much nonsense in print. Thence to my Lord's, who is getting himself ready for his journey to Hinchingbroke. And by and by, after eating something, and talking with me about many things, and telling me his mind, upon my asking about Sarah (who, it seems, is not only married of late, but is also said to be turned a great drunkard, which I am ashamed of), that he likes her service well, and do not love a strange face, but will not endure the fault, but hath bade me speak to her and advise her if she hath a mind to stay with him, which I will do. My Lord and his people being gone, I walked to Mr. Coventry's chamber, where I found him gone out into the Park with the Duke, so the boy being there ready with my things, I shifted myself into a riding-habitt, and followed him through White Hall, and in the Park Mr. Coventry's people having a horse ready for me (so fine a one that I was almost afeard to get upon him,

[1] Christopher Gibbons, son of the more famous Orlando Gibbons (who died June 5th, 1625). At the Restoration he was appointed organist to the King, and also to Westminster Abbey. He received the degree of Mus.D. in 1664 on the recommendation of Charles II., conveyed in an autograph letter to the University of Oxford. He died in 1676.

[2] William Brydges, succeeded his brother as seventh Baron Chandos of Sudeley, February, 1655. He died February, 1676–77.

but I did, and found myself more feared than hurt) and I got up and followed the Duke, who, with some of his people (among others Mr. Coventry) was riding out. And with them to Hide Park. Where Mr. Coventry asking leave of the Duke, he bid us go to Woolwich. So he and I to the water-side, and our horses coming by the ferry, we by oars over to Lambeth, and from thence, with brave discourse by the way, rode to Woolwich, where we eat and drank at Mr. Pett's, and discoursed of many businesses, and put in practice my new way of the Call-book, which will be of great use. Here, having staid a good while, we got up again and brought night home with us and foul weather. So over to Whitehall to his chamber, whither my boy came, who had staid in St. James's Park by my mistake all day, looking for me. Thence took my things that I put off to-day, and by coach, being very wet and cold, on my feet home, and presently shifted myself, and so had the barber come; and my wife and I to read "Ovid's Metamorphoses," which I brought her home from Paul's Churchyard to-night, having called for it by the way, and so to bed,

23rd. And slept hard till 8 o'clock this morning, and so up and to the office, where I found Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten come unexpectedly home last night from Portsmouth, having done the Pay there before we could have thought it. Sat all the morning, and at noon home to dinner with my wife alone, and after dinner sat by the fire, and then up to make up my accounts with her, and find that my ordinary housekeeping comes to £7 a month, which is a great deal. By and by comes Dr. Pierce, who among other things tells me that my Lady Castlemaine's interest at Court increases, and is more and greater than the Queen's; that she hath brought in Sir H. Bennet, and Sir Charles Barkeley; but that the Queen is a most good lady, and takes all with the greatest meekness that may be. He tells me too that Mr. Edward Montagu is quite broke at Court with his repute and purse; and that he lately was engaged in a quarrell against my Lord Chesterfield: but that the King did cause it to be taken up. He tells me, too, that the King is much concerned in the Chancellor's sickness, and that the Chancellor is as great, he thinks, as

ever he was with the King. He also tells me what the world says of me, "that Mr. Coventry and I do all the business of the office almost:" at which I am highly proud. He being gone I fell to business, which was very great, but got it well over by nine at night, and so home, and after supper to bed.

24th. Lay pleasantly, talking to my wife, till 8 o'clock, then up and to Sir W. Batten's to see him and Sir G. Carteret and Sir J. Minnes take coach towards the Pay at Chatham, which they did and I home, and took money in my pocket to pay many reckonings to-day in the town, as my bookseller's, and paid at another shop £4 10s. for "Stephens's Thesaurus Græcæ Linguæ," given to Paul's School.[1] So to my brother's and shoemaker, and so to my Lord Crew's, and dined alone with him, and after dinner much discourse about matters. Upon the whole, I understand there are great factions at Court, and something he said that did imply a difference like to be between the King and the Duke, in case the Queen should not be with child. I understand, about this bastard.[2] He says, also, that some great man will be aimed at when Parliament comes to sit again; I understand, the Chancellor: and that there is a bill will be brought in, that none that have been in arms for the Parliament shall be capable of office. And that the Court are weary of my Lord Albemarle and Chamberlin.[3] He wishes that my Lord Sandwich had some good occasion to be abroad this summer which is coming on, and that my Lord Hinchingbroke were well married, and Sydney[4] had some place at Court. He pities the poor ministers that are put out, to whom, he says, the King is beholden for his coming in, and that if any such thing had been fore-

[1] See *ante*, December 27th, 1661.

[2] James Crofts, son of Charles II. by Lucy Walter, created Duke of Monmouth in 1663, Duke of Buccleuch in 1673, when he took the name of Scott.

[3] Edward, Earl of Manchester, Lord Chamberlain.

[4] Lord Sandwich's second son, who married afterwards Anne, daughter and heir of Sir Francis Wortley of Wortley, by whom he was father of Edward Wortley Montagu, the husband of the celebrated Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Their daughter married John Stuart, third Earl of Bute, whose second son took the name and estates of Wortley, and was father of the first Lord Wharncliffe. — B.

seen he had never come in. After this, and much other discourse of the sea, and breeding young gentlemen to the sea, I went away, and homeward, met Mr. Creed at my bookseller's in Paul's Church-yard, who takes it ill my letter last night to Mr. Povy, wherein I accuse him of the neglect of the Tangier boats, in which I must confess I did not do altogether like a friend; but however it was truth, and I must own it to be so, though I fall wholly out with him for it. Thence home and to my office alone to do business, and read over half of Mr. Bland's discourse concerning Trade, which (he being no scholler and so knows not the rules of writing orderly) is very good. So home to supper and to bed, my wife not being well. . . . This evening Mr. Gauden sent me, against Christmas, a great chine of beef and three dozen of tongues. I did give 5*s.* to the man that brought it, and half-a-crown to the porters. This day also the parish-clerk brought the general bill of mortality, which cost me half-a-crown more.[1]

25th (Christmas Day). Up pretty early, leaving my wife not well in bed, and with my boy walked, it being a most brave cold and dry frosty morning, and had a pleasant walk to White Hall, where I intended to have received the Communion with the family, but I came a little too late. So I walked up into the house and spent my time looking over pictures, particularly the ships in King Henry the VIIIth's Voyage to Bullen;[2] marking the great difference between their build then and now. By and by down to the

[1] The Bills of Mortality for London were first compiled by order of Thomas Cromwell about 1538, and the keeping of them was commenced by the Company of Parish Clerks in the great plague year of 1593. The bills were issued weekly from 1603. The charter of the Parish Clerks' Company (1611) directs that "each parish clerk shall bring to the Clerks' Hall weekly a note of all christenings and burials." Charles I. in 1636 granted permission to the Parish Clerks to have a printing press and employ a printer in their hall for the purpose of printing their weekly bills.

[2] Boulogne. These pictures were given by George III. to the Society of Antiquaries, who in return presented to the king a set of Thomas Hearne's works, on large paper. The pictures were reclaimed by George IV., and are now at Hampton Court. They were exhibited in the Tudor Exhibition, 1890. They have been engraved in the "Vetusta Monumenta," published by the Society of Antiquaries. The set of Hearne's works is now in the King's Library in the British Museum.

chappell again where Bishopp Morley[1] preached upon the song of the Angels, "Glory to God on high, on earth peace, and good will towards men." Methought he made but a poor sermon, but long, and reprehending the mistaken jollity of the Court for the true joy that shall and ought to be on these days, he particularized concerning their excess in plays and gaming, saying that he whose office it is to keep the gamesters in order and within bounds, serves but for a second rather in a duell, meaning the groom-porter. Upon which it was worth observing how far they are come from taking the reprehensions of a bishopp seriously, that they all laugh in the chappell when he reflected on their ill actions and courses. He did much press us to join these publique days of joy, and to hospitality. But one that stood by whispered in my ear that the Bishopp himself do not spend one groat to the poor himself. The sermon done, a good anthem followed, with vialls, and then the King came down to receive the Sacrament. But I staid not, but calling my boy from my Lord's lodgings, and giving Sarah some good advice, by my Lord's order, to be sober and look after the house, I walked home again with great pleasure, and there dined by my wife's bed-side with great content, having a mess of brave plum-porridge[2] and a roasted pullet for dinner, and I sent for a mince-pie abroad, my wife not being well to make any herself yet. After dinner sat talking a good while with her, her [pain] being become less, and then to see Sir W. Pen a little, and so to my office, practising arithmetique alone and making an end of last night's book with great content till eleven at night, and so home to supper and to bed.

26th. Up, my wife to the making of Christmas pies all day, being now pretty well again, and I abroad to several places about some businesses, among others bought a bake-pan in Newgate Market, and sent it home, it cost me 16*s*. So to Dr. Williams, but he is out of town, then to the Ward-

[1] George Morley, D.D., Bishop of Winchester, to which see he was translated from Worcester in 1662. He died October 29th, 1684, aged eighty-seven years.

[2] The national Christmas dish of plum pudding is a modern evolution from plum porridge, which was probably similar to the dish still produced at Windsor Castle.

robe. Hither come Mr. Battersby; and we falling into a discourse of a new book of drollery in verse called Hudebras,[1] I would needs go find it out, and met with it at the Temple: cost me 2*s.* 6*d.* But when I came to read it, it is so silly an abuse of the Presbyter Knight going to the warrs, that I am ashamed of it; and by and by meeting at Mr. Townsend's at dinner, I sold it to him for 18*d.* Here we dined with many tradesmen that belong to the Wardrobe, but I was weary soon of their company, and broke up dinner as soon as I could, and away, with the greatest reluctancy and dispute (two or three times my reason stopping my sense and I would go back again) within myself, to the Duke's house and saw "The Villaine,"[2] which I ought not to do without my wife, but that my time is now out that I did undertake it for. But, Lord! to consider how my natural desire is to pleasure, which God be praised that he has given me the power by my late oaths to curb so well as I have done, and will do again after two or three plays more. Here I was better pleased with the play than I was at first, understanding the design better than I did. Here I saw Gosnell and her sister at a distance, and could have found it in my heart to have accosted them, but thought not prudent. But I watched their going out and found that they came, she, her sister and another woman, alone, without any man, and did go over the fields a foot. I find that I have an inclination to have her come again, though it is most against my interest either of profit or content of mind, other than for their singing. Home on foot, in my way calling at Mr. Rawlinson's and drinking only a cup of ale there. He tells me my uncle has ended his purchase, which cost him £4,500, and how my uncle do express his trouble that he has with his wife's relations, but I understand his great intentions are for the Wights that hang upon him and by whose advice this estate is bought. Thence home, and found my wife busy among

[1] The first edition of Butler's "Hudibras" is dated 1663, and it probably had only been published a few days when Pepys bought it and sold it at a loss. He subsequently endeavoured to appreciate the work, but was not successful. The edition in the Pepysian Library is dated 1689.

[2] See October 20th, 1662.

her pies, but angry for some saucy words that her mayde Jane has given her, which I will not allow of, and therefore will give her warning to be gone. As also we are both displeased for some slight words that Sarah, now at Sir W. Pen's, hath spoke of us, but it is no matter. We shall endeavour to joyne the lion's skin to the fox's tail. So to my office alone a while, and then home to my study and supper and bed. Being also vexed at my boy for his staying playing abroad when he is sent of errands, so that I have sent him to-night to see whether their country carrier be in town or no, for I am resolved to keep him no more.

27th. Up, and while I am dressing I sent for my boy's brother, William, that lives in town here as a groom, to whom and their sister Jane I told my resolution to keep the boy no longer. So upon the whole they desire to have him stay a week longer, and then he shall go. So to the office, and there Mr. Coventry and I sat till noon, and then I stept to the Exchange, and so home to dinner, and after dinner with my wife to the Duke's Theatre, and saw the second part of "Rhodes,"[1] done with the new Roxalana; which do it rather better in all respects for person, voice, and judgment, than the first Roxalana. Home with great content with my wife, not so well pleased with the company at the house to-day, which was full of citizens, there hardly being a gentleman or woman in the house; a couple of pretty ladies by us that made sport in it, being jostled and crowded by prentices. So home, and I to my study making up my monthly accounts, which is now fallen again to £630 or thereabouts, which not long since was £680, at which I am sorry, but I trust in God I shall get it up again, and in the meantime will live sparingly. So home to supper and to bed.

28th (Lord's day). Up and with my wife to church, and coming out, went out both before my Lady Batten, he not being there, which I believe will vex her. After dinner my wife to church again, and I to the French church, where I heard an old man make a tedious, long sermon, till they were fain to light candles to baptize the children by. So homewards, meeting my brother Tom, but spoke but little

[1] Pepys saw the second part of Davenant's "Siege of Rhodes" on July 2nd, 1661.

with him, and calling also at my uncle Wight's, but met him and her going forth, and so I went directly home, and there fell to the renewing my last year's oaths, whereby it has pleased God so much to better myself and practise, and so down to supper, and then prayers and bed.

29th. Up and walked to Whitehall, where the Duke and Mr. Coventry being gone forth I went to Westminster Hall, where I staid reading at Mrs. Mitchell's shop, and sent for half a pint of sack for her. Here she told me what I heard not of before, the strange burning of Mr. De Laun, a merchant's house in Loathbury, and his lady (Sir Thomas Allen's[1] daughter (and her whole family; not one thing, dog nor cat, escaping; nor any of the neighbours almost hearing of it till the house was quite down and burnt. How this should come to pass, God knows, but a most strange thing it is! Hither came Jack Spicer to me, and I took him to the Swan, where Mr. Herbert did give me my breakfast of cold chine of pork; and here Spicer and I talked of Exchequer matters, and how the Lord Treasurer[2] hath now ordered all monies to be brought into the Exchequer, and hath settled the King's revenue, and given to every general expence proper assignments; to the Navy £200,000 and odd. He also told me of the great vast trade of the goldsmiths in supplying the King with money at dear rates. Thence to White Hall, and got up to the top gallerys in the Banquetting House, to see the audience of the Russia Embassadors;[3] which [took place] after long waiting and fear of the falling of the gallery (it being so full, and part of it being parted from the rest, for nobody to come up merely from the weakness thereof): and very

[1] The seven inmates all perished (Rugge's "Diurnal"). Sir Thomas Alleyne was Lord Mayor in 1660.

[2] Thomas, Earl of Southampton.

[3] "On Monday last, betwixt two and three in the afternoon, His Majesty gave audience to the great Lord Ambassador, the great Duke and governor of Toulsky, Peeter, the son of Simon, surnamed Prozorofskee, to the Lord Governor of Coarmeski, John, the son of Offonassey, surnamed Zelebousky, and Juan Stephano, Chancellor, &c., Ambassadors from the Emperor of Russia. They passed along from York House to White Hall through his Majesties guards who stood on both sides of the street, and made a lane for their more orderly procession." — *Mercurius Publicus*, January 1st, 1662–63. — B.

handsome it was. After they were come in, I went down and got through the croude almost as high as the King and the Embassadors, where I saw all the presents, being rich furs, hawks, carpets, cloths of tissue, and sea-horse teeth. The King took two or three hawks upon his fist, having a glove on, wrought with gold, given him for the purpose. The son of one of the Embassadors was in the richest suit for pearl and tissue, that ever I did see, or shall, I believe. After they and all the company had kissed the King's hand, then the three Embassadors and the son, and no more, did kiss the Queen's. One thing more I did observe, that the chief Embassador did carry up his master's letters in state before him on high; and as soon as he had delivered them, he did fall down to the ground and lay there a great while. After all was done, the company broke up; and I spent a little while walking up and down the gallery seeing the ladies, the two Queens, and the Duke of Monmouth with his little mistress,[1] which is very little, and like my brother-in-law's wife. So with Mr. Creed to the Harp and Ball, and there meeting with Mr. How, Goodgroom, and young Coleman, did drink and talk with them, and I have almost found out a young gentlewoman for my turn, to wait on my wife, of good family and that can sing. Thence I went away, and getting a coach went home and sat late talking with my wife about our entertaining Dr. Clerke's lady and Mrs. Pierce shortly, being in great pain that my wife hath never a winter gown, being almost ashamed of it, that she should be seen in a taffeta one, when all the world wears moyre;[2] so to prayers and to bed, but we could not come to any resolution what to do therein, other than to appear as she is.

30th. Up and to the office, whither Sir W. Pen came, the first time that he has come downstairs since his last great sickness of the gout. We with Mr. Coventry sat till noon, then I to the Change ward, to see what play was there, but I liked none of them, and so homeward, and calling in at Mr. Rawlinson's, where he stopped me to dine with him and two East India officers of ships and Howell

[1] Lady Anne Scott, daughter and heiress of Francis, second Earl of Buccleuch, married to the Duke of Monmouth, April 20th, 1663.

[2] By moyre is meant mohair. — B.

our turner. With the officers I had good discourse, particularly of the people at the Cape of Good Hope, of whom they of their own knowledge do tell me these one or two things: viz. . . . that they never sleep lying, but always sitting upon the ground, that their speech is not so articulate as ours, but yet [they] understand one another well, that they paint themselves all over with the grease the Dutch sell them (who have a fort there) and soot. After dinner drinking five or six glasses of wine, which liberty I now take till I begin my oath again, I went home and took my wife into coach, and carried her to Westminster; there visited Mrs. Ferrer, and staid talking with her a good while, there being a little, proud, ugly, talking lady there, that was much crying up the Queen-Mother's Court at Somerset House above our own Queen's; there being before no allowance of laughing and the mirth that is at the other's; and indeed it is observed that the greatest Court now-a-days is there. Thence to White Hall, where I carried my wife to see the Queen in her presence-chamber; and the maydes of honour and the young Duke of Monmouth playing at cards. Some of them, and but a few, were very pretty; though all well dressed in velvet gowns. Thence to my Lord's lodgings, where Mrs. Sarah did make us my Lord's bed, and Mr. Creed being sent for, sat playing at cards till it was late, and so good night, and with great pleasure to bed.

31st. Lay pretty long in bed, and then I up and to Westminster Hall, and so to the Swan, sending for Mr. Bowyer, and there drank my morning draft, and had some of his simple discourse. Among other things he tells me how the difference comes between his fair cozen Butler and Collonell Dillon, upon his opening letters of her brother's from Ireland, complaining of his knavery, and forging others to the contrary; and so they are long ago quite broke off. Thence to a barber's and so to my wife, and at noon took her to Mrs. Pierce's by invitacion to dinner, where there came Dr. Clerke and his wife and sister and Mr. Knight, chief chyrurgeon to the King and his wife. We were pretty merry, the two men being excellent company, but I confess I am wedded from the opinion either of Mrs. Pierce's beauty upon discovery of her naked neck to-day, being undrest when we came in, or of Mrs. Clerke's genius,

which I so much admired, I finding her to be so conceited and fantastique in her dress this day and carriage, though the truth is, witty enough. After dinner with much ado the doctor and I got away to follow our business for a while, he to his patients and I to the Tangier Committee, where the Duke of York was, and we staid at it a good while, and thence in order to the despatch of the boats and provisions for Tangier away, Mr. Povy, in his coach, carried Mr. Gauden and I into London to Mr. Bland's, the merchant, where we staid discoursing upon the reason of the delay of the going away of these things a great while. Then to eat a dish of anchovies and drink wine and syder, and very merry, but above all things pleased to hear Mrs. Bland talk like a merchant in her husband's business very well, and it seems she do understand it and perform a great deal. Thence merry back, Mr. Povy and I, to White Hall; he carrying me thither on purpose to carry me into the ball this night before the King. All the way he talking very ingeniously, and I find him a fine gentleman, and one that loves to live nobly and neatly, as I perceive by his discourse of his house, pictures, and horses. He brought me first to the Duke's chamber, where I saw him and the Duchess at supper; and thence into the room where the ball was to be, crammed with fine ladies, the greatest of the Court. By and by comes the King and Queen, the Duke and Duchess, and all the great ones: and after seating themselves, the King takes out the Duchess of York; and the Duke, the Duchess of Buckingham; the Duke of Monmouth, my Lady Castlemaine; and so other lords other ladies: and they danced the Bransle.[1] After that, the King led a lady a single Coranto;[2] and then the rest of the lords, one after

[1] "Branle. Espèce de danse de pleusieurs personnes, qui se tiennent par la main, et qui se menent tour-à-tour."—*Dictionnaire de l'Académie.* A country dance mentioned by Shakespeare and other dramatists under the form of *brawl*, which word continued to be used in the eighteenth century.

"My grave Lord Keeper led the brawls;
The seals and maces danced before him."

Gray, *A Long Story.*

[2] Coranto, from Italian *corranta*. A swift and lively dance.

"And teach lavoltas high, and swift corantos."

Shakespeare, *Henry V.*, act iii., sc. 5.

another, other ladies: very noble it was, and great pleasure to see. Then to country dances; the King leading the first, which he called for; which was, says he, "Cuckolds all awry," [1] the old dance of England. Of the ladies that danced, the Duke of Monmouth's mistress, and my Lady Castlemaine, and a daughter of Sir Harry de Vicke's,[2] were the best. The manner was, when the King dances, all the ladies in the room, and the Queen herself, stand up: and indeed he dances rarely, and much better than the Duke of York. Having staid here as long as I thought fit, to my infinite content, it being the greatest pleasure I could wish now to see at Court, I went out, leaving them dancing, and to Mrs. Pierce's, where I found the company had staid very long for my coming, but all gone but my wife, and so I took her home by coach and so to my Lord's again, where after some supper to bed, very weary and in a little pain from my riding a little uneasily to-night in the coach.

Thus ends this year with great mirth to me and my wife. Our condition being thus: — we are at present spending a night or two at my Lord's lodgings at White Hall. Our home at the Navy-office, which is and hath a pretty while been in good condition, finished and made very convenient. My purse is worth about £650, besides my goods of all sorts, which yet might have been more but for my late layings out upon my house and public assessment, and yet would not have been so much if I had not lived a very orderly life all this year by virtue of the oaths that God put into my heart to take against wine, plays, and other expenses, and to observe for these last twelve months, and which I am now going to renew, I under God owing my present content thereunto. My family is myself and wife, William, my

"A kinde of French-dance." — Florio.

Sir John Davies describes this dance in his poem on "Dancing."

[1] The tune of "Cuckolds all a row" is given in Chappell's "Popular Music of the Olden Time," vol. i., p. 341.

[2] Sir Henry de Vic of Guernsey, a connection of the Carteret family. He was for twenty years Resident at Brussels, and was created a baronet September 3rd, 1649. He was Chancellor of the Order of the Garter. He married his cousin, Margaret, third daughter of Sir Philip Carteret of St. Ouen, Jersey, and his only daughter, Anne Charlotte, married John, Lord Frescheville. He died November 20th, 1671, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

clerk; Jane, my wife's upper mayde, but, I think, growing proud and negligent upon it: we must part, which troubles me; Susan, our cook-mayde, a pretty willing wench, but no good cook; and Wayneman, my boy, who I am now turning away for his naughty tricks. We have had from the beginning our healths to this day, very well, blessed be God! Our late mayde Sarah going from us (though put away by us) to live with Sir W. Pen do trouble me, though I love the wench, so that we do make ourselves a little strange to him and his family for it, and resolve to do so. The same we are for other reasons to my Lady Batten and hers. We have lately had it in our thoughts, and I can hardly bring myself off of it, since Mrs. Gosnell cannot be with us, to find out another to be in the quality of a woman to my wife that can sing or dance, and yet finding it hard to save anything at the year's end as I now live, I think I shall not be such a fool till I am more warm in my purse, besides my oath of entering into no such expenses till I am worth £1000. By my last year's diligence in my office, blessed be God! I am come to a good degree of knowledge therein; and am acknowledged so by all the world, even the Duke himself, to whom I have good access: and by that, and my being Commissioner with him for Tangier, he takes much notice of me; and I doubt not but, by the continuance of the same endeavours, I shall in a little time come to be a man much taken notice of in the world, specially being come to so great an esteem with Mr. Coventry. The only weight that lies heavy upon my mind is the ending the business with my uncle Thomas about my dead uncle's estate, which is very ill on our side, and I fear when all is done I must be forced to maintain my father myself, or spare a good deal towards it out of my own purse, which will be a very great pull back to me in my fortune. But I must be contented and bring it to an issue one way or other. Publique matters stand thus: The King is bringing, as is said, his family, and Navy, and all other his charges, to a less expence. In the mean time, himself following his pleasures more than with good advice he would do; at least, to be seen to all the world to do so. His dalliance with my Lady Castlemaine being publique, every day, to his great reproach; and his favouring of none at Court so

much as those that are the confidants of his pleasure, as Sir H. Bennet and Sir Charles Barkeley; which, good God! put it into his heart to mend, before he makes himself too much contemned by his people for it! The Duke of Monmouth is in so great splendour at Court, and so dandled by the King, that some doubt, if the King should have no child by the Queen (which there is yet no appearance of), whether he would not be acknowledged for a lawful son; and that there will be a difference follow upon it between the Duke of York and him; which God prevent! My Lord Chancellor is threatened by people to be questioned, the next sitting of the Parliament, by some spirits that do not love to see him so great: but certainly he is a good servant to the King. The Queen-Mother is said to keep too great a Court now; and her being married to my Lord St. Alban's is commonly talked of; and that they had a daughter between them in France, how true, God knows. The Bishopps are high, and go on without any diffidence in pressing uniformity; and the Presbyters seem silent in it, and either conform or lay down, though without doubt they expect a turn, and would be glad these endeavours of the other Fanatiques would take effect; there having been a plot lately found, for which four have been publickly tried at the Old Bayley and hanged. My Lord Sandwich is still in good esteem, and now keeping his Christmas in the country; and I in good esteem, I think, as any man can be, with him. Mr. Moore is very sickly, and I doubt will hardly get over his late fit of sickness, that still hangs on him. In fine, for the good condition of myself, wife, family, and estate, in the great degree that it is, and for the public state of the nation, so quiett as it is, the Lord God be praised!

END OF VOL. II.

VOL. III.

January 1st, 1662–3.

Lay with my wife at my Lord's lodgings, where I have been these two nights, till 10 o'clock with great pleasure talking, then I rose and to White Hall, where I spent a little time walking among the courtiers, which I perceive I shall be able to do with great confidence, being now beginning to be pretty well known among them. Then to my wife again, and found Mrs. Sarah with us in the chamber we lay in. Among other discourse, Mrs. Sarah tells us how the King sups at least four or [five] times every week with my Lady Castlemaine; and most often stays till the morning with her, and goes home through the garden all alone privately, and that so as the very centrys take notice of it and speak of it. She tells me, that about a month ago she [Lady Castlemaine] quickened at my Lord Gerard's[1] at dinner, and cried out that she was undone; and all the lords and men were fain to quit the room, and women called to help her. In fine, I find that there is nothing almost

[1] Charles Gerard, son of Sir Charles Gerard, created Baron Gerard of Brandon by Charles I., November 8th, 1645, raised a regiment of foot and a troop of horse, and distinguished himself in the king's service during the Civil Wars. He was a gentleman of the King's Bedchamber to Charles II., and captain of the Life Guards. Created Earl of Macclesfield, July 23rd, 1679. His wife, mentioned subsequently, was Jane de Civell, daughter of Pierre de Civell (equerry to Queen Henrietta Maria). He died January 7th, 1694. Not long after this Charles II. affronted Lady Gerard, probably at the instigation of Lady Castlemaine (see March 7th, 1662–63).

but bawdry at Court from top to bottom, as, if it were fit, I could instance, but it is not necessary; only they say my Lord Chesterfield,[1] groom of the stole to the Queen, is either gone or put away from the Court upon the score of his lady's having smitten the Duke of York, so as that he is watched by the Duchess of York, and his lady is retired into the country upon it. How much of this is true, God knows, but it is common talk. After dinner I did reckon with Mrs. Sarah for what we have eat and drank here, and gave her a crown, and so took coach, and to the Duke's House,[2] where we saw "The Villane" again; and the more I see it, the more I am offended at my first undervaluing the play, it being very good and pleasant, and yet a true and allowable tragedy. The house was full of citizens, and so the less pleasant, but that I was willing to make an end of my gaddings, and to set to my business for all the year again to-morrow. Here we saw the old Roxalana[3] in the chief box, in a velvet gown, as the fashion is, and very handsome, at which I was glad. Hence by coach home, where I find all well, only Sir W. Pen they say ill again. So to my office to set down these two or three days' journall, and to close the last year therein, and so that being done, home to supper, and to bed, with great pleasure talking and discoursing with my wife of our late observations abroad.

2nd. Lay long in bed, and so up and to the office, where all the morning alone doing something or another. So dined at home with my wife, and in the afternoon to the Treasury office, where Sir W. Batten was paying off tickets, but so simply and arbitrarily, upon a dull pretence of doing right to the King, though to the wrong of poor people (when I know there is no man that means the King less right than he, or would trouble himself less about it, but only that he

[1] See *ante*, November 3rd, 1662.

[2] Davenant's Company, called from being under the patronage of the Duke of York, the Duke's Company, began to play at Salisbury Court Theatre on November 15th, 1660. The company removed to Portugal Row, Lincoln's Inn Fields, in June, 1661. Davenant's Theatre is usually called the Opera, to distinguish it from the Theatre of the King's Company.

[3] Mrs. Davenport, see note *ante*, February 20th, 1661–62.

sees me stir, and so he would appear doing something, though to little purpose), that I was weary of it. At last we broke up, and walk home together, and I to see Sir W. Pen, who is fallen sick again. I staid a while talking with him, and so to my office, practising some arithmetique, and so home to supper and bed, having sat up late talking to my poor wife with great content.

3rd. Up and to the office all the morning, and dined alone with my wife at noon, and then to my office all the afternoon till night, putting business in order with great content in my mind. Having nothing now in my mind of trouble in the world, but quite the contrary, much joy, except only the ending of our difference with my uncle Thomas, and the getting of the bills well over for my building of my house here, which however are as small and less than any of the others. Sir W. Pen it seems is fallen very ill again. So to my arithmetique again to-night, and so home to supper and to bed.

4th (Lord's day). Up and to church, where a lazy sermon, and so home to dinner to a good piece of powdered beef, but a little too salt. At dinner my wife did propound my having of my sister Pall at my house again to be her woman, since one we must have, hoping that in that quality possibly she may prove better than she did before, which I take very well of her, and will consider of it, it being a very great trouble to me that I should have a sister of so ill a nature, that I must be forced to spend money upon a stranger when it might better be upon her, if she were good for anything. After dinner I and she walked, though it was dirty, to White Hall (in the way calling at the Wardrobe to see how Mr. Moore do, who is pretty well, but not cured yet), being much afeard of being seen by anybody, and was, I think, of Mr. Coventry, which so troubled me that I made her go before, and I ever after loitered behind. She to Mr. Hunt's, and I to White Hall Chappell, and then up to walk up and down the house, which now I am well known there, I shall forbear to do, because I would not be thought a lazy body by Mr. Coventry and others by being seen, as I have lately been, to walk up and down doing nothing. So to Mr. Hunt's, and there was most prettily and kindly entertained by him and her, who are two as good people as I

hardly know any, and so neat and kind one to another. Here we staid late, and so to my Lord's to bed.

5th. Up and to the Duke, who himself told me that Sir J. Lawson was come home to Portsmouth from the Streights, who is now come with great renown among all men, and, I perceive, mightily esteemed at Court by all. The Duke did not stay long in his chamber; but to the King's chamber, whither by and by the Russia Embassadors come; who, it seems, have a custom that they will not come to have any treaty with our or any King's Commissioners, but they will themselves see at the time the face of the King himself, be it forty days one after another; and so they did to-day only go in and see the King; and so out again to the Council-chamber. The Duke returned to his chamber, and so to his closett, where Sir G. Carteret, Sir J. Minnes, Sir W. Batten, Mr. Coventry, and myself attended him about the business of the Navy; and after much discourse and pleasant talk he went away. And I took Sir W. Batten and Captain Allen[1] into the wine cellar to my tenant (as I call him, Serjeant Dalton), and there drank a great deal of variety of wines, more than I have drunk at one time, or shall again a great while, when I come to return to my oaths, which I intend in a day or two. Thence to my Lord's lodging, where Mr. Hunt and Mr. Creed dined with us, and were very merry. And after dinner he and I to White Hall, where the Duke and the Commissioners for Tangier met, but did not do much: my Lord Sandwich not being in town, nobody making it their business. So up, and Creed and I to my wife again, and after a game or two at cards, to the Cockpitt, where we saw "Claracilla,"[2] a poor play, done by the King's house (but neither the King nor Queen

[1] Thomas Allen (or Allin) of Blundeston, born 1612. He commanded a ship in the fleet that seceded to the Prince of Wales (Charles II.) in 1648. He was appointed to command the "Dover" in 1660, and successively commanded the "Plymouth," the "Foresight," the "Lion," and the "Rainbow." He succeeded Lawson in command of the Mediterranean squadron in 1664. Elder Brother of the Trinity House, 1666; Comptroller of the Navy, 1671. Created a baronet in 1673 in consideration of his gallant services; Commander-in-chief of the Channel Fleet, 1678. Died 1685.

[2] Pepys saw Tom Killigrew's play, "Claracilla," for the first time on July 4th, 1661.

were there, but only the Duke and Duchess, who did show some impertinent and, methought, unnaturall dalliances there, before the whole world, such as kissing, and leaning upon one another); but to my very little content, they not acting in any degree like the Duke's people. So home (there being here this night Mrs. Turner and Mrs. Martha Batten of our office) to my Lord's lodgings again, and to a game at cards, we three and Sarah, and so to supper and some apples and ale, and to bed with great pleasure, blessed be God!

6th (Twelfth Day). Up and Mr. Creed brought a pot of chocolate ready made for our morning draft, and then he and I to the Duke's, but I was not very willing to be seen at this end of the town, and so returned to our lodgings, and took my wife by coach to my brother's, where I set her down, and Creed and I to St. Paul's Church-yard, to my bookseller's, and looked over several books with good discourse, and then into St. Paul's Church, and there finding Elborough,[1] my old schoolfellow at Paul's, now a parson, whom I know to be a silly fellow, I took him out and walked with him, making Creed and myself sport with talking with him, and so sent him away, and we to my office and house to see all well, and thence to the Exchange, where we met with Major Thomson, formerly of our office, who do talk very highly of liberty of conscience, which now he hopes for by the King's declaration, and that he doubts not that if he will give him, he will find more and better friends than the Bishopps can be to him, and that if he do not, there will many thousands in a little time go out of England, where they may have it. But he says that they are well contented that if the King thinks it good, the Papists may have the same liberty with them. He tells me, and so do others, that Dr. Calamy is this day sent to Newgate for preaching, Sunday was se'nnight, without leave, though he did it only to supply the place; when otherwise the people must have gone away without ever a sermon, they being disappointed of a minister: but the Bishop of London will not take that as an excuse. Thence into Wood Street, and there bought a fine table for my dining-room, cost me 50*s.*; and while we were buying it, there was a scare-fire[2]

[1] Of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. Afterwards Curate of St. Laurence Poulteney. See *Gardiner's Register of St. Paul's School.*

[2] Scar-fire or scarefire. An alarm of fire. One of the little pieces in Herrick's "Hesperides" is entitled "The Scar-fire," but the word

in an ally over against us, but they quenched it. So to my brother's, where Creed and I and my wife dined with Tom, and after dinner to the Duke's house, and there saw "Twelfth Night"[1] acted well, though it be but a silly play, and not related at all to the name or day. Thence Mr. Battersby the apothecary, his wife, and I and mine by coach together, and setting him down at his house, he paying his share, my wife and I home, and found all well, only myself somewhat vexed at my wife's neglect in leaving of her scarf, waistcoat, and night-dressings in the coach to-day that brought us from Westminster, though, I confess, she did give them to me to look after, yet it was her fault not to see that I did take them out of the coach. I believe it might be as good as 25*s.* loss or thereabouts. So to my office, however, to set down my last three days' journall, and writing to my Lord Sandwich to give him an account of Sir J. Lawson's being come home, and to my father about my sending him some wine and things this week, for his making an entertainment of some friends in the country, and so home. This night making an end wholly of Christmas, with a mind fully satisfied with the great pleasures we have had by being abroad from home, and I do find my mind so apt to run to its old want of pleasures, that it is high time to betake myself to my late vows, which I will to-morrow, God willing, perfect and bind myself to, that so I may, for a great while, do my duty, as I have well begun, and increase my good name and esteem in the world, and get money, which sweetens all things, and whereof I have much need. So home to supper and to bed, blessing God for his mercy to bring me home, after much pleasure, to my house and business with health and resolution to fall hard to work again.

7th. Up pretty early, that is by seven o'clock, it being not yet light before or then. So to my office all the morning, signing the Treasurer's ledger, part of it where I have not put my hand, and then eat a mouthful of pye at home

sometimes was used, as in the text, for the fire itself. Fuller, in his "Worthies," speaks of quenching scare-fires.

[1] Pepys saw "Twelfth Night" for the first time on September 11th, 1661, when he supposed it was a new play, and "took no pleasure at all in it."

to stay my stomach, and so with Mr. Waith by water to Deptford, and there among other things viewed old pay-books, and found that the Commanders did never heretofore receive any pay for the rigging time, but only for seatime, contrary to what Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten told the Duke the other day. I also searched all the ships in the Wett Dock for fire, and found all in good order, it being very dangerous for the King that so many of his ships lie together there. I was among the canvass in stores also, with Mr. Harris, the saylemaker, and learnt the difference between one sort and another, to my great content, and so by water home again, where my wife tells me stories how she hears that by Sarah's going to live at Sir W. Pen's, all our affairs of my family are made known and discoursed of there and theirs by my people, which do trouble me much, and I shall take a time to let Sir W. Pen know how he has dealt in taking her without our full consent. So to my office, and by and by home to supper, and so to prayers and bed.

8th. Up pretty early, and sent my boy to the carrier's with some wine for my father, for to make his feast among his Brampton friends this Christmas, and my muff to my mother, sent as from my wife. But before I sent my boy out with them, I beat him for a lie he told me, at which his sister, with whom we have of late been highly displeased, and warned her to be gone, was angry, which vexed me, to see the girl I loved so well, and my wife, should at last turn so much a fool and unthankful to us. So to the office, and there all the morning, and though without and a little against the advice of the officers did, to gratify him, send Thomas Hater to-day towards Portsmouth a day or two before the rest of the clerks, against the Pay next week. Dined at home; and there being the famous new play acted the first time to-day, which is called "The Adventures of Five Hours," at the Duke's house, being, they say, made or translated by Colonel Tuke,[1] I did

[1] Sir Samuel Tuke, of Temple Cressy, colonel of horse in the king's service during the Civil War, and afterwards engaged in the rising in Essex under Capel, Lucas, and Lisle. He became a proselyte to the Church of Rome about 1658; and on March 31st, 1664, he was created a baronet. He was one of the first Fellows of the Royal Society. He

long to see it; and so made my wife to get her ready, though we were forced to send for a smith, to break open her trunk, her mayde Jane being gone forth with the keys, and so we went; and though early, were forced to sit almost out of sight, at the end of one of the lower forms, so full was the house. And the play, in one word, is the best, for the variety and the most excellent continuance of the plot to the very end, that ever I saw, or think ever shall, and all possible, not only to be done in the time, but in most other respects very admittable, and without one word of ribaldry; and the house, by its frequent plaudits, did show their sufficient approbation. So home; with much ado in an hour getting a coach home, and, after writing letters at my office, I went home to supper and to bed, now resolving to set up my rest as to plays till Easter, if not Whitsuntide next, excepting plays at Court.

9th. Waking in the morning, my wife I found also awake, and begun to speak to me with great trouble and tears, and by degrees from one discourse to another at last it appears that Sarah has told somebody that has told my wife of my meeting her at my brother's and making her sit down by me while she told me stories of my wife, about her giving her scallop to her brother, and other things, which I am much vexed at, for I am sure I never spoke any thing of it, nor could any body tell her but by Sarah's own words. I endeavoured to excuse my silence herein hitherto by not believing any thing she told me, only that of the scallop which she herself told me of.[1] At last we pretty good friends, and my wife begun to speak again of the necessity of her keeping somebody to bear her company; for her familiarity with her other servants is it that spoils them all, and other company she hath none, which is too true, and

married Mary Sheldon, one of Queen Catherine's dressers, and died at Somerset House, January 26th, 1673. His play, "The Adventures of Five Hours," was founded on a play by Calderon, and undertaken on the suggestion of the king, who recommended him to adapt a Spanish play to the English stage. It was first published in 1663, and is reprinted in Dodsley's "Old Plays" (Hazlitt's edition, 1876, vol. xv.). Evelyn refers to the play in his Diary (December 23rd, 1662), but by a slip of the pen attributes it to Sir George Tuke.

[1] See *ante*, December 16th, 1662, for account of the conversation with Sarah.

called for Jane to reach her out of her trunk, giving her the keys to that purpose, a bundle of papers, and pulls out a paper, a copy of what, a pretty while since, she had wrote in a discontent to me, which I would not read, but burnt. She now read it, and it was so piquant, and wrote in English, and most of it true, of the retiredness of her life, and how unpleasant it was; that being wrote in English, and so in danger of being met with and read by others, I was vexed at it, and desired her and then commanded her to tear it. When she desired to be excused it, I forced it from her, and tore it, and withal took her other bundle of papers from her, and leapt out of the bed and in my shirt clapped them into the pocket of my breeches, that she might not get them from me, and having got on my stockings and breeches and gown, I pulled them out one by one and tore them all before her face, though it went against my heart to do it, she crying and desiring me not to do it, but such was my passion and trouble to see the letters of my love to her, and my Will wherein I had given her all I have in the world, when I went to sea with my Lord Sandwich, to be joyned with a paper of so much disgrace to me and dishonour, if it should have been found by any body. Having torn them all, saving a bond of my uncle Robert's, which she hath long had in her hands, and our marriage license, and the first letter that ever I sent her when I was her servant,[1] I took up the pieces and carried them into my chamber, and there, after many disputes with myself whether I should burn them or no, and having picked up the pieces of the paper she read to-day, and of my Will which I tore, I burnt all the rest, and so went out to my office troubled in mind. Hither comes Major Tolhurst, one of my old acquaintance in Cromwell's time, and sometimes of our clubb, to see me, and I could do no less than carry him to the Mitre, and having sent for Mr. Beane, a merchant, a neighbour of mine, we sat and talked, Tolhurst telling me the manner of their collierys in the north. We broke up, and I home to dinner. And to see my folly, as discontented as I am, when my wife came I could not forbear smiling all dinner till she

[1] The usual word at this time for a lover. We have continued the correlative term "mistress," but rejected that of "servant."

began to speak bad words again, and then I began to be angry again, and so to my office. Mr. Bland came in the evening to me hither, and sat talking to me about many things of merchandise, and I should be very happy in his discourse, durst I confess my ignorance to him, which is not so fit for me to do. There coming a letter to me from Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, by my desire appointing his and Dr. Clerke's coming to dine with me next Monday, I went to my wife and agreed upon matters, and at last for my honour am forced to make her presently a new Moyre gown to be seen by Mrs. Clerke, which troubles me to part with so much money, but, however, it sets my wife and I to friends again, though I and she never were so heartily angry in our lives as to-day almost, and I doubt the heart-burning will not [be] soon over, and the truth is I am sorry for the tearing of so many poor loving letters of mine from sea and elsewhere to her. So to my office again, and there the Scrivener brought me the end of the manuscript which I am going to get together of things of the Navy, which pleases me much. So home, and mighty friends with my wife again, and so to bed.

10th. Up and to the office. From thence, before we sat, Sir W. Pen sent for me to his bedside to talk (indeed to reproach me with my not owning to Sir J. Minnes that he had my advice in the blocking up of the garden door the other day, which is now by him out of fear to Sir J. Minnes opened again), to which I answered him so indifferently that I think he and I shall be at a distance, at least to one another, better than ever we did and love one another less, which for my part I think I need not care for. So to the office, and sat till noon, then rose and to dinner, and then to the office again, where Mr. Creed sat with me till late talking very good discourse, as he is full of it, though a cunning knave in his heart, at least not to be too much trusted, till Sir J. Minnes came in, which at last he did, and so beyond my expectation he was willing to sign his accounts, notwithstanding all his objections, which really were very material, and yet how like a doting coxcomb he signs the accounts without the least satisfaction, for which we both sufficiently laughed at him and Sir W. Batten after they had signed them and were gone, and so sat talk-

ing together till 11 o'clock at night, and so home and to bed.

11th (Lord's day). Lay long talking pleasant with my wife, then up and to church, the pew being quite full with strangers come along with Sir W. Batten and Sir J. Minnes, so after a pitifull sermon of the young Scott, home to dinner. After dinner comes a footman of my Lord Sandwich's (my Lord being come to town last night) with a letter from my father, in which he presses me to carry on the business for Tom with his late mistress, which I am sorry to see my father do, it being so much out of our power or for his advantage, as it is clear to me it is, which I shall think of and answer in my next. So to my office all the afternoon writing orders myself to have ready against to-morrow, that I might not appear negligent to Mr. Coventry. In the evening to Sir W. Pen's, where Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten, and afterwards came Sir G. Carteret. There talked about business, and afterwards to Sir W. Batten's, where we staid talking and drinking Syder, and so I went away to my office a little, and so home and to bed.

12th. Up, and to Sir W. Batten's to bid him and Sir J. Minnes adieu, they going this day towards Portsmouth, and then to Sir W. Pen's to see Sir J. Lawson, who I heard was there, where I found him the same plain man that he was, after all his success in the Straights, with which he is come loaded home. Thence to Sir G. Carteret, and with him in his coach to White Hall, and first I to see my Lord Sandwich (being come now from Hinchingbrooke), and after talking a little with him, he and I to the Duke's chamber, where Mr. Coventry and he and I into the Duke's closett and Sir J. Lawson discoursing upon business of the Navy, and particularly got his consent to the ending some difficulties in Mr. Creed's accounts. Thence to my Lord's lodgings, and with Mr. Creed to the King's Head ordinary, but people being set down, we went to two or three places; at last found some meat at a Welch cook's at Charing Cross, and here dined and our boys. After dinner to the 'Change to buy some linen for my wife, and going back met our two boys. Mine had struck down Creed's boy in the dirt, with his new suit on, and the boy taken by a gentlewoman into a house to make clean, but the poor boy

was in a pitifull taking and pickle; but I basted my rogue soundly. Thence to my Lord's lodging, and Creed to his, for his papers against the Committee. I found my Lord within, and he and I went out through the garden towards the Duke's chamber, to sit upon the Tangier matters; but a lady called to my Lord out of my Lady Castlemaine's lodging, telling him that the King was there and would speak with him. My Lord could not tell what to bid me say at the Committee to excuse his absence, but that he was with the King; nor would suffer me to go into the Privy Garden (which is now a through-passage, and common), but bid me to go through some other way, which I did; so that I see he is a servant of the King's pleasures too, as well as business. So I went to the Committee, where we spent all this night attending to Sir J. Lawson's description of Tangier and the place for the Mole,[1] of which he brought a very pretty draught. Concerning the making of the Mole, Mr. Cholmely did also discourse very well, having had some experience in it. Being broke up, I home by coach to Mr. Bland's, and there discoursed about sending away of the merchant ship which hangs so long on hand for Tangier. So to my Lady Batten's, and sat with her awhile, Sir W. Batten being gone out of town; but I did it out of design to get some oranges for my feast to-morrow of her, which I did. So home, and found my wife's new gown come home, and she mightily pleased with it. But I appeared very angry that there were no more things got ready against to-morrow's feast, and in that passion sat up long, and went discontented to bed.

13th. So my poor wife rose by five o'clock in the morning, before day, and went to market and bought fowls and many other things for dinner, with which I was highly pleased, and the chine of beef was down also before six o'clock, and my own jack, of which I was doubtfull, do

[1] The construction of this Mole or breakwater turned out a very costly undertaking. In April, 1663, it was found that the charge for one year's work was £13,000. In March, 1665, £36,000 had been spent upon it. The wind and sea exerted a very destructive influence over this structure, although it was very strongly built, and Colonel Norwood reported in 1668 that a breach had been made in the Mole, which cost a considerable sum to repair.

carry it very well. Things being put in order, and the cook come, I went to the office, where we sat till noon and then broke up, and I home, whither by and by comes Dr. Clerke and his lady, his sister, and a she-cozen, and Mr. Pierce and his wife, which was all my guests. I had for them, after oysters, at first course, a hash of rabbits, a lamb, and a rare chine of beef. Next a great dish of roasted fowl, cost me about 30*s*., and a tart, and then fruit and cheese. My dinner was noble and enough. I had my house mighty clean and neat; my room below with a good fire in it; my dining-room above, and my chamber being made a with-drawing-chamber; and my wife's a good fire also. I find my new table very proper, and will hold nine or ten people well, but eight with great room. After dinner the women to cards in my wife's chamber, and the Dr. and Mr. Pierce in mine, because the dining-room smokes unless I keep a good charcoal fire, which I was not then provided with. At night to supper, had a good sack posset and cold meat, and sent my guests away about ten o'clock at night, both them and myself highly pleased with our management of this day; and indeed their company was very fine, and Mrs. Clerke a very witty, fine lady, though a little conceited and proud. So weary, so to bed. I believe this day's feast will cost me near £5.

14th. Lay very long in bed, till with shame forced to rise, being called up by Mr. Bland about business. He being gone I went and staid upon business at the office and then home to dinner, and after dinner staid a little talking pleasant with my wife, who tells me of another woman offered by her brother that is pretty and can sing, to which I do listen but will not appear over forward, but I see I must keep somebody for company sake to my wife, for I am ashamed she should live as she do. So to the office till 10 at night upon business, and numbering and examining part of my sea-manuscript with great pleasure, my wife sitting working by me. So home to supper and to bed.

15th. Up and to my office preparing things, by and by we met and sat Mr. Coventry and I till noon, and then I took him to dine with me, I having a wild goose roasted, and a cold chine of beef and a barrel of oysters. We

dined alone in my chamber, and then he and I to fit ourselves for horseback, he having brought me a horse; and so to Deptford, the ways being very dirty. There we walked up and down the Yard and Wett Dock, and did our main business, which was to examine the proof of our new way of the call-books, which we think will be of great use. And so to horse again, and I home with his horse, leaving him to go over the fields to Lambeth, his boy at my house taking home his horse. I vexed, having left my keys in my other pocket in my chamber, and my door is shut, so that I was forced to set my boy in at the window, which done I shifted myself, and so to my office till late, and then home to supper, my mind being troubled about Field's business and my uncle's, which the term coming on I must think to follow again. So to prayers and to bed, and much troubled in mind this night in my dreams about my uncle Thomas and his son going to law with us.

16th. Lay long talking in bed with my wife. Up, and Mr. Battersby, the apothecary, coming to see me, I called for the cold chine of beef and made him eat, and drink wine, and talked, there being with us Captain Brewer, the paynter, who tells me how highly the Presbyters do talk in the coffee-houses still, which I wonder at. They being gone I walked two or three hours with my brother Tom, telling him my mind how it is troubled about my father's concernments, and how things would be with them all if it should please God that I should die, and therefore desire him to be a good husband and follow his business, which I hope he do. At noon to dinner, and after dinner my wife began to talk of a woman again, which I have a mind to have, and would be glad Pall might please us, but she is quite against having her, nor have I any great mind to it, but only for her good and to save money flung away upon a stranger. So to my office till 9 o'clock about my navy manuscripts, and there troubled in my mind more and more about my uncle's business from a letter come this day from my father that tells me that all his tenants are sued by my uncle, which will cost me some new trouble, I went home to supper and so to bed.

17th. Waked early with my mind troubled about our law matters, but it came into my mind that [saying] of Epic-

tetus about his ἐφ' ἡμῖν καὶ οὐκ, &c.,[1] which did put me to a great deal of ease, it being a saying of great reason. Up to the office, and there sat Mr. Coventry, Mr. Pett, new come to town, and I. I was sorry for signing a bill and guiding Mr. Coventry to sign a bill to Mr. Creed for his pay as Deputy Treasurer to this day, though the service ended 5 or 6 months ago, which he perceiving did blot out his name afterwards, but I will clear myself to him from design in it. Sat till two o'clock and then home to dinner, and Creed with me, and after dinner, to put off my mind's trouble, I took Creed by coach and to the Duke's playhouse, where we did see "The Five Hours" entertainment again, which indeed is a very fine play, though, through my being out of order, it did not seem so good as at first; but I could discern it was not any fault in the play. Thence with him to the China alehouse, and there drank a bottle or two, and so home, where I found my wife and her brother discoursing about Mr. Ashwell's daughter, whom we are like to have for my wife's woman, and I hope it may do very well, seeing there is a necessity of having one. So to the office to write letters, and then home to supper and to bed.

18th (Lord's day). Up, and after the barber had done, and I had spoke with Mr. Smith (whom I sent for on purpose to speak of Field's business, who stands upon £250 before he will release us, which do trouble me highly), and also Major Allen of the Victualling Office about his ship to be hired for Tangier, I went to church, and thence home to dinner alone with my wife, very pleasant, and after dinner to church again, and heard a dull, drowsy sermon, and so home and to my office, perfecting my vows again for the next year, which I have now done, and sworn to in the presence of Almighty God to observe upon the respective penalties thereto annexed, and then to Sir W. Pen's (though much against my will, for I cannot bear him, but only to keep him from complaint to others that I do not see him) to see how he do, and find him pretty well, and ready to go abroad again.

[1] Epictetus, "Encheiridion," i., 1. See *ante*, September 9th, 1662.

19th. Up and to White Hall, and while the Duke is dressing himself I went to wait on my Lord Sandwich, whom I found not very well, and Dr. Clerke with him. He is feverish, and hath sent for Mr. Pierce to let him blood, but not being in the way he puts it off till night, but he stirs not abroad to-day. Then to the Duke, and in his closett discoursed as we used to do, and then broke up. That done, I singled out Mr. Coventry into the Matted Gallery, and there I told him the complaints I meet every day about our Treasurer's or his people's paying no money, but at the goldsmith's shops, where they are forced to pay fifteen or twenty sometimes per cent. for their money, which is a most horrid shame, and that which must not be suffered. Nor is it likely that the Treasurer (at least his people) will suffer Maynell the Goldsmith[1] to go away with £10,000 per annum, as he do now get, by making people pay after this manner for their money. We were interrupted by the Duke, who called Mr. Coventry aside for half an hour, walking with him in the gallery, and then in the garden, and then going away I ended my discourse with Mr. Coventry. But by the way Mr. Coventry was saying that there remained nothing now in our office to be amended but what would do of itself every day better and better, for as much as he that was slowest, Sir W. Batten, do now begin to look about him and to mind business. At which, God forgive me! I was a little moved with envy, but yet I am glad, and ought to be, though it do lessen a little my care to see that the King's service is like to be better attended than it was heretofore. Thence by coach to Mr. Povy's, being invited thither by [him] came a messenger this morning from him, where really he made a most excellent and large dinner, of their variety, even to admiration, he bidding us, in a frolique, to call for what we had a mind, and he would undertake to give it us: and we did for prawns, swan, venison, after I had thought the dinner was quite done, and he did immediately produce it, which I thought great plenty, and he seems to set off his rest in this plenty and the neatness of his house, which he after dinner showed me, from room to room, so beset with delicate pic-

[1] Francis Maynell or Meynell. See *ante*, September 18th, 1662.

tures, and above all, a piece of perspective in his closett in the low parler; his stable, where was some most delicate horses, and the very racks painted, and mangers, with a neat leaden painted cistern, and the walls done with Dutch tiles, like my chimnies. But still, above all things, he bid me go down into his wine-cellar, where upon several shelves there stood bottles of all sorts of wine, new and old, with labells pasted upon each bottle, and in the order and plenty as I never saw books in a bookseller's shop; and herein, I observe, he puts his highest content, and will accordingly commend all that he hath, but still they deserve to be so. Here dined with me Dr. Whore and Mr. Scawen. Therewith him and Mr. Bland, whom we met by the way, to my Lord Chancellor's, where the King was to meet my Lord Treasurer, &c., many great men, to settle the revenue of Tangier. I staid talking awhile there, but the King not coming I walked to my brother's, where I met my cozen Scotts[1] (Tom not being at home) and sent for a glass of wine for them, and having drunk we parted, and I to the Wardrobe talking with Mr. Moore about my law businesses, which I doubt will go ill for want of time for me to attend them. So home, where I found Mrs. Lodum speaking with my wife about her kinswoman which is offered my wife to come as a woman to her. So to the office and put things in order, and then home and to bed, it being my great comfort that every day I understand more and more the pleasure of following of business and the credit that a man gets by it, which I hope at last too will end in profit. This day, by Dr. Clerke, I was told the occasion of my Lord Chesterfield's going and taking his lady (my Lord Ormond's daughter) from Court. It seems he not only hath been long jealous of the Duke of York, but did find them two talking together, though there were others in the room, and the lady by all opinions a most good, virtuous woman. He, the next day (of which the Duke was warned by somebody that saw the passion my Lord Chesterfield was in the night before), went and told the Duke how much he did apprehend himself wronged, in his picking out his lady of the whole Court to be the subject of his dishonour;[2] which

[1] Apparently J. Scott and his wife Judith (*née* Pepys).
[2] See *ante*, November 3rd, 1662.

the Duke did answer with great calmness, not seeming to understand the reason of complaint, and that was all that passed: but my Lord did presently pack his lady into the country in Derbyshire, near the Peake;[1] which is become a proverb at Court, to send a man's wife to the Devil's arse a' Peake, when she vexes him. This noon I did find out Mr. Dixon at Whitehall, and discoursed with him about Mrs. Wheatly's daughter for a wife for my brother Tom, and have committed it to him to enquire the pleasure of her father and mother concerning it. I demanded £300.

20th. Up betimes and to the office, where all the morning. Dined at home, and Mr. Deane of Woolwich with me, talking about the abuses of the yard. Then to the office about business all the afternoon with great pleasure, seeing myself observed by every body to be the only man of business of us all, but Mr. Coventry. So till late at night, and then home to supper and bed.

21st. Up early leaving my wife very ill in bed . . . and to my office till eight o'clock, there coming Ch. Pepys[2] to demand his legacy of me, which I denied him upon good reason of his father and brother's suing us, and so he went away. Then came Commissioner Pett, and he and I by agreement went to Deptford, and after a turn or two in the yard, to Greenwich, and thence walked to Woolwich. Here we did business, and I on board the Tangier-merchant, a ship freighted by us, that has long lain on hand in her despatch to Tangier, but is now ready for sailing. Back, and dined at Mr. Ackworth's,[3] where a pretty dinner, and she a pretty, modest woman; but above all things we saw her Rocke, which is one of the finest things done by a woman that ever I saw. I must have my wife to see it. After dinner on board the Elias,[4] and found the timber brought by her from the forest of Deane to be exceeding good. The Captain gave each of us two barrels of pickled

[1] The seat of the Earl of Chesterfield was Bretby Hall. There is a good view of it by Knyff and Kip. It is no longer standing. — B.

[2] Charles Pepys was second son of Thomas Pepys, elder brother of Samuel's father. Samuel paid part of the legacy to Charles and his elder brother Thomas on May 25th, 1664.

[3] Mr. Ackworth held some office in Deptford Yard. — B.

[4] The "Elias" was a fourth-rate of thirty-six guns. It was a Dutch prize.

oysters put up for the Queen mother. So to the Dock again, and took in Mrs. Ackworth and another gentlewoman, and carried them to London, and at the Globe tavern, in East-cheap, did give them a glass of wine, and so parted. I home, where I found my wife ill in bed all day, and her face swelled with pain. My Will has received my last two quarters salary, of which I am glad. So to my office till late and then home, and after the barber had done, to bed.

22nd. To the office, where Sir W. Batten and Sir J. Minnes are come from Portsmouth. We sat till dinner time. Then home, and Mr. Dixon by agreement came to dine, to give me an account of his success with Mr. Wheatly for his daughter for my brother; and in short it is, that his daughter cannot fancy my brother because of his imperfection in his speech, which I am sorry for, but there the business must die, and we must look out for another. There came in also Mrs. Lodum, with an answer from her brother Ashwell's daughter, who is likely to come to me, and with her my wife's brother, and I carried Commissioner Pett in with me, so I feared want of victuals, but I had a good dinner, and mirth, and so rose and broke up, and with the rest of the officers to Mr. Russell's buriall, where we had wine and rings, and a great and good company of aldermen and the livery of the Skinners' Company. We went to St. Dunstan's in the East church, where a sermon, but I staid not, but went home, and, after writing letters, I took coach to Mr. Povy's, but he not within I left a letter there of Tangier business, and so to my Lord's, and there find him not sick, but expecting his fit to-night of an ague. Here was Sir W. Compton, Mr. Povy, Mr. Bland, Mr. Gawden and myself; we were very busy about getting provisions sent forthwith to Tangier, fearing that by Mr. Gawden's neglect they might want bread. So among other ways thought of to supply them I was empowered by the Commissioners of Tangier that were present to write to Plymouth and direct Mr. Lanyon to take up vessels great or small to the quantity of 150 tons, and fill them with bread of Mr. Gawden's lying ready there for Tangier, which they undertake to bear me out in, and to see the freight paid. This I did. About 10 o'clock we broke up, and my Lord's fit was coming upon him, and so we parted, and I with Mr.

Creed, Mr. Pierce, Wm. Howe and Captn. Ferrers, who was got almost drunk this afternoon, and was mighty capricious and ready to fall out with any body, supped together in the little chamber that was mine heretofore upon some fowls sent by Mr. Shepley, so we were very merry till 12 at night, and so away, and I lay with Mr. Creed at his lodgings, and slept well.

23rd. Up and hastened him in despatching some business relating to Tangier, and I away homewards, hearing that my Lord had a bad fit to-night, called at my brother's, and found him sick in bed, of a pain in the sole of one of his feet, without swelling, knowing not how it came, but it will not suffer him to stand these two days. So to Mr. Moore, and Mr. Lovell, our proctor, being there, discoursed of my law business. Thence to Mr. Grant, to bid him come for money for Mr. Barlow, and he and I to a coffee-house, where Sir J. Cutler[1] was; and in discourse, among other things, he did fully make it out that the trade of England is as great as ever it was, only in more hands; and that of all trades there is a greater number than ever there was, by reason of men taking more 'prentices, because of their having more money than heretofore. His discourse was well worth hearing. Coming by Temple Bar I bought "Audley's Way to be Rich,"[2] a serious pamphlett and some good things worth my minding. Thence homewards, and meeting Sir W. Batten, turned back again to a coffee-house, and there drunk more till I was almost sick, and here much discourse, but little to be learned, but of a design in the north of a rising, which is discovered, among some men of condition, and they sent for up. Thence to the 'Change, and so home with him by coach, and I to see how my wife do, who is pretty well again, and so to dinner to Sir W. Batten's to a cod's head, and so to my office, and

[1] Citizen and grocer of London; most severely handled by Pope. Two statues were erected to his memory — one in the College of Physicians, and the other in the Grocers' Hall. They were erected and one removed (that in the College of Physicians) before Pope stigmatized "sage Cutler." Pope says that Sir John Cutler had an only daughter; in fact, he had two: one married to Lord Radnor; the other, mentioned afterwards by Pepys, the wife of Sir William Portman. — B.

[2] See *ante*, November 23rd, 1662.

after stopping to see Sir W. Pen, where was Sir J. Lawson and his lady and daughter, which is pretty enough, I came back to my office, and there set to business pretty late, finishing the margenting my Navy-Manuscript. So home and to bed.

24th. Lay pretty long, and by lying with my sheet upon my lip, as I have of old observed it, my upper lip was blistered in the morning. To the office all the morning, sat till noon, then to the Exchange to look out for a ship for Tangier, and delivered my manuscript to be bound at the stationer's. So to dinner at home, and then down to Redriffe, to see a ship hired for Tangier, what readiness she was in, and found her ready to sail. Then home, and so by coach to Mr. Povy's, where Sir W. Compton, Mr. Bland, Gawden, Sir J. Lawson and myself met to settle the victualling of Tangier for the time past, which with much ado we did, and for a six months' supply more. So home in Mr. Gawden's coach, and to my office till late about business, and find that it is business that must and do every day bring me to something. So home to supper and to bed.

25th (Lord's day). Lay till 9 a-bed, then up, and being trimmed by the barber, I walked towards White Hall, calling upon Mr. Moore, whom I found still very ill of his ague. I discoursed with him about my Lord's estate against I speak with my Lord this day. Thence to the King's Head ordinary at Charing Cross, and sent for Mr. Creed, where we dined very finely and good company, good discourse. I understand the King of France is upon consulting his divines upon the old question, what the power of the Pope is? and do intend to make war against him, unless he do right him for the wrong his Embassador received;[1]

[1] On the 20th of August, the Duc de Créqui, then French ambassador at Rome, was insulted by the Corsican armed police, a force whose ignoble duty it was to assist the Sbirri; and the pope, Alexander VII., at first refused reparation for the affront offered to the French. Louis, as in the case of D'Estrades, took prompt measures. He ordered the papal nuncio forthwith to quit France; he seized upon Avignon, and his army prepared to enter Italy. Alexander found it necessary to submit. In fulfilment of a treaty signed at Pisa in 1664, Cardinal Chigi, the pope's nephew, came to Paris, to tender the pope's apology to Louis. The guilty individuals were punished; the Corsicans ban-

and banish the Cardinall Imperiall,[1] which I understand this day is not meant the Cardinall belonging or chosen by the Emperor, but the name of his family is Imperiali. Thence to walk in the Park, which we did two hours, it being a pleasant sunshine day though cold. Our discourse upon the rise of most men that we know, and observing them to be the results of chance, not policy, in any of them, particularly Sir J. Lawson's, from his declaring against Charles Stuart in the river of Thames, and for the Rump. Thence to my Lord, who had his ague fit last night, but is now pretty well, and I staid talking with him an hour alone in his chamber, about sundry publique and private matters. Among others, he wonders what the project should be of the Duke's going down to Portsmouth just now with his Lady, at this time of the year: it being no way, we think, to increase his popularity, which is not great; nor yet safe to do it, for that reason, if it would have any such effect. By and by comes in my Lady Wright, and so I went away, and after talking with Captn. Ferrers, who tells me of my Lady Castlemaine's and Sir Charles Barkeley being the great favourites at Court, and growing every day more and more; and that upon a late dispute between my Lord Chesterfield, that is the Queen's Lord Chamberlain, and Mr. Edward Montagu, her Master of the Horse, who should have the precedence in taking the Queen's upperhand abroad out of the house, which Mr. Montagu challenges, it was given to my Lord Chesterfield. So that I perceive he goes down the wind in honour as well as every thing else, every day. So walk to my brother's and talked with him, who tells me that this day a messenger is come, that tells us how Collonel Honiwood,[2] who was

ished for ever from the Roman States; and in front of the guard-house which they had occupied a pyramid was erected, bearing an inscription which embodied the pope's apology. This pyramid Louis permitted Clement IX. to destroy on his accession. — B.

[1] Lorenzo Imperiali, of Genoa. He had been appointed Governor of Rome by Innocent X. in 1654, and he had acted in that capacity at the time of the tumult. — B.

[2] Colonel Henry Honywood, of Little Archer's Court River, Kent, who had taken up arms against Charles I. He was the son of Arthur Honywood, of Lincoln's Inn and Maidstone, and had sepulture at Christ Church, Canterbury (Hasted's "Kent," vol. iv., p. 40). — B.

well yesterday at Canterbury, was flung by his horse in getting up, and broke his scull, and so is dead. So home and to the office, despatching some business, and so home to supper, and then to prayers and to bed.

26th. Up and by water with Sir W. Batten to White Hall, drinking a glass of wormewood wine at the Stillyard, and so up to the Duke, and with the rest of the officers did our common service; thence to my Lord Sandwich's, but he was in bed, and had a bad fit last night, and so I went to Westminster Hall, it being Term time, it troubling me to think that I should have any business there to trouble myself and thoughts with. Here I met with Monsieur Raby, who is lately come from France. [He] tells me that my Lord Hinchingbroke and his brother do little improve there, and are much neglected in their habits and other things; but I do believe he hath a mind to go over as their tutour, and so I am not apt to believe what he says therein. But I had a great deal of very good discourse with him, concerning the difference between the French and the Pope, and the occasion, which he told me very particularly, and to my great content; and of most of the chief affairs of France, which I did enquire: and that the King is a most excellent Prince, doing all business himself; and that it is true he hath a mistress, Mademoiselle La Valiere,[1] one of the Princess Henriette's women, that he courts for his pleasure every other day, but not so as to make him neglect his publique affairs. He tells me how the King do carry himself nobly to the relations of the dead Cardinall,[2] and will not suffer one pasquill to come forth against him; and that he acts by what directions he received from him before his death. Having discoursed long with him, I took him by coach and set him down at my Lord Crew's, and myself went and dined at Mr. Povy's, where Orlando Massam, Mr. Wilks, a Wardrobe man, myself and Mr. Gawden, and had just such another dinner as I had the other day there. But above all things I do the most admire his piece of perspective especially, he opening me the closett door, and there I saw that there is nothing but only a plain picture hung

[1] Françoise Louise de la Baume le Blanc, Duchesse de la Vallière, the beautiful mistress of Louis XIV., did not die till 1710.

[2] Cardinal Mazarin died March 9th, 1661.

upon the wall. After dinner Mr. Gauden and I to settle the business of the Tangier victualling, which I perceive none of them yet have hitherto understood but myself. Thence by coach to White Hall, and met upon the Tangier Commission, our greatest business the discoursing of getting things ready for my Lord Rutherford to go about the middle of March next, and a proposal of Sir J. Lawson's and Mr. Cholmely's concerning undertaking the Mole, which is referred to another time. So by coach home, being melancholy, overcharged with business, and methinks I fear that I have some ill offices done to Mr. Coventry, or else he observes that of late I have not despatched business so as I did use to do, which I confess I do acknowledge. But it may be it is but my fear only, he is not so fond as he used to be of me. But I do believe that Sir W. Batten has made him believe that I do too much crow upon having his kindness, and so he may on purpose to countenance him seem a little more strange to me, but I will study hard to bring him back again to the same degree of kindness. So home, and after a little talk with my wife, to the office, and did a great deal of business there till very late, and then home to supper and to bed.

27th. Up and to the office, where sat till two o'clock, and then home to dinner, whither by and by comes Mr. Creed, and he and I talked of our Tangier business, and do find that there is nothing in the world done with true integrity, but there is design along with it, as in my Lord Rutherford, who designs to have the profit of victualling of the garrison himself, and others to have the benefit of making the Mole, so that I am almost discouraged from coming any more to the Committee, were it not that it will possibly hereafter bring me to some acquaintance of great men. Then to the office again, where very busy till past ten at night, and so home to supper and to bed. I have news this day from Cambridge that my brother hath had his bachelor's cap put on; but that which troubles me is, that he hath the pain of the stone, and makes bloody water with great pain, it beginning just as mine did. I pray God help him.

28th. Up and all the morning at my office doing business, and at home seeing my painters' work measured. So to dinner and abroad with my wife, carrying her to Unthank's,

where she alights, and I to my Lord Sandwich's, whom I find missing his ague fit to-day, and is pretty well, playing at dice (and by this I see how time and example may alter a man; he being now acquainted with all sorts of pleasures and vanities, which heretofore he never thought of nor loved, nor, it may be, hath allowed) with Ned Pickering and his page Laud. Thence to the Temple to my cozen Roger Pepys, and thence to Serjt. Bernard to advise with him and retain him against my uncle, my heart and head being very heavy with the business. Thence to Wotton's, the shoemaker, and there bought another pair of new boots, for the other I bought my last would not fit me, and here I drank with him and his wife, a pretty woman, they broaching a vessel of syder a-purpose for me. So home, and there found my wife come home, and seeming to cry; for bringing home in a coach her new ferrandin[1] waistecoate, in Cheapside, a man asked her whether that was the way to the Tower; and while she was answering him, another, on the other side, snatched away her bundle out of her lap, and could not be recovered, but ran away with it, which vexes me cruelly, but it cannot be helped. So to my office, and there till almost 12 at night with Mr. Lewes, learning to understand the manner of a purser's account, which is very hard and little understood by my fellow officers, and yet mighty necessary. So at last with great content broke up and home to supper and bed.

29th. Lay chiding, and then pleased with my wife in bed, and did consent to her having a new waistcoate made her for that which she lost yesterday. So to the office, and sat all the morning. At noon dined with Mr. Coventry at Sir J. Minnes his lodgings, the first time that ever I did yet,

[1] Ferrandin, which was sometimes spelt *farendon*, was a stuff made of silk mixed with some other material, like what is now called poplin. Both mohair and farendon are generally cheap materials; for in the case of Manby *v.* Scott, decided in the Exchequer Chamber in 1663, and reported in the first volume of "Modern Reports," the question being as to the liability of a husband to pay for goods supplied against his consent to his wife, who had separated from him, Mr. Justice Hyde (whose judgment is most amusing) observes, in putting various supposed cases, that "The wife will have a velvet gown and a satin petticoat, and the husband thinks a mohair or farendon for a gown, and watered tabby for a petticoat, is as fashionable, and fitter for her quality." — B.

and am sorry for doing it now, because of obliging me to do the like to him again. Here dined old Captn. Marsh of the Tower with us. So to visit Sir W. Pen, and then to the office, and there late upon business by myself, my wife being sick to-day. So home and to supper and to bed.

30th. A solemn fast for the King's murther, and we were forced to keep it more than we would have done, having forgot to take any victuals into the house. I to church in the forenoon, and Mr. Mills made a good sermon upon David's heart smiting him for cutting off the garment of Saul.[1] Home, and whiled away some of the afternoon at home talking with my wife. So to my office, and all alone making up my month's accounts, which to my great trouble I find that I am got no further than £640. But I have had great expenses this month. I pray God the next may be a little better, as I hope it will. In the evening my manuscript is brought home handsomely bound, to my full content; and now I think I have a better collection in reference to the Navy, and shall have by the time I have filled it, than any of my predecessors. So home and eat something such as we have, bread and butter and milk, and so to bed.

31st. Up and to my office, and there we sat till noon. I home to dinner, and there found my plate of the Soverayne with the table to it come from Mr. Christopher Pett, of which I am very glad. So to dinner late, and not very good, only a rabbit not half roasted, which made me angry with my wife. So to the office, and there till late, busy all the while. In the evening examining my wife's letter intended to my Lady, and another to Mademoiselle; they were so false spelt that I was ashamed of them, and took occasion to fall out about them with my wife, and so she wrote none, at which, however, I was sorry, because it was in answer to a letter of Madam about business. Late home to supper and to bed.

February 1st (Lord's day). Up and to church, where Mr. Mills, a good sermon, and so home and had a good dinner with my wife, with which I was pleased to see it neatly done, and this troubled me to think of parting with Jane, that is come to be a very good cook. After dinner walked

[1] 1 Samuel, chap. xxiv. v. 5, "And it came to pass afterward, that David's heart smote him, because he had cut off Saul's skirt."

to my Lord Sandwich, and staid with him in the chamber talking almost all the afternoon, he being not yet got abroad since his sickness. Many discourses we had; but, among others, how Sir R. Bernard is turned out of his Recordership of Huntingdon by the Commissioners for Regulation, &c., at which I am troubled, because he, thinking it is done by my Lord Sandwich, will act some of his revenge, it is likely, upon me in my business, so that I must cast about me to get some other counsel to rely upon. In the evening came Mr. Povey and others to see my Lord, and they gone, my Lord and I and Povey fell to the business of Tangier, as to the victualling, and so broke up, and I, it being a fine frost, my boy lighting me I walked home, and after supper up to prayers, and then alone with my wife and Jane did fall to tell her what I did expect would become of her since, after so long being my servant, she had carried herself so as to make us be willing to put her away, and desired God to bless [her], but bid her never to let me hear what became of her, for that I could never pardon ingratitude. So I to bed, my mind much troubled for the poor girl that she leaves us, and yet she not submitting herself, for some words she spoke boldly and yet I believe innocently and out of familiarity to her mistress about us weeks ago, I could not recall my words that she should stay with me. This day Creed and I walking in White Hall garden did see the King coming privately from my Lady Castlemaine's; which is a poor thing for a prince to do; and I expressed my sense of it to Creed in terms which I should not have done, but that I believe he is trusty in that point.

2nd. Up, and after paying Jane her wages, I went away, because I could hardly forbear weeping, and she cried, saying it was not her fault that she went away, and indeed it is hard to say what it is, but only her not desiring to stay that she do now go. By coach with Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten to the Duke; and after discourse as usual with him in his closett, I went to my Lord's: the King and Duke being gone to chappell, it being collar-day, it being Candlemas-day; where I staid with him a while until towards noon, there being Jonas Moore talking about some mathematical businesses, and thence I walked at noon to Mr.

Povey's, where Mr. Gawden met me, and after a neat and plenteous dinner as is usual, we fell to our victualling business, till Mr. Gawden and I did almost fall out, he defending himself in the readiness of his provision, when I know that the ships everywhere stay for them. Thence Mr. Povey and I walked to White Hall, it being a great frost still, and after a turn in the Park seeing them slide, we met at the Committee for Tangier, a good full Committee, and agreed how to proceed in the dispatching of my Lord Rutherford, and treating about this business of Mr. Cholmely and Sir J. Lawson's proposal for the Mole. Thence with Mr. Coventry down to his chamber, where among other discourse he did tell me how he did make it not only his desire, but as his greatest pleasure, to make himself an interest by doing business truly and justly, though he thwarts others greater than himself, not striving to make himself friends by addresses; and by this he thinks and observes he do live as contentedly (now he finds himself secured from fear of want), and, take one time with another, as void of fear or cares, or more, than they that (as his own termes were) have quicker pleasures and sharper agonies than he. Thence walking with Mr. Creed homewards we turned into a house and drank a cup of Cock ale and so parted, and I to the Temple, where at my cozen Roger's chamber I met Madam Turner, and after a little stay led her home and there left her, she and her daughter having been at the play to-day at the Temple, it being a revelling time with them.[1] Thence called at my brother's, who is at church, at the buriall of young Cumberland, a lusty young man. So home and there found Jane gone, for which my wife and I are very much troubled, and myself could hardly forbear shedding tears for fear the poor wench should come to any ill condition after her being so long with me. So to my office and setting papers to rights, and then home to supper and to bed. This day at my Lord's I sent for Mr. Ashwell, and his wife came to me, and by discourse I perceive their daughter is very fit for my turn if my family may be as much for hers, but I doubt it will be to her loss to come to me for so small wages, but that will be considered of.

[1] The revels were held in the Inner Temple Hall. The last revel in any of the Inns of Court was held in the Inner Temple in 1733.

3rd. To the office all the morning, at noon to dinner, where Mr. Creed dined with me, and Mr. Ashwell, with whom after dinner I discoursed concerning his daughter coming to live with us. I find that his daughter will be very fit, I think, as any for our turn, but the conditions I know not what they will be, he leaving it wholly to her, which will be agreed on a while hence when my wife sees her. After an hour's discourse after dinner with them, I to my office again, and there about business of the office till late, and then home to supper and to bed.

4th. Up early and to Mr. Moore, and thence to Mr. Lovell about my law business, and from him to Paul's School, it being Apposition-day there. I heard some of their speeches, and they were just as schoolboys' used to be, of the seven liberal sciences; but I think not so good as ours were in our time. Away thence and to Bow Church, to the Court of Arches, where a judge sits, and his proctors about him in their habits, and their pleadings all in Latin. Here I was sworn to give a true answer to my uncle's libells, and so paid my fee for swearing, and back again to Paul's School, and went up to see the head forms posed in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, but I think they did not answer in any so well as we did, only in geography they did pretty well. Dr. Wilkins and Outram[1] were examiners. So down to the school, where Dr. Crumlum did me much honour by telling many what a present I had made to the school, shewing my Stephanus, in four volumes, cost me £4 10*s*. He also shewed us, upon my desire, an old edition of the grammar of Colett's,[2] where his epistle to the children is very pretty; and in rehearsing the creed it is said "borne of the cleane Virgin Mary." Thence with Mr. Elborough (he being all of my old acquaintance that I could meet with here) to a cook's shop to dinner, but I found him a

[1] William Owtram, D.D., a native of Derbyshire, rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, and minister of St. Margaret's, Westminster, 1664; Archdeacon of Leicester, 1669; and Prebendary of Westminster, 1670. He was eminent for his piety and charity, and was an excellent preacher. He died August 23rd, 1679, in his fifty-fifth year, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

[2] Dean Colet wrote the English rudiments for William Lilly's famous grammar, which for so long a period was the standard school book at English grammar schools.

fool, as he ever was, or worse. Thence to my cozen Roger Pepys and Mr. Phillips about my law businesses, which stand very bad, and so home to the office, where after doing some business I went home, where I found our new mayde Mary, that is come in Jane's place.

5th. Up and to the office, where we sat all the morning, and then home to dinner, and found it so well done, above what I did expect from my mayde Susan, now Jane is gone, that I did call her in and give her sixpence. Thence walked to the Temple, and there at my cozen Roger Pepys's chamber met by appointment with my uncle Thomas and his son Thomas, and there I shewing them a true state of my uncle's estate as he has left it with the debts, &c., lying upon it, we did come to some quiett talk and fair offers against an agreement on both sides, though I do offer quite to the losing of the profit of the whole estate for 8 or 10 years together, yet if we can gain peace, and set my mind at a little liberty, I shall be glad of it. I did give them a copy of this state, and we are to meet to-morrow with their answer. So walked home, it being a very great frost still, and to my office, there late writing letters of office business, and so home to supper and to bed.

6th. Up and to my office about business, examining people what they could swear against Field, and the whole is, that he has called us cheating rogues and cheating knaves, for which we hope to be even with him. Thence to Lincoln's Inn Fields; and it being too soon to go to dinner, I walked up and down, and looked upon the outside of the new theatre, now a-building in Covent Garden,[1] which will be very fine. And so to a Bookseller's in the Strand, and there bought Hudibras again, it being certainly some ill humour to be so against that which all the world cries up to be the example of wit; for which I am resolved once again to read him, and see whether I can find it or no. So to Mr. Povy's, and there found them at dinner, and dined there, there being, among others, Mr. Williamson, Latin Secretary,[2]

[1] The theatre built on the site of the present Drury Lane Theatre for the King's Company under Thomas Killigrew was opened on May 7th (not, as usually stated, April 8th), 1663, when the company removed from the Theatre in Vere Street, Clare Market.

[2] Joseph Williamson, son of the Rev. Joseph Williamson, vicar of

who, I perceive, is a pretty knowing man and a scholler, but, it may be, thinks himself to be too much so. Thence, after dinner, to the Temple, to my cozen Roger Pepys, where met us my uncle Thomas and his son; and, after many high demands, we at last came to a kind of agreement upon very hard terms, which are to be prepared in writing against Tuesday next. But by the way promising them to pay my cozen Mary's[1] legacys at the time of her marriage, they afterwards told me that she was already married, and married very well, so that I must be forced to pay it in some time. My cozen Roger was so sensible of our coming to agreement that he could not forbear weeping, and, indeed, though it is very hard, yet I am glad to my heart that we are like to end our trouble. So we parted for to-night, and I to my Lord Sandwich and there staid, there being a Committee to sit upon the contract for the Mole, which I dare say none of us that were there understood, but yet they agreed of things as Mr. Cholmely and Sir J. Lawson demanded, who are the undertakers, and so I left them to go on to agree, for I understood it not. So home, and being called by a coachman who had a fare in him, he carried me beyond the Old Exchange, and there set down his fare, who would not pay him what was his due, because he carried a stranger with him, and so after wrangling he

Bridekirk, co. Cumberland, Keeper of the State Paper Office at Whitehall, and in 1663 made Under-Secretary of State. In 1664 he became Secretary of State, which appointment he filled for four years. Knighted January 24th, 1671–72. He represented Thetford and Rochester in different parliaments, and in 1678 he succeeded Lord Brouncker as President of the Royal Society. He married the widow of Lord O'Brien (Lady Catherine Stuart, sister and heir to Charles Stuart, Duke of Richmond and Lennox). He died October 3rd, 1701, and left £6,000 to Queen's College, Oxford, where he was educated, and at Rochester he founded a mathematical school, of which John Colson was first master. Buried in the Duke of Richmond's vault, in Henry VII.'s chapel. Evelyn gives, in his Diary (July 22nd, 1674), a rather unflattering portrait of Williamson, and calls him "absolutely Lord Arlington's creature and ungrateful enough."

[1] Mary Pepys, only daughter of Thomas Pepys of London, elder brother of John Pepys, Samuel's father. The name of her husband is not known, and she is referred to in the Diary as Mary Pepys. Samuel seems to have been satisfied with the husband, who returned eighteen pence which had been paid him too much when the legacy was settled (see December 11th, 1664). She died December, 1667.

was fain to be content with *6d.*, and being vexed the coachman would not carry me home a great while, but set me down there for the other *6d.*, but with fair words he was willing to it, and so I came home and to my office, setting business in order, and so to supper and to bed, my mind being in disorder as to the greatness of this day's business that I have done, but yet glad that my trouble therein is like to be over.

7th. Up and to my office, whither by agreement Mr. Coventry came before the time of sitting to confer about preparing an account of the extraordinary charge of the Navy since the King's coming, more than is properly to be applied and called the Navy charge. So by and by we sat, and so till noon. Then home to dinner, and in the afternoon some of us met again upon something relating to the victualling, and thence to my writing of letters late, and making my Alphabet to my new Navy book very pretty. And so after writing to my father by the post about the endeavour to come to a composition with my uncle, though a very bad one, desiring him to be contented therewith, I went home to supper and to bed.

8th (Lord's day). Up, and it being a very great frost, I walked to White Hall, and to my Lord Sandwich's by the fireside till chapel time, and so to chappell, where there preached little Dr. Duport,[1] of Cambridge, upon Josiah's words,[2]—"But I and my house, we will serve the Lord." But though a great scholler, he made the most flat dead sermon, both for matter and manner of delivery, that ever I heard, and very long beyond his hour, which made it worse. Thence with Mr. Creed to the King's Head ordinary, where we dined well, and after dinner Sir Thomas Willis[3] and another stranger, and Creed and I, fell a-talking;

[1] James Duport, D.D., Professor of Greek at Cambridge, Dean of Peterborough, 1664, and Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge, 1668. Died in July, 1679, aged seventy-three, and was buried in Peterborough Cathedral. Evelyn, in his Diary (September 15th, 1672), describes him as "no great preacher, but a very worthy and learned man."

[2] For Josiah we should read Joshua (see Joshua xxiv. 15).

[3] Sir Thomas Willis, Bart., mentioned April 20th, 1660, possessed some property at Ditton, in Cambridgeshire, where he was buried, having died in 1705, in his ninety-first year. In 1679 he had been put

they of the errours and corruption of the Navy, and great expence thereof, not knowing who I was, which at last I did undertake to confute, and disabuse them: and they took it very well, and I hope it was to good purpose, they being Parliament-men. By and by to my Lord's, and with him a good while talking upon his want of money, and ways of his borrowing some, &c., and then by other visitants, I withdrew and away, Creed and I and Captn. Ferrers to the Park, and there walked finely, seeing people slide, we talking all the while; and Captn. Ferrers telling me, among other Court passages, how about a month ago, at a ball at Court, a child was dropped by one of the ladies in dancing, but nobody knew who, it being taken up by somebody in their handkercher. The next morning all the Ladies of Honour appeared early at Court for their vindication, so that nobody could tell whose this mischance should be. But it seems Mrs. Wells [1] fell sick that afternoon, and hath disappeared ever since, so that it is concluded that it was her. Another story was how my Lady Castlemaine, a few days since, had Mrs. Stuart [2] to an entertainment, and at night began a frolique that they two must be married, and married they were, with ring and all other ceremonies of church service, and ribbands and a sack posset in bed, and flinging the stocking; but in the close, it is said that my Lady Castlemaine, who was the bridegroom, rose, and the King came and took her place with pretty Mrs. Stuart. This is said to be very true. Another story was how Captain Ferrers and W. Howe both have often, through my Lady Castlemaine's window, seen her go to bed and Sir Charles Barkeley in the chamber all the while with her.

out of the Commission of the Peace for that county for concurring with the Fanatic party in opposing the Court. — *Cole's MSS.* — B.

[1] Winifred Wells, maid of honour to the Queen, who figures in the "Grammont Memoirs." The king is supposed to have been father of the child. A similar adventure is told of Mary Kirke (afterwards married to Sir Thomas Vernon), who figures in the "Grammont Memoirs" as Miss Warmestre.

[2] Frances Theresa, eldest daughter of Dr. Walter Stuart (third son of Walter, Lord Blantyre), known as "la Belle Stuart," the greatest beauty at Charles's court. She married Charles Stuart, sixth Duke of Lennox and third Duke of Richmond, as his third wife. She died October 15th, 1702, without issue, having survived her husband thirty years. The story in the text was not true.

But the other day Captn. Ferrers going to Sir Charles to excuse his not being so timely at his arms the other day, Sir Charles swearing and cursing told him before a great many other gentlemen that he would not suffer any man of the King's Guards to be absent from his lodging a night without leave. Not but that, says he, once a week or so I know a gentleman must go . . ., and I am not for denying it to any man, but however he shall be bound to ask leave to lie abroad, and to give account of his absence, that we may know what guard the King has to depend upon. The little Duke of Monmouth, it seems, is ordered to take place of all Dukes, and so to follow Prince Rupert now, before the Duke of Buckingham, or any else. Whether the wind and the cold did cause it or no I know not, but having been this day or two mightily troubled with an itching all over my body[1] which I took to be a louse or two that might bite me, I found this afternoon that all my body is inflamed, and my face in a sad redness and swelling and pimpled, so that I was before we had done walking not only sick but ashamed of myself to see myself so changed in my countenance, so that after we had thus talked we parted and I walked home with much ado (Captn. Ferrers with me as far as Ludgate Hill towards Mr. Moore at the Wardrobe), the ways being so full of ice and water by peoples' trampling. At last got home and to bed presently, and had a very bad night of it, in great pain in my stomach, and in great fever.

9th. Could not rise and go to the Duke, as I should have done with the rest, but keep my bed and by the Apothecary's advice, Mr. Battersby, I am to sweat soundly, and that will carry all this matter away which nature would of itself eject, but they will assist nature, it being some disorder given the blood, but by what I know not, unless it be by my late quantitys of Dantzic-girkins that I have eaten. In the evening came Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten to see me, and Sir J. Minnes advises me to the same thing, but would not have me take anything from the apothecary, but from him, his Venice treacle being better than the others, which I did consent to and did anon take

[1] Pepys must have had a bad attack of nettle-rash.

and fell into a great sweat, and about 10 or 11 o'clock came out of it and shifted myself, and slept pretty well alone, my wife lying in the red chamber above.

10th. In the morning most of my disease, that is, itching and pimples, were gone. In the morning visite by Mr. Coventry and others, and very glad I am to see that I am so much inquired after and my sickness taken notice of as I did. I keep my bed all day and sweat again at night, by which I expect to be very well to-morrow. This evening Sir W. Warren came himself to the door and left a letter and box for me, and went his way. His letter mentions his giving me and my wife a pair of gloves; but, opening the box, we found a pair of plain white gloves for my hand, and a fair state dish of silver, and cup, with my arms, ready cut upon them, worth, I believe, about £18, which is a very noble present, and the best I ever had yet. So after some contentful talk with my wife, she to bed and I to rest.

11th. Took a clyster in the morning and rose in the afternoon. My wife and I dined on a pullet and I eat heartily, having eat nothing since Sunday but water gruel and posset drink, but must needs say that our new maid Mary has played her part very well in her readiness and discretion in attending me, of which I am very glad. In the afternoon several people came to see me, my uncle Thomas, Mr. Creed, Sir J. Minnes (who has been, God knows to what end, mighty kind to me and careful of me in my sickness). At night my wife read Sir H. Vane's tryall to me, which she began last night, and I find it a very excellent thing, worth reading, and him to have been a very wise man. So to supper and to bed.

12th. Up and find myself pretty well, and so to the office, and there all the morning. Rose at noon and home to dinner in my green chamber, having a good fire. Thither there came my wife's brother and brought Mary Ashwell with him, whom we find a very likely person to please us, both for person, discourse, and other qualitys. She dined with us, and after dinner went away again, being agreed to come to us about three weeks or a month hence. My wife and I well pleased with our choice, only I pray God I may be able to maintain it. Then came an old man

from Mr. Povy, to give me some advice about his experience in the stone, which I [am] beholden to him for, and was well pleased with it, his chief remedy being Castle soap in a posset. Then in the evening to the office, late writing letters and my Journall since Saturday, and so home to supper and to bed.

13th. Lay very long with my wife in bed talking with great pleasure, and then rose. This morning Mr. Cole, our timber merchant, sent me five couple of ducks. Our maid Susan is very ill, and so the whole trouble of the house lies upon our maid Mary, who do it very contentedly and mighty well, but I am sorry she is forced to it. Dined upon one couple of ducks to-day, and after dinner my wife and I by coach to Tom's, and I to the Temple to discourse with my cozen Roger Pepys about my law business, and so back again, it being a monstrous thaw after the long great frost, so that there is no passing but by coach in the streets, and hardly that. Took my wife home, and I to my office. Find myself pretty well but fearful of cold, and so to my office, where late upon business; Mr. Bland sitting with me, talking of my Lord Windsor's[1] being come home from Jamaica, unlooked-for; which makes us think that these young Lords are not fit to do any service abroad, though it is said that he could not have his health there, but hath razed a fort of the King of Spain upon Cuba, which is considerable, or said to be so, for his honour. So home to supper and to bed. This day I bought the second part of Dr. Bates's Elenchus,[2] which reaches to the fall of Richard, and no further, for which I am sorry. This evening my wife had a great mind to choose Valentines against to-morrow, I Mrs. Clerke, or Pierce, she Mr. Hunt or Captain Ferrers, but I would not because of getting charge both to me for mine and to them for her, which did not please her.

14th. Up and to my office, where we met and sate all the morning, only Mr. Coventry, which I think is the first or second time he has missed since he came to the office, was

[1] Thomas Windsor-Hickman, created Lord Windsor of Bradenham, 1660; Captain-General and Governor of Jamaica, July, 1661, to February, 1663; Earl of Plymouth, 1682. Died November 3rd, 1687.

[2] For a note respecting the "Elenchus Motuum" of George Bate, M.D., see *ante*, February 25th, 1659–60.

forced to be absent. So home to dinner, my wife and I upon a couple of ducks, and then by coach to the Temple, where my uncle Thomas, and his sons both, and I, did meet at my cozen Roger's and there sign and seal to an agreement. Wherein I was displeased at nothing but my cozen Roger's insisting upon my being obliged to settle upon them as the will do all my uncle's estate that he has left, without power of selling any for the payment of debts, but I would not yield to it without leave of selling, my Lord Sandwich himself and my cozen Thos. Pepys being judges of the necessity thereof, which was done. One thing more that troubles me was my being forced to promise to give half of what personal estate could be found more than £372, which I reported to them, which though I do not know it to be less than what we really have found, yet he would have been glad to have been at liberty for that, but at last I did agree to it under my own handwriting on the backside of the report I did make and did give them of the estate, and have taken a copy of it upon the backside of one that I have. All being done I took the father and his son Thos. home by coach, and did pay them £30, the arrears of the father's annuity, and with great seeming love parted, and I presently to bed, my head akeing mightily with the hot dispute I did hold with my cozen Roger and them in the business.

15th (Lord's day). This morning my wife did wake me being frighted with the noise I made in my sleep, being a dream that one of our sea maisters did desire to see the St. John's Isle of my drawing, which methought I showed him, but methought he did handle it so hard that it put me to very horrid pain. . . . Which what a strange extravagant dream it was. So to sleep again and lay long in bed, and then trimmed by the barber, and so sending Will to church, myself staid at home, hanging up in my green chamber my picture of the Soveraigne, and putting some things in order there. So to dinner, to three more ducks and two teals, my wife and I. Then to Church, where a dull sermon, and so home, and after walking about the house awhile discoursing with my wife, I to my office there to set down something and to prepare businesses for to-morrow, having in the morning read over my vows,

which through sicknesse I could not do the last Lord's day, and not through forgetfulness or neligence, so that I hope it is no breach of my vow not to pay my forfeiture. So home, and after prayers to bed, talking long with my wife and teaching her things in astronomy.

16th. Up and by coach with Sir W. Batten and Sir J. Minnes to White Hall, and, after we had done our usual business with the Duke, to my Lord Sandwich and by his desire to Sir W. Wheeler,[1] who was brought down in a sedan chair from his chamber, being lame of the gout, to borrow £1,000 of him for my Lord's occasions, but he gave me a very kind denial that he could not, but if any body else would, he would be bond with my Lord for it. So to Westminster Hall, and there find great expectation what the Parliament will do, when they come two days hence to sit again, in matters of religion. The great question is, whether the Presbyters will be contented to have the Papists have the same liberty of conscience with them, or no, or rather be denied it themselves: and the Papists, I hear, are very busy designing how to make the Presbyters consent to take their liberty, and to let them have the same with them, which some are apt to think they will. It seems a priest was taken in his vests officiating somewhere in Holborn the other day, and was committed by Secretary Morris, according to law; and they say the Bishop of London did give him thanks for it. Thence to my Lord Crew's and dined there, there being much company, and the abovesaid matter is now the present publique discourse. Thence about several businesses to Mr. Phillips my attorney, to stop all proceedings at law, and so to the Temple, where at the Solicitor General's I found Mr. Cholmely and Creed reading to him the agreement for him to put into form about the contract for the Mole at Tangier, which is done at 13*s.* the Cubical yard, though upon my conscience not one of the Committee, besides the parties concerned, do understand what they do therein, whether they give too much or too little. Thence with Mr. Creed to see Mr.

[1] Sir William Wheler, of Westminster, was created a baronet, August 11th, 1660, with remainder to his cousin, Charles Wheler, who succeeded to the honour upon his death. He was then M.P. for Queenborough. — B.

Moore, who continues sick still, within doors, and here I staid a good while after him talking of all the things either business or no that came into my mind, and so home and to see Sir W. Pen, and sat and played at cards with him, his daughter, and Mrs. Rooth, and so to my office a while, and then home and to bed.

17th. Up and to my office, and there we sat all the morning, and at noon my wife being gone to Chelsey with her brother and sister and Mrs. Lodum, to see the wassel[1] at the school, where Mary Ashwell is, I took home Mr. Pett and he dined with me all alone, and much discourse we had upon the business of the office, and so after dinner broke up and with much ado, it raining hard, which it has not done a great while now, but only frost a great while, I got a coach and so to the Temple, where discoursed with Mr. W. Montagu about borrowing some money for my Lord, and so by water (where I have not been a good while through cold) to Westminster to Sir W. Wheeler's, whom I found busy at his own house with the Commissioners of Sewers, but I spoke to him about my Lord's business of borrowing money, and so to my Lord of Sandwich, to give him an account of all, whom I found at cards with Pickering; but he made an end soon: and so all alone, he and I, after I had given him an account, he told me he had a great secret to tell me, such as no flesh knew but himself, nor ought; which was this: — that yesterday morning Eschar, Mr. Edward Montagu's man, did come to him from his master with some of the Clerks of the Exchequer, for my Lord to sign to their books for the Embassy money; which my Lord very civilly desired not to do till he had spoke with his master himself. In the afternoon, my Lord and my Lady Wright being at cards in his chamber, in comes Mr. Montagu; and desiring to speak with my Lord at the window in his chamber, he begun to charge my Lord with the greatest ingratitude in the world: that he that had received his earldom, garter, £4,000 per annum, and whatever he is in the world, from him, should now study him all the dishonour that he could; and so fell to tell my Lord, that if he should speak all that he knew of him, he could do so

[1] See note, December 26th, 1661.

and so. In a word, he did rip up all that could be said that was unworthy, and in the basest terms they could be spoken in. To which my Lord answered with great temper, justifying himself, but endeavouring to lessen his heat, which was a strange temper in him, knowing that he did owe all he hath in the world to my Lord, and that he is now all that he is by his means and favour. But my Lord did forbear to increase the quarrel, knowing that it would be to no good purpose for the world to see a difference in the family; but did allay him so as that he fell to weeping. And after much talk (among other things Mr. Montagu telling him that there was a fellow in the town, naming me, that had done ill offices, and that if he knew it to be so, he would have him cudgelled) my Lord did promise him that, if upon account he saw that there was not many tradesmen unpaid, he would sign the books; but if there was, he could not bear with taking too great a debt upon him. So this day he sent him an account, and a letter assuring him there was not above £200 unpaid; and so my Lord did sign to the Exchequer books. Upon the whole, I understand fully what a rogue he is, and how my Lord do think and will think of him for the future; telling me that thus he has served his father my Lord Manchester, and his whole family, and now himself: and which is worst, that he hath abused, and in speeches every day do abuse, my Lord Chancellor, whose favour he hath lost; and hath no friend but Sir H. Bennet, and that (I knowing the rise of the friendship) only from the likeness of their pleasures, and acquaintance, and concernments, they have in the same matters of lust and baseness; for which, God forgive them! But he do flatter himself, from promises of Sir H. Bennet, that he shall have a pension of £2,000 per annum, and be made an Earl. My Lord told me he expected a challenge from him, but told me there was no great fear of him, for there was no man lies under such an imputation as he do in the business of Mr. Cholmely, who, though a simple sorry fellow, do brave him and struts before him with the Queen, to the sport and observation of the whole Court. He did keep my Lord at the window, thus reviling and braving him above an hour, my Lady Wright being by; but my Lord tells me she could not hear every word, but did well know what

their discourse was; she could hear enough to know that. So that he commands me to keep it as the greatest secret in the world, and bids me beware of speaking words against Mr. Montagu, for fear I should suffer by his passion thereby. After he had told me this I took coach and home, where I found my wife come home and in bed with her sister in law[1] in the chamber with her, she not being able to stay to see the wassel, being so ill . . ., which I was sorry for. Hither we sent for her sister's viall, upon which she plays pretty well for a girl, but my expectation is much deceived in her, not only for that, but in her spirit, she being I perceive a very subtle witty jade, and one that will give her husband trouble enough as little as she is, whereas I took her heretofore for a very child and a simple fool. I played also, which I have not done this long time before upon any instrument, and at last broke up and I to my office a little while, being fearful of being too much taken with musique, for fear of returning to my old dotage thereon, and so neglect my business as I used to do. Then home and to bed. Coming home I brought Mr. Pickering as far as the Temple, who tells me the story is very true of a child being dropped at the ball at Court; and that the King had it in his closett a week after, and did dissect it; and making great sport of it, said that in his opinion it must have been a month and three hours old; and that, whatever others think, he hath the greatest loss (it being a boy, as he says), that hath lost a subject by the business. He tells me, too, that the other story, of my Lady Castlemaine's and Stuart's marriage, is certain, and that it was in order to the King's coming to Stuart, as is believed generally. He tells me that Sir H. Bennet is a Catholique, and how all the Court almost is changed to the worse since his coming in, they being afeard of him. And that the Queen-Mother's Court is now the greatest of all; and that our own Queen hath little or no company come to her, which I know also to be very true, and am sorry to see it.

18th. Up, leaving my wife sick as last night in bed. I to my office all the morning, casting up with Captain Cocke their accounts of 500 tons of hemp brought from Riga, and

[1] Balthasar St. Michel's wife.

bought by him and partners upon account, wherein are many things worth my knowledge. So at noon to dinner, taking Mr. Hater with me because of losing them, and in the afternoon he and I alone at the office, finishing our account of the extra charge of the Navy, not properly belonging to the Navy, since the King's coming in to Christmas last; and all extra things being abated, I find that the true charge of the Navy to that time hath been after the rate of £374,743 a-year. I made an end by eleven o'clock at night, and so home to bed almost weary. This day the Parliament met again, after their long prorogation; but I know not anything what they have done, being within doors all day.

19th. Up and to my office, where abundance of business all the morning. Dined by my wife's bedside, she not being yet well. We fell out almost upon my discourse of delaying the having of Ashwell, where my wife believing that I have a mind to have Pall, which I have not, though I could wish she did deserve to be had. So to my office, where by and by we sat, this afternoon being the first we have met upon a great while, our times being changed because of the parliament sitting. Being rose, I to my office till twelve at night, drawing out copies of the overcharge of the Navy, one to send to Mr. Coventry early to-morrow. So home and to bed, being weary, sleepy, and my eyes begin to fail me, looking so long by candlelight upon white paper. This day I read the King's speech to the Parliament yesterday; which is very short, and not very obliging; but only telling them his desire to have a power of indulging tender consciences, not that he will yield to have any mixture in the uniformity of the Church's discipline; and says the same for the Papists, but declares against their ever being admitted to have any offices or places of trust in the kingdom; but, God knows, too many have.

20th. Up and by water with Commissioner Pett to Deptford, and there looked over the yard, and had a call, wherein I am very highly pleased with our new manner of call-books, being my invention. Thence thinking to have gone down to Woolwich in the Charles pleasure boat, but she run aground, it being almost low water, and so by oars to the town, and

there dined, and then to the yard at Mr. Ackworth's, discoursing with the officers of the yard about their stores of masts, which was our chief business, and having done something therein, took boat and to the pleasure boat, which was come down to fetch us back, and I could have been sick if I would in going, the wind being very fresh, but very pleasant it was, and the first time I have sailed in any one of them. It carried us to Cuckold's Point, and so by oars to the Temple, it raining hard, where missed speaking with my cosen Roger, and so walked home and to my office; there spent the night till bed time, and so home to supper and to bed.

21st. Up and to the office, where Sir J. Minnes (most of the rest being at the Parliament-house), all the morning answering petitions and other business. Towards noon there comes a man in as if upon ordinary business, and shows me a writ from the Exchequer, called a Commission of Rebellion, and tells me that I am his prisoner in Field's business; which methought did strike me to the heart, to think that we could not sit in the middle of the King's business. I told him how and where we were employed, and bid him have a care; and perceiving that we were busy, he said he would, and did withdraw for an hour: in which time Sir J. Minnes took coach and to Court, to see what he could do from thence; and our solicitor against Field came by chance and told me that he would go and satisfy the fees of the Court, and would end the business. So he went away about that, and I staid in my closett, till by and by the man and four more of his fellows came to know what I would do; I told them stay till I heard from the King or my Lord Chief Baron, to both whom I had now sent. With that they consulted, and told me that if I would promise to stay in the house they would go and refresh themselves, and come again, and know what answer I had: so they away, and I home to dinner, whither by chance comes Mr. Hawley and dined with me. Before I had dined, the bayleys come back again with the constable, and at the office knock for me, but found me not there; and I hearing in what manner they were come, did forbear letting them know where I was; so they stood knocking and enquiring for me. By and by at my parler-window

comes Sir W. Batten's Mungo, to tell me that his master and lady would have me come to their house through Sir J. Minnes's lodgings, which I could not do; but, however, by ladders, did get over the pale between our yards, and so to their house, where I found them (as they have reason) to be much concerned for me, my lady especially. The fellows staid in the yard swearing with one or two constables, and some time we locked them into the yard, and by and by let them out again, and so kept them all the afternoon, not letting them see me, or know where I was. One time I went up to the top of Sir W. Batten's house, and out of one of their windows spoke to my wife out of one of ours; which methought, though I did it in mirth, yet I was sad to think what a sad thing it would be for me to be really in that condition. By and by comes Sir J. Minnes, who (like himself and all that he do) tells us that he can do no good, but that my Lord Chancellor wonders that we did not cause the seamen to fall about their ears: which we wished we could have done without our being seen in it; and Captain Grove being there, he did give them some affront, and would have got some seamen to have drubbed them, but he had not time, nor did we think it fit to have done it, they having executed their commission; but there was occasion given that he did draw upon one of them and he did complain that Grove had pricked him in the breast, but no hurt done; but I see that Grove would have done our business to them if we had bid him. By and by comes Mr. Clerke, our solicitor, who brings us a release from our adverse atturney, we paying the fees of the commission, which comes to five marks, and pay the charges of these fellows, which are called the commissioners, but are the most rake-shamed rogues that ever I saw in my life; so he showed them this release, and they seemed satisfied, and went away with him to their atturney to be paid by him. But before they went, Sir W. Batten and my lady did begin to taunt them, but the rogues answered them as high as themselves, and swore they would come again, and called me rogue and rebel, and they would bring the sheriff and untile his house, before he should harbour a rebel in his house, and that they would be here again shortly. Well, at last they went away, and I by advice took occasion to go abroad, and walked

through the street to show myself among the neighbours, that they might not think worse than the business is. Being met by Captn. Taylor and Bowry, whose ship we have hired for Tangier, they walked along with me to Cornhill talking about their business, and after some difference about their prices we agreed, and so they would have me to a tavern, and there I drank one glass of wine and discoursed of something about freight of a ship that may bring me a little money, and so broke up, and I home to Sir W. Batten's again, where Sir J. Lawson, Captain Allen, Spragg,[1] and several others, and all our discourse about the disgrace done to our office to be liable to this trouble, which we must get removed. Hither comes Mr. Clerke by and by, and tells me that he hath paid the fees of the Court for the commission; but the men are not contented with under £5 for their charges, which he will not give them, and therefore advises me not to stir abroad till Monday that he comes or sends to me again, whereby I shall not be able to go to White Hall to the Duke of York, as I ought. Here I staid vexing, and yet pleased to see every body, man and woman, my Lady and Mr. Turner especially, for me, till 10 at night; and so home, where my people are mightily surprized to see this business, but it troubles me not very much, it being nothing touching my particular person or estate. Being in talk to-day with Sir W. Batten he tells me that little is done yet in the Parliament-house, but only this day it was moved and ordered that all the members of the House do subscribe to the renouncing of the Covenant, which is thought will try some of them. There is also a bill brought in for the wearing of nothing but cloth or stuffs of our own manufacture, and is likely to

[1] Edward Spragge, knighted for his gallant conduct as a captain in the first sea-fight with the Dutch in 1665, son of Lichfield Spragge, captain of horse and Governor of Roscommon, and Mary, second daughter of Edward Legge, Vice-President of Munster. After rendering many important naval services to his country, he was unfortunately drowned, on August 11th, 1673, whilst passing in a boat to the "Royal Charles," from his own ship, which had been disabled in the action with Van Tromp. He was buried in the north aisle of Westminster Abbey, September 23rd, 1673. He left the bulk of his property to Dorothy Dennis and his three children by her who bore his name. (See Chester's "Westminster Abbey Registers," p. 182.)

be passed. Among other talk this evening, my lady did speak concerning Commissioner Pett's calling the present King bastard, and other high words heretofore; and Sir W. Batten did tell us, that he did give the Duke or Mr. Coventry an account of that and other like matters in writing under oath, of which I was ashamed, and for which I was sorry, but I see there is an absolute hatred never to be altered there, and Sir J. Minnes, the old coxcomb, has got it by the end, which troubles me for the sake of the King's service, though I do truly hate the expressions laid to him. To my office and set down this day's Journall, and so home with my mind out of order, though not very sad with it, but ashamed for myself something, and for the honour of the office much more. So home and to bed.

22d (Lord's day). Lay long in bed and went not out all day; but after dinner to Sir W. Batten's and Sir W. Pen's, where discoursing much of yesterday's trouble and scandal; but that which troubled me most was Sir J. Minnes coming from Court at night, and instead of bringing great comfort from thence (but I expected no better from him), he tells me that the Duke and Mr. Coventry make no great matter of it. So at night discontented to prayers, and to bed.

23d. Up by times; and not daring to go by land, did (Griffin going along with me for fear), slip to White Hall by water; where to Mr. Coventry, and, as we used to do, to the Duke; the other of my fellows being come. But we said nothing of our business, the Duke being sent for to the King, that he could not stay to speak with us. This morning came my Lord Windsor[1] to kiss the Duke's hand, being returned from Jamaica. He tells the Duke, that from such a degree of latitude going thither he begun to be sick, and was never well till his coming so far back again, and then presently begun to be well. He told the Duke of their taking the fort of St. Jago, upon Cuba, by his men; but, upon the whole, I believe that he did matters like a young lord, and was weary of being upon service out of his own country, where he might have pleasure. For methought it was a shame to see him this very afternoon, being the first day of his coming to town, to be at a playhouse.

[1] See *ante*, February 13th, 1662–63.

Thence to my Lord Sandwich, who though he has been abroad again two or three days is falling ill again, and is let blood this morning, though I hope it is only a great cold that he has got. It was a great trouble to me (and I had great apprehensions of it) that my Lord desired me to go to Westminster Hall, to the Parliament-house door, about business; and to Sir Wm. Wheeler, which I told him I would do, but durst not go for fear of being taken by these rogues; but was forced to go to White Hall and take boat, and so land below the Tower at the Iron-gate; and so the back way over Little Tower Hill; and with my cloak over my face, took one of the watermen along with me, and staid behind a wall in the New-buildings behind our garden, while he went to see whether any body stood within the Merchants' Gate, under which we pass to go into our garden, and there standing but a little dirty boy before the gate, did make me quake and sweat to think he might be a Trepan. But there was nobody, and so I got safe into the garden, and coming to open my office door, something behind it fell in the opening, which made me start. So that God knows in what a sad condition I should be in if I were truly in the condition that many a poor man is for debt: and therefore ought to bless God that I have no such reall reason, and to endeavour to keep myself, by my good deportment and good husbandry, out of any such condition. At home I found Mr. Creed with my wife, and so he dined with us, I finding by a note that Mr. Clerke in my absence hath left here, that I am free; and that he hath stopped all matters in Court; I was very glad of it, and immediately had a light thought of taking pleasure to rejoice my heart, and so resolved to take my wife to a play at Court to-night, and the rather because it is my birth-day, being this day thirty years old, for which let me praise God. While my wife dressed herself, Creed and I walked out to see what play was acted to-day, and we find it "The Slighted Mayde."[1] But, Lord! to see that though I did know myself to be out of danger, yet I durst not go through the street, but round by the garden into Tower Street. By and by took coach, and to the Duke's house, where we saw

[1] A comedy by Sir Robert Stapylton, acted by the Duke's Company in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Betterton and his wife both acted in this play.

it well acted, though the play hath little good in it, being most pleased to see the little girl dance in boy's apparel, she having very fine legs, only bends in the hams, as I perceive all women do. The play being done, we took coach and to Court, and there got good places, and saw "The Wilde Gallant,"[1] performed by the King's house, but it was ill acted, and the play so poor a thing as I never saw in my life almost, and so little answering the name, that from beginning to end, I could not, nor can at this time, tell certainly which was the Wild Gallant. The King did not seem pleased at all, all the whole play, nor any body else, though Mr. Clerke whom we met here did commend it to us. My Lady Castlemaine was all worth seeing to-night, and little Steward.[2] Mrs. Wells do appear at Court again, and looks well; so that, it may be, the late report of laying the dropped child to her was not true. It being done, we got a coach and got well home about 12 at night. Now as my mind was but very ill satisfied with these two plays themselves, so was I in the midst of them sad to think of the spending so much money and venturing upon the breach of my vow, which I found myself sorry for, I bless God, though my nature would well be contented to follow the pleasure still. But I did make payment of my forfeiture presently, though I hope to save it back again by forbearing two plays at Court for this one at the Theatre, or else to forbear that to the Theatre which I am to have at Easter. But it being my birthday and my day of liberty regained to me, and lastly, the last play that is likely to be acted at Court before Easter, because of the Lent coming in, I was the easier content to fling away so much money.[3] So to bed. This day I was told that my Lady Castlemaine hath all the King's Christmas presents, made him by the peers, given to her, which is a most abominable thing; and that at the great ball she was much richer in jewells than the Queen and Duchess put both together.

[1] Dryden's first play. Evelyn saw it at court, February 5th, 1662–63, the night (as appears from the original prologue) on which it was first acted. Dryden has a copy of verses to the Countess of Castlemaine on her encouraging his first play. — B.

[2] Mrs. Stuart.

[3] The Court theatre was so far public that persons could get in by payment.

24th. Slept hard till 8 o'clock, then waked by Mr. Clerke's being come to consult me about Field's business, which we did by calling him up to my bedside, and he says we shall trounce him. Then up, and to the office, and at 11 o'clock by water to Westminster, and to Sir W. Wheeler's about my Lord's borrowing of money that I was lately upon with him, and then to my Lord, who continues ill, but will do well I doubt not. Among other things, he tells me that he hears the Commons will not agree to the King's late declaration, nor will yield that the Papists have any ground given them to raise themselves up again in England, which I perceive by my Lord was expected at Court. Thence home again by water presently, and with a bad dinner, being not looked for, to the office, and there we sat, and then Captn. Cocke and I upon his hemp accounts till 9 at night, and then, I not very well, home to supper and to bed. My late distemper of heat and itching being come upon me again, so that I must think of sweating again as I did before.

25th. Up and to my office, where with Captain Cocke making an end of his last night's accounts till noon, and so home to dinner, my wife being come in from laying out about £4 in provision of several things against Lent. In the afternoon to the Temple, my brother's, the Wardrobe, to Mr. Moore, and other places, called at about small businesses, and so at night home to my office and then to supper and to bed. The Commons in Parliament, I hear, are very high to stand to the Act of Uniformity, and will not indulge the Papists (which is endeavoured by the Court Party) nor the Presbyters.

26th. Up and drinking a draft of wormewood wine with Sir W. Batten at the Steelyard, he and I by water to the Parliament-house: he went in, and I walked up and down the Hall. All the news is the great odds yesterday in the votes between them that are for the Indulgence to the Papists and Presbyters, and those that are against it, which did carry it by 200 against 30. And pretty it is to consider how the King would appear to be a stiff Protestant and son of the Church; and yet would appear willing to give a liberty to these people, because of his promise at Breda. And yet all the world do believe that the King

would not have this liberty given them at all. Thence to my Lord's, who, I hear, has his ague again, for which I am sorry, and Creed and I to the King's Head ordinary, where much good company. Among the rest a young gallant lately come from France, who was full of his French, but methought not very good, but he had enough to make him think himself a wise man a great while. Thence by water from the New Exchange home to the Tower, and so sat at the office, and then writing letters till 11 at night. Troubled this evening that my wife is not come home from Chelsey, whither she is gone to see the play at the school where Ashwell is, but she came at last, it seems, by water, and tells me she is much pleased with Ashwell's acting and carriage, which I am glad of. So home and to supper and bed.

27th. Up and to my office, whither several persons came to me about office business. About 11 o'clock, Commissioner Pett and I walked to Chyrurgeon's Hall[1] (we being all invited thither, and promised to dine there); where we were led into the Theatre; and by and by comes the reader, Dr. Tearne,[2] with the Master and Company, in a very handsome manner: and all being settled, he begun his lecture, this being the second upon the kidneys, ureters, &c., which was very fine; and his discourse being ended, we walked into the Hall, and there being great store of company, we had a fine dinner and good learned company, many Doctors of Physique, and we used with extraordinary great respect. Among other observables we drank the King's health out of a gilt cup given by King Henry VIII. to this Company, with bells hanging at it, which every man is to ring by shaking after he hath drunk up the whole cup. There is also a very excellent piece of the King, done by Holbein, stands up in the Hall, with the officers of the Company kneeling to him to receive their Charter.[3] After dinner

[1] Barber-Surgeons' Hall is in Monkwell Street.

[2] Christopher Terne, M.D., born in Cambridgeshire; M.D. Leyden; Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, 1655; Lecturer on Anatomy at Barber-Surgeons' Hall, Assistant-Physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and one of the original Fellows of the Royal Society. He lived in Lime Street, and died there December 1st, 1673.

[3] This famous picture, which is still in the possession of the Company, was exhibited at the Tudor Exhibition, 1889. It is supposed to

Dr. Scarborough took some of his friends, and I went along with them, to see the body alone, which we did, which was a lusty fellow, a seaman, that was hanged for a robbery. I did touch the dead body with my bare hand: it felt cold, but methought it was a very unpleasant sight. It seems one Dillon, of a great family, was, after much endeavours to have saved him, hanged with a silken halter this Sessions (of his own preparing), not for honour only, but it seems, it being soft and sleek, it do slip close and kills, that is, strangles presently: whereas, a stiff one do not come so close together, and so the party may live the longer before killed. But all the Doctors at table conclude, that there is no pain at all in hanging, for that it do stop the circulation of the blood; and so stops all sense and motion in an instant. Thence we went into a private room, where I perceive they prepare the bodies, and there were the kidneys, ureters [&c.], upon which he read to-day, and Dr. Scarborough upon my desire and the company's did show very clearly the manner of the disease of the stone and the cutting and all other questions that I could think of . . . how the water [comes] into the bladder through the three skins or coats just as poor Dr. Jolly has heretofore told me. Thence with great satisfaction to me back to the Company, where I heard good discourse, and so to the afternoon Lecture upon the heart and lungs, &c., and that being done we broke up, took leave, and back to the office, we two, Sir W. Batten, who dined here also, being gone before. Here late, and to Sir W. Batten's to speak upon some business, where I found Sir J. Minnes pretty well fuddled I thought: he took me aside to tell me how being at my Lord Chancellor's to-day, my Lord told him that there was a Great Seal passing for Sir W. Pen, through the impossibility of the Comptroller's duty to be performed by one man; to be as it were joynt-comptroller with him, at which he is stark mad; and swears he will give up his place, and do rail at Sir W. Pen the cruellest; he I made shift to encourage as

have been planned by Holbein, but finished by another painter. There is no trace of Holbein's hand in the heads on the left of the king. The picture appears to have been injured at the time of the Great Fire, and Pepys had some thoughts of buying it (see Diary, August 29th, 1668).

much as I could, but it pleased me heartily to hear him rail against him, so that I do see thoroughly that they are not like to be great friends, for he cries out against him for his house and yard and God knows what. For my part, I do hope, when all is done, that my following my business will keep me secure against all their envys. But to see how the old man do strut, and swear that he understands all his duty as easily as crack a nut, and easier, he told my Lord Chancellor, for his teeth are gone; and that he understands it as well as any man in England; and that he will never leave to record that he should be said to be unable to do his duty alone; though, God knows, he cannot do it more than a child. All this I am glad to see fall out between them, and myself safe, and yet I hope the King's service well done for all this, for I would not that should be hindered by any of our private differences. So to my office, and then home to supper and to bed.

28th. Waked with great pain in my right ear (which I find myself much subject to) having taken cold. Up and to my office, where we sat all the morning, and I dined with Sir W. Batten by chance, being in business together about a bargain of New England masts. Then to the Temple to meet my uncle Thomas, who I found there, but my cozen Roger not being come home I took boat and to Westminster, where I found him in Parliament this afternoon. The House have this noon been with the King to give him their reasons for refusing to grant any indulgence to Presbyters or Papists; which he, with great content and seeming pleasure, took, saying, that he doubted not but he and they should agree in all things, though there may seem a difference in judgement, he having writ and declared for an indulgence: and that he did believe never prince was happier in a House of Commons, than he was in them. Thence he and I to my Lord Sandwich, who continues troubled with his cold. Our discourse most upon the outing of Sir R. Bernard, and my Lord's being made Recorder of Huntingdon in his stead, which he seems well contented with, saying, that it may be for his convenience to have the chief officer of the town dependent upon him, which is very true. Thence he and I to the Temple, but my uncle being gone we parted, and I walked home, and to my office,

and at nine o'clock had a good supper of an oxe's cheek, of my wife's dressing and baking, and so to my office again till past eleven at night, making up my month's account, and find that I am at a stay with what I was last, that is £640. So home and to bed. Coming by, I put in at White Hall, and at the Privy Seal I did see the docquet by which Sir W. Pen is made the Comptroller's assistant, as Sir J. Minnes told me last night, which I must endeavour to prevent.

March 1st (Lord's day). Up and walked to White Hall, to the Chappell, where preached one Dr. Lewes, said heretofore to have been a great witt; but he read his sermon every word, and that so brokenly and so low, that nobody could hear at any distance, nor I anything worth hearing that sat near. But, which was strange, he forgot to make any prayer before sermon, which all wonder at, but they impute it to his forgetfulness. After sermon a very fine anthem; so I up into the house among the courtiers, seeing the fine ladies, and, above all, my Lady Castlemaine, who is above all, that only she I can observe for true beauty. The King and Queen being set to dinner I went to Mr. Fox's, and there dined with him. Much genteel company, and, among other things, I hear for certain that peace is concluded between the King of France and the Pope; and also I heard the reasons given by our Parliament yesterday to the King why they dissent from him in matter of Indulgence, which are very good quite through, and which I was glad to hear. Thence to my Lord Sandwich, who continues with a great cold, locked up; and, being alone, we fell into discourse of my uncle the Captain's death and estate, and I took the opportunity of telling my Lord how matters stand, and read his will, and told him all, what a poor estate he hath left, at all which he wonders strangely, which he may well do. Thence after singing some new tunes with W. Howe I walked home, whither came Will. Joyce, whom I have not seen here a great while, nor desire it a great while again, he is so impertinent a coxcomb, and yet good natured, and mightily concerned for my brother's late folly in his late wooing at the charge to no purpose, nor could in any probability expect it. He gone, we all to bed, without prayers, it being washing day to-morrow.

2nd. Up early and by water with Commissioner Pett to Deptford, and there took the Jemmy yacht (that the King and the Lords virtuosos built the other day [1]) down to Woolwich, where we discoursed of several matters both there and at the Ropeyard, and so to the yacht again, and went down four or five miles with extraordinary pleasure, it being a fine day, and a brave gale of wind, and had some oysters brought us aboard newly taken, which were excellent, and ate with great pleasure. There also coming into the river two Dutchmen, we sent a couple of men on board and bought three Hollands cheeses, cost 4*d.* a piece, excellent cheeses, whereof I had two and Commissioner Pett one. So back again to Woolwich, and going aboard the Hulke to see the manner of the iron bridles, which we are making of for to save cordage to put to the chain, I did fall from the shipside into the ship (Kent), and had like to have broke my left hand, but I only sprained some of my fingers, which, when I came ashore I sent to Mrs. Ackworth for some balsam, and put to my hand, and was pretty well within a little while after. We dined at the White Hart with several officers with us, and after dinner went and saw the Royal James brought down to the stern of the Docke (the main business we came for), and then to the Ropeyard, and saw a trial between Riga hemp and a sort of Indian grass, which is pretty strong, but no comparison between it and the other for strength, and it is doubtful whether it will take tarre or no. So to the yacht again, and carried us almost to London, so by our oars home to the office, and thence Mr. Pett and I to Mr. Grant's coffee-house, whither he and Sir J. Cutler came to us and had much discourse, mixed discourse, and so broke up, and so home where I found my poor wife all alone at work, and the house foul, it being washing day, which troubled me, because that to-morrow I must be forced to have friends at dinner. So to my office, and then home to supper and to bed.

3rd (Shrove Tuesday). Up and walked to the Temple, and by promise calling Commissioner Pett, he and I to White Hall to give Mr. Coventry an account of what

[1] The Royal Society. For notes on the Dutch and English yachts, see *ante*, August 15th, November 8th, 1660, and September 5th, 1662.

we did yesterday. Thence I to the Privy Seal Office, and there got a copy of Sir W. Pen's grant to be assistant to Sir J. Minnes, Comptroller, which, though there be not much in it, yet I intend to stir up Sir J. Minnes to oppose, only to vex Sir W. Pen. Thence by water home, and at noon, by promise, Mrs. Turner and her daughter, and Mrs. Morrice, came along with Roger Pepys to dinner. We were as merry as I could be, having but a bad dinner for them; but so much the better, because of the dinner which I must have at the end of this month. And here Mrs. The. shewed me my name upon her breast as her Valentine, which will cost me 20*s*. After dinner I took them down into the wine-cellar, and broached my tierce of claret for them. Towards the evening we parted, and I to the office a while, and then home to supper and to bed, the sooner having taken some cold yesterday upon the water, which brings me my usual pain. This afternoon Roger Pepys tells me, that for certain the King is for all this very highly incensed at the Parliament's late opposing the Indulgence; which I am sorry for, and fear it will breed great discontent.

4th. Lay long talking with my wife about ordering things in our family, and then rose and to my office, there collecting an alphabet for my Navy Manuscript, which, after a short dinner, I returned to and by night perfected to my great content. So to other business till 9 at night, and so home to supper and to bed.

5th. Rose this morning early, only to try with intention to begin my last summer's course in rising betimes. So to my office a little, and then to Westminster by coach with Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten, in our way talking of Sir W. Pen's business of his patent, which I think I have put a stop to wholly, for Sir J. Minnes swears he will never consent to it.[1] Here to the Lobby, and spoke with my cozen Roger, who is going to Cambridge to-morrow. In the Hall I do hear that the Catholiques are in great hopes for all this, and do set hard upon the King to get Indulgence. Matters, I hear, are all naught in Ireland, and that the

[1] This matter appears to have fallen through, as there is no evidence that Sir William Penn was joined with Sir J. Minnes in the office of Comptroller.

Parliament has voted, and the people, that is, the Papists, do cry out against the Commissioner sent by the King; so that they say the English interest will be lost there. Thence I went to see my Lord Sandwich, who I found very ill, and by his cold being several nights hindered from sleep, he is hardly able to open his eyes, and is very weak and sad upon it, which trouble me much. So after talking with Mr. Cooke, whom I found there, about his folly for looking and troubling me and other friends in getting him a place (that is, storekeeper of the Navy at Tangier) before there is any such thing, I returned to the Hall, and thence, back with the two knights home again by coach, where I found Mr. Moore got abroad, and dined with me, which I was glad to see, he having not been able to go abroad a great while. Then came in Mr. Hawley and dined with us, and after dinner I left them, and to the office, where we sat late, and I do find that I shall meet with nothing to oppose my growing great in the office but Sir W. Pen, who is now well again, and comes into the office very brisk, and, I think, to get up his time that he has been out of the way by being mighty diligent at the office, which, I pray God, he may be, but I hope by mine to weary him out, for I am resolved to fall to business as hard as I can drive, God giving me health. At my office late, and so home to supper and to bed.

6th. Up betimes, and about eight o'clock by coach with four horses, with Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten, to Woolwich, a pleasant day. There at the yard we consulted and ordered several matters, and thence to the rope yard and did the like, and so into Mr. Falconer's, where we had some fish, which we brought with us, dressed; and there dined with us his new wife, which had been his mayde, but seems to be a genteel woman, well enough bred and discreet. Thence after dinner back to Deptford, where we did as before, and so home, good discourse in our way, Sir J. Minnes being good company, though a simple man enough as to the business of his office, but we did discourse at large again about Sir W. Pen's patent to be his assistant, and I perceive he is resolved never to let it pass. To my office, and thence to Sir W. Batten's, where Major Holmes was lately come from the Streights, but do tell me strange

stories of the faults of Cooper[1] his master, put in by me, which I do not believe, but am sorry to hear and must take some course to have him removed, though I believe that the Captain is proud, and the fellow is not supple enough to him. So to my office again to set down my Journall, and so home and to bed. This evening my boy Waynman's brother was with me, and I did tell him again that I must part with the boy, for I will not keep him. He desires my keeping him a little longer till he can provide for him, which I am willing for a while to do. This day it seems the House of Commons have been very high against the Papists, being incensed by the stir which they make for their having an Indulgence; which, without doubt, is a great folly in them to be so hot upon at this time, when they see how averse already the House have showed themselves from it. This evening Mr. Povy was with me at my office, and tells me that my Lord Sandwich is this day so ill that he is much afeard of him, which puts me to great pain, not more for my own sake than for his poor family's.

7th. Up betimes, and to the office, where some of us sat all the morning. At noon Sir W. Pen began to talk with me like a counterfeit rogue very kindly about his house and getting bills signed for all our works, but he is a cheating fellow, and so I let him talk and answered nothing. So we parted. I to dinner, and there met The. Turner, who is come on foot in a frolique to beg me to get a place at sea for John, their man, which is a rogue; but, however, it may be, the sea may do him good in reclaiming him, and therefore I will see what I can do. She dined with me; and after dinner I took coach, and carried her home; in our way, in Cheapside, lighting and giving her a dozen pair of

[1] Cooper, who taught Pepys arithmetic, and previously had been mate of the "Royal Charles," was appointed master of the "Reserve," August 7th, 1662, but he does not appear to have got on well with the captain, and in March, 1663, he was turned out of his place (see Diary, March 24th). The captain (Robert Holmes), although a very distinguished officer, was an unpopular man. Andrew Marvell called him the "cursed beginner of the Dutch Wars," describing him as "first an Irish livery boy, then a highwayman, now Bashaw of the Isle of Wight," who had "got in bonds and by rapine £100,000" ("Seasonable Argument," 1677). Holmes (born 1622) was knighted March, 1666. He died 1692, and was buried at Yarmouth, Isle of Wight.

white gloves as my Valentine. Thence to my Lord Sandwich, who is gone to Sir W. Wheeler's for his more quiet being, where he slept well last night, and I took him very merry, playing at cards, and much company with him. So I left him, and Creed and I to Westminster Hall, and there walked a good while. He told me how for some words of my Lady Gerard's,[1] against my Lady Castlemaine to the Queen, the King did the other day affront her in going out to dance with her at a ball, when she desired it as the ladies do, and is since forbid attending the Queen by the King; which is much talked of, my Lord her husband being a great favourite. Thence by water home and to my office, wrote by the post and so home to bed.

8th (Lord's day). Being sent to by Sir J. Minnes to know whether I would go with him to White Hall to-day, I rose but could not get ready before he was gone, but however I walked thither and heard Dr. King, Bishop of Chichester, make a good and eloquent sermon upon these words, "They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy." Thence (the chappell in Lent being hung with black, and no anthem sung after sermon, as at other times), to my Lord Sandwich at Sir W. Wheeler's. I found him out of order, thinking himself to be in a fit of an ague, but in the afternoon he was very cheery. I dined with Sir William, where a good but short dinner, not better than one of mine commonly of a Sunday. After dinner up to my Lord, there being Mr. Rumball. My Lord, among other discourse, did tell us of his great difficultys passed in the business of the Sound, and of his receiving letters from the King there, but his sending them by Whetstone was a great folly; and the story how my Lord being at dinner with Sydney,[2] one of his fellow pleni-

[1] Jane, wife of Lord Gerard (see *ante*, January 1st, 1662–63). The king had previously put a slight upon Lady Gerard, probably at the instigation of Lady Castlemaine, as the two ladies were not friends. On the 4th of January of this same year Lady Gerard had given a supper to the king and queen, when the king withdrew from the party and proceeded to the house of Lady Castlemaine, and remained there throughout the evening (see Steinman's "Memoir of Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland," 1871, p. 47).

[2] Algernon Sydney, one of the Commissioners sent to Sweden and Denmark by Richard Cromwell in 1659. Pepys went to the Sound in the "Naseby" with Sir Edward Montagu.

potentiarys and his mortal enemy, did see Whetstone, and put off his hat three times to him, but the fellow would not be known, which my Lord imputed to his coxcombly humour (of which he was full), and bid Sydney take notice of him too, when at the very time he had letters[1] in his pocket from the King, as it proved afterwards. And Sydney afterwards did find it out at Copenhagen, the Dutch Commissioners telling him how my Lord Sandwich had hired one of their ships to carry back Whetstone to Lubeck, he being come from Flanders from the King. But I cannot but remember my Lord's æquanimity in all these affairs with admiration. Thence walked home, in my way meeting Mr. Moore, with whom I took a turn or two in the street among the drapers in Paul's Churchyard, talking of business, and so home to bed.

9th. Up betimes, to my office, where all the morning. About noon Sir J. Robinson, Lord Mayor, desiring way through the garden from the Tower, called in at the office and there invited me (and Sir W. Pen, who happened to be in the way) to dinner, which we did; and there had a great Lent dinner of fish, little flesh. And thence he and I in his coach, against my will (for I am resolved to shun too great fellowship with him) to White Hall, but came too late, the Duke having been with our fellow officers before we came, for which I was sorry. Thence he and I to walk one turn in the Park, and so home by coach, and I to my office, where late, and so home to supper and bed. There dined with us to-day Mr. Slingsby,[2] of the Mint, who showed us all the new pieces both gold and silver (examples of them all), that are made for the King, by Blondeau's[3] way; and compared them with those made for Oliver. The pictures of the latter made by Symons,[4] and of the King by one Rotyr,[5] a German, I think, that dined with us also. He extolls those of Rotyr's above the others; and, indeed,

[1] These letters are printed in Thurloe's "State Papers," vol. vii. One was from Charles II., and the other from Sir Edward Hyde.—B.

[2] Henry Slingsby, see *ante*, February 19th, 1660–61 (note).

[3] Peter Blondeau, see *ante*, February 19th, 1660–61 (note).

[4] Thomas Simon.

[5] There were three brothers of the name of Rotier, all medallists, who were rivals of the famous Simon—John, Joseph, and Philip. The last-named represented Frances Stuart (subsequently Duchess of Rich-

I think they are the better, because the sweeter of the two; but, upon my word, those of the Protector are more like in my mind, than the King's, but both very well worth seeing. The crowns of Cromwell are now sold, it seems, for 25*s.* and 30*s.* a-piece[1].

10th. Up and to my office all the morning, and great pleasure it is to be doing my business betimes. About noon Sir J. Minnes came to me and staid half an hour with me in my office talking about his business with Sir W. Pen, and (though with me an old doter) yet he told me freely how sensible he is of Sir W. Pen's treachery in this business, and what poor ways he has taken all along to ingratiate himself by making Mr. Turner write out things for him and then he gives them to the Duke, and how he directed him to give Mr. Coventry £100 for his place, but that Mr. Coventry did give him £20 back again. All this I am pleased to hear that his knavery is found out. Dined upon a poor Lenten dinner at home, my wife being vexed at a fray this morning with my Lady Batten about my boy's going thither to turn the water-cock with their maydes' leave, but my Lady was mighty high upon it and she would teach his mistress better manners, which my wife answered aloud that she might hear, that she could learn little man-

mond), under the form of Britannia, on the reverse of a large medal with the king's head (see Diary, February 25th, 1666–67). The Rotiers were Frenchmen, and not Germans.

[1] Although modern numismatists may smile at the preference given by Mr. Slingsby to Rotier's coins, Pepys's remark that Oliver's crowns were then selling at 25*s.* or 30*s.* is very curious, for it is to this day considered doubtful whether these beautiful pieces by Simon were current coin or pattern pieces. Snelling, in his "Silver Coinage," 1762, calls them "very scarce," and so they remain, as the prices which they still bring at sales seem to show, varying from £2 10*s.* to £11, according to condition.

Mr. Joseph Gibbs of the Inner Temple, who kindly furnished the above remarks, has one of the crowns *without any flaw*, for which he paid £4 18*s.*; and Mr. Cureton, the coin collector, had six sets of these moneys at the time he was robbed and nearly murdered, in the winter of 1850. Pepys's evidence of the high value of the crowns in 1663 strengthens the idea that they were pattern pieces only. There is a tradition that the die became cracked across the neck after a few impressions were struck, which having been considered ominous, the issue was stopped; but the truth of the story must still remain matter of conjecture. — B.

ners of her. After dinner to my office, and there we sat all the afternoon till 8 at night, and so wrote my letters by the post and so before 9 home, which is rare with me of late, I staying longer, but with multitude of business my head akes, and so I can stay no longer, but home to supper and to bed.

11th. Up betimes, and to my office, walked a little in the garden with Sir W. Batten, talking about the difference between his Lady and my wife yesterday, and I doubt my wife is to blame. About noon had news by Mr. Wood that Butler, our chief witness against Field, was sent by him to New England contrary to our desire, which made me mad almost; and so Sir J. Minnes, Sir W. Pen, and I dined together at Trinity House, and thither sent for him to us and told him our minds, which he seemed not to value much, but went away. I wrote and sent an express to Walthamstow to Sir W. Pen, who is gone thither this morning, to tell him of it. However, in the afternoon Wood sends us word that he has appointed another to go, who shall overtake the ship in the Downes. So I was late at the office, among other things writing to the Downes, to the Commander-in-Chief, and putting things into the surest course I could to help the business. So home and to bed.

12th. Up betimes and to my office all the morning with Captain Cocke ending their account of their Riga contract for hemp. So home to dinner, my head full of business against the office. After dinner comes my uncle Thomas with a letter to my father, wherein, as we desire, he and his son do order their tenants to pay their rents to us, which pleases me well. In discourse he tells me my uncle Wight thinks much that I do never see them, and they have reason, but I do apprehend that they have been too far concerned with my uncle Thomas against us, so that I have had no mind hitherto, but now I shall go see them. He being gone, I to the office, where at the choice of maisters and chyrurgeons for the fleet now going out, I did my business as I could wish, both for the persons I had a mind to serve, and in getting the warrants signed drawn by my clerks, which I was afeard of. Sat late, and having done I went home, where I found Mary Ashwell come to live with

us, of whom I hope well, and pray God she may please us, which, though it cost me something, yet will give me much content. So to supper and to bed, and find by her discourse and carriage to-night that she is not proud, but will do what she is bid, but for want of being abroad knows not how to give the respect to her mistress, as she will do when she is told it, she having been used only to little children, and there was a kind of a mistress over them. Troubled all night with my cold, I being quite hoarse with it that I could not speak to be heard at all almost.

13th. Up pretty early and to my office all the morning busy. At noon home to dinner expecting Ashwell's father, who was here in the morning and promised to come but he did not, but there came in Captain Grove, and I found him to be a very stout man, at least in his discourse he would be thought so, and I do think that he is, and one that bears me great respect and deserves to be encouraged for his care in all business. Abroad by water with my wife and Ashwell, and left them at Mr. Pierce's, and I to Whitehall and St. James's Park (there being no Commission for Tangier sitting to-day as I looked for) where I walked an hour or two with great pleasure, it being a most pleasant day. So to Mrs. Hunt's, and there found my wife, and so took them up by coach, and carried them to Hide Park, where store of coaches and good faces. Here till night, and so home and to my office to write by the post, and so to supper and to bed.

14th. Up betimes and to my office, where we sat all the morning, and a great rant I did give to Mr. Davis, of Deptford, and others about their usage of Michell, in his Bewpers,[1] which he serves in for flaggs, which did trouble me, but yet it was in defence of what was truth. So home to dinner, where Creed dined with me, and walked a good while in the garden with me after dinner, talking, among other things, of the poor service which Sir J. Lawson did really do in the Streights, for which all this great fame and honour done him is risen. So to my office, where all the afternoon giving maisters their warrants for this voyage, for which I hope hereafter to get something at their coming

[1] Bewpers is the old name for bunting.

home. In the evening my wife and I and Ashwell walked in the garden, and I find she is a pretty ingenuous[1] girl at all sorts of fine work, which pleases me very well, and I hope will be very good entertainment for my wife without much cost. So to write by the post, and so home to supper and to bed.

15th (Lord's day). Up and with my wife and her woman Ashwell the first time to church, where our pew was so full with Sir J. Minnes's sister and her daughter, that I perceive, when we come all together, some of us must be shut out, but I suppose we shall come to some order what to do therein. Dined at home, and to church again in the afternoon, and so home, and I to my office till the evening doing one thing or other and reading my vows as I am bound every Lord's day, and so home to supper and talk, and Ashwell is such good company that I think we shall be very lucky in her. So to prayers and to bed. This day the weather, which of late has been very hot and fair, turns very wet and cold, and all the church time this afternoon it thundered mightily, which I have not heard a great while.

16th. Up very betimes and to my office, where, with several Masters of the King's ships, Sir J. Minnes and I advising upon the business of Slopps, wherein the seaman is so much abused by the Pursers, and that being done, then I home to dinner, and so carried my wife to her mother's, set her down and Ashwell to my Lord's lodging, there left her, and I to the Duke, where we met of course, and talked of our Navy matters. Then to the Commission of Tangier, and there, among other things, had my Lord Peterborough's Commission read over; and Mr. Secretary Bennet did make his querys upon it, in order to the drawing one for my Lord Rutherford more regularly, that being a very extravagant thing. Here long discoursing upon my Lord Rutherford's despatch, and so broke up, and so going out of the Court I met with Mr. Coventry, and so he and I walked half an hour in the long Stone Gallery, where we discoursed of many things, among others how the Treasurer doth intend to come

[1] For ingenious. The distinction of the two words ingenious and ingenuous by which the former indicates mental, and the second moral qualities, was not made in Pepys's day.

to pay in course, which is the thing of the world that will do the King the greatest service in the Navy, and which joys my heart to hear of. He tells me of the business of Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Pen, which I knew before, but took no notice or little that I did know it. But he told me it was chiefly to make Mr. Pett's being joyned with Sir W. Batten to go down the better, and do tell me how he well sees that neither one nor the other can do their duties without help. But however will let it fall at present without doing more in it to see whether they will do their duties themselves, which he will see, and saith they do not. We discoursed of many other things to my great content and so parted, and I to my wife at my Lord's lodgings, where I heard Ashwell play first upon the harpsicon, and I find she do play pretty well, which pleaseth me very well. Thence home by coach, buying at the Temple the printed virginall-book for her, and so home and to my office a while, and so home and to supper and to bed.

17th. Up betimes and to my office a while, and then home and to Sir W. Batten, with whom by coach to St. Margaret's Hill in Southwark,[1] where the Judge of the Admiralty came, and the rest of the Doctors of the Civill law, and some other Commissioners, whose Commission of Oyer and Terminer was read, and then the charge, given by Dr. Exton,[2] which methought was somewhat dull, though he would seem to intend it to be very rhetoricall, saying that Justice had two wings, one of which spread itself over the land, and the other over the water, which was this Admiralty Court. That being done, and the jury called, they broke up, and to dinner to a tavern hard by, where a great dinner, and I with them; but I perceive that this Court is yet but in its infancy (as to its rising again), and their design and consultation was, I could overhear them, how to proceed with the most solemnity, and spend time, there being only two businesses to do, which of themselves could not spend much time. In the afternoon to the court

[1] The old Admiralty Court was formerly held on St. Margaret's Hill, in part of the old church of St. Margaret, and was removed to Doctors' Commons about 1675.

[2] Dr. Thomas Exton, Dean of the Arches and Judge of the Admiralty Court. — B.

again, where, first, Abraham, the boatswain of the King's pleasure-boat, was tried for drowning a man; and next, Turpin, accused by our wicked rogue Field, for stealing the King's timber; but after full examination, they were both acquitted, and as I was glad of the first, for the saving the man's life, so I did take the other as a very good fortune to us; for if Turpin had been found guilty, it would have sounded very ill in the ears of all the world, in the business between Field and us. So home with my mind at very great ease, over the water to the Tower, and thence, there being nobody at the office, we being absent, and so no office could be kept. Sir W. Batten and I to my Lord Mayor's,[1] where we found my Lord with Colonel Strangways[2] and Sir Richard Floyd,[3] Parliament-men, in the cellar drinking, where we sat with them, and then up; and by and by comes in Sir Richard Ford. In our drinking, which was always going, we had many discourses, but from all of them I do find Sir R. Ford a very able man of his brains and tongue, and a scholler. But my Lord Mayor I find to be a talking, bragging Bufflehead,[4] a fellow that would be thought to have led all the City in the great business of bringing in the King, and that nobody understood his plots, and the dark lanthorn he walked by; but led them and plowed with them as oxen and asses (his own words) to do what he had a mind: when in every discourse I observe him to be as very a coxcomb as I could have thought had been in the City. But he is resolved to do great matters in pulling down the shops quite through the City, as he hath done in many places, and will make a thorough passage quite through the City, through Canning-street,[5] which indeed will be very fine. And then his precept, which he, in vain-glory, said he had drawn up himself, and hath printed it, against coachmen and carrmen affronting of the gentry in the street; it is drawn so like a fool, and some faults were openly found in it, that I believe he

[1] Sir John Robinson.

[2] Sir Giles Strangways, M.P. for Dorsetshire, or John Strangways, M.P. for Bridport.

[3] Probably Sir Richard Lloyd, M.P. for Radnorshire. — B.

[4] A fool, or heavy stupid fellow. "What makes you stare so, bufflehead!" — *Plautus's Comedies made English*, 1694. "Buffle-headed" was also used to signify stupid.

[5] Cannon Street.

will have so much wit as not to proceed upon it though it be printed. Here we staid talking till eleven at night, Sir R. Ford breaking to my Lord our business of our patent to be Justices of the Peace in the City, which he stuck at mightily; but, however, Sir R. Ford knows him to be a fool, and so in his discourse he made him appear, and cajoled him into a consent to it: but so as I believe when he comes to his right mind to-morrow he will be of another opinion; and though Sir R. Ford moved it very weightily and neatly, yet I had rather it had been spared now. But to see how he do rant, and pretend to sway all the City in the Court of Aldermen, and says plainly that they cannot do, nor will he suffer them to do, any thing but what he pleases; nor is there any officer of the City but of his putting in; nor any man that could have kept the City for the King thus well and long but him. And if the country can be preserved, he will undertake that the City shall not dare to stir again. When I am confident there is no man almost in the City cares a turd for him, nor hath he brains to outwit any ordinary tradesman. So home and wrote a letter to Commissioner Pett to Chatham by all means to compose the business between Major Holmes and Cooper his master, and so to bed.

18th. Wake betimes and talk a while with my wife about a wench that she has hired yesterday, which I would have enquired of before she comes, she having lived in great families, and so up and to my office, where all the morning, and at noon home to dinner. After dinner by water to Redriffe, my wife and Ashwell with me, and so walked and left them at Halfway house; I to Deptford, where up and down the store-houses, and on board two or three ships now getting ready to go to sea, and so back, and find my wife walking in the way. So home again, merry with our Ashwell, who is a merry jade, and so awhile to my office, and then home to supper, and to bed. This day my tryangle, which was put in tune yesterday, did please me very well, Ashwell playing upon it pretty well.

19th. Up betimes and to Woolwich all alone by water, where took the officers most abed. I walked and enquired how all matters and businesses go, and by and by to the Clerk of the Cheque's house, and there eat some of his

good Jamaica brawne, and so walked to Greenwich. Part of the way Deane walking with me; talking of the pride and corruption of most of his fellow officers of the yard, and which I believe to be true. So to Deptford, where I did the same to great content, and see the people begin to value me as they do the rest. At noon Mr. Wayth took me to his house, where I dined, and saw his wife, a pretty woman, and had a good fish dinner, and after dinner he and I walked to Redriffe talking of several errors in the Navy, by which I learned a great deal, and was glad of his company. So by water home, and by and by to the office, where we sat till almost 9 at night. So after doing my own business in my office, writing letters, &c., home to supper, and to bed, being weary and vexed that I do not find other people so willing to do business as myself, when I have taken pains to find out what in the yards is wanting and fitting to be done.

20th. Up betimes and over the water, and walked to Deptford, where up and down the yarde, and met the two clerks of the Cheques to conclude by our method their call-books, which we have done to great perfection, and so walked home again, where I found my wife in great pain abed. . . . I staid and dined by her, and after dinner walked forth, and by water to the Temple, and in Fleet Street bought me a little sword, with gilt handle, cost 23*s.*, and silk stockings to the colour of my riding cloth suit, cost 15*s.*, and bought me a belt there too, cost 15*s.*, and so calling at my brother's I find he has got a new maid, very likely girl, I wish he do not play the fool with her. Thence homewards, and meeting with Mr. Kirton's kinsman in Paul's Church Yard, he and I to a coffee-house;[1] where I hear how there had like to have been a surprizall of Dublin by some discontented protestants, and other things of like nature; and it seems the Commissioners have carried themselves so high for the Papists that the others will not endure it.[2] Hewlett and some others are taken and

[1] There is a token of "the coffee-house at the west end of St. Paul's, London," which is probably the house referred to by Pepys (see Boyne's "Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i., p. 736).

[2] Great dissatisfaction was felt by the Presbyterians in Ireland with the action of the English Commissioners appointed to hear causes in connection with the Act of Settlement.

clapped up; and they say the King hath sent over to dissolve the Parliament there, who went very high against the Commissioners. Pray God send all well! Hence home and in comes Captain Ferrers and by and by Mr. Bland to see me and sat talking with me till 9 or 10 at night, and so good night. The Captain to bid my wife to his child's christening. So my wife being pretty well again and Ashwell there we spent the evening pleasantly, and so to bed.

21st. Up betimes and to my office, where busy all the morning, and at noon, after a very little dinner, to it again, and by and by, by appointment, our full board met, and Sir Philip Warwick[1] and Sir Robert Long[2] came from my Lord Treasurer to speak with us about the state of the debts of the Navy; and how to settle it, so as to begin upon the new foundation of £200,000 per annum, which the King is now resolved not to exceed. This discourse done, and things put in a way of doing, they went away, and Captain Holmes being called in he began his high complaint against his Master Cooper, and would have him forthwith discharged. Which I opposed, not in his defence but for the justice of proceeding not to condemn a man unheard, upon [which] we fell from one word to another that we came to very high terms, such as troubled me, though all and the worst that I ever said was that that was insolently or ill mannerdly spoken. When he told me that it was well it was here that I said it. But all the officers, Sir G. Carteret, Sir J. Minnes, Sir W. Batten, and Sir W. Pen cried shame of it. At last he parted and we resolved to bring the dispute between him and his Master to a trial next week, wherein I shall not at all concern myself in defence of any thing that is unhandsome on the Master's part nor willingly suffer him to have any wrong. So we rose and I to my office, troubled though sensible that all the officers are of opinion that he has carried himself very much unbecoming him. So wrote letters by the post, and home to supper and to bed.

[1] See note, *ante*, February 3rd, 1660–61.

[2] Sir Robert Long, who came of an ancient family in Wiltshire, had been secretary to Charles II. during his exile, and was subsequently made Auditor of the Exchequer and a Privy Councillor, and created a baronet in 1662, with remainder to his nephew James. He died unmarried in 1673.—B.

22d (Lord's day). Up betimes and in my office wrote out our bill for the Parliament about our being made Justices of Peace in the City. So home and to church, where a dull formall fellow that prayed for the Right Hon. John Lord Barkeley, Lord President of Connaught, &c. So home to dinner, and after dinner my wife and I and her woman by coach to Westminster, where being come too soon for the Christening we took up Mr. Creed and went out to take some ayre, as far as Chelsey and further, I 'lighting there and letting them go on with the coach while I went to the church expecting to see the young ladies of the school, Ashwell desiring me, but I could not get in far enough, and so came out and at the coach's coming back went in again and so back to Westminster, and led my wife and her to Captain Ferrers, and I to my Lord Sandwich, and with him talking a good while; I find the Court would have this Indulgence go on, but the Parliament are against it. Matters in Ireland are full of discontent. Thence with Mr. Creed to Captain Ferrers, where many fine ladies; the house well and prettily furnished. She [Mrs. Ferrers] lies in, in great state, Mr. G. Montagu, Collonel Williams, Cromwell that was,[1] and Mrs. Wright as proxy for my Lady Jemimah, were witnesses. Very pretty and plentiful entertainment, could not get away till nine at night, and so home. My coach cost me 7*s*. So to prayers, and to bed. This day though I was merry enough yet I could not get yesterday's quarrel out of my mind, and a natural fear of being challenged by Holmes for the words I did give him, though nothing but what did become me as a principal officer.

23rd. Up betimes and to my office, before noon my wife and I eat something, thinking to have gone abroad together,

[1] Colonel Williams — "Cromwell that was" — appears to have been Henry Cromwell, grandson of Sir Oliver Cromwell, and first cousin, once removed, to the Protector. He was seated at Bodsey House, in the parish of Ramsey, which had been his father's residence, and held the commission of a colonel. He served in several Parliaments for Huntingdonshire, voting, in 1660, for the restoration of the monarchy; and as he knew the name of Cromwell would not be grateful to the Court, he disused it, and assumed that of Williams, which had belonged to his ancestors; and he is so styled in a list of knights of the proposed Order of the Royal Oak. He died at Huntingdon, 3rd August, 1673. (Abridged from Noble's "Memoirs of the Cromwells," vol. i., p. 70). — B.

but in comes Mr. Hunt, who we were forced to stay to dinner, and so while that was got ready he and I abroad about 2 or 3 small businesses of mine, and so back to dinner, and after dinner he went away, and my wife and I and Ashwell by coach, set my wife down at her mother's and Ashwell at my Lord's, she going to see her father and mother, and I to Whitehall, being fearful almost, so poor a spirit I have, of meeting Major Holmes. By and by the Duke comes, and we with him about our usual business, and then the Committee for Tangier, where, after reading my Lord Rutherford's[1] commission and consented to, Sir R. Ford, Sir W. Rider, and I were chosen to bring in some laws for the Civill government of it, which I am little able to do, but am glad to be joyned with them, for I shall learn something of them. Thence to see my Lord Sandwich, and who should I meet at the door but Major Holmes. He would have gone away, but I told him I would not spoil his visitt, and would have gone, but however we fell to discourse and he did as good as desire excuse for the high words that did pass in his heat the other day, which I was willing enough to close with, and after telling him my mind we parted, and I left him to speak with my Lord, and I by coach home, where I found Will. Howe come home to-day with my wife, and staid with us all night, staying late up singing songs, and then he and I to bed together in Ashwell's bed and she with my wife. This the first time that I ever lay in the room. This day Greatorex brought me a very pretty weather-glass for heat and cold.[2]

[1] Lord Rutherford was created Earl of Teviot in 1663, and Pepys refers to him sometimes as Lord Rutherford and sometimes as Lord Tiviot. See note, *ante*, December 15th, 1662.

[2] The thermometer was invented in the sixteenth century, but it is disputed who the inventor was. The claims of Santorio are supported by Borelli and Malpighi, while the title of Cornelius Drebbel is considered undoubted by Boerhaave. Galileo's air thermometer, made before 1597, was the foundation of accurate thermometry. Galileo also invented the alcohol thermometer about 1611 or 1612. Spirit thermometers were made for the Accademia del Cimento, and described in the Memoirs of that academy. When the academy was dissolved by order of the Pope, some of these thermometers were packed away in a box, and were not discovered until early in the nineteenth century. Robert Hooke describes the manufacture and graduation of thermometers in his "Micrographia" (1665).

24th. Lay pretty long, that is, till past six o'clock, and then up and W. Howe and I very merry together, till having eat our breakfast, he went away, and I to my office. By and by Sir J. Minnes and I to the Victualling Office[1] by appointment to meet several persons upon stating the demands of some people of money from the King. Here we went into their Bakehouse, and saw all the ovens at work, and good bread too, as ever I would desire to eat. Thence Sir J. Minnes and I homewards calling at Browne's, the mathematician in the Minnerys, with a design of buying White's ruler to measure timber with, but could not agree on the price. So home, and to dinner, and so to my office, where we sat anon, and among other things had Cooper's business tried against Captain Holmes, but I find Cooper a fuddling, troublesome fellow, though a good artist, and so am contented to have him turned out of his place, nor did I see reason to say one word against it, though I know what they did against him was with great envy and pride. So anon broke up, and after writing letters, &c., home to supper and to bed.

25th (Lady-day). Up betimes and to my office, where all the morning, at noon dined and to the Exchange, and thence to the Sun Tavern, to my Lord Rutherford, and dined with him, and some others, his officers, and Scotch gentlemen, of fine discourse and education. My Lord used me with great respect, and discoursed upon his business as with one that he did esteem of, and indeed I do believe that this garrison is likely to come to something under him. By and by he went away, forgetting to take leave of me, my back being turned, looking upon the aviary, which is there very pretty, and the birds begin to sing well this spring. Thence home and to my office till night, reading over and consulting upon the book and Ruler that I bought this morning of Browne concerning the Lyne of numbers, in which I find much pleasure. This evening came Captain Grove about hiring ships for Tangier. I did hint to him my desire that I could make some lawfull profit thereof, which he promises that he will tell me of all that he gets and that I shall have a share, which I did not demand, but

[1] See note, *ante*, May 21st, 1661.

did silently consent to it, and money I perceive something will be got thereby. At night Mr. Bland came and sat with me at my office till late, and so I home and to bed. This day being washing day and my maid Susan ill, or would be thought so, put my house so out of order that we had no pleasure almost in anything, my wife being troubled thereat for want of a good cook-maid, and moreover I cannot have my dinner as I ought in memory of my being cut for the stone, but I must have it a day or two hence.

26th. Up betimes and to my office, leaving my wife in bed to take her physique, myself also not being out of some pain to-day by some cold that I have got by the sudden change of the weather from hot to cold. This day is five years since it pleased God to preserve me at my being cut of the stone, of which I bless God I am in all respects well. Only now and then upon taking cold I have some pain, but otherwise in very good health always. But I could not get my feast to be kept to-day as it used to be, because of my wife's being ill and other disorders by my servants being out of order. This morning came a new cook-maid at £4 per annum, the first time I ever did give so much, but we hope it will be nothing lost by keeping a good cook. She did live last at my Lord Monk's house, and indeed at dinner did get what there was very prettily ready and neat for me, which did please me much. This morning my uncle Thomas was with me according to agreement, and I paid him the £50, which was against my heart to part with, and yet I must be contented; I used him very kindly, and I desire to continue so voyd of any discontent as to my estate, that I may follow my business the better. At the Change I met him again, with intent to have met with my uncle Wight to have made peace with him, with whom by my long absence I fear I shall have a difference, but he was not there, so we missed. All the afternoon sat at the office about business till 9 or 10 at night, and so dispatch business and home to supper and to bed. My maid Susan went away to-day, I giving her something for her lodging and diet somewhere else a while that I might have room for my new maid.

27th. Up betimes and at my office all the morning, at noon to the Exchange, and there by appointment met my

uncles Thomas and Wight, and from thence with them to a tavern, and there paid my uncle Wight three pieces of gold for himself, my aunt, and their son that is dead, left by my uncle Robert, and read over our agreement with my uncle Thomas and the state of our debts and legacies, and so good friendship I think is made up between us all, only we have the worst of it in having so much money to pay. Thence I to the Exchequer again, and thence with Creed into Fleet Street, and calling at several places about business; in passing, at the Hercules pillars he and I dined though late, and thence with one that we found there, a friend of Captain Ferrers I used to meet at the playhouse, they would have gone to some gameing house, but I would not but parted, and staying a little in Paul's Churchyard, at the foreign Bookseller's looking over some Spanish books, and with much ado keeping myself from laying out money there, as also with them, being willing enough to have gone to some idle house with them, I got home, and after a while at my office, to supper, and to bed.

28th. Up betimes and to my office, where all the morning. Dined at home and Creed with me, and though a very cold day and high wind, yet I took him by land to Deptford, my common walk, where I did some little businesses, and so home again walking both forwards and backwards, as much along the street as we could to save going by water. So home, and after being a little while hearing Ashwell play on the tryangle, to my office, and there late, writing a chiding letter to my poor father about his being so unwilling to come to an account with me, which I desire he might do, that I may know what he spends, and how to order the estate so as to pay debts and legacys as far as may be. So late home to supper and to bed.

29th (Lord's day). Waked as I used to do betimes, but being Sunday and very cold I lay long, it raining and snowing very hard, which I did never think it would have done any more this year. Up and to church, home to dinner. After dinner in comes Mr. Moore, and sat and talked with us a good while; among other things telling me, that [neither] my Lord nor he are under apprehensions of the late discourse in the House of Commons, concerning resumption of Crowne lands, which I am very glad of. He

being gone, up to my chamber, where my wife and Ashwell and I all the afternoon talking and laughing, and by and by I a while to my office, reading over some papers which I found in my man William's chest of drawers, among others some old precedents concerning the practice of this office heretofore, which I am glad to find and shall make use of, among others an oath, which the Principal Officers were bound to swear at their entrance into their offices, which I would be glad were in use still. So home and fell hard to make up my monthly accounts, letting my family go to bed after prayers. I staid up long, and find myself, as I think, fully worth £670. So with good comfort to bed, finding that though it be but little, yet I do get ground every month. I pray God it may continue so with me.

30th. Up betimes and found my weather-glass sunk again just to the same position which it was last night before I had any fire made in my chamber, which had made it rise in two hours time above half a degree. So to my office where all the morning and at the Glass-house, and after dinner by coach with Sir W. Pen I carried my wife and her woman to Westminster, they to visit Mrs. Ferrers and Clerke, we to the Duke, where we did our usual business, and afterwards to the Tangier Committee, where among other things we all of us sealed and signed the Contract for building the Mole with my Lord Tiviott, Sir J. Lawson, and Mr. Cholmely. A thing I did with a very ill will, because a thing which I did not at all understand, nor any or few of the whole board. We did also read over the propositions for the Civill government and Law Merchant of the town, as they were agreed on this morning at the Glass-house by Sir R. Ford and Sir W. Ryder, who drew them, Mr. Povy and myself as a Committee appointed to prepare them, which were in substance but not in the manner of executing them independent wholly upon the Governor consenting to. Thence to see my Lord Sandwich, who I found very merry and every day better and better. So to my wife, who waited my coming at my Lord's lodgings, and took her up and by coach home, where no sooner come but to bed, finding myself just in the same condition I was lately by the extreme cold weather, my pores stopt and so my body all inflamed and itching. So keeping myself

warm and provoking myself to a moderate sweat, and so somewhat better in the morning.

31st. And to that purpose I lay long talking with my wife about my father's coming, which I expect to-day, coming up with the horses brought up for my Lord. Up and to my office, where doing business all the morning, and at Sir W. Batten's, whither Mr. Gauden and many others came to us about business. Then home to dinner, where W. Joyce came, and he still a talking impertinent fellow. So to the office again, and hearing by and by that Madam Clerke, Pierce, and others were come to see my wife I stepped in and staid a little with them, and so to the office again, where late, and so home to supper and to bed.

April 1st. Up betimes and abroad to my brother's, but he being gone out I went to the Temple to my cozen Roger Pepys, to see and talk with him a little; who tells me that, with much ado, the Parliament do agree to throw down Popery; but he says it is with so much spite and passion, and an endeavour of bringing all Non-conformists into the same condition, that he is afeard matters will not yet go so well as he could wish. Thence back to my brother's, in my way meeting Mr. Moore and talking with him about getting me some money, and calling at my brother's they tell me that my brother is still abroad, and that my father is not yet up. At which I wondered, not thinking that he was come, though I expected him, because I looked for him at my house. So I up to his bedside and staid an hour or two talking with him. Among other things he tells me how unquiett my mother is grown, that he is not able to live almost with her, if it were not for Pall. All other matters are as well as upon so hard condition with my uncle Thomas we can expect them. I left him in bed, being very weary, to come to my house to-night or to-morrow, when he pleases, and so I home, calling on the virginall maker, buying a rest for myself to tune my tryangle, and taking one of his people along with me to put it in tune once more, by which I learned how to go about it myself for the time to come. So to dinner, my wife being lazily in bed all this morning. Ashwell and I dined below together, and a pretty girl she is, and I hope will give my wife and myself good content, being very humble and act-

ive, my cook maid do also dress my meat very well and neatly. So to my office all the afternoon till night, and then home, calling at Sir W. Batten's, where was Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Pen, I telling them how by my letter this day from Commissioner Pett I hear that his Stempeese[1] he undertook for the new ship at Woolwich, which we have been so long, to our shame, in looking for, do prove knotty and not fit for service. Lord! how Sir J. Minnes, like a mad coxcomb, did swear and stamp, swearing that Commissioner Pett hath still the old heart against the King that ever he had, and that this was his envy against his brother that was to build the ship, and all the damnable reproaches in the world, at which I was ashamed, but said little; but, upon the whole, I find him still a fool, led by the nose with stories told by Sir W. Batten, whether with or without reason. So, vexed in my mind to see things ordered so unlike gentlemen, or men of reason, I went home and to bed.

2nd. Up by very betimes and to my office, where all the morning till towards noon, and then by coach to Westminster Hall with Sir W. Pen, and while he went up to the House I walked in the Hall with Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, that I met there, talking about my business the other day with Holmes, whom I told my mind, and did freely tell how I do depend upon my care and diligence in my employment to bear me out aginst the pride of Holmes or any man else in things that are honest, and much to that purpose which I know he will make good use of. But he did advise me to take as few occasions as I can of disobliging Commanders, though this is one that every body is glad to hear that he do receive a check. By and by the House rises and I home again with Sir W. Pen, and all the way talking of the same business, to whom I did on purpose tell him my mind freely, and let him see that it must be a wiser man than Holmes (in these very words) that shall do me any hurt while I do my duty. I to remember him of Holmes's words against Sir J. Minnes, that he was a knave, rogue, coward, and that he will kick him and pull him by

[1] Stemples, cross pieces which are put into a frame of woodwork to cure and strengthen a shaft.

the ears, which he remembered all of them and may have occasion to do it hereafter to his owne shame to suffer them to be spoke in his presence without any reply but what I did give him, which has caused all this feud. But I am glad of it, for I would now and then take occasion to let the world know that I will not be made a novice. Sir W. Pen took occasion to speak about my wife's strangeness to him and his daughter, and that believing at last that it was from his taking of Sarah to be his maid, he hath now put her away, at which I am glad. He told me, that this day the King hath sent to the House his concurrence wholly with them against the Popish priests, Jesuits, &c., which gives great content, and I am glad of it. So home, whither my father comes and dines with us, and being willing to be merry with him I made myself so as much as I could, and so to the office, where we sat all the afternoon, and at night having done all my business I went home to my wife and father, and supped, and so to bed, my father lying with me in Ashwell's bed in the red chamber.

3rd. Waked betimes and talked half an hour with my father, and so I rose and to my office, and about 9 o'clock by water from the Old Swan to White Hall and to chappell, which being most monstrous full, I could not go into my pew, but sat among the quire. Dr. Creeton, the Scotchman, preached a most admirable, good, learned, honest and most severe sermon, yet comicall, upon the words of the woman concerning the Virgin, "Blessed is the womb that bare thee (meaning Christ) and the paps that gave thee suck; and he answered, Nay; rather is he blessed that heareth the word of God, and keepeth it." He railed bitterly ever and anon against John Calvin, and his brood, the Presbyterians, and against the present term, now in use, of "tender consciences." He ripped up Hugh Peters[1] (calling him the execrable skellum[2]), his preaching and stirring up the maids of the city to bring in their bodkins and thimbles. Thence going out of White Hall, I met Captain Grove, who did give me a letter directed to myself from himself. I discerned money to be in it, and took it, knowing, as I found it to be, the proceed of the

[1] See note, *ante*, September 5th, 1660.
[2] A villain or scoundrel ; the cant term for a thief.

place I have got him to be, the taking up of vessels for Tangier. But I did not open it till I came home to my office, and there I broke it open, not looking into it till all the money was out, that I might say I saw no money in the paper, if ever I should be questioned about it. There was a piece in gold and £4 in silver. So home to dinner with my father and wife, and after dinner up to my tryangle, where I found that above my expectation Ashwell has very good principles of musique and can take out a lesson herself with very little pains, at which I am very glad. Thence away back again by water to Whitehall, and there to the Tangier Committee, where we find ourselves at a great stand; the establishment being but £70,000 per annum, and the forces to be kept in the town at the least estimate that my Lord Rutherford can be got to bring it is £53,000. The charge of this year's work of the Mole will be £13,000; besides £1,000 a-year to my Lord Peterborough as a pension, and the fortifications and contingencys, which puts us to a great stand, and so unsettled what to do therein we rose, and I to see my Lord Sandwich, whom I found merry at cards, and so by coach home, and after supper a little to my office and so home and to bed. I find at Court that there is some bad news from Ireland of an insurrection of the Catholiques there, which puts them into an alarm. I hear also in the City that for certain there is an embargo upon all our ships in Spayne, upon this action of my Lord Windsor's at Cuba, which signifies little or nothing, but only he hath a mind to say that he hath done something before he comes back again. Late to-night I sent to invite my uncle Wight and aunt with Mrs. Turner to-morrow.

4th. Up betimes and to my office. By and by to Lombard street by appointment to meet Mr. Moore, but the business not being ready I returned to the office, where we sat a while, and, being sent for, I returned to him and there signed to some papers in the conveying of some lands mortgaged by Sir Rob. Parkhurst in my name to my Lord Sandwich, which I having done I returned home to dinner, whither by and by comes Roger Pepys, Mrs. Turner her daughter, Joyce Norton,[1] and a young lady, a daughter of

[1] See note, *ante*, January 7th, 1659-60.

Coll. Cockes, my uncle Wight, his wife and Mrs. Anne Wight. This being my feast, in lieu of what I should have had a few days ago for my cutting of the stone, for which the Lord make me truly thankful. Very merry at, before, and after dinner, and the more for that my dinner was great, and most neatly dressed by our own only maid. We had a fricasee of rabbits and chickens, a leg of mutton boiled, three carps in a dish, a great dish of a side of lamb, a dish of roasted pigeons, a dish of four lobsters, three tarts, a lamprey pie (a most rare pie), a dish of anchovies, good wine of several sorts, and all things mighty noble and to my great content. After dinner to Hide Park; my aunt, Mrs. Wight and I in one coach, and all the rest of the women in Mrs. Turner's; Roger being gone in haste to the Parliament about the carrying this business of the Papists, in which it seems there is great contest on both sides, and my uncle and father staying together behind. At the Park was the King, and in another coach my Lady Castlemaine, they greeting one another at every tour.[1] Here about an hour, and so leaving all by the way we home and found the house as clean as if nothing had been done there to-day from top to bottom, which made us give the cook 12*d.* a piece, each of us. So to my office about writing letters by the post, one to my brother John at Brampton telling him (hoping to work a good effect by it upon my mother) how melancholy my father is, and bidding him use all means to get my mother to live peaceably and quietly, which I am sure she neither do nor I fear can ever do, but frightening her with his coming down no

[1] The company drove round and round the Ring in Hyde Park. The following two extracts illustrate this, and the second one shows how the circuit was called the Tour: "Here (1697) the people of fashion take the diversion of the Ring. In a pretty high place, which lies very open, they have surrounded a circumference of two or three hundred paces diameter with a sorry kind of balustrade, or rather with postes placed upon stakes but three feet from the ground; and the coaches drive round this. When they have turned for some time round one way they face about and turn t'other: so rowls the world!" — Wilson's *Memoirs*, 1719, p. 126.

"It is in this Park where the Grand Tour or Ring is kept for the Ladies to take the air in their coaches, and in fine weather I have seen above three hundred at a time." — [Macky's] *Journey through England*, 1724, vol. i., p. 75.

more, and the danger of her condition if he should die I trust may do good. So home and to bed.

5th (Lord's day). Up and spent the morning, till the Barber came, in reading in my chamber part of Osborne's Advice to his Son (which I shall not never enough admire for sense and language), and being by and by trimmed, to Church, myself, wife, Ashwell, &c. Home to dinner, it raining, while that was prepared to my office to read over my vows with great affection and to very good purpose. So to dinner, and very well pleased with it. Then to church again, where a simple bawling young Scot preached. So home to my office alone till dark, reading some papers of my old navy precedents, and so home to supper, and, after some pleasant talk, my wife, Ashwell, and I to bed.

6th. Up very betimes and to my office, and there made an end of reading my book that I have of Mr. Barlow's of the Journall of the Commissiones of the Navy, who begun to act in the year 1628 and continued six years, wherein is fine observations and precedents out of which I do purpose to make a good collection. By and by, much against my will, being twice sent for, to Sir G. Carteret's to pass his accounts there, upon which Sir J. Minnes, Sir W. Batten, Sir W. Pen, and myself all the morning, and again after dinner to it, being vexed at my heart to see a thing of that importance done so slightly and with that neglect for which God pardon us, and I would I could mend it. Thence leaving them I made an excuse and away home, and took my wife by coach and left her at Madam Clerk's, to make a visit there, and I to the Committee of Tangier, where I found, to my great joy, my Lord Sandwich, the first time I have seen him abroad these some months, and by and by he rose and took leave, being, it seems, this night to go to Kensington or Chelsey, where he hath taken a lodging for a while to take the ayre. We staid, and after business done I got Mr. Coventry into the Matted Gallery and told him my whole mind concerning matters of our office, all my discontent to see things of so great trust carried so neglectfully, and what pitiful service the Controller and Surveyor make of their duties, and I disburdened my mind wholly to him and he to me his own, many things, telling me that he is much discouraged by

seeing things not to grow better and better as he did well hope they would have done. Upon the whole, after a full hour's private discourse, telling one another our minds, we with great content parted, and with very great satisfaction for my [having] thus cleared my conscience, went to Dr. Clerk's and thence fetched my wife, and by coach home. To my office a little to set things in order, and so home to supper and to bed.

7th. Up very betimes, and angry with Will that he made no more haste to rise after I called him. So to my office, and all the morning there. At noon to the Exchange, and so home to dinner, where I found my wife had been with Ashwell to La Roche's to have her tooth drawn, which it seems aches much, but my wife could not get her to be contented to have it drawn after the first twich, but would let it alone, and so they came home with it undone, which made my wife and me good sport. After dinner to the office, where Sir J. Minnes did make a great complaint to me alone, how my clerk Mr. Hater had entered in one of the Sea books a ticket to have been signed by him before it had been examined, which makes the old fool mad almost, though there was upon enquiry the greatest reason in the world for it. Which though it vexes me, yet it is most to see from day to day what a coxcomb he is, and that so great a trust should lie in the hands of such a fool. We sat all the afternoon, and I late at my office, it being post night, and so home to supper, my father being come again to my house, and after supper to bed, and after some talk to sleep.

8th. Up betimes and to my office, and by and by, about 8 o'clock, to the Temple to Commissioner Pett lately come to town and discoursed about the affairs of our office, how ill they go through the corruption and folly of Sir W. Batten and Sir J. Minnes. Thence by water to White Hall, to chappell; where preached Dr. Pierce, the famous man that preached the sermon so much cried up, before the King against the Papists. His matter was the Devil tempting our Saviour, being carried into the Wilderness by the spirit. And he hath as much of natural eloquence as most men that ever I heard in my life, mixed with so much learning. After sermon I went up and saw the ceremony

of the Bishop of Peterborough's paying homage upon the knee to the King, while Sir H. Bennet, Secretary, read the King's grant of the Bishopric of Lincoln, to which he is translated. His name is Dr. Lany.[1] Here I also saw the Duke of Monmouth, with his Order of the Garter, the first time I ever saw it. I am told that the University of Cambridge did treat him a little while since with all the honour possible, with a comedy at Trinity College, and banquet; and made him Master of Arts there. All which, they say, the King took very well. Dr. Raynbow,[2] Master of Magdalen, being now Vice-Chancellor. Home by water to dinner, and with my father, wife, and Ashwell, after dinner, by water towards Woolwich, and in our way I bethought myself that we had left our poor little dog that followed us out of doors at the waterside, and God knows whether he be not lost, which did not only strike my wife into a great passion but I must confess myself also; more than was becoming me. We immediately returned, I taking another boat and with my father went to Woolwich, while they went back to find the dog. I took my father on board the King's pleasure boat and down to Woolwich, and walked to Greenwich thence and turning into the park to show my father the steps up the hill, we found my wife, her woman, and dog attending us, which made us all merry again, and so took boats, they to Deptford, and so by land to Half-way house, I into the King's yard and overlook them there, and eat and drank with them, and saw a company of seamen play drolly at our pence, and so home by water. I a little at the office, and so home to supper and to bed, after having Ashwell play my father and me a lesson upon her Tryangle.

9th. Up betimes and to my office, and anon we met upon finishing the Treasurer's accounts. At noon dined at home and am vexed to hear my wife tell me how our maid Mary do endeavour to corrupt our cook maid, which

[1] Benjamin Laney, S.T.P., chaplain in ordinary to Charles I.; made Bishop of Peterborough, 1660; translated to Lincoln, 1662–63; and to Ely, 1667. Died January 24th, 1674–75.

[2] Edward Rainbow, S.T.P., chaplain to the king, Master of Magdalene College, 1642 to 1650, when he was ejected. Restored 1660, remained till 1664, Dean of Peterborough, Jan. 1660–61 to 1664, when he became Bishop of Carlisle. Died March 26th, 1684.

did please me very well, but I am resolved to rid the house of her as soon as I can. To the office and sat all the afternoon till 9 at night, and an hour after home to supper and bed. My father lying at Tom's to-night, he dining with my uncle Fenner and his sons and a great many more of the gang at his own cost to-day. To bed vexed also to think of Sir J. Minnes finding fault with Mr. Hater for what he had done the other day, though there be no hurt in the thing at all but only the old fool's jealousy, made worse by Sir W. Batten.

10th. Up very betimes and to my office, where most hard at business alone all the morning. At noon to the Exchange, where I hear that after great expectation from Ireland, and long stop of letters, there is good news come, that all is quiett after our great noise of troubles there, though some stir hath been as was reported. Off the Exchange with Sir J. Cutler and Mr. Grant to the Royall Oak Tavern, in Lumbard Street,[1] where Alexander Broome[2] the poet was, a merry and witty man, I believe, if he be not a little conceited, and here drank a sort of French wine, called Ho Bryan,[3] that hath a good and most particular taste that I never met with. Home to dinner, and then by water abroad to Whitehall, my wife to see Mrs. Ferrers, I to Whitehall and the Park, doing no business. Then to my Lord's lodgings, met my wife, and walked to the New Exchange. There laid out 10*s.* upon pendents and painted leather gloves, very pretty and all the mode. So by coach home and to my office till late, and so to supper and to bed.

11th. Up betimes and to my office, where we sat also all the morning till noon, and then home to dinner, my father

[1] There is a token of William Smith at the Royal Oak "in Lumber Street," 1666. — Boyne's *Tokens*, ed. Williamson, vol. i., p. 660.

[2] Alexander Brome, an attorney in the Lord Mayor's Court, born 1620, author of many songs and epigrams in ridicule of the Rump. He was also author of a comedy entitled "The Cunning Lovers," and of a translation of portions of Horace. His "Songs and Poems" were collected, 1661 (second edition, 1664; third edition, 1668). He died June 30th, 1666, and his death is recorded in the Diary on July 3rd. He edited Richard Brome's plays, but he was apparently no relation of that dramatist. Edward Phillips, in his "Theatrum Poetarum," styles him "the English Anacreon."

[3] Haut Brion, a claret; one of the first growths of the red wines of Médoc.

being there but not very well. After dinner in comes Captain Lambert of the Norwich, this day come from Tangier, whom I am glad to see. There came also with him Captain Wager, and afterwards in came Captain Allen to see me, of the Resolution. All staid a pretty while, and so away, and I a while to my office, then abroad into the street with my father, and left him to go to see my aunt Wight and uncle, intending to lie at Tom's to-night, or my cozen Scott's, where it seems he has hitherto lain and is most kindly used there. So I home and to my office very late making up my Lord's navy accounts, wherein I find him to stand debtor £1,200. So home to supper and to bed.

12th (Lord's day). Lay till 8 o'clock, which I have not done a great while, then up and to church, where I found our pew altered by taking some of the hind pew to make ours bigger, because of the number of women, more by Sir J. Minnes company than we used to have. Home to dinner, and after dinner, intending to go to Chelsey to my Lord Sandwich, my wife would needs go with me, though she walked on foot to Whitehall. Which she did and staid at my Lord's lodgings while Creed and I took a turn at Whitehall, but no coach to be had, and so I returned to them and sat talking till evening, and then got a coach and to Gray's Inn walks, where some handsome faces, and so home and there to supper, and a little after 8 o'clock to bed, a thing I have not done God knows when. Coming home to-night, a drunken boy was carrying by our constable to our new pair of stocks to handsel them, being a new pair and very handsome.

13th. Up by five o'clock and to my office, where hard at work till towards noon, and home and eat a bit, and so going out met with Mr. Mount my old acquaintance, and took him in and drank a glass or two of wine to him and so parted, having not time to talk together, and I with Sir W. Batten to the Stillyard, and there eat a lobster together, and Wyse the King's fishmonger coming in we were very merry half an hour, and so by water to Whitehall, and by and by being all met we went in to the Duke and there did our business and so away, and anon to the Tangier Committee, where we had very fine discourse from Dr. Walker

and Wiseman,[1] civilians, against our erecting a court-merchant at Tangier, and well answered in many things by my Lord Sandwich (whose speaking I never till now observed so much to be very good) and Sir R. Ford. By and by the discourse being ended, we fell to my Lord Rutherford's dispatch, which do not please him, he being a Scott, and one resolved to scrape every penny that he can get by any way, which the Committee will not agree to. He took offence at something and rose away, without taking leave of the board, which all took ill, though nothing said but only by the Duke of Albemarle, who said that we ought to settle things as they ought to be, and if he will not go upon these terms another man will, no doubt. Here late, quite finishing things against his going. and so rose, and I walked home, being accompanied by Creed to Temple Bar, talking of this afternoon's passage, and so I called at the Wardrobe in my way home, and there spoke at the Horn tavern with Mr. Moore a word or two, but my business was with Mr. Townsend, who is gone this day to his country house, about sparing Charles Pepys some money of his bills due to him when he can, but missing him lost my labour. So walked home, finding my wife abroad, at my aunt Wight's, who coming home by and by, I home to supper and to bed.

14th. Up betimes to my office, where busy till 8 o'clock that Sir W. Batten, Sir J. Minnes, Sir W. Pen and I down by barge to Woolwich, to see "The Royal James" launched, where she has been under repair a great while. We staid in the yard till almost noon, and then to Mr. Falconer's to a dinner of fish of our own sending, and when it was just ready to come upon the table, word is brought that the King and Duke are come, so they all went away to shew themselves, while I staid and had a little dish or two by myself, resolving to go home, and by the time I had dined they came again, having gone to little purpose, the King, I believe, taking little notice of them. So they to dinner, and I staid a little with them, and so good bye. I walked to Greenwich, studying the slide rule for measuring of timber, which is very fine. Thence to Deptford by water,

[1] Afterwards Sir William Walker and Sir Robert Wiseman. — B.

and walked through the yard, and so walked to Redriffe, and so home pretty weary, to my office, where anon they all came home, the ship well launched, and so sat at the office till 9 at night, and I longer doing business at my office, and so home to supper, my father being come, and to bed. Sir G. Carteret tells me to-night that he perceives the Parliament is likely to make a great bustle before they will give the King any money; will call all things into question; and, above all, the expences of the Navy; and do enquire into the King's expences everywhere, and into the truth of the report of people being forced to sell their bills at 15 per cent. loss in the Navy; and, lastly, that they are in a very angry pettish mood at present, and not likely to be better.

15th. Up betimes, and after talking with my father a while, I to my office, and there hard at it till almost noon, and then went down the river with Maynes, the purveyor, to show a ship's lading of Norway goods, and called at Sir W. Warren's yard, and so home to dinner. After dinner up with my wife and Ashwell a little to the Tryangle, and so I down to Deptford by land about looking out a couple of catches fitted to be speedily set forth in answer to a letter of Mr. Coventry's to me. Which done, I walked back again, all the way reading of my book of Timber measure, comparing it with my new Sliding Rule brought home this morning with great pleasure. Taking boat again I went to Shishe's yard,[1] but he being newly gone out towards Deptford I followed him thither again, and there seeing him I went with him and pitched upon a couple, and so by water home, it being late, past 8 at night, the wind cold, and I a little weary. So home to my office, then to supper and bed.

16th. Up betimes and to my office, met to pass Mr. Pitt's (anon Sir J. Lawson's Secretary and Deputy Treas-

[1] Jonas Shish (born 1605) succeeded Christopher Pett as master shipwright at Deptford in 1668, and died May, 1680. Evelyn held Shish in high esteem, and was one of the pall-bearers at his funeral. Evelyn described him as "one who can give very little account of his art by discourse, and is hardly capable of reading, yet of great abilitie in his calling. The family have been ship carpenters in this yard above 100 yeares" (March 3rd, 1667–68).

urer) accounts for the voyage last to the Streights, wherein the demands are strangely irregular, and I dare not oppose it alone for making an enemy and do no good, but only bring a review upon my Lord Sandwich, but God knows it troubles my heart to see it, and to see the Comptroller, whose duty it is, to make no more matter of it. At noon home for an hour to dinner, and so to the office public and private till late at night, so home to supper and bed with my father.

17th. Up by five o'clock as I have long done and to my office all the morning, at noon home to dinner with my father with us. Our dinner, it being Good Friday, was only sugar-sopps and fish; the only time that we have had a Lenten dinner all this Lent. This morning Mr. Hunt, the instrument maker, brought me home a Basse Viall to see whether I like it, which I do not very well, besides I am under a doubt whether I had best buy one yet or no, because of spoiling my present mind and love to business. After dinner my father and I walked into the city a little, and parted and to Paul's Church Yard, to cause the title of my English "Mare Clausum"[1] to be changed, and the new title, dedicated to the King, to be put to it, because I am ashamed to have the other seen dedicated to the Commonwealth. So home and to my office till night, and so home to talk with my father, and supper and to bed, I have not had yet one quarter of an hour's leisure to sit down and talk with him since he came to town, nor do I know till the holidays when I shall.

18th. Up betimes and to my office, where all the morning. At noon to dinner. With us Mr. Creed, who has

[1] Selden's work was highly esteemed, and Charles I. made an order in council that a copy should be kept in the Council chest, another in the Court of Exchequer, and a third in the Court of Admiralty. The book Pepys refers to is Nedham's translation, which was entitled, "Of the Dominion or Ownership of the Sea. Two Books . . . . written at first in Latin and entituled Mare Clausum, by John Selden. Translated into English by Marchamont Nedham. London, 1652." This has the Commonwealth arms on the title-page and a dedication "To the Supreme Autoritie of the Nation — The Parliament of the Commonwealth of England." The dedication to Charles I. in Selden's original work was left out. Apparently a new title-page and dedication was prepared in 1663, but the copy in the British Museum, which formerly belonged to Charles Killigrew, does not contain these additions.

been deeply engaged at the office this day about the ending of his accounts, wherein he is most unhappy to have to do with a company of fools who after they have signed his accounts and made bills upon them yet dare not boldly assert to the Treasurer that they are satisfied with his accounts. Hereupon all dinner, and walking in the garden the afternoon, he and I talking of the ill management of our office, which God knows is very ill for the King's advantage. I would I could make it better. In the evening to my office, and at night home to supper and bed.

19th (Easter day). Up and this day put on my close-kneed coloured suit, which, with new stockings of the colour, with belt, and new gilt-handled sword, is very handsome. To church alone, and so to dinner, where my father and brother Tom dined with us, and after dinner to church again, my father sitting below in the chancel. After church done, where the young Scotchman preaching I slept all the while, my father and I to see my uncle and aunt Wight, and after a stay of an hour there my father to my brother's and I home to supper, and after supper fell in discourse of dancing, and I find that Ashwell hath a very fine carriage, which makes my wife almost ashamed of herself to see herself so outdone, but to-morrow she begins to learn to dance for a month or two. So to prayers and to bed. Will being gone, with my leave, to his father's this day for a day or two, to take physique these holydays.

20th. Up betimes as I use to do, and in my chamber begun to look over my father's accounts, which he brought out of the country with him by my desire, whereby I may see what he has received and spent, and I find that he is not anything extravagant, and yet it do so far outdo his estate that he must either think of lessening his charge, or I must be forced to spare money out of my purse to help him through, which I would willing do as far as £20 goes. So to my office the remaining part of the morning till towards noon, and then to Mr. Grant's. There saw his prints, which he shewed me, and indeed are the best collection of any things almost that ever I saw, there being the prints of most of the greatest houses, churches, and antiquitys in Italy and France and brave cutts. I had not time to look them over as I ought, and which I will take time hereafter

to do, and therefore left them and home to dinner. After dinner, it raining very hard, by coach to Whitehall, where, after Sir G. Carteret, Sir J. Minnes, Mr. Coventry and I had been with the Duke, we to the Committee of Tangier and did matters there dispatching wholly my Lord Teviott, and so broke up. With Sir G. Carteret and Sir John Minnes by coach to my Lord Treasurer's, thinking to have spoken about getting money for paying the Yards; but we found him with some ladies at cards: and so, it being a bad time to speak, we parted, and Sir J. Minnes and I home, and after walking with my wife in the garden late, to supper and to bed, being somewhat troubled at Ashwell's desiring and insisting over eagerly upon her going to a ball to meet some of her old companions at a dancing school here in town next Friday, but I am resolved she shall not go. So to bed. This day the little Duke of Monmouth was marryed at White Hall, in the King's chamber; and to-night is a great supper and dancing at his lodgings, near Charing-Cross.[1] I observed his coat at the tail of his coach: he gives the arms of England, Scotland, and France, quartered upon some other fields, but what it is that speaks his being a bastard I know not.[2]

21st. Up betimes and to my office, where first I ruled with red ink my English "Mare Clausum," which, with the new orthodox title, makes it now very handsome. So to business, and then home to dinner, and after dinner to sit at the office in the afternoon, and thence to my study late, and so home to supper to play a game at cards with my wife, and so to bed. Ashwell plays well at cards, and

[1] The Duke of Monmouth's "lodgings near Charing Cross" were probably in Hedge Lane, now Dorset Street. "Monmouth Court" preserves the memory of his residence. The king gave his son apartments in Whitehall, and Mr. Marshall, in his work on "Tennis" (pp. 87, 88), quotes from Harl. MS. 1618, fol. 224, a reference to "Charges in doing divers workes in making lodgings in the old Tennis Court at Whitehall for ye Duke of Monmouth," June, 1664.

[2] The arms granted to the Duke of Monmouth, April 8th, 1665, were Quarterly, i. and iv.; Ermine, on a pile *gu.* three lions passant gardant *or*; ii. and iii., *or*, an inescutcheon of France, within a double tressure flory counter flory, *gu.* On the 22nd of April, 1667, another grant was made to the duke of the arms of Charles II., with a baton sinister *arg.*; over all, an inescutcheon of Scott. The present Duke of Buccleuch bears these arms quarterly. — B.

will teach us to play; I wish it do not lose too much of my time, and put my wife too much upon it.

22nd. Up betimes and to my office very busy all the morning there, entering things into my Book Manuscript, which pleases me very much. So to the Change, and so to my uncle Wight's, by invitation, whither my father, wife, and Ashwell came, where we had but a poor dinner, and not well dressed; besides, the very sight of my aunt's hands and greasy manner of carving, did almost turn my stomach. After dinner by coach to the King's Playhouse, where we saw but part of "Witt without mony,"[1] which I do not like much, but coming late put me out of tune, and it costing me four half-crowns for myself and company. So, the play done, home, and I to my office a while and so home, where my father (who is so very melancholy) and we played at cards, and so to supper and to bed.

23rd. St. George's day and Coronacion, the King and Court being at Windsor, at the installing of the King of Denmark by proxy and the Duke of Monmouth. I up betimes, and with my father, having a fire made in my wife's new closet above, it being a wet and cold day, we sat there all the morning looking over his country accounts ever since his going into the country. I find his spending hitherto has been (without extraordinary charges) at full £100 per annum, which troubles me, and I did let him apprehend it, so as that the poor man wept, though he did make it well appear to me that he could not have saved a farthing of it. I did tell him how things stand with us, and did shew my distrust of Pall, both for her good nature and house wifery, which he was sorry for, telling me that indeed she carries herself very well and carefully, which I am glad to hear, though I doubt it was but his doting and not being able to find her miscarriages so well nowadays as he could heretofore have done. We resolve upon sending for Will Stankes up to town to give us a right understanding in all that we have in Brampton, and before my father goes to settle every thing so as to resolve how to find a living for my father and to pay debts and legacies, and also to understand truly how Tom's condition is in the world,

[1] A comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher.

that we may know what we are like to expect of his doing ill or well. So to dinner, and after dinner to the office, where some of us met and did a little business, and so to Sir W. Batten's to see a little picture drawing of his by a Dutchman which is very well done. So to my office and put a few things in order, and so home to spend the evening with my father. At cards till late, and being at supper, my boy being sent for some mustard to a neat's tongue, the rogue staid half an hour in the streets, it seems at a bonfire, at which I was very angry, and resolve to beat him to-morrow.

24th. Up betimes, and with my salt eel[1] went down in the parler and there got my boy and did beat him till I was fain to take breath two or three times, yet for all I am afeard it will make the boy never the better, he is grown so hardened in his tricks, which I am sorry for, he being capable of making a brave man, and is a boy that I and my wife love very well. So made me ready, and to my office, where all the morning, and at noon home, whither came Captain Holland, who is lately come home from sea, and has been much harassed in law about the ship which he has bought, so that it seems in a despair he endeavoured to cut his own throat, but is recovered it; and it seems — whether by that or any other persuasion (his wife's mother being a great zealot) he is turned almost a Quaker, his discourse being nothing but holy, and that impertinent, that I was weary of him. At last pretending to go to the Change we walked thither together, and there I left him and home to dinner, sending my boy by the way to enquire after two dancing masters at our end of the town for my wife to learn, of whose names the boy brought word. After dinner all the afternoon fiddling upon my viallin (which I have not done many a day) while Ashwell danced above in my upper best chamber, which is a rare room for musique, expecting this afternoon my wife to bring my cozen Scott and Stradwick, but they came not, and so in the evening we by ourselves to Half-way house to walk, but did not go in there, but only a walk and so home again

[1] A salt eel is a rope's end cut from the piece to be used on the back of a culprit. "Yeow shall have salt eel for supper" is an emphatic threat.

and to supper, my father with us, and had a good lobster intended for part of our entertainment to these people to-day, and so to cards, and then to bed, being the first day that I have spent so much to my pleasure a great while.

25th. Up betimes and to my vyall and song book a pretty while, and so to my office, and there we sat all the morning. Among other things Sir W. Batten had a mind to cause Butler (our chief witness in the business of Field, whom we did force back from an employment going to sea to come back to attend our law sute) to be borne as a mate on the Rainbow in the Downes in compensation for his loss for our sakes. This he orders an order to be drawn by Mr. Turner for, and after Sir J. Minnes, Sir W. Batten, and Sir W. Pen had signed it, it came to me and I was going to put it up into my book, thinking to consider of it and give them my opinion upon it before I parted with it, but Sir W. Pen told me I must sign it or give it him again, for it should not go without my hand. I told him what I meant to do, whereupon Sir W. Batten was very angry, and in a great heat (which will bring out any thing which he has in his mind, and I am glad of it, though it is base in him to have a thing so long in his mind without speaking of it, though I am glad this is the worst, for if he had worse it would out as well as this some time or other) told me that I should not think as I have heretofore done, make them sign orders and not sign them myself. Which what ignorance or worse it implies is easy to judge, when he shall sign to things (and the rest of the board too as appears in this business) for company and not out of their judgment for. After some discourse I did convince them that it was not fit to have it go, and Sir W. Batten first, and then the rest, did willingly cancel all their hands and tear the order, for I told them, Butler being such a rogue as I know him, and we have all signed him to be to the Duke, it will be in his power to publish this to our great reproach, that we should take such a course as this to serve ourselves in wronging the King by putting him into a place he is no wise capable of, and that in an Admiral ship. At noon we rose, Sir W. Batten ashamed and vexed, and so home to dinner, and after dinner walked to the old Exchange and so all along to Westminster Hall, White

Hall, my Lord Sandwich's lodgings, and going by water back to the Temple did pay my debts in several places in order to my examining my accounts to-morrow to my great content. So in the evening home, and after supper (my father at my brother's) and merrily practising to dance, which my wife hath begun to learn this day of Mr. Pembleton,[1] but I fear will hardly do any great good at it, because she is conceited that she do well already, though I think no such thing. So to bed. At Westminster Hall, this day, I buy a book lately printed and licensed by Dr. Stradling,[2] the Bishop of London's chaplin, being a book discovering the practices and designs of the papists, and the fears of some of our own fathers of the Protestant church heretofore of the return to Popery as it were prefacing it. The book is a very good book; but forasmuch as it touches one of the Queen-Mother's fathers confessors, the Bishop, which troubles many good men and members of Parliament, hath called it in, which I am sorry for. Another book I bought, being a collection of many expressions of the great Presbyterian Preachers upon publique occasions, in the late times, against the King and his party, as some of Mr. Marshall, Case, Calamy, Baxter, &c., which is good reading now, to see what they then did teach, and the people believe, and what they would seem to believe now.[3] Lastly I did hear that the Queen is much grieved of late at the King's neglecting her, he having not supped once with her this quarter of a year, and almost

[1] Pembleton, the dancing-master, made Pepys very jealous, and there are many allusions to him in the following pages. His lessons ceased on May 27th.

[2] George Stradling, eighth son of Sir John Stradling, Bart., prebendary of St. Paul's, 1660; rector of Fulham, January 11th, 1660–61; D.D., 1661; rector of Hanwell and Brentford, February 25th, 1661–62; prebendary of Westminster, 1663; vicar of St. Bride's, London, April 23rd, 1672; dean of Chichester, December 21st, 1672. He died April 18th, 1688, and was buried in Westminster Abbey (see Chester's "Westminster Abbey Registers," pp. 220–221).

[3] "Evangelium Armatum. A Specimen, or Short Collection of several Doctrines and Positions destructive to our Government, both Civil and Ecclesiastical, preached and vented by the known leaders and abettors of the pretended Reformation, such as Mr. Calamy, Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Case, Mr. Baxter, Mr. Caryll, Mr. Marshall and others." London: Printed for William Garret, 1663, 4to. — B.

every night with my Lady Castlemaine; who hath been with him this St. George's feast at Windsor, and came home with him last night; and, which is more, they say is removed as to her bed from her own home to a chamber in White Hall, next to the King's own; which I am sorry to hear, though I love her much.

26th (Lord's-day). Lay pretty long in bed talking with my wife, and then up and set to the making up of my monthly accounts, but Tom coming, with whom I was angry for botching my camlott coat, to tell me that my father and he would dine with me, and that my father was at our church, I got me ready and had a very good sermon of a country minister upon "How blessed a thing it is for brethren to live together in unity!" So home and all to dinner, and then would have gone by coach to have seen my Lord Sandwich at Chelsey if the man would have taken us, but he denying it we staid at home, and I all the afternoon upon my accounts, and find myself worth full £700, for which I bless God, it being the most I was ever yet worth in money. In the evening (my father being gone to my brother's to lie to-night) my wife, Ashwell, and the boy and I, and the dogg, over the water and walked to Half-way house, and beyond into the fields, gathering of cowslipps, and so to Half-way house, with some cold lamb we carried with us, and there supped, and had a most pleasant walk back again, Ashwell all along telling us some parts of their mask at Chelsey School, which was very pretty, and I find she hath a most prodigious memory, remembering so much of things acted six or seven years ago. So home, and after reading my vows, being sleepy, without prayers to bed, for which God forgive me!

27th. Up betimes and to my office, where doing business alone a good while till people came about business to me. Will Griffin tells me this morning that Captain Browne,[1] Sir W. Batten's brother-in-law, is dead of a blow given him two days ago by a seaman, a servant of his, being drunk, with a stone striking him on the forehead, for which I am sorry, he having a good woman and several small children. At the office all the morning, at noon

[1] Arthur Browne, captain of the "Rosebush."

dined at home with my wife, merry, and after dinner by water to White Hall; but found the Duke of York gone to St. James's for this summer; and thence with Mr. Coventry, to whose chamber I went, and Sir W. Pen up to the Duke's closett. And a good while with him about our Navy business; and so I to White Hall, and there alone a while with my Lord Sandwich discoursing about his debt to the Navy, wherein he hath given me some things to resolve him in. Thence to my Lord's lodging, and thither came Creed to me, and he and I walked a great while in the garden, and thence to an alehouse in the market place to drink fine Lambeth ale, and so to Westminster Hall, and after walking there a great while, home by coach, where I found Mary gone from my wife, she being too high for her, though a very good servant, and my boy too will be going in a few days, for he is not for my family, he is grown so out of order and not to be ruled, and do himself, against his brother's counsel, desire to be gone, which I am sorry for, because I love the boy and would be glad to bring him to good. At home with my wife and Ashwell talking of her going into the country this year, wherein we had like to have fallen out, she thinking that I have a design to have her go, which I have not, and to let her stay here I perceive will not be convenient, for she expects more pleasure than I can give her here, and I fear I have done very ill in letting her begin to learn to dance. The Queen (which I did not know) it seems was at Windsor, at the late St. George's feast there; and the Duke of Monmouth dancing with her with his hat in his hand, the King came in and kissed him, and made him put on his hat, which every body took notice of. After being a while at my office home to supper and to bed, my Will being come home again after being at his father's all the last week taking physique.

28th. Up betimes and to my office, and there all the morning, only stepped up to see my wife and her dancing master at it, and I think after all she will do pretty well at it. So to dinner, Mr. Hunt dining with us, and so to the office, where we sat late, and then I to my office casting up my Lord's sea accounts over again, and putting them in order for payment, and so home to supper and to bed.

29th. Up betimes, and after having at my office settled some accounts for my Lord Sandwich, I went forth, and taking up my father at my brother's, took coach and towards Chelsey, 'lighting at an alehouse near the Gatehouse at Westminster to drink our morning draught, and so up again and to Chelsey, where we found my Lord all alone at a little table with one joynt of meat at dinner; we sat down and very merry talking, and mightily extolling the manner of his retirement, and the goodness of his diet, which indeed is so finely dressed: the mistress of the house, Mrs. Beeke, having been a woman of good condition heretofore, a merchant's wife, and hath all things most excellently dressed; among others, her cakes admirable, and so good that my Lord's words were, they were fit to present to my Lady Castlemaine. From ordinary discourse my Lord fell to talk of other matters to me, of which chiefly the second part of the fray, which he told me a little while since of, between Mr. Edward Montagu and himself, which is that after that he had since been with him three times and no notice taken at all of any difference between them, and yet since that he hath forborn coming to him almost two months, and do speak not only slightly of my Lord every where, but hath complained to my Lord Chancellor of him, and arrogated all that ever my Lord hath done to be only by his direction and persuasion. Whether he hath done the like to the King or no, my Lord knows not; but my Lord hath been with the King since, and finds all things fair; and my Lord Chancellor hath told him of it, but with so much contempt of Mr. Montagu, as my Lord knows himself very secure against any thing the fool can do; and notwithstanding all this, so noble is his nature, that he professes himself ready to show kindness and pity to Mr. Montagu on any occasion. My Lord told me of his presenting Sir H. Bennet with a gold cupp of £100, which he refuses, with a compliment; but my Lord would have been glad he had taken it, that he might have had some obligations upon him which he thinks possible the other may refuse to prevent it; not that he hath any reason to doubt his kindness. But I perceive great differences there are at Court; and Sir H. Bennet and my Lord Bristol, and their faction, are likely to carry all things before them

(which my Lord's judgment is, will not be for the best), and particularly against the Chancellor, who, he tells me, is irrecoverably lost: but, however, that he will not actually joyne in anything against the Chancellor, whom he do own to be his most sure friend, and to have been his greatest; and therefore will not openly act in either, but passively carry himself even. The Queen, my Lord tells me, he thinks he hath incurred some displeasure with, for his kindness to his neighbour, my Lady Castlemaine. My Lord tells me he hath no reason to fall for her sake, whose wit, management, nor interest, is not likely to hold up any man, and therefore he thinks it not his obligation to stand for her against his own interest. The Duke and Mr. Coventry my Lord says he is very well with, and fears not but they will show themselves his very good friends, specially at this time, he being able to serve them, and they needing him, which he did not tell me wherein. Talking of the business of Tangier, he tells me that my Lord Tiviott is gone away without the least respect paid to him, nor indeed to any man, but without his commission; and (if it be true what he says) having laid out seven or eight thousand pounds in commodities for the place; and besides having not only disobliged all the Commissioners for Tangier, but also Sir Charles Barkeley the other day, who, speaking in behalf of Colonel Fitz-Gerald that having been deputy-governor there already, he ought to have expected and had the governorship upon the death or removal of the former governor.[1] And whereas it is said that he and his men are Irish, which is indeed the main thing that hath moved the King and Council to put in Tiviott to prevent the Irish having too great and the whole command there under Fitz-Gerald; he further said that there was never an Englishman fit to command Tangier; my Lord Tiviott answered yes, that there were many more fit than himself or Fitz-Gerald either. So that Fitz-Gerald being so great with the Duke of York, and being already made deputy-governor, independent of my Lord Tiviott, and he

[1] Colonel Fitz-Gerald, Deputy-Governor of Tangier. Pepys speaks of him in disparaging terms on October 20th, 1664, although in 1668 (August 7th) he was pleased both with the colonel and with his discourse.

being also left here behind him for a while, my Lord Sandwich do think that, putting all these things together, the few friends he hath left, and the ill posture of his affairs, my Lord Tiviott is not a man of the conduct and management that either people take him to be, or is fit for the command of the place. And here, speaking of the Duke of York and Sir Charles Barkeley, my Lord tells me that he do very much admire the good management, and discretion, and nobleness of the Duke, that whatever he may be led by him or Mr. Coventry singly in private, yet he did not observe that in publique matters, but he did give as ready hearing and as good acceptance to any reasons offered by any other man against the opinions of them, as he did to them, and would concur in the prosecution of it. Then we came to discourse upon his own sea accompts, and came to a resolution what and how to proceed in them; wherein he resolved, though I offered him a way of evading the greatest part of his debt honestly, by making himself debtor to the Parliament, before the King's time, which he might justly do, yet he resolved to go openly and nakedly in it, and put himself to the kindness of the King and Duke, which humour, I must confess, and so did tell him (with which he was not a little pleased) had thriven very well with him, being known to be a man of candid and open dealing, without any private tricks or hidden designs as other men commonly have in what they do. From that we had discourse of Sir G. Carteret, who he finds kind to him, but it may be a little envious, and most other men are, and of many others; and upon the whole do find that it is a troublesome thing for a man of any condition at Court to carry himself even, and without contracting enemys or envyers; and that much discretion and dissimulation is necessary to do it. My father staid a good while at the window and then sat down by himself while my Lord and I were thus an hour together or two after dinner discoursing, and by and by he took his leave, and told me he would stay below for me. Anon I took leave, and coming down found my father unexpectedly in great pain and desiring for God's sake to get him a bed to lie upon, which I did, and W. Howe and I staid by him, in so great pain as I never saw, poor wretch, and with that

patience, crying only: Terrible, terrible pain, God help me, God help me, with the mournful voice, that made my heart ake. He desired to rest a little alone to see whether it would abate, and W. Howe and I went down and walked in the gardens, which are very fine, and a pretty fountayne, with which I was finely wetted, and up to a banquetting house, with a very fine prospect, and so back to my father, who I found in such pain that I could not bear the sight of it without weeping, never thinking that I should be able to get him from thence, but at last, finding it like to continue, I got him to go to the coach, with great pain, and driving hard, he all the while in a most unsufferable torment (meeting in the way with Captain Ferrers going to my Lord, to tell him that my Lady Jemimah is come to town, and that Will Stankes is come with my father's horses), not staying the coach to speak with anybody, but once, in St. Paul's Churchyard, we were forced to stay, the jogging and pain making my father vomit, which it never had done before. At last we got home, and all helping him we got him to bed presently, and after half an hour's lying in his naked bed (it being a rupture [with] which he is troubled, and has been this 20 years, but never in half the pain and with so great swelling as now, and how this came but by drinking of cold small beer and sitting long upon a low stool and then standing long after it he cannot tell). . . . After which he was at good ease, and so continued, and so fell to sleep, and we went down whither W. Stankes was come with his horses. But it is very pleasant to hear how he rails at the rumbling and ado that is in London over it is in the country, that he cannot endure it. He supped with us, and very merry, and then he to his lodgings at the Inne with the horses, and so we to bed, I to my father who is very well again, and both slept very well.

30th. Up, and after drinking my morning draft with my father and W. Stankes,[1] I went forth to Sir W. Batten, who is going (to no purpose as he uses to do) to Chatham upon a survey. So to my office, where till towards noon, and then to the Exchange, and back home to dinner, where

[1] William Stankes, bailiff of Robert Pepys's land, who died September, 1668.

Mrs. Hunt, my father, and W. Stankes; but, Lord! what a stir Stankes makes with his being crowded in the streets and wearied in walking in London, and would not be wooed by my wife and Ashwell to go to a play, nor to White Hall, or to see the lyons,[1] though he was carried in a coach. I never could have thought there had been upon earth a man so little curious in the world as he is. At the office all the afternoon till 9 at night, so home to cards with my father, wife, and Ashwell, and so to bed.

May 1st. Up betimes and my father with me, and he and I all the morning and Will Stankes private, in my wife's closet above, settling our matters concerning our Brampton estate, &c., and I find that there will be, after all debts paid within £100, £50 per annum clear coming towards my father's maintenance, besides £25 per annum annuities to my Uncle Thomas and Aunt Perkins. Of which, though I was in my mind glad, yet thought it not fit to let my father know it thoroughly, but after he had gone out to visit my uncle Thomas and brought him to dinner with him, and after dinner I got my father, brother Tom, and myself together, I did make the business worse to them, and did promise £20 out of my own purse to make it £50 a year to my father, propounding that Stortlow may be sold to pay £200 for his satisfaction therein and the rest to go towards payment of debts and legacies. The truth is I am fearful lest my father should die before debts are paid, and then the land goes to Tom and the burden of paying all debts will fall upon the rest of the land. Not that I would do my brother any real hurt. I advised my father to good husbandry and to living within the compass of £50 a year, and all in such kind words, as not only made them but myself to weep, and I hope it will have a good effect. That being done, and all things agreed on, we went down, and after a glass of wine we all took horse, and I, upon a horse hired of Mr. Game, saw him out of London, at the end of Bishopsgate Street,[2] and so I turned

[1] The Tower menagerie, with its famous lions, which was one of the chief sights of London, and gave rise to a new English word, was not abolished until the early part of the present century.

[2] There is a halfpenny token of Mr. Game with this inscription: "John Game at the Coach and Horses in Aldgate" ("Boyne's Trade Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i., 1889, p. 520).

and rode, with some trouble, through the fields, and then Holborn, &c., towards Hide Park, whither all the world, I think, are going; and in my going, almost thither, met W. Howe coming galloping upon a little crop black nag; it seems one that was taken in some ground of my Lord's, by some mischance being left by his master, a thief; this horse being found with black cloth ears on, and a false mayne, having none of his own; and I back again with him to the Chequer, at Charing Cross, and there put up my own dull jade, and by his advice saddled a delicate stone-horse of Captain Ferrers's, and with that rid in state to the Park, where none better mounted than I almost, but being in a throng of horses, seeing the King's riders showing tricks with their managed horses, which were very strange, my stone-horse was very troublesome, and begun to fight with other horses, to the dangering him and myself, and with much ado I got out, and kept myself out of harm's way. Here I saw nothing good, neither the King, nor my Lady Castlemaine, nor any great ladies or beauties being there, there being more pleasure a great deal at an ordinary day; or else those few good faces that there were choked up with the many bad ones, there being people of all sorts in coaches there, to some thousands, I think. Going thither in the highway, just by the Park gate, I met a boy in a sculler boat, carried by a dozen people at least, rowing as hard as he could drive, it seems upon some wager. By and by, about seven or eight o'clock, homeward; and changing my horse again, I rode home, coaches going in great crowds to the further end of the town almost. In my way, in Leadenhall Street, there was morris-dancing which I have not seen a great while. So set my horse up at Game's, paying 5*s.* for him. And so home to see Sir J. Minnes, who is well again, and after staying talking with him awhile, I took leave and went to hear Mrs. Turner's daughter, at whose house Sir J. Minnes lies, play on the harpsicon; but, Lord! it was enough to make any man sick to hear her; yet I was forced to commend her highly. So home to supper and to bed, Ashwell playing upon the tryangle very well before I went to bed. This day Captain Grove sent me a side of pork, which was the oddest present, sure, that was ever made any man; and the next,

I remember I told my wife, I believe would be a pound of candles, or a shoulder of mutton; but the fellow do it in kindness, and is one I am beholden to. So to bed very weary, and a little galled for lack of riding, praying to God for a good journey to my father, of whom I am afeard, he being so lately ill of his pain.

2nd. Being weary last night, I slept till almost seven o'clock, a thing I have not done many a day. So up and to my office (being come to some angry words with my wife about neglecting the keeping of the house clean, I calling her beggar, and she me pricklouse, which vexed me) and there all the morning. So to the Exchange and then home to dinner, and very merry and well pleased with my wife, and so to the office again, where we met extraordinary upon drawing up the debts of the Navy to my Lord Treasurer. So rose and up to Sir W. Pen to drink a glass of bad syder in his new far low dining room, which is very noble, and so home, where Captain Ferrers and his lady are come to see my wife, he being to go the beginning of next week to France to sea and I think to fetch over my young Lord Hinchinbroke. They being gone I to my office to write letters by the post, and so home to supper and to bed.

3rd (Lord's day). Up before 5 o'clock and alone at setting my Brampton papers to rights according to my father's and my computation and resolution the other day to my good content, I finding that there will be clear saved to us £50 per annum, only a debt of it may be £100. So made myself ready and to church, where Sir W. Pen showed me the young lady which young Dawes,[1] that sits in the new corner-pew in the church, hath stole away from Sir Andrew Rickard,[2] her guardian, worth £1,000 per annum present,

[1] John Dawes, son of Sir Thomas Dawes of Putney. The marriage licence of John Dawes of St. Olave, Hart Street, bachelor, aged thirty, and Christian Hawkins, spinster, aged sixteen, is dated April 21st, 1663. It is stated that the bride's parents were dead, but that she was living with her aunt, the wife of —— Rickard of St. Olave, merchant, who gave her consent (Chester's "London Marriage Licences," ed. Foster, 1887, col. 386).

[2] Sir Andrew Rickard, an East India merchant, chairman of the East India and Turkey Companies, alderman and sheriff of London; knighted July 10th, 1662. He died very wealthy on September 5th,

good land, and some money, and a very well-bred and handsome lady: he, I doubt, but a simple fellow. However, he got this good luck to get her, which methinks I could envy him with all my heart. Home to dinner with my wife, who not being very well did not dress herself but staid at home all day, and so I to church in the afternoon and so home again, and up to teach Ashwell the grounds of time and other things on the tryangle, and made her take out a Psalm very well, she having a good ear and hand. And so a while to my office, and then home to supper and prayers, to bed, my wife and I having a little falling out because I would not leave my discourse below with her and Ashwell to go up and talk with her alone upon something she has to say. She reproached me but I had rather talk with any body than her, by which I find I think she is jealous of my freedom with Ashwell, which I must avoid giving occasion of.

4th. Up betimes and to setting my Brampton papers in order and looking over my wardrobe against summer, and laying things in order to send to my brother to alter. By and by took boat intending to have gone down to Woolwich, but seeing I could not get back time enough to dinner, I returned and home. Whither by and by the dancing-master[1] came, whom standing by, seeing him instructing my wife, when he had done with her, he would needs have me try the steps of a coranto, and what with his desire and my wife's importunity, I did begin, and then was obliged to give him entry-money 10*s*., and am become his scholler. The truth is, I think it a thing very useful for a gentleman, and sometimes I may have occasion of using it, and though it cost me what I am heartily sorry it should, besides that I must by my oath give half as much more to the poor, yet I am resolved to get it up some other way, and then it will not be above a month or two in a year. So though it be against my stomach yet I will try it a little while; if I see it comes to any great inconvenience or

1672, aged sixty-eight years, leaving one only daughter, married to John, Lord Berkeley of Stratton. The funeral took place at St. Olave's, Hart Street, September 17th, where a monument was erected to his memory (Smith's "Obituary," p. 96).

[1] Pembleton. See May 8th, 1663.

charge I will fling it off. After I had begun with the steps of half a coranto, which I think I shall learn well enough, he went away, and we to dinner, and by and by out by coach, and set my wife down at my Lord Crew's, going to see my Lady Jem. Montagu, who is lately come to town, and I to St. James's; where Mr. Coventry, Sir W. Pen and I staid a good while for the Duke's coming in, but not coming, we walked to White Hall; and meeting the King, we followed him into the Park, where Mr. Coventry and he talked of building a new yacht, which the King is resolved to have built out of his privy purse, he having some contrivance of his own. The talk being done, we fell off to White Hall, leaving the King in the Park, and going back, met the Duke going towards St. James's to meet us. So he turned back again, and to his closett at White Hall; and there, my Lord Sandwich present, we did our weekly errand, and so broke up; and I down into the garden with my Lord Sandwich (after we had sat an hour at the Tangier Committee); and after talking largely of his own businesses, we begun to talk how matters are at Court: and though he did not flatly tell me any such thing, yet I do suspect that all is not kind between the King and the Duke, and that the King's fondness to the little Duke do occasion it; and it may be that there is some fear of his being made heir to the Crown. But this my Lord did not tell me, but is my guess only; and that my Lord Chancellor is without doubt falling past hopes. He being gone to Chelsey by coach I to his lodgings, where my wife staid for me, and she from thence to see Mrs. Pierce and called me at Whitehall stairs (where I went before by land to know whether there was any play at Court to-night) and there being none she and I to Mr. Creed to the Exchange, where she bought something, and from thence by water to White Fryars, and wife to see Mrs. Turner, and then came to me at my brother's, where I did give him order about my summer clothes, and so home by coach, and after supper to bed to my wife, with whom I have not lain since I used to lie with my father till to-night.

5th. Up betimes and to my office, and there busy all the morning, among other things walked a good while up and down with Sir J. Minnes, he telling many old stories of the

Navy, and of the state of the Navy at the beginning of the late troubles, and I am troubled at my heart to think, and shall hereafter cease to wonder, at the bad success of the King's cause, when such a knave as he (if it be true what he says) had the whole management of the fleet, and the design of putting out of my Lord Warwick,[1] and carrying the fleet to the King, wherein he failed most fatally to the King's ruin. Dined at home, and after dinner up to try my dance, and so to the office again, where we sat all the afternoon. In the evening Deane of Woolwich went home with me and showed me the use of a little sliding ruler, less than that I bought the other day, which is the same with that, but more portable; however I did not seem to understand or even to have seen anything of it before, but I find him an ingenious fellow, and a good servant in his place to the King. Thence to my office busy writing letters, and then came Sir W. Warren, staying for a letter in his business by the post, and while that was writing he and I talked about merchandise, trade, and getting of money. I made it my business to enquire what way there is for a man bred like me to come to understand anything of trade. He did most discreetly answer me in all things, shewing me the danger for me to meddle either in ships or merchandise of any sort or common stocks, but what I have to keep at interest, which is a good, quiett, and easy profit, and once in a little while something offers that with ready money you may make use of money to good profit. Wherein I concur much with him, and parted late with great pleasure and content in his discourse, and so home to supper and to bed. It has been this afternoon very hot and this evening also, and about 11 at night going to bed it fell a-thundering and lightening, the greatest flashes enlightening the whole body of the yard, that ever I saw in my life.

6th. Up betimes and to my office a good while at my new rulers, then to business, and towards noon to the Exchange with Creed, where we met with Sir J. Minnes coming in his coach from Westminster, who tells us, in great heat, that, by God, the Parliament will make mad

[1] Robert Rich, Earl of Warwick, Lord High Admiral for the Parliament, 1643–45, 1648–49. He died April 18th, 1658.

work; that they will render all men incapable of any military or civil employment that have borne arms in the late troubles against the King, excepting some persons; which, if it be so, as I hope it is not, will give great cause of discontent, and I doubt will have but bad effects. I left them at the Exchange and walked to Paul's Churchyard to look upon a book or two, and so back, and thence to the Trinity House, and there dined, where, among other discourse worth hearing among the old seamen, they tell us that they have catched often in Greenland in fishing whales with the iron grapnells that had formerly been struck into their bodies covered over with fat; that they have had eleven hogsheads of oyle out of the tongue of a whale. Thence after dinner home to my office, and there busy till the evening. Then home and to supper, and while at supper comes Mr. Pembleton, and after supper we up to our dancing room and there danced three or four country dances, and after that a practice of my coranto I began with him the other day, and I begin to think that I shall be able to do something at it in time. Late and merry at it, and so weary to bed.

7th. Up betimes and to my office awhile, and then by water with my wife, leaving her at the new Exchange, and I to see Dr. Williams, and spoke with him about my business with Tom Trice, and so to my brother's, who I find very careful now-a-days, more than ordinary in his business and like to do well. From thence to Westminster, and there up and down from the Hall to the Lobby, the Parliament sitting. Sir Thomas Crew this day tells me that the Queen, hearing that there was £40,000 per annum brought into her account among the other expences of the Crown to the Committee of Parliament, she took order to let them know that she hath yet for the payment of her whole family received but £4,000, which is a notable act of spirit, and I believe is true. So by coach to my Lord Crew's, and there dined with him. He tells me of the order the House of Commons have made for the drawing an Act for the rendering none capable of preferment or employment in the State, but who have been loyall and constant to the King and Church; which will be fatal to a great many, and makes me doubt lest I myself, with all my innocence during the late times, should be brought in, being em-

ployed in the Exchequer; but, I hope, God will provide for me. This day the new Theatre Royal[1] begins to act with scenes the Humourous Lieutenant, but I have not time to see it, nor could stay to see my Lady Jemimah lately come to town, and who was here in the house, but dined above with her grandmother. But taking my wife at my brother's home by coach, and the officers being at Deptford at a Pay we had no office, but I took my wife by water and so spent the evening, and so home with great pleasure to supper, and then to bed.

8th. Up very early and to my office, there preparing letters to my father of great import in the settling of our affairs, and putting him upon a way [of] good husbandry, I promising to make out of my own purse him up to £50 per annum, till either by my uncle Thomas's death or the fall of the Wardrobe place he be otherwise provided. That done I by water to the Strand, and there viewed the Queen-Mother's works at Somersett House,[2] and thence to the new playhouse, but could not get in to see it. So to visit my Lady Jemimah, who is grown much since I saw her; but lacks mightily to be brought into the fashion of the court to set her off. Thence to the Temple, and there sat till one o'clock reading at Playford's in Dr. Usher's body of Divinity[3] his discourse of the Scripture, which is as much, I believe, as is anywhere said by any man, but yet there is room to cavill, if a man would use no faith to the tradition of the Church in which he is born, which I think to be as good an argument as most is brought for

[1] This was the first Drury Lane Theatre. It is generally stated, on the authority of Downes's "Roscius Anglicanus," that Killigrew's company opened this theatre on April 8th, but this passage proves that opening did not occur until a month later. The theatre was burned in 1672, and at once rebuilt. It was reopened March 26th, 1674.

[2] Somerset House was greatly improved at this time for the use of Queen Henrietta Maria. Cowley and Waller both wrote verses on "the Queen's repairing Somerset House," and Cowley makes the building say

"And now I dare
Ev'n with the proudest palaces compare."

[3] Archbishop Ussher's "Body of Divinity, or Summe and Substance of the Christian Religion catechistically propounded," was first published in 1645, and several editions have since been issued.

many things, and it may be for that among others. Thence to my brother's, and there took up my wife and Ashwell to the Theatre Royall,[1] being the second day of its being opened. The house is made with extraordinary good contrivance, and yet hath some faults, as the narrowness of the passages in and out of the pitt, and the distance from the stage to the boxes, which I am confident cannot hear; but for all other things it is well, only, above all, the musique being below, and most of it sounding under the very stage, there is no hearing of the bases at all, nor very well of the trebles, which sure must be mended.[2] The play was "The Humerous Lieutenant,"[3] a play that hath little good in it, nor much in the very part which, by the King's command, Lacy now acts instead of Clun. In the dance, the tall devil's actions was very pretty. The play being done, we home by water, having been a little shamed that my wife and woman were in such a pickle, all the ladies being finer and better dressed in the pitt than they used, I think, to be. To my office to set down this day's passage, and, though my oath against going to plays do not oblige me against this house, because it was not then in being, yet believing that at the time my meaning was against all publique houses, I am resolved to deny myself the liberty of two plays at Court, which are in arreare to me for the months of March and April, which will more than countervail this excess, so that this month of May is the first that I must claim a liberty of going to a Court play according to my oath. So home to supper, and at supper comes Pembleton, and afterwards we all up to dancing till

[1] Drury Lane. See note, *ante*, May 7th.

[2] Respecting this passage Dr. Hueffer wrote, in his article "Mr. Pepys the Musician" ("Italian and other Studies," 1883, p. 266), "Here at a very primitive period of dramatic music in England we find foreshadowed the idea carried out at the Wagner Theatre at Bayreuth, the idea of the invisible orchestra. . . . Mr. Pepys's censure, it should be remembered, applies to a time when 'musique,' both orchestral and choral, was executed on a small scale; had he known the gigantic bands of modern days, perhaps he would have judged differently."

[3] Walter Clun, famous in the character of Iago, acted the part of the Lieutenant at the opening of Drury Lane Theatre, that is, if Downes is to be relied upon, but as he makes the mistake of fixing that occasion on April 8th, he may not be right as to this.

late, and so broke up and to bed, and they say that I am like to make a dancer.

9th. Up betimes and to my office, whither sooner than ordinary comes Mr. Hater desiring to speak a word to me alone, which I was from the disorder of his countenance amused at, and so the poor man began telling me that by Providence being the last Lord's day at a meeting of some Friends upon doing of their duties, they were surprised, and he carried to the Counter, but afterwards released; however, hearing that Sir W. Batten do hear of [it,] he thought it good to give me an account of it, lest it might tend to any prejudice to me. I was extraordinary surprised with it, and troubled for him, knowing that now it is out it is impossible for me to conceal it, or keep him in employment under me without danger to myself. I cast about all I could, and did give him the best advice I could, desiring to know if I should promise that he would not for the time to come commit the same, he told me he desired that I would rather forbear to promise that, for he durst not do it, whatever God in His providence shall do with him, and that for my part he did bless God and thank me for all the love and kindness I have shewed him hitherto. I could not without tears in my eyes discourse with him further, but at last did pitch upon telling the truth of the whole to Mr. Coventry as soon as I could, and to that end did use means to prevent Sir W. Batten (who came to town last night) from going to that end to-day, lest he might doe it to Sir G. Carteret or Mr. Coventry before me; which I did prevail and kept him at the office all the morning. At noon dined at home with a heavy heart for the poor man, and after dinner went out to my brother's, and thence to Westminster, where at Mr. Jervas's, my old barber, I did try two or three borders and perriwiggs, meaning to wear one; and yet I have no stomach [for it,] but that the pains of keeping my hair clean is so great. He trimmed me, and at last I parted, but my mind was almost altered from my first purpose, from the trouble that I foresee will be in wearing them also. Thence by water home and to the office, where busy late, and so home to supper and bed, with my mind much troubled about T. Hater.

10th (Lord's day). Up betimes, and put on a black cloth

suit, with white lynings under all, as the fashion is to wear, to appear under the breeches. So being ready walked to St. James's, where I sat talking with Mr. Coventry, while he made himself ready, about several businesses of the Navy, and afterwards, the Duke being gone out, he and I walked to White Hall together over the Park, I telling him what had happened to Tom Hater, at which he seems very sorry, but tells me that if it is not made very publique, it will not be necessary to put him away at present, but give him good caution for the time to come. However, he will speak to the Duke about it and know his pleasure. Parted with him there, and I walked back to St. James's, and was there at mass, and was forced in the crowd to kneel down; and mass being done, to the Kings Head ordinary, whither I sent for Mr. Creed and there we dined, where many Parliament-men; and most of their talk was about the news from Scotland, that the Bishop of Galloway was besieged in his house by some woman, and had like to have been outraged, but I know not how he was secured; which is bad news, and looks just as it did in the beginning of the late troubles. From thence they talked of rebellion; and I perceive they make it their great maxime to be sure to master the City of London, whatever comes of it or from it. After that to some other discourse, and, among other things, talking of the way of ordinaries, that it is very convenient, because a man knows what he hath to pay: one did wish that, among many bad, we could learn two good things of France, which were that we would not think it below the gentleman, or person of honour at a tavern, to bargain for his meat before he eats it; and next, to take no servant without certificate from some friend or gentleman of his good behaviour and abilities. Hence with Creed into St. James's Park, and there walked all the afternoon, and thence on foot home, and after a little while at my office walked in the garden with my wife, and so home to supper, and after prayers to bed. My brother Tom supped with me, and should have brought my aunt Ellen with him; she was not free to go abroad.

11th. Up betimes, and by water to Woolwich on board the Royall James, to see in what dispatch she is to be carried about to Chatham. So to the yard a little, and thence

on foot to Greenwich, where going I was set upon by a great dogg, who got hold of my garters, and might have done me hurt; but, Lord, to see in what a maze I was, that, having a sword about me, I never thought of it, or had the heart to make use of it, but might, for want of that courage, have been worried. Took water there and home, and both coming and going did con my lesson on my Ruler to measure timber, which I think I can well undertake now to do. At home there being Pembleton I danced, and I think shall come on to do something in a little time, and after dinner by coach with Sir W. Pen (setting down his daughter at Clerkenwell), to St. James's, where we attended the Duke of York: and, among other things, Sir G. Carteret and I had a great dispute about the different value of the pieces of eight rated by Mr. Creed at 4*s.* and 5*d.*, and by Pitts at 4*s.* and 9*d.*,[1] which was the greatest husbandry to the King? he persisting that the greatest sum was; which is as ridiculous a piece of ignorance as could be imagined. However, it is to be argued at the Board, and reported to the Duke next week; which I shall do with advantage, I hope. Thence to the Tangier Committee, where we should have concluded in sending Captain Cuttance and the rest to Tangier to deliberate upon the design of the Mole before they begin to work upon it, but there being not a committee (my Lord intending to be there but was taken up at my Lady Castlemaine's) I parted and went homeward, after a little discourse with Mr. Pierce the surgeon, who tells me that my Lady Castlemaine hath now got lodgings near the King's chamber at Court; and that the other day Dr. Clerke and he did dissect two bodies, a man and a woman, before the King, with which the King was highly pleased. By water and called upon Tom Trice by appointment with Dr. Williams, but the Dr. did not come, it seems by T. Trice's desire, not thinking he should be at leisure. However, in general we talked of our business, and I do not find that he will come to any lower terms than £150, which I think I shall not give him but by law, and so we parted, and I called upon Mr. Crumlum, and did give him the 10*s.* remaining, not laid out of

[1] The value of the piece of eight was fixed at 4*s.* 9*d.*

the £5 I promised him for the school, with which he will buy strings, and golden letters upon the books I did give them. I sat with him and his wife a great while talking, and she is [a] pretty woman, never yet with child, and methinks looks as if her mouth watered now and then upon some of her boys. Then upon Tom Pepys, the Turner, desiring his father and his letter to Piggott signifying his consent to the selling of his land for the paying of us his money, and so home, and finding Pembleton there we did dance till it was late, and so to supper and to bed.

12th. Up between four and five, and after dressing myself then to my office to prepare business against the afternoon, where all the morning, and dined at noon at home, where a little angry with my wife for minding nothing now but the dancing-master, having him come twice a day, which is a folly. Again to my office. We sat till late, our chief business being the reconciling the business of the pieces of eight mentioned yesterday before the Duke of York, wherein I have got the day, and they are all brought over to what I said, of which I am proud. Late writing letters, and so home to supper and to bed. Here I found Creed staying for me, and so after supper I staid him all night and lay with me, our great discourse being the folly of our two doting knights, of which I am ashamed.

13th. Lay till 6 o'clock and then up, and after a little talk and mirth, he went away, and I to my office, where busy all the morning, and at noon home to dinner, and after dinner Pembleton came and I practised. But, Lord! to see how my wife will not be thought to need telling by me or Ashwell, and yet will plead that she has learnt but a month, which causes many short fallings out between us. So to my office, whither one-eyed Cooper came to see me, and I made him to show me the use of platts, and to understand the lines, and how to find how lands bear, &c., to my great content. Then came Mr. Barrow, storekeeper of Chatham, who tells me many things, how basely Sir W. Batten has carried himself to him, and in all things else like a passionate dotard, to the King's great wrong. God mend all, for I am sure we are but in an ill condition in the Navy, however the King is served in other places. Home to supper, to cards, and to bed.

14th. Up betimes and put up some things to send to Brampton. Then abroad to the Temple, and up and down about business, and met Mr. Moore; and with him to an alehouse in Holborn; where in discourse he told me that he fears the King will be tempted to endeavour the setting the Crown upon the little Duke, which may cause troubles; which God forbid, unless it be his due! He told me my Lord do begin to settle to business again, which I am glad of, for he must not sit out, now he has done his own business by getting his estate settled, and that the King did send for him the other day to my Lady Castlemaine's, to play at cards, where he lost £50; for which I am sorry, though he says my Lord was pleased at it, and said he would be glad at any time to lose £50 for the King to send for him to play, which I do not so well like. Thence home, and after dinner to the office, where we sat till night, and then made up my papers and letters by the post, and so home to dance with Pembleton. This day we received a baskett from my sister Pall, made by her of paper, which hath a great deal of labour in it for country innocent work. After supper to bed, and going to bed received a letter from Mr. Coventry desiring my coming to him tomorrow morning, which troubled me to think what the business should be, fearing it must be some bad news in Tom Hater's business.

15th. Up betimes and walked to St. James's, where Mr. Coventry being in bed I walked in the Park, discoursing with the keeper of Pell Mell,[1] who was sweeping of it; who told me of what the earth is mixed that do floor the Mall, and that over all there is cockle-shells powdered, and spread to keep it fast; which, however, in dry weather, turns to dust and deads the ball. Thence to Mr. Coventry; and sitting by his bedside, he did tell me that he sent for me to discourse upon my Lord Sandwich's allowances for his several pays, and what his thoughts are concerning his de-

[1] As long as the game of Pall Mall was played in St. James's Park the enclosed Mall was kept with great care:

> "Here a well-polish'd Mall gives us the joy
> To see our Prince his matchless force employ."
>
> Waller, a Poem *On St. James's Park as lately improved by His Majesty*, 1661.

mands; which he could not take the freedom to do face to face, it being not so proper as by me: and did give me a most friendly and ingenuous account of all; telling me how unsafe, at this juncture, while every man's, and his actions particularly, are descanted upon, it is either for him to put the Duke upon doing, or my Lord himself to desire anything extraordinary, 'specially the King having been so bountifull already; which the world takes notice of even to some repinings. All which he did desire me to discourse with my Lord of; which I have undertook to do. We talked also of our office in general, with which he told me that he was now-a-days nothing so satisfied as he was wont to be. I confess I told him things are ordered in that way that we must of necessity break in a little time a pieces. After done with him about these things, he told me that for Mr. Hater the Duke's word was in short that he found he had a good servant, an Anabaptist, and unless he did carry himself more to the scandal of the office, he would bear with his opinion till he heard further, which do please me very much. Thence walked to Westminster, and there up and down in the Hall and the Parliament House all the morning; and at noon by coach to my Lord Crew's, hearing that my Lord Sandwich did dine there; where I told him what had passed between Mr. Coventry and myself; with which he was contented, though I could perceive not very well pleased. And I do believe that my Lord do find some other things go against his mind in the House; for in the motion made the other day in the House by my Lord Bruce,[1] that none be capable of employment but such as have been loyal and constant to the King and Church, the General [Monk] and my Lord were mentioned to be excepted; and my Lord Bruce did come since to my Lord, to clear himself that he meant nothing to his prejudice, nor could it have any such effect if he did mean it. After discourse with my Lord, to dinner with him; there

[1] Robert, Lord Bruce, succeeded as second Earl of Elgin, December 21st, 1663, and was created Baron Bruce of Skelton, Viscount Bruce of Ampthill, and Earl of Ailesbury, March 18th, 1665. He was a Privy Councillor and Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Charles II. He died October 20th, 1685, soon after his appointment as Lord Chamberlain to James II.

dining there my Lord Montagu[1] of Boughton, Mr. William Montagu his brother, the Queen's Sollicitor, &c.,[2] and a fine dinner. Their talk about a ridiculous falling-out two days ago at my Lord of Oxford's house, at an entertainment of his, there being there my Lord of Albemarle, Lynsey,[3] two of the Porters,[4] my Lord Bellasses, and others, where there were high words and some blows, and pulling off of perriwiggs; till my Lord Monk took away some of their swords, and sent for some soldiers to guard the house till the fray was ended. To such a degree of madness the nobility of this age is come! After dinner I went up to Sir Thomas Crew, who lies there not very well in his head, being troubled with vapours and fits of dizziness: and there I sat talking with him all the afternoon from one discourse to another, the most was upon the unhappy posture of things at this time; that the King do mind nothing but pleasures, and hates the very sight or thoughts of business; that my Lady Castlemaine rules him, who, he says, hath all the tricks of Aretin[5] that are to be practised to give pleasure. In which he is too able . . . , but what is the unhappiness is that, as the Italian proverb says, "lazzo dritto non vuolt consiglio." If any of the sober counsellors give him good advice, and move him in anything that is to his good and honour, the other part, which are his counsellers of pleasure, take him when he is with my Lady

[1] Edward, second Lord Montagu of Boughton, succeeded his father, who had been created a baron by James I. in 1645, and died, January 10th, 1683, leaving a son, the Hon. Ralph Montagu, afterwards Duke of Montagu.

[2] William Montagu was Attorney-General to the Queen, having been appointed to that office in June, 1662. He was appointed Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer in 1676, but discharged from the office by James II. in 1686 as not sufficiently subservient. He died, 1707, aged eighty-nine years.

[3] Montagu Bertie, who succeeded as second Earl of Lindsey in 1642. His mother was Elizabeth, daughter of Edward Montagu, first Lord Montagu of Boughton.

[4] Charles and Thomas Porter. The latter was engaged in a fatal duel with Sir H. Bellasis; see July 29th, August 8th and 12th, 1667.

[5] An allusion to Aretin's infamous letters and sonnets accompanying the as infamous "Postures" engraved by Marc Antonio from the designs of Julio Romano (Steinman's "Memoir of Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland," privately printed, 1871).

Castlemaine, and in a humour of delight, and then persuade him that he ought not to hear nor listen to the advice of those old dotards or counsellors that were heretofore his enemies: when, God knows! it is they that now-a-days do most study his honour. It seems the present favourites now are my Lord Bristol, Duke of Buckingham, Sir H. Bennet, my Lord Ashley, and Sir Charles Barkeley; who, among them, have cast my Lord Chancellor upon his back, past ever getting up again; there being now little for him to do, and he waits at Court attending to speak to the King as others do: which I pray God may prove of good effects, for it is feared it will be the same with my Lord Treasurer shortly. But strange to hear how my Lord Ashley, by my Lord Bristol's means (he being brought over to the Catholique party against the Bishopps, whom he hates to the death, and publicly rails against them; not that he is become a Catholique, but merely opposes the Bishopps; and yet, for aught I hear, the Bishopp of London keeps as great with the King as ever) is got into favour, so much that, being a man of great business and yet of pleasure, and drolling too, he, it is thought, will be made Lord Treasurer upon the death or removal of the good old man.[1] My Lord Albemarle, I hear, do bear through and bustle among them, and will not be removed from the King's good opinion and favour, though none of the Cabinett; but yet he is envied enough. It is made very doubtful whether the King do not intend the making of the Duke of Monmouth legitimate;[2] but surely the Commons of England will never do it, nor the Duke of York suffer it, whose lady, I am

[1] The Earl of Southampton.

[2] Thomas Ross, Monmouth's tutor, put the idea into his head that Charles II. had married his mother. The report was sedulously spread abroad, and obtained some kind of credence, until, in June, 1678, the king set the matter at rest by publishing a declaration, which was entered in the Council book and registered in Chancery. The words of the declaration are: "That to avoid any dispute which might happen in time to come concerning the succession of the Crown, he (Charles) did declare, in the presence of Almighty God, that he never gave, nor made any contract of marriage, nor was married to Mrs. Barlow, *alias* Waters, the Duke of Monmouth's mother, nor to any other woman whatsoever, but to his present wife, Queen Catherine, then living."

told, is very troublesome to him by her jealousy. But it is wonderful that Sir Charles Barkeley should be so great still, not [only] with the King, but Duke also; who did so stiffly swear that he had lain with her.[1] And another one Armour that he rode before her on horseback in Holland I think. . . . No care is observed to be taken of the main chance, either for maintaining of trade or opposing of factions, which, God knows, are ready to break out, if any of them (which God forbid!) should dare to begin; the King and every man about him minding so much their pleasures or profits. My Lord Hinchingbroke, I am told, hath had a mischance to kill his boy by his birding-piece going off as he was a-fowling. The gun was charged with small shot, and hit the boy in the face and about the temples, and he lived four days. In Scotland, it seems, for all the newes-books tell us every week that they are all so quiett, and everything in the Church settled, the old woman had like to have killed, the other day, the Bishop of Galloway, and not half the Churches of the whole kingdom conform. Strange were the effects of the late thunder and lightning about a week since at Northampton, coming with great rain, which caused extraordinary floods in a few hours, bearing away bridges, drowning horses, men, and cattle. Two men passing over a bridge on horseback, the arches before and behind them were borne away, and that left which they were upon: but, however, one of the horses fell over, and was drowned. Stacks of faggots carried as high as a steeple, and other dreadful things; which Sir Thomas Crew showed me letters to him about from Mr. Freemantle and others, that it is very true. The Portugalls have choused[2] us, it seems, in the Island of Bombay, in the East Indys; for after a great charge of our fleets being sent thither with full commission from the King of Portu-

[1] The conspiracy of Sir Charles Berkeley, Lord Arran, Jermyn, Talbot, and Killigrew to traduce Anne Hyde was peculiarly disgraceful, and the conduct of all the actors in the affair of the marriage, from Lord Clarendon downwards, was far from creditable (see Lister's "Life of Clarendon," ii. 68–79).

[2] The word *chouse* appears to have been introduced into the language at the beginning of the seventeenth century. In 1609, a *Chiaus* sent by Sir Robert Shirley, from Constantinople to London, had *chiaused* (or choused) the Turkish and Persian merchants out of

gall to receive it, the Governour by some pretence or other will not deliver it to Sir Abraham Shipman, sent from the King, nor to my Lord of Marlborough;[1] which the King takes highly ill, and I fear our Queen will fare the worse for it. The Dutch decay there exceedingly, it being believed that their people will revolt from them there, and they forced to give over their trade. This is talked of among us, but how true I understand not. Sir Thomas showed me his picture and Sir Anthony Vandike's, in crayon in little, done exceedingly well. Having thus freely talked with him, and of many more things, I took leave, and by coach to St. James's, and there told Mr. Coventry what I had done with my Lord with great satisfaction, and so well pleased home, where I found it almost night, and my wife and the dancing-master alone above, not dancing but talking. Now so deadly full of jealousy I am that my heart and head did so cast about and fret that I could not do any business possibly, but went out to my office, and anon late home again and ready to chide at every thing, and then suddenly to bed and could hardly sleep, yet durst not say any thing, but was forced to say that I had bad news from the Duke concerning Tom Hater as an excuse to my wife, who by my folly has too much opportunity given her with the man, who is a pretty neat black man, but married. But it is a deadly folly and plague that I bring upon myself to be so jealous and by giving myself such an occasion more than my wife desired of giving her another month's dancing. Which however shall be ended as soon as I can possibly. But I am ashamed to think what a course I did take by lying to see

£4,000, before the arrival of his employer, and had decamped. The affair was quite recent in 1610, when Jonson's "Alchemist" appeared, in which it is thus alluded to:

> "*D.* What do you think of me?
> That I am a *Chiaus?*
> *Face.* What's that?
> *D.* The Turk was here.
> As one would say, do you think I am a Turk." — *Alch.*, i. 2.
> (Nares's "Glossary.")

[1] James Ley, third Earl of Marlborough, admiral in the East Indies, and commissioner to receive Bombay from the Portuguese. He was killed in the great sea-fight with the Dutch, June 3rd, 1665.

whether my wife did wear drawers to-day as she used to do, and other things to raise my suspicion of her, but I found no true cause of doing it.

16th. Up with my mind disturbed and with my last night's doubts upon me, for which I deserve to be beaten if not really served as I am fearful of being, especially since God knows that I do not find honesty enough in my own mind but that upon a small temptation I could be false to her, and therefore ought not to expect more justice from her, but God pardon both my sin and my folly herein. To my office and there sitting all the morning, and at noon dined at home. After dinner comes Pembleton, and I being out of humour would not see him, pretending business, but, Lord! with what jealousy did I walk up and down my chamber listening to hear whether they danced or no, which they did, notwithstanding I afterwards knew and did then believe that Ashwell was with them. So to my office awhile, and, my jealousy still reigning, I went in and, not out of any pleasure but from that only reason, did go up to them to practise, and did make an end of "La Duchesse," which I think I should, with a little pains, do very well. So broke up and saw him gone. Then Captain Cocke coming to me to speak about my seeming discourtesy to him in the business of his hemp, I went to the office with him, and there discoursed it largely and I think to his satisfaction. Then to my business, writing letters and other things till late at night, and so home to supper and bed. My mind in some better ease resolving to prevent matters for the time to come as much as I can, it being to no purpose to trouble myself for what is past, being occasioned too by my own folly.

17th (Lord's day). Up and in my chamber all the morning, preparing my great letters to my father, stating to him the perfect condition of our estate.[1] My wife and Ashwell to church, and after dinner they to church again, and I all the afternoon making an end of my morning's work, which I did about the evening, and then to talk with my wife till after supper, and so to bed having another small falling out and myself vexed with my old fit of jealousy

[1] These letters about the Brampton estate are preserved in the Bodleian Library (Rawlinson MSS. A. 191).

about her dancing-master. But I am a fool for doing it. So to bed by daylight, I having a very great cold, so as I doubt whether I shall be able to speak to-morrow at our attending the Duke, being now so hoarse.

18th. Up and after taking leave of Sir W. Batten, who is gone this day towards Portsmouth (to little purpose, God knows) upon his survey, I home and spent the morning at dancing; at noon Creed dined with us and Mr. Deane of Woolwich, and so after dinner came Mr. Howe, who however had enough for his dinner, and so, having done, by coach to Westminster, she to Mrs. Clerke and I to St. James's, where the Duke being gone down by water to-day with the King I went thence to my Lord Sandwich's lodgings, where Mr. Howe and I walked a while, and going towards Whitehall through the garden Dr. Clerk and Creed called me across the bowling green, and so I went thither and after a stay went up to Mrs. Clerke who was dressing herself to go abroad with my wife. But, Lord! in what a poor condition her best chamber is, and things about her, for all the outside and show that she makes, but I found her just such a one as Mrs. Pierce, contrary to my expectation, so much that I am sick and sorry to see it. Thence for an hour Creed and I walked to White Hall, and into the Park, seeing the Queen and Maids of Honour passing through the house going to the Park. But above all, Mrs. Stuart is a fine woman, and they say now a common mistress to the King,[1] as my Lady Castlemaine is; which is a great pity. Thence taking a coach to Mrs. Clerke's, took her, and my wife, and Ashwell, and a Frenchman, a kinsman of hers, to the Park, where we saw many fine faces, and one exceeding handsome, in a white dress over her head, with many others very beautiful. Staying there till past eight at night, I carried Mrs. Clerke and her Frenchman, who sings well, home, and thence home ourselves, talking much of what we had observed to-day of the poor household stuff of Mrs. Clerke and mere show and flutter that she makes in the world; and pleasing myself in my own house and manner of living more than ever I did by

[1] The king said to *la belle* Stuart, who resisted all his importunities, that he hoped he should live to see her "ugly and willing" (Lord Dartmouth's note to Burnet's "Own Time," vol. i., p. 436, ed. 1823).

seeing how much better and more substantially I live than others do. So to supper and bed.

19th. Up pretty betimes, but yet I observe how my dancing and lying a morning or two longer than ordinary for my cold do make me hard to rise as I used to do, or look after my business as I am wont. To my chamber to make an end of my papers to my father to be sent by the post to-night, and taking copies of them, which was a great work, but I did it this morning, and so to my office, and thence with Sir John Minnes to the Tower; and by Mr. Slingsby, and Mr. Howard,[1] Controller of the Mint, we were shown the method of making this new money, from the beginning to the end, which is so pretty that I did take a note of every part of it and set them down by themselves for my remembrance hereafter. That being done it was dinner time, and so the Controller would have us dine with him and his company, the King giving them a dinner every day. And very merry and good discourse about the business we have been upon, and after dinner went to the Assay Office and there saw the manner of assaying of gold and silver, and how silver melted down with gold do part, just being put into aqua-fortis, the silver turning into water, and the gold lying whole in the very form it was put in, mixed of gold and silver, which is a miracle; and to see no silver at all but turned into water, which they can bring again into itself out of the water. And here I was made thoroughly to understand the business of the fineness and coarseness of metals, and have put down my lessons with my other observations therein. At table among other discourse they told us of two cheats, the best I ever heard. One, of a labourer discovered to convey away the bits of silver cut out pence by swallowing them down into his belly, and so they could not find him out, though, of course, they searched all the labourers; but, having reason to doubt him, they did, by threats and promises, get him to confess, and did find £7 of it in his house at one time. The other of one that got a way of coyning money

[1] Henry Slingsby was Deputy Master of the Mint, but according to Ruding, the Controller during the reign of Charles II. was James Hoare. Ruding does not mention anyone of the name of Howard as holding that office.

as good and passable and large as the true money is, and yet saved fifty per cent. to himself, which was by getting moulds made to stamp groats like old groats, which is done so well, and I did beg two of them which I keep for rarities, that there is not better in the world, and is as good, nay, better than those that commonly go, which was the only thing that they could find out to doubt them by, besides the number that the party do go to put off, and then coming to the Comptroller of the Mint, he could not, I say, find out any other thing to raise any doubt upon, but only their being so truly round or near it, though I should never have doubted the thing neither. He was neither hanged nor burned, the cheat was thought so ingenious, and being the first time they could ever trap him in it, and so little hurt to any man in it, the money being as good as commonly goes. Thence to the office till the evening, we sat, and then by water (taking Pembleton with us), over the water to the Half-way House, where we played at nine-pins, and there my damned jealousy took fire, he and my wife being of a side and I seeing of him take her by the hand in play, though I now believe he did [it] only in passing and sport. Thence home and being 10 o'clock was forced to land beyond the Custom House, and so walked home and to my office, and having dispatched my great letters by the post to my father, of which I keep copies to show by me and for my future understanding, I went home to supper and bed, being late. The most observables in the making of money which I observed to-day, is the steps of their doing it.

1. Before they do anything they assay the bullion, which is done, if it be gold, by taking an equal weight of that and of silver, of each a small weight, which they reckon to be six ounces or half a pound troy; this they wrap up in within lead. If it be silver, they put such a quantity of that alone and wrap it up in lead, and then putting them into little earthen cupps made of stuff like tobacco pipes, and put them into a burning hot furnace, where, after a while, the whole body is melted, and at last the lead in both is sunk into the body of the cupp, which carries away all the copper or dross with it, and left the pure gold and silver embodyed together, of that which hath both been put

into the cupp together, and the silver alone in these where it was put alone in the leaden case. And to part the silver and the gold in the first experiment, they put the mixed body into a glass of aqua-fortis, which separates them by spitting out the silver into such small parts that you cannot tell what it becomes, but turns into the very water and leaves the gold at the bottom clear of itself, with the silver wholly spit out, and yet the gold in the form that it was doubled together in when it was a mixed body of gold and silver, which is a great mystery; and after all this is done to get the silver together out of the water is as strange. But the nature of the assay is thus: the piece of gold that goes into the furnace twelve ounces, if it comes out again eleven ounces, and the piece of silver which goes in twelve and comes out again eleven and two pennyweight, are just of the alloy of the standard of England. If it comes out, either of them, either the gold above eleven, as very fine will sometimes within very little of what it went in, or the silver above eleven and two pennyweight, as that also will sometimes come out eleven and ten penny weight or more, they are so much above the goodness of the standard, and so they know what proportion of worse gold and silver to put to such a quantity of the bullion to bring it to the exact standard. And on the contrary, [if] it comes out lighter, then such a weight is beneath the standard, and so requires such a proportion of fine metal to be put to the bullion to bring it to the standard, and this is the difference of good and bad, better and worse than the standard, and also the difference of standards, that of Seville being the best and that of Mexico worst, and I think they said none but Seville is better than ours.

2. They melt it into long plates, which, if the mould do take ayre, then the plate is not of an equal heaviness in every part of it, as it often falls out.

3. They draw these plates between rollers to bring them to an even thickness all along and every plate of the same thickness, and it is very strange how the drawing it twice easily between the rollers will make it as hot as fire, yet cannot touch it.

4. They bring it to another pair of rollers, which they call adjusting it, which bring it to a greater exactness in its thickness than the first could be.

5. They cut them into round pieces, which they do with the greatest ease, speed, and exactness in the world.

6. They weigh these, and where they find any to be too heavy they file them, which they call sizeing them; or light, they lay them by, which is very seldom, but they are of a most exact weight, but however, in the melting, all parts by some accident not being close alike, now and then a difference will be, and, this filing being done, there shall not be any imaginable difference almost between the weight of forty of these against another forty chosen by chance out of all their heaps.

7. These round pieces having been cut out of the plates, which in passing the rollers are bent, they are sometimes a little crooked or swelling out or sinking in, and therefore they have a way of clapping 100 or 2 together into an engine, which with a screw presses them so hard that they come out as flat as is possible.

8. They blanch them.

9. They mark the letters on the edges, which is kept as the great secret by Blondeau, who was not in the way, and so I did not speak with him to-day.[1]

[1] Professor W. C. Roberts-Austen, C.B., F.R.S., chemist to the Royal Mint, refers to Pepys's Diary and to Blondeau's machine in his Cantor Lectures on "Alloys used for Coinage," printed in the "Journal of the Society of Arts" (vol. xxxii.). He writes, "The hammer was still retained for coining in the Mint in the Tower of London, but the question of the adoption of the screw-press by the Moneyers appears to have been revived in 1649, when the Council of State had it represented to them that the coins of the Government might be more perfectly and beautifully done, and made equal to any coins in Europe. It was proposed to send to France for Peter Blondeau, who had invented and improved a machine and method for making all coins 'with the most beautiful polish and equality on the edge, or with any proper inscription or graining.' He came on the 3rd of September, and although a Committee of the Mint reported in favour of his method of coining, the Company of Moneyers, who appear to have boasted of the success of their predecessors in opposing the introduction of the mill and screw-press in Queen Elizabeth's reign, prevented the introduction of the machinery, and consequently he did not produce pattern pieces until 1653. . . . It is certain that Blondeau did not invent, but only improved the method of coining by the screw-press, and I believe his improvements related chiefly to a method for 'rounding the pieces before they are sized, and in making the edges of the moneys with letters and graining,' which he undertook to reveal to the king. Special stress is laid

10. They mill them, that is, put on the marks on both sides at once with great exactness and speed, and then the money is perfect. The mill is after this manner: one of the dyes, which has one side of the piece cut, is fastened to a thing fixed below, and the other dye (and they tell me a payre of dyes will last the marking of £10,000 before it be worn out, they and all other their tools being made of hardened steel, and the Dutchman who makes them is an admirable artist, and has so much by the pound for every pound that is coyned to find a constant supply of dyes) to an engine above, which is moveable by a screw, which is pulled by men; and then a piece being clapped by one sitting below between the two dyes, when they meet the impression is set, and then the man with his finger strikes off the piece and claps another in, and then the other men they pull again and that is marked, and then another and another with great speed. They say that this way is more charge to the King than the old way, but it is neater, freer from clipping or counterfeiting, the putting of the words upon the edges being not to be done (though counterfeited) without an engine of the charge and noise that no counter-

on the engines wherewith the rims were marked, 'which might be kept secret among few men.' I cannot find that there is any record in the Paris mint of Blondeau's employment there, and the only reference to his invention in the Mint records of this country refers to the 'collars,' or perforated discs of metal surrounding the 'blank' while it was struck into a coin. There is, however, in the British Museum a MS. believed to be in Blondeau's hand, in which he claims his process, 'as a new invention, to make a handsome coyne, than can be found in all the world besides, viz., that shall not only be stamped on both flat sides, but shall even be marked with letters on the thickness of the brim.' The letters were raised. The press Blondeau used was, I believe, the ordinary screw-press, and I suppose that the presses drawn in Akerman's well-known plate of the coining-room of the Mint in the Tower, published in 1803 ['Microcosm of London,' vol. ii., p. 202], if not actually the same machines, were similar to those erected in 1661–62 by Sir William Parkhurst and Sir Anthony St. Leger, wardens of the Mint, at a cost of £1,400" (pp. 811–12). Professor Roberts-Austen shows that Benvenuto Cellini used a similar press to that attributed to Blondeau, and he gives an illustration of this in his lecture (p. 810). In a letter to the editor the professor writes: "Pepys's account of the operations of coining, and especially of assaying gold and silver, is very interesting and singularly accurate considering that he could not have had technical knowledge of the subject."

feit will be at or venture upon, and it employs as many men as the old and speedier. They now coyne between £16 and £24,000 in a week. At dinner they did discourse very finely to us of the probability that there is a vast deal of money hid in the land, from this: — that in King Charles's time there was near ten millions of money coyned, besides what was then in being of King James's and Queene Elizabeth's, of which there is a good deal at this day in being. Next, that there was but £750,000 coyned of the Harp and Crosse money,[1] and of this there was £500,000 brought in upon its being called in. And from very good arguments they find that there cannot be less of it in Ireland and Scotland than £100,000; so that there is but £150,000 missing; and of that, suppose that there should be not above £50,000 still remaining, either melted down, hid, or lost, or hoarded up in England, there will then be but £100,000 left to be thought to have been transported. Now, if £750,000 in twelve years' time lost but a £100,000 in danger of being transported, then £10,000,000 in thirty-five years' time will have lost but £3,888,880 and odd pounds; and as there is £650,000 remaining after twelve years' time in England, so after thirty-five years' time, which was within this two years, there ought in proportion to have been resting £6,111,120 or thereabouts, beside King James's and Queen Elizabeth's money. Now that most of this must be hid is evident, as they reckon, because of the dearth of money immediately upon the calling-in of the State's money, which was £500,000 that came in; and yet there was not any money to be had in this City, which they say to their own observation and knowledge was so. And therefore, though I can say nothing in it myself, I do not dispute it.

20th. Up and to my office, and anon home and to see my wife dancing with Pembleton about noon, and I to the

[1] The Commonwealth coins (stamped with the cross and harp, and the inscription, "The Commonwealth of England") were called in by proclamation, September, 1660, and when brought to the Mint an equal amount of lawful money was allowed for them, weight for weight, deducting only for the coinage (Ruding's "Annals of the Coinage," 1819, vol. iii., p. 293). The harp was taken out of the naval flags in May, 1660 (see *ante*, May 13th, 1660).

Trinity House to dinner and after dinner home, and there met Pembleton, who I perceive has dined with my wife, which she takes no notice of, but whether that proceeds out of design, or fear to displease me I know not, but it put me into a great disorder again, that I could mind nothing but vexing, but however I continued my resolution of going down by water to Woolwich, took my wife and Ashwell, and going out met Mr. Howe come to see me, whose horse we caused to be set up, and took him with us. The tide against us, so I went ashore at Greenwich before, and did my business at the yard about putting things in order as to their proceeding to build the new yacht ordered to be built by Christopher Pett,[1] and so to Woolwich town, where at an alehouse I found them ready to attend my coming, and so took boat again, it being cold, and I sweating with my walk, which was very pleasaant along the green corne and pease, and most of the way sang, he and I, and eat some cold meat we had, and with great pleasure home, and so he took horse again, and Pembleton coming, we danced a country dance or two and so broke up and to bed, my mind restless and like to be so while she learns to dance. God forgive my folly.

21st. Up, but cannot get up so early as I was wont, nor my mind to business as it should be and used to be before this dancing. However, to my office, where most of the morning talking of Captain Cox of Chatham about his and the whole yard's difference against Mr. Barrow the storekeeper, wherein I told him my mind clearly, that he would be upheld against the design of any to ruin him, he being we all believed, but Sir W. Batten his mortal enemy, as good a servant as any the King has in the yard. After much good advice and other talk I home and danced with Pembleton, and then the barber trimmed me, and so to dinner, my wife and I having high words about her dancing to that degree that I did enter and make a vow to myself not to oppose her or say anything to dispraise or cor-

[1] In the minutes of the Royal Society is the following entry: "June 11, 1662. Dr. Pett's brother shewed a draught of the pleasure boat which he intended to make for the king" (Birch's "History of the Royal Society," vol. i., p. 85). Peter Pett had already built a yacht for the king at Deptford.

rect her therein as long as her month lasts, in pain of 2*s.* 6*d.* for every time, which, if God pleases, I will observe, for this roguish business has brought us more disquiett than anything [that] has happened a great while. After dinner to my office, where late, and then home; and Pembleton being there again, we fell to dance a country dance or two, and so to supper and bed. But being at supper my wife did say something that caused me to oppose her in, she used the word devil, which vexed me, and among other things I said I would not have her to use that word, upon which she took me up most scornfully, which, before Ashwell and the rest of the world, I know not now-a-days how to check, as I would heretofore, for less than that would have made me strike her. So that I fear without great discretion I shall go near to lose too my command over her, and nothing do it more than giving her this occasion of dancing and other pleasures, whereby her mind is taken up from her business and finds other sweets besides pleasing of me, and so makes her that she begins not at all to take pleasure in me or study to please me as heretofore. But if this month of her dancing were but out (as my first was this night, and I paid off Pembleton for myself) I shall hope with a little pains to bring her to her old wont. This day Susan that lived with me lately being out of service, and I doubt a simple wench, my wife do take her for a little time to try her at least till she goes into the country, which I am yet doubtful whether it will be best for me to send her or no, for fear of her running off in her liberty before I have brought her to her right temper again.

22nd. Up pretty betimes, and shall, I hope, come to myself and business again, after a small playing the truant, for I find that my interest and profit do grow daily, for which God be praised and keep me to my duty. To my office, and anon one tells me that Rundall, the house-carpenter of Deptford, hath sent me a fine blackbird, which I went to see. He tells me he was offered 20*s.* for him as he came along, he do so whistle. So to my office, and busy all the morning, among other things, learning to understand the course of the tides, and I think I do now do it. At noon Mr. Creed comes to me, and he and I to the Exchange, where I had much discourse with several merchants,

and so home with him to dinner, and then by water to Greenwich, and calling at the little alehouse at the end of the town to wrap a rag about my little left toe, being new sore with walking, we walked pleasantly to Woolwich, in our way hearing the nightingales sing. So to Woolwich yard, and after doing many things there, among others preparing myself for a dispute against Sir W. Pen in the business of Bowyer's, wherein he is guilty of some corruption to the King's wrong, we walked back again without drinking, which I never do because I would not make my coming troublesome to any, nor would become obliged too much to any. In our going back we were overtook by Mr. Stevenson, a purser, and uncle to my clerk Will, who told me how he was abused in the passing of his accounts by Sir J. Minnes to the degree that I am ashamed to hear it, and resolve to retrieve the matter if I can though the poor man has given it over. And however am pleased enough to see that others do see his folly and dotage as well as myself, though I believe in my mind the man in general means well. Took boat at Greenwich and to Deptford, where I did the same thing, and found Davis, the storekeeper, a knave, and shuffling in the business of Bewpers, being of the party with Young and Whistler to abuse the King, but I hope I shall be even with them. So walked to Redriffe, drinking at the Half-way house, and so walked and by water to White Hall, all our way by water coming and going reading a little book said to be writ by a person of Quality concerning English gentry to be preferred before titular honours, but the most silly nonsense, no sense nor grammar, yet in as good words that ever I saw in all my life, but from beginning to end you met not with one entire and regular sentence. At White Hall Sir G. Carteret was out of the way, and so returned back presently, and home by water and to bed.

23rd. Waked this morning between four and five by my blackbird, which whistles as well as ever I heard any; only it is the beginning of many tunes very well, but there leaves them, and goes no further. So up and to my office, where we sat, and among other things I had a fray with Sir J. Minnes in defence of my Will in a business where the old coxcomb would have put a foot upon him, which

was only in Jack Davis and in him a downright piece of knavery in procuring a double ticket and getting the wrong one paid as well as the second was to the true party. But it appeared clear enough to the board that Will was true in it. Home to dinner, and after dinner by water to the Temple, and there took my Lyra Viall[1] book bound up with blank paper for new lessons. Thence to Greatorex's, and there seeing Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Pen go by coach I went in to them and to White Hall; where, in the Matted Gallery, Mr. Coventry was, who told us how the Parliament have required of Sir G. Carteret and him an account what money shall be necessary to be settled upon the Navy for the ordinary charge, which they intend to report £200,000 per annum. And how to allott this we met this afternoon, and took their papers for our perusal, and so we parted. Only there was walking in the gallery some of the Barbary company, and there we saw a draught of the arms of the company, which the King is of, and so is called the Royall Company, which is, in a field argent an elephant proper, with a canton on which England and France is quartered, supported by two Moors. The crest an anchor winged, I think it is, and the motto too tedious: "Regio floret patrocinio commercium, commercioque Regnum."[2] Thence back by water to Greatorex's, and there he showed me his varnish which he had invented, which appears every

[1] This book was Playford's "Musicks Recreation on the Lyra Viol, containing 100 Ayres, Corants and Sarabands for the Lone Lyra Viol, with Instructions for Beginners," printed 1656. This title is given in a catalogue of Playford's publications at the end of the third book of Henry Lawes's "Select Ayres and Dialogues," 1669. Several editions, or reissues of this edition with changed title-pages and dates, were issued by Playford. (From information kindly supplied to the editor by Mr. J. E. Matthew.)

[2] The Royal African or Guinea Company of Merchants was founded 14 Car. II. (1662). The limits of jurisdiction are defined in the charter as from Salee in South Barbary to the Cape of Good Hope. A new charter was granted in 1672, but in 1697 free trade to Africa was granted by parliament, and the company fell into decay. It was revived by a new act in the reign of Queen Anne (1708–9). An act for extending and improving the trade in Africa was passed 23 Geo. II. (1754); but in 1821 the charter of incorporation of the society was recalled by parliament (1 and 2 Geo. IV., c. 28). In Strype's "Stow" (book v.) there is an account of the company, where the arms are described. The African House was in Leadenhall Street.

whit as good, upon a stick which he hath done, as the Indian, though it did not do very well upon my paper ruled with musique lines, for it sunk and did not shine. Thence home by water, and after a dance with Pembleton to my office and wrote by the post to Sir W. Batten at Portsmouth to send for him up against next Wednesday, being our triall day against Field at Guildhall, in which God give us good end. So home to supper and to bed.

24th (Lord's day). Having taken one of Mr. Holliard's pills last night it brought a stool or two this morning, and so forebore going to church this morning, but staid at home looking over my papers about Tom Trice's business, and so at noon dined, and my wife telling me that there was a pretty lady come to church with Peg Pen to-day, I against my intention had a mind to go to church to see her, and did so, and she is pretty handsome. But over against our gallery I espied Pembleton, and saw him leer upon my wife all the sermon, I taking no notice of him, and my wife upon him, and I observed she made a curtsey to him at coming out without taking notice to me at all of it, which with the consideration of her being desirous these two last Lord's days to go to church both forenoon and afternoon do really make me suspect something more than ordinary, though I am loth to think the worst, but yet it put and do still keep me at a great loss in my mind, and makes me curse the time that I consented to her dancing, and more my continuing it a second month, which was more than she desired, even after I had seen too much of her carriage with him. But I must have patience and get her into the country, or at least to make an end of her learning to dance as soon as I can. After sermon to Sir W. Pen's, with Sir J. Minnes to do a little business to answer Mr. Coventry to-night. And so home and with my wife and Ashwell into the garden walking a great while, discoursing what this pretty wench should be by her garb and deportment; with respect to Mrs. Pen she may be her woman, but only that she sat in the pew with her, which I believe he would not let her do. So home, and read to my wife a fable or two in Ogleby's Æsop, and so to supper, and then to prayers and to bed. My wife this evening discoursing of making clothes for the country, which

I seem against, pleading lack of money, but I am glad of it in some respects because of getting her out of the way from this fellow, and my own liberty to look after my business more than of late I have done. So to prayers and to bed. This morning it seems Susan, who I think is distracted, or however is since she went from me taught to drink, and so gets out of doors 2 or 3 times a day without leave to the alehouse, did go before 5 o'clock to-day, making Griffin rise in his shirt to let her out to the alehouse, she said to warm herself, but her mistress, falling out with her about it, turned her out of doors this morning, and so she is gone like an idle slut. I took a pill also this night.

25th. Up, and my pill working a little I staid within most of the morning, and by and by the barber came and Sarah Kite my cozen, poor woman, came to see me and borrow 40*s*. of me, telling me she will pay it at Michaelmas again to me. I was glad it was no more, being indifferent whether she pays it me or no, but it will be a good excuse to lend her nor give her any more. So I did freely at first word do it, and give her a crown more freely to buy her child something, she being a good-natured and painful wretch, and one that I would do good for as far as I can that I might not be burdened. My wife was not ready, and she coming early did not see her, and I was glad of it. She gone, I up and then hear that my wife and her maid Ashwell had between them spilled the pot . . . upon the floor and stool and God knows what, and were mighty merry making of it clean. I took no great notice, but merrily. Ashwell did by and by come to me with an errand from her mistress to desire money to buy a country suit for her against she goes as we talked last night, and so I did give her £4, and believe it will cost me the best part of 4 more to fit her out, but with peace and honour I am willing to spare anything so as to be able to keep all ends together, and my power over her undisturbed. So to my office and by and by home, where my wife and her master were dancing, and so I staid in my chamber till they had done, and sat down myself to try a little upon the Lyra viall, my hand being almost out, but easily brought to again. So by and by to dinner, and then carried my wife and Ashwell to St. James's, and there they sat in the coach

while I went in, and finding nobody there likely to meet with the Duke, but only Sir J. Minnes with my Lord Barkely (who speaks very kindly, and invites me with great compliments to come now and then and eat with him, which I am glad to hear, though I value not the thing, but it implies that my esteem do increase rather than fall), and so I staid not, but into the coach again, and taking up my wife's taylor, it raining hard, they set me down, and who should our coachman be but Carleton the Vintner, that should have had Mrs. Sarah, at Westminster, my Lord Chancellor's, and then to Paternoster Row. I staid there to speak with my Lord Sandwich, and in my staying, meeting Mr. Lewis Phillips of Brampton, he and afterwards others tell me that news came last night to Court, that the King of France is sick of the spotted fever, and that they are struck in again; and this afternoon my Lord Mandeville[1] is gone from the King to make him a visit; which will be great news, and of great import through Europe. By and by, out comes my Lord Sandwich, and he and I talked a great while about his business, of his accounts for his pay, and among other things he told me that this day a vote hath passed that the King's grants of land to my Lord Monk and him should be made good; which pleases him very well. He also tells me that things don't go right in the House with Mr. Coventry; I suppose he means in the business of selling of places; but I am sorry for it. Thence by coach home, where I found Pembleton, and so I up to dance with them till the evening, when there came Mr. Alsopp, the King's brewer, and Lanyon of Plymouth to see me. Mr. Alsopp tells me of a horse of his that lately, after four days' pain, voided at his fundament four stones, bigger than that I was cut of, very heavy, and in the middle of each of them either a piece of iron or wood. The King has two of them in his closett, and a third the College of Physicians to keep for rarity, and by the King's command he causes the turd of the horse to be every day searched to find more. At night to see Sir W. Batten

[1] Robert Montagu, Viscount Mandeville. He was appointed Envoy Extraordinary to Paris on this special mission in May, 1663. He succeeded his father as third Earl of Manchester in 1671, and died March 14th, 1683.

come home this day from Portsmouth. I met with some that say that the King of France is poisoned, but how true that is is not known. So home to supper and to bed pleasant.

26th. Lay long in bed talking and pleasing myself with my wife. So up and to my office a while and then home, where I found Pembleton, and by many circumstances I am led to conclude that there is something more than ordinary between my wife and him, which do so trouble me that I know not at this very minute that I now write this almost what either I write or am doing, nor how to carry myself to my wife in it, being unwilling to speak of it to her for making of any breach and other inconveniences, nor let it pass for fear of her continuing to offend me and the matter grow worse thereby. So that I am grieved at the very heart, but I am very unwise in being so. There dined with me Mr. Creed and Captain Grove, and before dinner I had much discourse in my chamber with Mr. Deane, the builder of Woolwich, about building of ships. But nothing could get the business out of my head, I fearing that this afternoon by my wife's sending every [one] abroad and knowing that I must be at the office she has appointed him to come. This is my devilish jealousy, which I pray God may be false, but it makes a very hell in my mind, which the God of heaven remove, or I shall be very unhappy. So to the office, where we sat awhile. By and by my mind being in great trouble I went home to see how things were, and there I found as I doubted Mr. Pembleton with my wife, and nobody else in the house, which made me almost mad, and going up to my chamber after a turn or two I went out again and called somebody on pretence of business and left him in my little room at the door (it was the Dutchman, commander of the King's pleasure boats, who having been beat by one of his men sadly, was come to the office to-day to complain) telling him I would come again to him to speak with him about his business. So in great trouble and doubt to the office, and Mr. Coventry nor Sir G. Carteret being there I made a quick end of our business and desired leave to be gone, pretending to go to the Temple, but it was home, and so up to my chamber, and as I think if they had any intention of hurt I did prevent doing anything at that time, but I continued in my chamber vexed

and angry till he went away, pretending aloud, that I might hear, that he could not stay, and Mrs. Ashwell not being within they could not dance. And, Lord! to see how my jealousy wrought so far that I went softly up to see whether any of the beds were out of order or no, which I found not, but that did not content me, but I staid all the evening walking, and though anon my wife came up to me and would have spoke of business to me, yet I construed it to be but impudence, and though my heart full yet I did say nothing, being in a great doubt what to do. So at night, suffered them to go all to bed, and late put myself to bed in great discontent, and so to sleep.

27th. So I waked by 3 o'clock, my mind being troubled, and so took occasion by making water to wake my wife, and after having lain till past 4 o'clock seemed going to rise, though I did it only to see what she would do, and so going out of the bed she took hold of me and would know what ailed me, and after many kind and some cross words I began to tax her discretion in yesterday's business, but she quickly told me my own, knowing well enough that it was my old disease of jealousy, which I denied, but to no purpose. After an hour's discourse, sometimes high and sometimes kind, I found very good reason to think that her freedom with him is very great and more than was convenient, but with no evil intent, and so after awhile I caressed her and parted seeming friends, but she crying in a great discontent. So I up and by water to the Temple, and thence with Commissioner Pett to St. James's, where an hour with Mr. Coventry talking of Mr. Pett's proceedings lately in the forest of Sherwood, and thence with Pett to my Lord Ashley, Chancellor of the Exchequer; where we met the auditors about settling the business of the accounts of persons to whom money is due before the King's time in the Navy, and the clearing of their imprests for what little of their debts they have received. I find my Lord, as he is reported, a very ready, quick, and diligent person. Thence I to Westminster Hall, where Term and Parliament make the Hall full of people; no further news yet of the King of France, whether he be dead or not. Here I met with my cozen Roger Pepys, and walked a good while with him, and among other discourse as a secret he hath com-

mitted to nobody but myself, and he tells me that his sister Claxton now resolving to give over the keeping of his house at Impington, he thinks it fit to marry again, and would have me, by the help of my uncle Wight or others, to look him out a widow between thirty and forty years old, without children, and with a fortune, which he will answer in any degree with a joynture fit for her fortune. A woman sober, and no high-flyer, as he calls it. I demanded his estate. He tells me, which he says also he hath not done to any, that his estate is not full £800 per annum, but it is £780 per annum, of which £200 is by the death of his last wife, which he will allot for a joynture for a wife, but the rest, which lies in Cambridgeshire, he is resolved to leave entire for his eldest son. I undertook to do what I can in it, and so I shall. He tells me that the King hath sent to them to hasten to make an end by midsummer, because of his going into the country; so they have set upon four bills to dispatch: the first of which is, he says, too devilish a severe act against conventicles; so beyond all moderation, that he is afeard it will ruin all: telling me that it is matter of the greatest grief to him in the world, that he should be put upon this trust of being a Parliament-man, because he says nothing is done, that he can see, out of any truth and sincerity, but mere envy and design. Thence by water to Chelsey, all the way reading a little book I bought of "Improvement of Trade," a pretty book and many things useful in it. So walked to Little Chelsey, where I found my Lord Sandwich with Mr. Becke, the master of the house, and Mr. Creed at dinner, and I sat down with them, and very merry. After dinner (Mr. Gibbons being come in also before dinner done) to musique, they played a good Fancy, to which my Lord is fallen again, and says he cannot endure a merry tune, which is a strange turn of his humour, after he has for two or three years flung off the practice of Fancies[1] and played

[1] These "fancies" appear to have been light airs, but their character has not been accurately defined. Falstaff, when speaking of Justice Shallow, says: "'a came ever in the rearward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the overscutched huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his fancies or his good-nights" (2 Henry IV., act iii., sc. 2). There is an interesting anecdote connected with

only fidlers' tunes. Then into the Great Garden up to the Banqueting House; and there by his glass he drew in the species [1] very pretty. Afterwards to ninepins, where I won a shilling, Creed and I playing against my Lord and Cooke. This day there was great thronging to Banstead Downs, upon a great horse-race and foot-race. I am sorry I could not go thither. So home back as I came, to London Bridge, and so home, where I find my wife in a musty humour, and tells me before Ashwell that Pembleton had been there, and she would not have him come in unless I was there, which I was ashamed of; but however, I had rather it should be so than the other way. So to my office, to put things in order there, and by and by comes Pembleton, and word is brought me from my wife thereof that I might come home. So I sent word that I would have her go dance, and I would come presently. So being at a great loss whether I should appear to Pembleton or no, and what would most proclaim my jealousy to him, I at last resolved to go home, and took Tom Hater with me, and staid a good while in my chamber, and there took occasion to tell him how I hear that Parliament is putting an act out against all sorts of conventicles,[2] and did give him good counsel, not

these fancies in North's "Memories of Musick" (ed. Rimbault, 1846, p. 103): "King Charles the Second was a professed lover of musick, but of this kind onely [light French style], and had an utter detestation of Fancys, and the less for a successless entertainment of that kind given him by Secretary Williamson, after which the Secretary had no peace, for the King (as his way was) could not forbear whetting his wits upon the subject of the fancy musick, and its patron the Secretary." Dr. Hueffer, in his "Mr. Pepys the Musician," refers to Fancies, and is inclined to connect them with the Fantasia ("Italian and other Studies," 1883, p. 256).

[1] This word is here used as an optical term, and signifies the image painted on the retina of the eye, and the rays of light reflected from the several points of the surface of objects. — B.

[2] 16 Car. II., cap. 4, "An Act to prevent and suppresse seditious Conventicles." It was enacted that anyone of the age of sixteen or upwards present at an unlawful assembly or conventicle was to incur fine or imprisonment. A conventicle was defined as an assembly of more than five persons besides the members of a family met together for holding worship not according to the rites of the Church of England. The act was amended 22 Car. II., cap. 1 (1670), and practically repealed by the Toleration Act of 1689, but the act 22 Car. II., cap. 1, was specially repealed 52 Geo. III., cap. 155, s. 1.

only in his own behalf, but my own, that if he did hear or know anything that could be said to my prejudice, that he would tell me, for in this wicked age (specially Sir W. Batten being so open to my reproaches, and Sir J. Minnes, for the neglect of their duty, and so will think themselves obliged to scandalize me all they can to right themselves if there shall be any inquiry into the matters of the Navy, as I doubt there will) a man ought to be prepared to answer for himself in all things that can be inquired concerning him. After much discourse of this nature to him I sent him away, and then went up, and there we danced country dances, and single, my wife and I; and my wife paid him off for this month also, and so he is cleared. After dancing we took him down to supper, and were very merry, and I made myself so, and kind to him as much as I could, to prevent his discourse, though I perceive to my trouble that he knows all, and may do me the disgrace to publish it as much as he can. Which I take very ill, and if too much provoked shall witness it to her. After supper and he gone we to bed.

28th. Up this morning, and my wife, I know not for what cause, being against going to Chelsey to-day, it being a holy day (Ascension Day) and I at leisure, it being the first holy day almost that we have observed ever since we came to the office, we did give Ashwell leave to go by herself, and I out to several places about business. Among others to Dr. Williams, to reckon with him for physique that my wife has had for a year or two, coming to almost £4. Then to the Exchange, where I hear that the King had letters yesterday from France that the King there is in a [way] of living again, which I am glad to hear. At the coffee-house in Exchange Alley I bought a little book, "Counsell to Builders," by Sir Balth. Gerbier.[1] It is

[1] Sir Balthazar Gerbier, born at Antwerp, 1592. He published many works connected with architecture, and was as much a painter as an architect. In 1649 he opened an academy at Bethnal Green, in which he professed to teach, in addition to the more common branches of education, "astronomy, navigation, architecture, perspective, drawing, limning, engraving, fortification, fireworks, military discipline, the art of well speaking and civil discipline," &c., &c. He also started in Whitefriars an academy for foreign languages. His "Counsel and Advise to all Builders" has forty-one separate dedicatory epistles to the

dedicated almost to all the men of any great condition in England, so that the Epistles are more than the book itself, and both it and them not worth a turd, that I am ashamed that I bought it. Home and there found Creed, who dined with us, and after dinner by water to the Royall Theatre; but that was so full they told us we could have no room. And so to the Duke's House; and there saw "Hamlett" done, giving us fresh reason never to think enough of Betterton. Who should we see come upon the stage but Gosnell, my wife's maid? but neither spoke, danced, nor sung; which I was sorry for. But she becomes the stage very well. Thence by water home, after we had walked to and fro, backwards and forwards, six or seven times in the Temple walks, disputing whether to go by land or water. By land home, and thence by water to Halfway House, and there eat some supper we carried with us, and so walked home again, it being late we were forced to land at the dock, my wife and they, but I in a humour not willing to daub my shoes went round by the Custom House. So home, and by and by to bed, Creed lying with me in the red chamber all night.

29th. This day is kept strictly as a holy-day, being the King's Coronation. We lay long in bed, and it rained very hard, rain and hail, almost all the morning. By and by Creed and I abroad, and called at several churches; and it is a wonder to see, and by that to guess the ill temper of the City at this time, either to religion in general, or to the King, that in some churches there was hardly ten people in the whole church, and those poor people. So to a coffee-house, and there in discourse hear the King of France is likely to be well again. So home to dinner, and out by water to the Royall Theatre, but they not acting today, then to the Duke's house, and there saw "The Slighted Mayde,"[1] wherein Gosnell acted Pyramena, a great

Queen-mother, the Duke of York, Prince Rupert, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Earl of Clarendon, and a long list of the nobility and gentry, ending with the courteous reader. Gerbier died 1667.

[1] A comedy, by Sir Robert Stapylton, which was acted with applause, although Dryden made some unflattering criticisms on its construction. There does not appear to be any record of Mrs. Gosnell as an actress outside the Diary. According to Genest, Mrs. Betterton took the character of Pyramena on May 28th, the day before that mentioned in the text.

part, and did it very well, and I believe will do it better and better, and prove a good actor. The play is not very excellent, but is well acted, and in general the actors, in all particulars, are better than at the other house. Thence to the Cocke alehouse, and there having drunk, sent them with Creed to see the German Princess,[1] at the Gatehouse, at Westminster, and I to my brother's, and thence to my uncle Fenner's to have seen my aunt James (who has been long in town and goes away to-morrow and I not seen her), but did find none of them within, which I was glad of, and so back to my brother's to speak with him, and so home, and in my way did take two turns forwards and backwards through the Fleete Ally to see a couple of pretty [strumpets] that stood off the doors there, and God forgive me I could scarce stay myself from going into their houses with them, so apt is my nature to evil after once, as I have these two days, set upon pleasure again. So home and to my office to put down these two days' journalls, then home again and to supper, and then Creed and I to bed with good discourse, only my mind troubled about my spending my time so badly for these seven or eight days; but I must impute it to the disquiet that my mind has been in of late about my wife, and for my going these two days to plays, for which I have paid the due forfeit by money and abating the times of going to plays at Court, which I am now to remember that I have cleared all my times that I am to go to Court plays to the end of this month, and so June is the first time that I am to begin to reckon.

[1] Mary Moders, *alias* Stedman, a notorious impostor, who pretended to be a German princess. Her arrival as the German princess "at the Exchange Tavern, right against the Stocks betwixt the Poultry and Cornhill, at 5 in the morning . . ., with her marriage to Carleton the taverner's wife's brother," are incidents fully narrated in Francis Kirkman's "Counterfeit Lady Unveiled," 1673 ("Boyne's Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i., p. 703). Her adventures formed the plot of a tragi-comedy by T. P., entitled "A Witty Combat, or the Female Victor," 1663, which was acted with great applause by persons of quality in Whitsun week. Mary Carleton was tried at the Old Bailey for bigamy and acquitted, after which she appeared on the stage in her own character as the heroine of a play entitled "The German Princess." Pepys went to the Duke's House to see her on April 15th, 1664. The rest of her life was one continued course of robbery and fraud, and in 1678 she was executed at Tyburn for stealing a piece of plate in Chancery Lane.

30th. Up betimes, and Creed and I by water to Fleet Street, and my brother not being ready, he and I walked to the New Exchange, and there drank our morning draught of whay, the first I have done this year; but I perceive the lawyers come all in as they go to the Hall, and I believe it is very good. So to my brother's, and there I found my aunt James, a poor, religious, well-meaning, good soul, talking of nothing but God Almighty, and that with so much innocence that mightily pleased me. Here was a fellow that said grace so long like a prayer; I believe the fellow is a cunning fellow, and yet I by my brother's desire did give him a crown, he being in great want, and, it seems, a parson among the fanatiques, and a cozen of my poor aunt's, whose prayers she told me did do me good among the many good souls that did by my father's desires pray for me when I was cut of the stone, and which God did hear, which I also in complaisance did own; but, God forgive me, my mind was otherwise. I had a couple of lobsters and some wine for her, and so, she going out of town to-day, and being not willing to come home with me to dinner, I parted and home, where we sat at the office all the morning, and after dinner all the afternoon till night, there at my office getting up the time that I have of late lost by not following my business, but I hope now to settle my mind again very well to my business. So home, and after supper did wash my feet, and so to bed.

31st (Lord's day). Lay long in bed talking with my wife, and do plainly see that her distaste (which is beginning now in her again) against Ashwell arises from her jealousy of me and her, and my neglect of herself, which indeed is true, and I to blame; but for the time to come I will take care to remedy all. So up and to church, where I think I did see Pembleton, whatever the reason is I did not perceive him to look up towards my wife, nor she much towards him; however, I could hardly keep myself from being troubled that he was there, which is a madness not to be excused now that his coming to my house is past, and I hope all likelyhood of her having occasion to converse with him again. Home to dinner, and after dinner up and read part of the new play of "The Five Houres' Adventures," which though I have seen it twice, yet I never did

admire or understand it enough, it being a play of the greatest plot that ever I expect to see, and of great vigour quite through the whole play, from beginning to the end. To church again after dinner (my wife finding herself ill . . . did not go), and there the Scot preaching I slept most of the sermon. This day Sir W. Batten's son's child is christened in the country, whither Sir J. Minnes, and Sir W. Batten, and Sir W. Pen are all gone. I wonder, and take it highly ill that I am not invited by the father, though I know his father and mother, with whom I am never likely to have much kindness, but rather I study the contrary, are the cause of it, and in that respect I am glad of it. Being come from church, I to make up my month's accounts, and find myself clear worth £726, for which God be praised, but yet I might have been better by £20 almost had I forborne some layings out in dancing and other things upon my wife, and going to plays and other things merely to ease my mind as to the business of the dancing-master, which I bless God is now over and I falling to my quiet of mind and business again, which I have for a fortnight neglected too much. This month the greatest news is, the height and heat that the Parliament is in, in enquiring into the revenue, which displeases the Court, and their backwardness to give the King any money. Their enquiring into the selling of places do trouble a great many; among the chief, my Lord Chancellor (against whom particularly it is carried), and Mr. Coventry; for which I am sorry. The King of France was given out to be poisoned and dead; but it proves to be the measles: and he is well, or likely to be soon well again. I find myself growing in the esteem and credit that I have in the office, and I hope falling to my business again will confirm me in it, and the saving of money, which God grant! So to supper, prayers, and bed. My whole family lying longer this morning than was fit, and besides Will having neglected to brush my clothes, as he ought to do, till I was ready to go to church, and not then till I bade him, I was very angry, and seeing him make little matter of it, but seeming to make it a matter indifferent whether he did it or no, I did give him a box on the ear, and had it been another day should have done more. This is the second time I ever struck him.

June 1st. Begun again to rise betimes by 4 o'clock, and made an end of "The Adventures of Five Houres," and it is a most excellent play. So to my office, where a while and then about several businesses, in my way to my brother's, where I dined (being invited) with Mr. Peter and Dean Honiwood,[1] where Tom did give us a very pretty dinner, and we very pleasant, but not very merry, the Dean being but a weak man, though very good. I was forced to rise, being in haste to St. James's to attend the Duke, and left them to end their dinner; but the Duke having been a-hunting to-day, and so lately come home and gone to bed, we could not see him, and Mr. Coventry being out of the house too, we walked away to White Hall and there took coach, and I with Sir J. Minnes to the Strand Maypole;[2] and there 'light out of his coach, and walked to the New Theatre, which, since the King's players are gone to the Royal one, is this day begun to be employed by the fencers to play prizes at.[3] And here I came and saw the first prize I ever saw in my life: and it was between one Mathews, who did beat at all weapons, and one Westwicke,

[1] See note on the three brothers Honywood, *ante*, January 13th, 1661–62.

[2] The maypole in the Strand stood on the site of the church of St. Mary-le-Strand, and was a well-known object in 1634, when Captain Bailey set up there a stand for his hackney coaches. It was taken down by the Puritans, and re-erected in the first year after Charles II.'s restoration. In William Stow's "Remarks on London," 1722, it is said that Clarges the farrier set it up in honour of his daughter having arrived at the dignity of Duchess of Albemarle, but the statement does not appear to have any authority. The maypole was of great height, but it was gradually reduced by storms of wind, and in 1717, when it was removed to Wanstead, there were only twenty feet of the pole remaining.

> "Amid that area wide they took their stand,
> Where the tall maypole once o'erlooked the Strand,
> And now (so Anne and piety ordain)
> A church collects the saints of Drury Lane."
>
> Pope's *Dunciad*, book ii.

St. Mary's was the first finished of the fifty new churches to be built by Queen Anne's act of parliament.

> "What's not destroyed by Time's devouring Hand?
> Where's Troy, and where's the May-pole in the Strand?"
>
> Bramston's *Art of Politicks*, 1731.

[3] The theatre which the King's Company under Killigrew had left for the new Drury Lane Theatre was in Vere Street, Clare Market, and had previously been occupied as Gibbons's Tennis Court.

who was soundly cut several times both in the head and legs, that he was all over blood: and other deadly blows they did give and take in very good earnest, till Westwicke was in a most sad pickle. They fought at eight weapons, three bouts at each weapon. It was very well worth seeing, because I did till this day think that it has only been a cheat; but this being upon a private quarrel, they did it in good earnest; and I felt one of their swords, and found it be very little, if at all blunter on the edge, than the common swords are. Strange to see what a deal of money is flung to them both upon the stage between every bout. But a woful rude rabble there was, and such noises, made my head ake all this evening. So, well pleased for once with this sight, I walked home, doing several businesses by the way. In my way calling to see Commissioner Pett, who lies sick at his daughter's, a pretty woman, in Gracious Street, but is likely to be abroad again in a day or two. At home I found my wife in bed all this day. . . . I went to see Sir Wm. Pen, who has a little pain of his gout again, but will do well. So home to supper and to bed. This day I hear at Court of the great plot which was lately discovered in Ireland, made among the Presbyters and others, designing to cry up the Covenant, and to secure Dublin Castle and other places; and they have debauched a good part of the army there, promising them ready money.[1] Some of the Parliament there, they say, are guilty, and some withdrawn upon it; several persons taken, and among others a son of Scott's, that was executed here for the King's murder. What reason the King hath, I know not; but it seems he is doubtfull of Scotland: and this afternoon, when I was there, the Council was called extraordinary; and they were opening the letters this last post's coming and going between Scotland and us and other places. Blessed be God, my head and hands are clear, and therefore my sleep safe. The King of France is well again.

2d. Up and by water to White Hall and so to St. James's, to Mr. Coventry; where I had an hour's private talk with

[1] This was known as "Blood's Plot," and was named after Colonel Thomas Blood, afterwards notorious for his desperate attack upon the Duke of Ormond in St. James's Street (1670) and for his robbery of the crown jewels in the Tower (1671). He died August 24th, 1680.

him. Most of it was discourse concerning his own condition, at present being under the censure of the House, being concerned with others in the Bill for selling of offices. He tells me, that though he thinks himself to suffer much in his fame hereby, yet he values nothing more of evil to hang over him; for that it is against no statute, as is pretended, nor more than what his predecessors time out of mind have taken; and that so soon as he found himself to be in an errour, he did desire to have his fees set, which was done; and since that he hath not taken a token more. He undertakes to prove, that he did never take a token of any captain to get him employed in his life beforehand, or demanded any thing: and for the other accusation, that the Cavaliers are not employed, he looked over the list of them now in the service, and of the twenty-seven that are employed, thirteen have been heretofore always under the King; two neutralls, and the other twelve men of great courage, and such as had either the King's particular commands, or great recommendation to put them in, and none by himself. Besides that, he says it is not the King's nor Duke's opinion that the whole party of the late officers should be rendered desperate. And lastly, he confesses that the more of the Cavaliers are put in, the less of discipline hath followed in the fleet; and that, whenever there comes occasion, it must be the old ones that must do any good, there being only, he says, but Captain Allen good for anything of them all. He tells me, that he cannot guess whom all this should come from; but he suspects Sir G. Carteret, as I also do, at least that he is pleased with it. But he tells me that he will bring Sir G. Carteret to be the first adviser and instructor of him what to make his place of benefit to him; telling him that Smith did make his place worth £5,000 and he believed £7,000 to him the first year; besides something else greater than all this, which he forbore to tell me. It seems one Sir Thomas Tomkins[1] of the House, that makes many mad motions, did bring it into the House, saying that a letter was left at his lodgings, subscribed by one Benson (which is a feigned name, for there is no such man in the Navy),

[1] M.P. for Weobly, and one of the proposed Knights of the Royal Oak for Herefordshire. — B.

telling him how many places in the Navy have been sold. And by another letter, left in the same manner since, nobody appearing, he writes him that there is one Hughes and another Butler (both rogues, that have for their roguery been turned out of their places), that will swear that Mr. Coventry did sell their places and other things. I offered him my service, and will with all my heart serve him; but he tells me he do not think it convenient to meddle, or to any purpose, but is sensible of my love therein. So I bade him good morrow, he being out of order to speak anything of our office business, and so away to Westminster Hall, where I hear more of the plot from Ireland; which it seems hath been hatching, and known to the Lord Lieutenant a great while, and kept close till within three days that it should have taken effect. The term ended yesterday, and it seems the Courts rose sooner, for want of causes, than it is remembered to have done in the memory of man. Thence up and down about business in several places, as to speak with Mr. Phillips, but missed him, and so to Mr. Beacham, the goldsmith,[1] he being one of the jury to-morrow in Sir W. Batten's case against Field. I have been telling him our case, and I believe he will do us good service there. So home, and seeing my wife had dined I went, being invited, and dined with Sir W. Batten, Sir J. Minnes, and others, at Sir W. Batten's, Captain Allen giving them a Foy[2] dinner, he being to go down to lie Admiral in the Downs this summer. I cannot but think it a little strange that having been so civil to him as I have been he should not invite me to dinner, but I believe it was but a sudden motion, and so I heard not of it. After dinner to the office, where all the afternoon till late, and so to see Sir W. Pen, and so home to supper and to bed. To-night I took occasion with the vintner's man, who came by my direction to taste again my tierce of claret, to go down to the cellar with him to consult about the drawing of it; and there to my great vexation, I find that the cellar door hath long been kept unlocked, and above half the wine drunk. I was deadly mad at it, and examined my people

[1] Mr. Beauchamp, the goldsmith of Cheapside, is mentioned on November 14th and 19th, 1660.

[2] See note, *ante*, March 20th, 1659–60.

round, but nobody would confess it; but I did examine the boy, and afterwards Will, and told him of his sitting up after we were in bed with the maids, but as to that business he denies it, which I can [not] remedy, but I shall endeavour to know how it went. My wife did also this evening tell me a story of Ashwell stealing some new ribbon from her, a yard or two, which I am sorry to hear, and I fear my wife do take a displeasure against her, that they will hardly stay together, which I should be sorry for, because I know not where to pick such another out anywhere.

3rd. Up betimes, and studying of my double horizontal diall against Dean Honiwood comes to me, who dotes mightily upon it, and I think I must give it him. So after talking with Sir W. Batten, who is this morning gone to Guildhall to his trial with Field, I to my office, and there read all the morning in my statute-book, consulting among others the statute against selling of offices, wherein Mr. Coventry is so much concerned; and though he tells me that the statute do not reach him, yet I much fear that it will. At noon, hearing that the trial is done, and Sir W. Batten come to the Sun behind the Exchange I went thither, where he tells me that he had much ado to carry it on his side, but that at last he did, but the jury, by the Judge's favour, did give us but £10 damages and the charges of the suit, which troubles me; but it is well it went not against us, which would have been much worse. So to the Exchange, and thence home to dinner, taking Deane of Woolwich along with me, and he dined alone with my wife being undressed, and he and I spent all the afternoon finely, learning of him the method of drawing the lines of a ship, to my great satisfaction, and which is well worth my spending some time in, as I shall do when my wife is gone into the country. In the evening to the office and did some business, then home, and, God forgive me, did from my wife's unwillingness to tell me whither she had sent the boy, presently suspect that he was gone to Pembleton's, and from that occasion grew so discontented that I could hardly speak or sleep all night.

4th. Up betimes, and my wife and Ashwell and I whiled away the morning up and down while they got themselves ready, and I did so watch to see my wife put on drawers,

which poor soul she did, and yet I could not get off my suspicions, she having a mind to go into Fenchurch Street before she went out for good and all with me, which I must needs construe to be to meet Pembleton, when she afterwards told me it was to buy a fan that she had not a mind that I should know of, and I believe it is so. Specially I did by a wile get out of my boy that he did not yesterday go to Pembleton's or thereabouts, but only was sent all that time for some starch, and I did see him bringing home some, and yet all this cannot make my mind quiet. At last by coach I carried her to Westminster Hall, and they two to Mrs. Bowyer to go from thence to my wife's father and Ashwell to hers, and by and by seeing my wife's father in the Hall, and being loth that my wife should put me to another trouble and charge by missing him to-day, I did employ a porter to go from a person unknown to tell him his daughter was come to his lodgings, and I at a distance did observe him, but, Lord! what a company of questions he did ask him, what kind of man I was, and God knows what. So he went home, and after I had staid in the Hall a good while, where I heard that this day the Archbishop of Canterbury, Juxon,[1] a man well spoken of by all for a good man, is dead; and the Bishop of London[2] is to have his seat. Home by water, where by and by comes Dean Honiwood, and I showed him my double horizontal diall, and promise to give him one, and that shall be it. So, without eating or drinking, he went away to Mr. Turner's, where Sir J. Minnes do treat my Lord Chancellor and a great deal of guests to-day with a great dinner, which I thank God I do not pay for; and besides, I doubt it is too late for any man to expect any great service from my Lord Chancellor, for which I am sorry, and pray God a worse do not come in his room. So I to dinner alone, and so to my chamber, and then to the office alone, my

[1] William Juxon, born at Chichester, 1582; educated at Merchant Taylors' School and at St. John's College, Oxford; Bishop-elect of Hereford, 1633, and promoted to London in the same year; Lord High Treasurer, 1635; attended Charles I. on the scaffold, and at the Restoration was made Archbishop of Canterbury. Died June 4th, 1663.

[2] Archbishop Juxon was succeeded by Dr. Gilbert Sheldon, Bishop of London.

head aching and my mind in trouble for my wife, being jealous of her spending the day, though God knows I have no great reason. Yet my mind is troubled. By and by comes Will Howe to see us, and walked with me an hour in the garden, talking of my Lord's falling to business again, which I am glad of, and his coming to lie at his lodgings at White Hall again. The match between Sir J. Cutts[1] and my Lady Jemimah,[2] he says, is likely to go on; for which I am glad. In the Hall to-day Dr. Pierce tells me that the Queen begins to be brisk, and play like other ladies, and is quite another woman from what she was, of which I am glad. It may be, it may make the King like her the better, and forsake his two mistresses, my Lady Castlemaine and Stewart. He gone we sat at the office till night, and then home, where my wife is come, and has been with her father all the afternoon, and so home, and she and I to walk in the garden, giving ear to her discourse of her father's affairs, and I found all well, so after putting things in order at my office, home to supper and to bed.

5th. Up and to read a little, and by and by the carver coming, I directed him how to make me a neat head for my viall that is making. About 10 o'clock my wife and I, not without some discontent, abroad by coach, and I set her at her father's; but their condition is such that she will not let me see where they live, but goes by herself when I am out of sight. Thence to my brother's, taking care for a passage for my wife the next week in a coach to my father's, and thence to Paul's Churchyard, where I found several books ready bound for me; among others, the new Concordance of the Bible,[3] which pleases me much, and is a book I hope to make good use of. Thence, taking the little History of England[4] with me, I went by water to Deptford, where Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten attending

[1] Of Childerly, near Cambridge. — B.

[2] Lady Jemima Montagu, daughter to the Earl of Sandwich. This match did not come off; she married Philip Carteret.

[3] It is not easy to say what Concordance this was. It may have been the one by Robert Wickens, published at Oxford in 1655.

[4] This may be the "History of the Commons Warre of England from 1640 to 1662," published London, 1662.

the Pay; I dined with them, and there Dr. Britton,[1] parson of the town, a fine man and good company, dined with us, and good discourse. After dinner I left them and walked to Redriffe, and thence to White Hall, and at my Lord's lodgings found my wife, and thence carried her to see my Lady Jemimah, but she was not within. So to Mr. Turner's, and there saw Mr. Edward Pepys's lady, who my wife concurs with me to be very pretty, as most women we ever saw.[2] So home, and after a walk in the garden a little troubled to see my wife take no more pleasure with Ashwell, but neglect her and leave her at home. Home to supper and to bed.

6th. Lay in bed till 7 o'clock, yet rose with an opinion that it was not 5, and so continued though I heard the clock strike, till noon, and would not believe that it was so late as it truly was. I was hardly ever so mistaken in my life before. Up and to Sir G. Carteret at his house, and spoke to him about business, but he being in a bad humour I had no mind to stay with him, but walked, drinking my morning draft of whay, by the way, to York House, where the Russia Embassador do lie; and there I saw his people go up and down louseing themselves: they are all in a great hurry, being to be gone the beginning of next week. But that that pleased me best, was the remains of the noble soul of the late Duke of Buckingham appearing in his house, in every place, in the door-cases and the windows. By and by comes Sir John Hebden,[3] the Russia Resident, to me, and he and I in his coach to White Hall, to Secretary Morrice's, to see the orders about the Russia hemp that is to be fetched from Archangel for our King, and that being done, to coach again, and he brought me into the City and

[1] Robert Bretton, D.D., vicar of St. Nicholas, Deptford. He was also rector of St. Martin's, Ludgate, and prebendary of Cadington Minor in the diocese of London. He died February 18th, 1671–2. John Evelyn highly esteemed him, and grieved at his death.

[2] Elizabeth, daughter and co-heiress of John Walpole of Broomsthorpe, Norfolk, married Edward Pepys of Broomsthorpe, who died December 22nd, 1663. Samuel says she was the only handsome woman "of our name."

[3] Sir John Hebden had been knighted by Charles II. at Whitehall on May 30th of this same year. He had made a fortune in Russia by trade.

so I home; and after dinner abroad by water, and met by appointment Mr. Deane in the Temple Church, and he and I over to Mr. Blackbury's yard, and thence to other places, and after that to a drinking house, in all which places I did so practise and improve my measuring of timber, that I can now do it with great ease and perfection, which do please me mightily. This fellow Deane is a conceited fellow, and one that means the King a great deal of service, more of disservice to other people that go away with the profits which he cannot make; but, however, I learn much of him, and he is, I perceive, of great use to the King in his place, and so I shall give him all the encouragement I can. Home by water, and having wrote a letter for my wife to my Lady Sandwich to copy out to send this night's post, I to the office, and wrote there myself several things, and so home to supper and bed. My mind being troubled to think into what a temper of neglect I have myself flung my wife into by my letting her learn to dance, that it will require time to cure her of, and I fear her going into the country will but make her worse; but only I do hope in the meantime to spend my time well in my office, with more leisure than while she is here. Hebden, to-day in the coach, did tell me how he is vexed to see things at Court ordered as they are by nobody that attends to business, but every man himself or his pleasures. He cries up my Lord Ashley to be almost the only man that he sees to look after business; and with that ease and mastery, that he wonders at him. He cries out against the King's dealing so much with goldsmiths, and suffering himself to have his purse kept and commanded by them. He tells me also with what exact care and order the States of Holland's[1] stores are kept in their Yards, and every thing managed there by their builders with such husbandry as is not imaginable; which I will endeavour to understand further, if I can by any means learn.

7th (Lord's day). Whit Sunday. Lay long talking with my wife, sometimes angry and ended pleased and hope to bring our matters to a better posture in a little time, which God send. So up and to church, where Mr. Mills preached,

[1] Hebden had been Resident to the States General of the United Provinces in 1660.

but, I know not how, I slept most of the sermon. Thence home, and dined with my wife and Ashwell and after dinner discoursed very pleasantly, and so I to church again in the afternoon, and, the Scot preaching, again slept all the afternoon, and so home, and by and by to Sir W. Batten's, to talk about business, where my Lady Batten inveighed mightily against the German Princess,[1] and I as high in the defence of her wit and spirit, and glad that she is cleared at the sessions. Thence to Sir W. Pen, who I found ill again of the gout, he tells me that now Mr. Castle and Mrs. Martha Batten[2] do own themselves to be married, and have been this fortnight. Much good may it do him, for I do not envy him his wife. So home, and there my wife and I had an angry word or two upon discourse of our boy, compared with Sir W. Pen's boy that he has now, whom I say is much prettier than ours and she the contrary. It troubles me to see that every small thing is enough now-a-days to bring a difference between us. So to my office and there did a little business, and then home to supper and to bed. Mrs. Turner, who is often at Court, do tell me to-day that for certain the Queen hath much changed her humour, and is become very pleasant and sociable as any; and they say is with child, or believed to be so.

8th. Up and to my office a while, and thence by coach with Sir J. Minnes to St. James's to the Duke, where Mr. Coventry and us two did discourse with the Duke a little about our office business, which saved our coming in the afternoon, and so to rights home again and to dinner. After dinner my wife and I had a little jangling, in which she did give me the lie, which vexed me, so that finding my talking did but make her worse, and that her spirit is lately come to be other than it used to be, and now depends upon her having Ashwell by her, before whom she thinks I shall not say nor do anything of force to her, which vexes me and makes me wish that I had better considered all that I have of late done concerning my bringing my wife to

[1] See *ante*, May 29th.

[2] Martha Batten, aged twenty-six, was married to William Castell, of Redereth Wall, co. Surrey, shipwright, widower, aged thirty-four. The marriage licence is dated July 2nd, 1663 (Chester's "London Marriage Licences," ed. Foster, 1887, col. 254).

this condition of heat, I went up vexed to my chamber and there fell examining my new concordance, that I have bought, with Newman's,[1] the best that ever was out before, and I find mine altogether as copious as that and something larger, though the order in some respects not so good, that a man may think a place is missing, when it is only put in another place. Up by and by my wife comes and good friends again, and to walk in the garden and so anon to supper and to bed. My cozen John Angier the son, of Cambridge coming to me late to see me, and I find his business is that he would be sent to sea, but I dissuaded him from it, for I will not have to do with it without his friends' consent.

9th. Up and after ordering some things towards my wife's going into the country, to the office, where I spent the morning upon my measuring rules very pleasantly till noon, and then comes Creed and he and I talked about mathematiques, and he tells me of a way found out by Mr. Jonas Moore[2] which he calls duodecimal arithmetique, which is properly applied to measuring, where all is ordered by inches, which are 12 in a foot, which I have a mind to learn. So he with me home to dinner and after dinner walk in the garden, and then we met at the office, where Coventry, Sir J. Minnes, and I, and so in the evening, business done, I went home and spent my time till night with my wife. Presently after my coming home comes Pembleton, whether by appointment or no I know not, or whether by a former promise that he would come once before my wife's going into the country, but I took no notice of, let them go up and Ashwell with them to dance, which they did, and I staid below in my chamber, but, Lord! how I listened and laid my ear to the door, and how I was troubled when I heard them stand still and not dance. Anon they made an end and had done, and so I suffered him to go away, and spoke not to him, though troubled in my mind, but showed no discontent to my wife, believing

[1] Newman's "Cambridge Concordance" was frequently reprinted and held its own until it and all other concordances of the Bible were superseded by Cruden's work.

[2] See note, *ante*, December 6th, 1660. Moore's Arithmetic was first published in 1650.

that this is the last time I shall be troubled with him. So my wife and I to walk in the garden, home and to supper and to bed.

10th. Up and all the morning helping my wife to put up her things towards her going into the country and drawing the wine out of my vessel to send. This morning came my cozen Thomas Pepys to desire me to furnish him with some money, which I could not do till his father has wrote to Piggott his consent to the sale of his lands, so by and by we parted and I to the Exchange a while and so home and to dinner, and thence to the Royal Theatre by water, and landing, met with Captain Ferrers his friend, the little man that used to be with him, and he with us, and sat by us while we saw "Love in a Maze." The play is pretty good, but the life of the play is Lacy's part,[1] the clown, which is most admirable; but for the rest, which are counted such old and excellent actors, in my life I never heard both men and women so ill pronounce their parts, even to my making myself sick therewith. Thence, Creed happening to be with us, we four to the Half-Moon Tavern, I buying some sugar and carrying it with me, which we drank with wine and thence to the whay-house, and drank a great deal of whay, and so by water home, and thence to see Sir W. Pen, who is not in much pain, but his legs swell and so immoveable that he cannot stir them, but as they are lifted by other people and I doubt will have another fit of his late pain. Played a little at cards with him and his daughter, who is grown every day a finer and finer lady, and so home to supper and to bed. When my wife and I came first home we took Ashwell and all the rest below in the cellar with the vintner drawing out my wine, which I blamed Ashwell much for and told her my mind that I would not endure it, nor was it fit for her to make herself equal with the ordinary servants of the house.

11th. Up and spent most of the morning upon my measuring Ruler and with great pleasure I have found out some things myself of great dispatch, more than my book teaches me, which pleases me mightily. Sent my wife's things and the wine to-day by the carrier to my father's, but staid

[1] John Lacy in the part of Thumpe in Shirley's "The Changes, or Love in a Maze" (see note, *ante*, May 22nd, 1662).

my boy from a letter of my father's, wherein he desires that he may not come to trouble his family as he did the last year. Dined at home and then to the office, where we sat all the afternoon, and at night home and spent the evening with my wife, and she and I did jangle mightily about her cushions that she wrought with worsteds the last year, which are too little for any use, but were good friends by and by again. But one thing I must confess I do observe, which I did not before, which is, that I cannot blame my wife to be now in a worse humour than she used to be, for I am taken up in my talk with Ashwell, who is a very witty girl, that I am not so fond of her as I used and ought to be, which now I do perceive I will remedy, but I would to the Lord I had never taken any, though I cannot have a better than her. To supper and to bed. The consideration that this is the longest day in the year is very unpleasant to me.[1] This afternoon my wife had a visit from my Lady Jeminah and Mr. Ferrers.

12th. Up and my office, there conning my measuring Ruler, which I shall grow a master of in a very little time. At noon to the Exchange and so home to dinner, and abroad with my wife by water to the Royall Theatre; and there saw "The Committee,"[2] a merry but indifferent play, only Lacey's part, an Irish footman, is beyond imagination. Here I saw my Lord Falconbridge,[3] and his Lady, my Lady Mary Cromwell, who looks as well as I have known her, and well clad; but when the House began to fill she put on her vizard,[4] and so kept it on all the play;

[1] It is necessary to note that this was according to the old style.

[2] A comedy by Sir Robert Howard, written in ridicule of the Puritans.

[3] Thomas Bellasyse, Viscount Fauconberg, married, 1st, Mildred Sanderson, daughter of Nicholas, Viscount Castleton, and, 2nd, Mary Cromwell, third daughter of the Protector. He was appointed one of the Council of State, 1657, and Envoy to France, 1658. Created Earl of Fauconberg, 1689, and died December 31st, 1700. Lady Fauconberg died in 1712.

[4] Masks were commonly used by ladies in the reign of Elizabeth, and when their use was revived at the Restoration for respectable women attending the theatre, they became general. They soon, however, became the mark of loose women, and their use was discontinued by women of repute. On June 1st, 1704, a song was sung at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields called "The Misses' Lamentation for

which of late is become a great fashion among the ladies, which hides their whole face. So to the Exchange, to buy things with my wife; among others, a vizard for herself. And so by water home and to my office to do a little business, and so to see Sir W. Pen, but being going to bed and not well I could not see him. So home and to supper and bed, being mightily troubled all night and next morning with the palate of my mouth being down from some cold I took to-day sitting sweating in the playhouse, and the wind blowing through the windows upon my head.

13th. Up and betimes to Thames Street among the tarr men, to look the price of tarr and so by water to Whitehall thinking to speak with Sir G. Carteret, but he lying in the city all night, and meeting with Mr. Cutler the merchant, I with him in his coach into the city to Sir G. Carteret, but missing him there, he and I walked to find him at Sir Tho. Allen's in Bread Street, where not finding him he and I walked towards our office, he discoursing well of the business of the Navy, and particularly of the victualling, in which he was once I perceive concerned, and he and I parted and I to the office and there had a difference with Sir W. Batten about Mr. Bowyer's tarr, which I am resolved to cross, though he sent me last night, as a bribe, a barrel of sturgeon, which, it may be, I shall send back, for I will not have the King abused so abominably in the price of what we buy, by Sir W. Batten's corruption and underhand dealing. So from the office, Mr. Wayth with me, to the Parliament House, and there I spoke and told Sir G. Carteret all, with which he is well pleased, and do recall his willingness yesterday, it seems, to Sir W. Batten, that we should buy a great quantity of tarr, being abused by him. Thence with Mr. Wayth after drinking a cupp of ale at the Swan, talking of the corruption of the Navy, by water. I landed him at Whitefriars, and I to the Exchange, and so home to dinner, where I found my wife's brother, and thence after dinner by water to the Royall Theatre, where I resolve to bid farewell, as shall appear by my oaths to-morrow against all plays either at publique houses or

want of their Vizard Masques at the Theatre." Mr. R. W. Lowe gives several references to the use of vizard masks at the theatre in his interesting biography, "Thomas Betterton."

Court till Christmas be over. Here we saw "The Faithfull Sheepheardesse,"[1] a most simple thing, and yet much thronged after, and often shown, but it is only for the scenes' sake, which is very fine indeed and worth seeing; but I am quite out of opinion with any of their actings, but Lacy's, compared with the other house. Thence to see Mrs. Hunt, which we did and were much made of; and in our way saw my Lady Castlemaine, who, I fear, is not so handsome as I have taken her for, and now she begins to decay something. This is my wife's opinion also, for which I am sorry. Thence by coach, with a mad coachman, that drove like mad, and down byeways, through Bucklersbury home, everybody through the street cursing him, being ready to run over them. So home, and after writing letters by the post, home to supper and bed. Yesterday, upon conference with the King in the Banqueting House, the Parliament did agree with much ado, it being carried but by forty-two voices, that they would supply him with a sum of money; but what and how is not yet known, but expected to be done with great disputes the next week. But if done at all, it is well.

14th (Lord's day). Lay long in bed. So up and to church. Then to dinner, and Tom dined with me, who I think grows a very thriving man, as he himself tells me. He tells me that his man John has got a wife, and for that he intends to part with him, which I am sorry for, and then that Mr. Armiger comes to be a constant lodger at his house, and he says has money in his purse and will be a good paymaster, but I do much doubt it. He being gone, I up and sending my people to church, my wife and I did even our reckonings, and had a great deal of serious talk, wherein I took occasion to give her hints of the necessity of our saving all we can. I do see great cause every day to curse the time that ever I did give way to the taking of a woman for her, though I could never have had a better, and also the letting of her learn to dance, by both which her mind is so devilishly taken off her business and minding her occasions, and besides has got such an opinion in her of my being jealous, that it is never to be removed, I fear,

[1] A dramatic pastoral by John Fletcher, first acted in 1610.

nor hardly my trouble that attends it; but I must have patience. I did give her 40*s.* to carry into the country tomorrow with her, whereof 15*s.* is to go for the coach-hire for her and Ashwell, there being 20*s.* paid here already in earnest. In the evening our discourse turned to great content and love, and I hope that after a little forgetting our late differences, and being a while absent one from another, we shall come to agree as well as ever. So to Sir W. Pen's to visit him, and finding him alone, sent for my wife, who is in her riding-suit, to see him, which she hath not done these many months I think. By and by in comes Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten, and so we sat talking. Among other things, Sir J. Minnes brought many fine expressions of Chaucer, which he doats on mightily, and without doubt he is a very fine poet.[1] Sir W. Pen continues lame of the gout, that he cannot rise from his chair. So after staying an hour with him, we went home and to supper, and so to prayers and bed.

15th. Up betimes, and anon my wife rose and did give me her keys, and put other things in order and herself against going this morning into the country. I was forced to go to Thames Street and strike up a bargain for some tarr, to prevent being abused therein by Hill, who was with me this morning, and is mightily surprised that I should tell him what I can have the same tarr with his for. Thence home, but finding my wife gone, I took coach and after her to her inn, where I am troubled to see her forced to sit in the back of the coach, though pleased to see her company none but women and one parson; she I find is troubled at all, and I seemed to make a promise to get a horse and ride after them; and so, kissing her often, and Ashwell once, I bid them adieu. So home by coach, and thence by water to Deptford to the Trinity House, where I came a little late; but I found them reading their charter, which they did like fools, only reading here and there a bit, whereas they ought to do it all, every word, and then proceeded to the election of a maister, which was Sir W. Batten, without any control, who made a heavy, short

[1] Pepys continued through life an admirer of Chaucer, and we have the authority of Dryden himself for saying that we owe his character of the Good Parson to Pepys's recommendation.

speech to them, moving them to give thanks to the late Maister for his pains, which he said was very great, and giving them thanks for their choice of him, wherein he would serve them to the best of his power. Then to the choice of their assistants and wardens, and so rose. I might have received *2s. 6d.* as a younger Brother, but I directed one of the servants of the House to receive it and keep it. Thence to church, where Dr. Britton preached a sermon full of words against the Non-conformists, but no great matter in it, nor proper for the day at all. His text was, "With one mind and one mouth give glory to God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ." That done, by water, I in the barge with the Maister, to the Trinity House at London;[1] where, among others, I found my Lords Sandwich and Craven, and my cousin Roger Pepys, and Sir Wm. Wheeler. Anon we sat down to dinner, which was very great, as they always have. Great variety of talk. Mr. Prin, among many, had a pretty tale of one that brought in a bill in parliament for the impowering him to dispose his land to such children as he should have that should bear the name of his wife. It was in Queen Elizabeth's time. One replied that there are many species of creatures where the male gives the denomination to both sexes, as swan and woodcock, but not above one where the female do, and that is a goose. Both at and after dinner we had great discourses of the nature and power of spirits, and whether they can animate dead bodies; in all which, as of the general appearance of spirits, my Lord Sandwich is very scepticall. He says the greatest warrants that ever he had to believe any, is the present appearing of the Devil[2]

[1] In Water Lane, Great Tower Street.

[2] "In 1664, there being a generall report all over the kingdom of Mr. Monpesson his house being haunted, which hee himself affirming to the King and Queene to be true, the King sent the Lord Falmouth, and the Queene sent mee, to examine the truth of; but wee could neither see nor heare anything that was extraordinary; and about a year after, his Majesty told me that hee had discovered the cheat, and that Mr. Monpesson, upon his Majesty sending for him, confessed it to him. And yet Mr. Monpesson, in a printed letter, had afterwards the confidence to deny that hee had ever made any such confession" ("Letters of the Second Earl of Chesterfield," p. 24, 1829, 8vo). Joseph Glanville published a relation of the famous disturbance at the

in Wiltshire, much of late talked of, who beats a drum up and down. There are books of it, and, they say, very true; but my Lord observes, that though he do answer to any tune that you will play to him upon another drum, yet one tune he tried to play and could not; which makes him suspect the whole; and I think it is a good argument. Sometimes they talked of handsome women, and Sir J. Minnes saying that there was no beauty like what he sees in the country-markets, and specially at Bury, in which I will agree with him that there is a prettiest women I ever saw. My Lord replied thus: "Sir John, what do you think of your neighbour's wife?" looking upon me. "Do you not think that he hath a great beauty to his wife? Upon my word he hath." Which I was not a little proud of. Thence by barge with my Lord to Blackfriars, where we landed and I thence walked home, where vexed to find my boy (whom I boxed at his coming for it) and Will abroad, though he was but upon Tower Hill a very little while. My head akeing with the healths I was forced to drink to-day I sent for the barber, and he having done, I up to my wife's closett, and there played on my viallin a good while, and without supper anon to bed, sad for want of my wife, whom I love with all my heart, though of late she has given me some troubled thoughts.

16th. Up, but not so early as I intend now, and to my office, where doing business all the morning. At noon by desire I dined with Sir W. Batten, who tells me that the House have voted the supply, intended for the King, shall be by subsidy. After dinner with Sir J. Minnes to see some pictures at Brewer's, said to be of good hands, but I do not like them. So I to the office and thence to Sacy's, his Tar merchant, whose servant with whom I agreed yesterday for some tar do by combination with Bowyer and Hill fall from our agreement, which vexes us all at the office,

house of Mr. Monpesson, at Tedworth, Wilts, occasioned by the beating of an invisible drum every night for a year. This story, which was believed at the time, furnished the plot for Addison's play of "The Drummer, or the Haunted House." In the "Mercurius Publicus," April 16–23, 1663, there is a curious examination on this subject, by which it appears that one William Drury, of Uscut, Wilts, was the invisible drummer. — B.

even Sir W. Batten, who was so earnest for it. So to the office, where we sat all the afternoon till night, and then to Sir W. Pen, who continues ill, and so to bed about 10 o'clock.

17th. Up before 4 o'clock, which is the hour I intend now to rise at, and to my office a while, and with great pleasure I fell to my business again. Anon went with money to my tar merchant to pay for the tar, which he refuses to sell me; but now the master is come home, and so he speaks very civilly, and I believe we shall have it with peace. I brought back my money to my office, and thence to White Hall, and in the garden spoke to my Lord Sandwich, who is in his gold-buttoned suit, as the mode is, and looks nobly. Captain Ferrers, I see, is come home from France. I only spoke one word to him, my Lord being there. He tells me the young gentlemen are well there; so my Lord went to my Lord Albemarle's to dinner, and I by water home and dined alone, and at the office (after half an hour's viallin practice after dinner) till late at night, and so home and to bed. This day I sent my cozen Edward Pepys his Lady, at my cozen Turner's, a piece of venison given me yesterday, and Madame Turner I sent for a dozen bottles of her's, to fill with wine for her. This day I met with Pierce the surgeon, who tells me that the King has made peace between Mr. Edward Montagu and his father Lord Montagu, and that all is well again; at which, for the family's sake, I am very glad, but do not think it will hold long.

18th. Up by four o'clock and to my office, where all the morning writing out in my Navy collections the ordinary estimate of the Navy, and did it neatly. Then dined at home alone, my mind pleased with business, but sad for the absence of my wife. After dinner half an hour at my viallin, and then all the afternoon sitting at the office late, and so home and to bed. This morning Mr. Cutler came and sat in my closet half an hour with me, his discourse very excellent, being a wise man, and I do perceive by him as well as many others that my diligence is taken notice of in the world, for which I bless God and hope to continue doing so. Before I went into my house this night I called at Sir W. Batten's, where finding some great ladies at table

at supper with him and his lady, I retreated and went home, though they called to me again and again, and afterwards sent for me. So I went, and who should it be but Sir Fr. Clerke[1] and his lady and another proper lady at supper there, and great cheer, where I staid till 11 o'clock at night, and so home and to bed.

19th. Lay till 6 o'clock, and then up and to my office, where all the morning, and at noon to the Exchange, and coming home met Mr. Creed, and took him back, and he dined with me, and by and by came Mr. Moore, whom I supplied with £30, and then abroad with them by water to Lambeth, expecting to have seen the Archbishop lie in state; but it seems he is not laid out yet. And so over to White Hall, and at the Privy Seal Office examining the books, and found the grant of increase of salary to the principall officers in the year 1639, £300 among the Controller, Surveyor, and Clerk of the Shippes. Thence to Wilkinson's after a good walk in the Park, where we met on horseback Captain Ferrers; who tells us that the King of France is well again, and that he saw him train his Guards, all brave men, at Paris; and that when he goes to his mistress, Madame la Valiere, a pretty little woman, now with child by him, he goes with his guards with him publiquely, and his trumpets and kettle-drums with him, who stay before the house while he is with her; and yet he says that, for all this, the Queen do not know of it, for that nobody dares to tell her; but that I dare not believe. Thence I to Wilkinson's, where we had bespoke a dish of pease, where we eat them very merrily, and there being with us the little gentleman, a friend of Captain Ferrers, that was with my wife and I at a play a little while ago, we went thence to the Rhenish wine-house, where we called for a red Rhenish wine called Bleahard, a pretty wine, and not mixed, as they say. Here Mr. Moore showed us the French manner, when a health is drunk, to bow to him that drunk to you, and then apply yourself to him, whose lady's health is drunk, and then to the person that you drink to, which I never knew before; but it seems it is now the fashion. Thence by water home and to bed, having played

[1] Sir Francis Clerke was M.P. for Rochester in the Parliament of 1661.

out of my chamber window on my pipe before I went to bed, and making Will read a part of a Latin chapter, in which I perceive in a little while he will be pretty ready, if he spends but a little pains in it.

20th. Up and to my office, where all the morning, and dined at home, Mr. Deane, of Woolwich, with me, and he and I all the afternoon down by water, and in a timber yard, measuring of timber, which I now understand thoroughly, and shall be able in a little time to do the King great service. Home in the evening, and after Will's reading a little in the Latin Testament, to bed.

21st (Lord's day). Up betimes, and fell to reading my Latin grammar, which I perceive I have great need of, having lately found it by my calling Will to the reading of a chapter in Latin, and I am resolved to go through it. After being trimmed, I by water to White Hall, and so over the Park, it raining hard, to Mr. Coventry's chamber, where I spent two hours with him about business of the Navy, and how by his absence things are like to go with us, and with good content from my being with him he carried me by coach and set me down at Whitehall, and thence to right home by water. He shewed me a list, which he hath prepared for the Parliament's view, if the business of his selling of offices should be brought to further hearing, wherein he reckons up, as I remember, 236 offices of ships which have been disposed of without his taking one farthing. This, of his own accord, he opened his cabinet on purpose to shew me, meaning, I suppose, that I should discourse abroad of it, and vindicate him therein, which I shall with all my power do. At home, being wet, shifted my band and things, and then to dinner, and after dinner went up and tried a little upon my tryangle, which I understand fully, and with a little use I believe could bring myself to do something. So to church, and slept all the sermon, the Scot, to whose voice I am not to be reconciled, preaching. Thence with Sir J. Minnes (who poor man had forgot that he carried me the other day to the painter's to see some pictures which he has since bought and are brought home) to his lodgings to see some base things he calls them of great masters of painting. So I said nothing that he had shown me them already, but commended them, and I think

they are indeed good enough. Thence to see Sir W. Pen, who continues ill of the gout still. Here we staid a good while, and then I to my office, and read my vows seriously and with content, and so home to supper, to prayers, and to bed.

22nd. Up betimes and to my office, reading over all our letters of the office that we have wrote since I came into the Navy, whereby to bring the whole series of matters into my memory, and to enter in my manuscript some of them that are needful and of great influence. By and by with Sir W. Batten by coach to Westminster, where all along I find the shops evening with the sides of the houses, even in the broadest streets; which will make the City very much better than it was. I walked in the Hall from one man to another. Hear that the House is still divided about the manner of levying the subsidys which they intend to give the King, both as to the manner, the time, and the number. It seems the House do consent to send to the King to desire that he would be graciously pleased to let them know who it was that did inform him of what words Sir Richard Temple[1] should say, which were to this purpose: "That if the King would side with him, or be guided by him and his party, that he should not lack money:" but without knowing who told it, they do not think fit to call him to any account for it. Thence with Creed and bought a lobster, and then to an alehouse, where the maid of the house is a confident merry lass, and if modest is very pleasant to the customers that come thither. Here we eat it, and thence to walk in the Park a good while. The Duke being gone a-hunting, and by and by came in and shifted himself; he having in his hunting, rather than go about, 'light and led his horse through a river up to his breast, and came so home: and when we were come, which was by and by, we went on to him, and being ready he retired with us, and we had a long discourse with him. But Mr. Creed's accounts stick still through the perverse ignorance of Sir G. Carteret, which I cannot safely control as I would. Thence to the Park again, and there walked up and down an hour or two till night with Creed, talking, who is so knowing, and a man

[1] Sir Richard Temple, of Stowe, Bart., M.P. for Buckingham, and K.B. Died 1694. — B.

of that reason, that I cannot but love his company, though I do not love the man, because he is too wise to be made a friend of, and acts all by interest and policy, but is a man fit to learn of. So to White Hall, and by water to the Temple, and calling at my brother's and several places, but to no purpose, I came home, and meeting Strutt, the purser, he tells me for a secret that he was told by Field that he had a judgment against me in the Exchequer for £400. So I went to Sir W. Batten, and taking Mr. Batten, his son the counsellor, with me, by coach, I went to Clerke, our Solicitor, who tells me there can be no such thing, and after conferring with them two together, who are resolved to look well after the business, I returned home and to my office, setting down this day's passages, and having a letter that all is well in the country I went home to supper, and then a Latin chapter of Will and to bed.

23rd. Up by four o'clock, and so to my office; but before I went out, calling, as I have of late done, for my boy's copy-book, I found that he had not done his task; so I beat him, and then went up to fetch my rope's end, but before I got down the boy was gone. I searched the cellar with a candle, and from top to bottom could not find him high nor low. So to the office; and after an hour or two, by water to the Temple, to my cozen Roger; who, I perceive, is a deadly high man in the Parliament business, and against the Court, showing me how they have computed that the King hath spent, at least hath received, about four millions of money since he came in: and in Sir J. Winter's case, in which I spoke to him, he is so high that he says he deserves to be hanged, and all the high words he could give, which I was sorry to see, though I am confident he means well. Thence by water home, and to the 'Change; and by and by comes the King and the Queen by in great state, and the streets full of people. I stood in Mr. ——'s balcone. They dine all at my Lord Mayor's; but what he do for victuals or room for them, I know not. So home to dinner alone, and there I found that my boy had got out of doors, and came in for his hat and band, and so is gone away to his brother; but I do resolve even to let him go away for good and all. So I by and by to the office, and there had a great fray with Sir W. Batten and Sir J. Minnes, who, like

an old dotard, is led by the nose by him. It was in Captain Cocke's business of hemp, wherein the King is absolutely abused; but I was for peace sake contented to be quiet and to sign to his bill, but in my manner so as to justify myself, and so all was well; but to see what a knave Sir W. Batten is makes my heart ake. So late at my office, and then home to supper and to bed, my man Will not being well.

24th. Up before 4 o'clock, and so to my lute an hour or more, and then by water, drinking my morning draft alone at an alehouse in Thames Street, to the Temple, and thence after a little discourse with my cozen Roger about some business, away by water to St. James's, and there an hour's private discourse with Mr. Coventry, where he told me one thing to my great joy, that in the business of Captain Cocke's hemp, disputed before him the other day, Mr. Coventry absent, the Duke did himself tell him since, that Mr. Pepys and he did stand up and carry it against the rest that were there, Sir G. Carteret and Sir W. Batten, which do please me much to see that the Duke do take notice of me. We did talk highly of Sir W. Batten's corruption, which Mr. Coventry did very kindly say that it might be only his heaviness and unaptness for business, that he do things without advice and rashly, and to gratify people that do eat and drink and play with him, and that now and then he observes that he signs bills only in anger and fury to be rid of men. Speaking of Sir G. Carteret, of whom I perceive he speaks but slightly, and diminishing of him in his services for the King in Jersey; that he was well rewarded, and had good lands and rents, and other profits from the King, all the time he was there; and that it was always his humour to have things done his way. He brought an example how he would not let the Castle there be victualled for more than a month, that so he might keep it at his beck, though the people of the town did offer to supply it more often themselves, which, when one did propose to the King, Sir George Carteret being by, says Sir George, "Let me know who they are that would do it, I would with all my heart pay them." "Ah, by God," says the Commander that spoke of it, "that is it that they are afeard of, that you would hug them," meaning that he would not endure them. Another thing he told me, how the Duke of York did give Sir G. Carteret

and the Island his profits as Admirall, and other things, toward the building of a pier there. But it was never laid out, nor like to be. So it falling out that a lady being brought to bed, the Duke was to be desired to be one of the godfathers; and it being objected that that would not be proper, there being no peer of the land to be joyned with him, the lady replied, "Why, let him choose; and if he will not be a godfather without a peer, then let him even stay till he hath made a pier of his own."[1] He tells me, too, that he hath lately been observed to tack about at Court, and to endeavour to strike in with the persons that are against the Chancellor; but this he says of him, that he do not say nor do any thing to the prejudice of the Chancellor. But he told me that the Chancellor was rising again, and that of late Sir G. Carteret's business and employment hath not been so full as it used to be while the Chancellor stood up. From that we discoursed of the evil of putting out men of experience in business as the Chancellor, and from that to speak of the condition of the King's party at present, who, as the Papists, though otherwise fine persons, yet being by law kept for these fourscore years out of employment, they are now wholly uncapable of business; and so the Cavaliers for twenty years, who, says he, for the most part have either given themselves over to look after country and family business, and those the best of them, and the rest to debauchery, &c.; and that was it that hath made him high against the late Bill brought into the House for the making all men incapable of employment that had served against the King. Why, says he, in the sea-service, it is impossible to do any thing without them, there being not more than three men of the whole King's side that are fit to command almost; and these were Captain Allen, Smith, and Beech;[2] and it may be Holmes, and Utber, and

[1] In the same spirit, long after this, some question arising as to the best material to be used in building Westminster Bridge, Lord Chesterfield remarked, that there were too many wooden piers (peers) at Westminster already. — B.

[2] Captain Allen, afterwards Sir Thomas Allen; Captain Smith, afterwards Sir Jeremy Smith; Captain Beach, afterwards Sir Richard Beach, captain of the "Crown" in 1661. Up to 1672, when he became a rear-admiral, he had commanded the "York," the "Leopard," the "Fairfax," the "Greenwich," and the "Hampshire." In 1679 he was

Batts might do something.[1] I desired him to tell me if he thought that I did speak anything that I do against Sir W. Batten and Sir J. Minnes out of ill will or design. He told me quite the contrary, and that there was reason enough. After a good deal of good and fine discourse, I took leave, and so to my Lord Sandwich's house, where I met my Lord, and there did discourse of our office businesses, and how the Duke do show me kindness, though I have endeavoured to displease more or less of my fellow officers, all but Mr. Coventry and Pett; but it matters not. Yes, says my Lord, Sir J. Minnes, who is great with the Chancellor; I told him the Chancellor I have thought was declining, and however that the esteem he has among them is nothing but for a jester or a ballad maker; at which my Lord laughs, and asks me whether I believe he ever could do that well. Thence with Mr. Creed up and down to an ordinary, and, the King's Head being full, went to the other over against it, a pretty man that keeps it, and good and much meat, better than the other, but the company and room so small that he must break, and there wants the pleasure that the other house has in its company. Here however dined an old courtier that is now so, who did bring many examples and arguments to prove that seldom any man that brings any thing to Court gets any thing, but rather the contrary; for knowing that they have wherewith to live, will not enslave themselves to the attendance, and flattery, and fawning condition of a courtier, whereas another that brings nothing, and will be contented to cog, and lie, and flatter every man and woman that has any interest with the persons that are great in favour, and can cheat the King, as nothing is to be got without offending God and the King, there he for the most part, and he alone, saves any thing. Thence to St. James Park, and there walked two or three hours talking of the difference between Sir G. Carteret and Mr. Creed about his accounts, and how to obviate him, but I find Creed a deadly cunning

appointed Commissioner-resident at Portsmouth, and held the office till 1693, when he was moved to be Comptroller of Stores (Duckett's "Naval Commissioners," 1889, p. 61).

[1] Captain Holmes, afterwards Sir Robert Holmes. Captain Batts was described by the Duke of York as "a very stout man" (see January 2nd, 1667–68).

fellow and one that never do any thing openly, but has intrigues in all he do or says. Thence by water home to see all well, and thence down to Greenwich, and there walked into a pretty common garden and there played with him at nine pins for some drink, and to make the fellows drink that set up the pins, and so home again being very cold, and taking a very great cold, being to-day the first time in my tabby doublet this year. Home, and after a small supper Creed and I to bed. This day I observed the house, which I took to be the new tennis-court, newly built next my Lord's lodgings, to be fallen down by the badness of the foundation or slight working, which my cozen Roger and his discontented party cry out upon, as an example how the King's work is done, which I am sorry to see him and others so apt to think ill of things. It hath beaten down a good deal of my Lord's lodgings, and had like to have killed Mrs. Sarah, she having but newly gone out of it.

25th. Up both of us pretty early and to my chamber, where he and I did draw up a letter to Sir G. Carteret in excuse and preparation for Creed against we meet before the Duke upon his accounts, which I drew up and it proved very well, but I am pleased to see with what secret cunning and variety of artifice this Creed has carried on his business even unknown to me, which he is now forced by an accident to communicate to me. So that taking up all the papers of moment which lead to the clearing of his accounts unobserved out of the Controller's hand, which he now makes great use of, knowing that the Controller has not wherewith to betray him. About this all the morning, only Mr. Bland came to me about some business of his, and told me the news, which holds to be true, that the Portuguese did let in the Spaniard by a plot, and they being in the midst of the country and we believing that they would have taken the whole country, they did all rise and kill the whole body, near 8,000 men, and Don John of Austria having two horses killed under him, was forced with one man to flee away. Sir George Carteret at the office (after dinner, and Creed being gone, for both now and yesterday I was afraid to have him seen by Sir G. Carteret with me, for fear that he should increase his doubt that I am of a plot with Creed in the business of his accounts) did tell us that upon Tues-

day last, being with my Lord Treasurer, he showed him a letter from Portugall speaking of the advance of the Spaniards into their country, and yet that the Portuguese were never more courageous than now; for by an old prophecy, from France, sent thither some years, though not many since, from the French King, it is foretold that the Spaniards should come into their country, and in such a valley they should be all killed, and then their country should be wholly delivered from the Spaniards. This was on Tuesday last, and yesterday came the very first news that in this very valley they had thus routed and killed the Spaniards, which is very strange but true. So late at the office, and then home to supper and to bed. This noon I received a letter from the country from my wife, wherein she seems much pleased with the country; God continue that she may have pleasure while she is there. She, by my Lady's advice, desires a new petticoat of the new silk striped stuff, very pretty. So I went to Paternoster Row[1] presently, and bought her one, with Mr. Creed's help, a very fine rich one, the best I did see there, and much better than she desires or expects, and sent it by Creed to Unthanke to be made against to-morrow to send by the carrier, thinking it had been but Wednesday to-day, but I found myself mistaken, and also the taylor being out of the way, it could not be done, but the stuff was sent me back at night by Creed to dispose of some other way to make, but now I shall keep it to next week.

26th. Up betimes, and Mr. Moore coming to see me, he and I discoursed of going to Oxford this Commencement, Mr. Nathaniel Crew[2] being Proctor and Mr. Childe commencing Doctor of Musique this year, which I have a great mind to do, and, if I can, will order my matters so that I may do it. By and by, he and I to the Temple, it raining hard, my cozen Roger being got out, he and I walked a

[1] Paternoster Row, now famous as the headquarters of the publishing houses, was at this time chiefly inhabited by mercers. "This street, before the Fire of London, was taken up by eminent Mercers, Silkmen and Lacemen; and their shops were so resorted to by the nobility and gentry in their coaches, that oft times the street was so stop'd up that there was no passage for foot passengers" (Strype's "Stow," book iii., p. 195). [2] See note, *ante*, May 17th, 1662.

good while among the Temple trees discoursing of my getting my Lord to let me have security upon his estate for £100 per ann. for two lives, my own and my wife, for my money. But upon second thoughts Mr. Moore tells me it is very likely my Lord will think that I beg something, and may take it ill, and so we resolved not to move it there, but to look for it somewhere else. Here it raining hard he and I walked into the King's Bench Court, where I never was before, and there staid an hour almost, till it had done raining, which is a sad season, that it is said there hath not been one fair day these three months, and I think it is true, and then by water to Westminster, and at the Parliament House I spoke with Roger Pepys. The House is upon the King's answer to their message about Temple,[1] which is, that my Lord of Bristoll did tell him that Temple did say those words; so the House are resolved upon sending some of their members to him to know the truth, and to demand satisfaction if it be not true. So by water home, and after a little while getting me ready, Sir W. Batten, Sir J. Minnes, my Lady Batten, and I by coach to Bednall Green, to Sir W. Rider's to dinner, where a fine place, good lady mother, and their daughter, Mrs. Middleton, a fine woman. A noble dinner, and a fine merry walk with the ladies alone after dinner in the garden, which is very pleasant; the greatest quantity of strawberrys I ever saw, and good, and a collation of great mirth, Sir J. Minnes reading a book of scolding very prettily. This very house[2] was built by the Blind Beggar of Bednall Green, so much talked of and sang in ballads; but they say it was only some of the outhouses of it. We drank great store of wine, and a beer glass at last which made me almost sick. At table, discoursing of

[1] See July 1st, 1663.

[2] Sir William Rider's house was known as Kirby Castle, and was supposed to have been built in 1570 by John Thorpe for John Kirby. It was associated in rhyme with other follies of the time in bricks and mortar, as recorded by Stow: —

"Kirkebyes Castell, and Fisher's Follie,
Spinila's pleasure, and Megse's glorie."

The place was known in Strype's time as the "Blind Beggar's House," but he knew nothing of the ballad, "The Beggar's Daughter of Bednall Green," for he remarks, "perhaps Kirby beggared himself by it." Sir William Rider died at this house in 1669.

thunder and lightning, they told many stories of their own knowledge at table of their masts being shivered from top to bottom, and sometimes only within and the outside whole, but among the rest Sir W. Rider did tell a story of his own knowledge, that a Genoese gally in Leghorn Roads was struck by thunder, so as the mast was broke a-pieces, and the shackle upon one of the slaves was melted clear off of his leg without hurting his leg. Sir William went on board the vessel, and would have contributed towards the release of the slave whom Heaven had thus set free, but he could not compass it, and so he was brought to his fetters again. In the evening home, and a little to my Tryangle, and so to bed.

27th. Up by 4 o'clock and a little to my office. Then comes by agreement Sir W. Warren, and he and I from ship to ship to see deals of all sorts, whereby I have encreased my knowledge and with great pleasure. Then to his yard and house, where I staid two hours or more discoursing of the expense of the navy and the corruption of Sir W. Batten and his man Wood that he brings or would bring to sell all that is to be sold by the Navy. Then home to the office, where we sat a little, and at noon home to dinner, alone, and thence, it raining hard, by water to the Temple, and so to Lincoln's Inn, and there walked up and down to see the new garden which they are making, and will be very pretty, and so to walk under the Chappell by agreement, whither Mr. Clerke our Solicitor came to me, and he fetched Mr. Long, our Attorney in the Exchequer in the business against Field, and I directed him to come to the best and speediest composition he could, which he will do. So home on foot, calling upon my brother's and elsewhere upon business, and so home to my office, and there wrote letters to my father and wife, and so home to bed, taking three pills over night.

28th (Lord's day). Early in the morning my last night's physic worked and did give me a good stool, and then I rose and had three or four stools, and walked up and down my chamber. Then up, my maid rose and made me a posset, and by and by comes Mr. Creed, and he and I spent all the morning discoursing against to-morrow before the Duke the business of his pieces of eight, in which the Treasurer makes so many queries. At noon, my physic

having done working, I went down to dinner, and then he and I up again and spent most of the afternoon reading in Cicero and other books of good discourse, and then he went away, and then came my brother Tom to see me, telling me how the Joyces do make themselves fine clothes against Mary is brought to bed. He being gone I went to cast up my monthly accounts, and to my great trouble I find myself £7 worse than I was the last month, but I confess it is by my reckoning beforehand a great many things, yet however I am troubled to see that I can hardly promise myself to lay up much from month's end to month's end, about £4 or £5 at most, one month with another, without some extraordinary gettings, but I must and I hope I shall continue to have a care of my own expenses. So to the reading my vows seriously and then to supper. This evening there came my boy's brother to see for him, and tells me he knows not where he is, himself being out of town this week and is very sorry that he is gone, and so am I, but he shall come no more. So to prayers, and to bed.

29th. Up betimes and to my office, and by and by to the Temple, and there appointed to meet in the evening about my business, and thence I walked home, and up and down the streets is cried mightily the great victory got by the Portugalls against the Spaniards, where 10,000 slain, 3 or 4,000 taken prisoners, with all the artillery, baggage, money, &c., and Don John[1] of Austria forced to flee with a man or two with him, which is very great news. Thence home and at my office all the morning, and then by water to St. James's, but no meeting to-day being holy day, but met Mr. Creed in the Park, and after a walk or two, discoursing his business, took leave of him in Westminster Hall, whither we walked, and then came again to the Hall and fell to talk with Mrs. Lane, and after great talk that she never went abroad with any man as she used heretofore to do, I with one word got her to go with me and to meet me at the further Rhenish wine-house,[2] where I did give her a Lobster and do so touse her and feel her all over, making her

[1] He was natural son of Philip IV., King of Spain, who, after his father's death in 1665, exerted his whole influence to overthrow the Regency appointed during the young king's minority. — B.

[2] Probably the wine-house in Cannon Row, Westminster.

believe how fair and good a skin she has, and indeed she has a very white thigh and leg, but monstrous fat. When weary I did give over and somebody, having seen some of our dalliance, called aloud in the street, "Sir! why do you kiss the gentlewoman so?" and flung a stone at the window, which vexed me, but I believe they could not see my touzing her, and so we broke up and I went out the back way, without being observed I think, and so she towards the Hall and I to White Hall, where taking water I to the Temple with my cozen Roger and Mr. Goldsborough to Gray's Inn to his counsel, one Mr. Rawworth, a very fine man, where it being the question whether I as executor should give a warrant to Goldsborough in my reconveying her estate back again, the mortgage being performed against all acts of the testator, but only my own, my cozen said he never heard it asked before; and the other that it was always asked, and he never heard it denied, or scrupled before, so great a distance was there in their opinions, enough to make a man forswear ever having to do with the law; so they agreed to refer it to Serjeant Maynard.[1] So we broke up, and I by water home from the Temple, and there to Sir W. Batten and eat with him, he and his lady and Sir J. Minnes having been below to-day upon the East India men that are come in, but never tell me so, but that they have been at Woolwich and Deptford, and done great deal of business. God help them. So home and up to my lute long, and then, after a little Latin chapter with Will, to bed. But I have used of late, since my wife went, to make a bad use of my fancy with whatever woman I have a mind to, which I am ashamed of, and shall endeavour to do so no more. So to sleep.

30th. Up betimes yesterday and to-day, the sun rising very bright and glorious; and yet yesterday, as it hath been these two months and more, was a foul day the most part of the day. By and by by water to White Hall, and there to my Lord's lodgings by appointment, whither Mr. Creed comes to me, having been at Chelsey this morning to fetch my Lord to St. James's. So he and I to the Park, where we understand that the King and Duke are gone out betimes

[1] See note, *ante*, April 23rd, 1661.

this morning on board the East India ships lately come in, and so our meeting appointed is lost. But he and I walked at the further end of the Park, not to be observed, whither by and by comes my Lord Sandwich, and he and we walked two hours and more in the Park and then in White Hall Gallery, and lastly in White Hall garden, discoursing of Mr. Creed's accounts, and how to answer the Treasurer's objections. I find that the business is £500 deep, the advantage of Creed, and why my Lord and I should be concerned to promote his profit with so much dishonour and trouble to us I know not, but however we shall do what we can, though he deserves it not, for there is nothing even to his own advantage that can be got out of him, but by mere force. So full of policy he is in the smallest matters, that I perceive him to be made up of nothing but design. I left him here, being in my mind vexed at the trouble that this business gets me, and at the distance that it makes between Sir G. Carteret and myself, which I ought to avoyd. Thence by water home and to dinner, and afterwards to the office, and there sat till evening, and then I by water to Deptford to see Sir W. Pen, who lies ill at Captain Rooth's, but in a way to be well again this weather, this day being the only fair day we have had these two or three months. Among other discourse I did tell him plainly some of my thoughts concerning Sir W. Batten and the office in general, upon design for him to understand that I do mind things and will not balk to take notice of them, that when he comes to be well again he may know how to look upon me. Thence homeward walked, and in my way met Creed coming to meet me, and then turned back and walk a while, and so to boat and home by water, I being not very forward to talk of his business, and he by design the same, to see how I would speak of it, but I did not, but in general terms, and so after supper with general discourse to bed and sleep. Thus, by God's blessing, ends this book of two years; I being in all points in good health and a good way to thrive and do well. Some money I do and can lay up, but not much, being worth now above £700, besides goods of all sorts. My wife in the country with Ashwell, her woman, with my father; myself at home with W. Hewer and my cooke-maid Hannah, my boy Wayneman being lately run

away from me. In my office, my repute and understanding good, especially with the Duke and Mr. Coventry; only the rest of the officers do rather envy than love me, I standing in most of their lights, specially Sir W. Batten, whose cheats I do daily oppose to his great trouble, though he appears mighty kind and willing to keep friendship with me, while Sir J. Minnes, like a dotard, is led by the nose by him. My wife and I, by my late jealousy, for which I am truly to be blamed, have not the kindness between us which we used and ought to have, and I fear will be lost hereafter if I do not take course to oblige her and yet preserve my authority. Publique matters are in an ill condition; Parliament sitting and raising four subsidys for the King, which is but a little, considering his wants; and yet that parted withal with great hardness. They being offended to see so much money go, and no debts of the publique's paid, but all swallowed by a luxurious Court: which the King it is believed and hoped will retrench in a little time, when he comes to see the utmost of the revenue which shall be settled on him: he expected to have his £1,200,000 made good to him, which is not yet done by above £150,000, as he himself reports to the House. My differences with my uncle Thomas at a good quiett, blessed be God! and other matters. The town full of the great overthrow lately given to the Spaniards by the Portugalls, they being advanced into the very middle of Portugall. The weather wet for two or three months together beyond belief, almost not one fair day coming between till this day, which has been a very pleasant [day] and the first pleasant [day] this summer. The charge of the Navy intended to be limited to £200,000 per annum, the ordinary charge of it, and that to be settled upon the Customs. The King yet greatly taken up with Madame Castlemaine and Mrs. Stewart, which God of Heaven put an end to! Myself very studious to learn what I can of all things necessary for my place as an officer of the Navy, reading lately what concerns measuring of timber and knowledge of the tides. I have of late spent much time with Creed, being led to it by his business of his accounts, but I find him a fellow of those designs and tricks, that there is no degree of true friendship to be made with him, and therefore I must cast him off, though he be a very understanding

man, and one that much may be learned of as to cunning and judging of other men. Besides, too, I do perceive more and more that my time of pleasure and idleness of any sort must be flung off to attend to getting of some money and the keeping of my family in order, which I fear by my wife's liberty may be otherwise lost.

July 1st. This morning it rained so hard (though it was fair yesterday, and we thereupon in hopes of having some fair weather, which we have wanted these three months) that it wakened Creed, who lay with me last night, and me, and so we up and fell to discourse of the business of his accounts now under dispute, in which I have taken much trouble upon myself and raised a distance between Sir G. Carteret and myself, which troubles me, but I hope we have this morning light on an expedient that will right all, that will answer their queries, and yet save Creed the £500 which he did propose to make of the exchange abroad of the pieces of eight which he disbursed. Being ready, he and I by water to White Hall, where I left him before we came into the Court, for fear I should be seen by Sir G. Carteret with him, which of late I have been forced to avoid to remove suspicion. I to St. James's, and there discoursed a while with Mr. Coventry, between whom and myself there is very good understanding and friendship, and so to Westminster Hall, and being in the Parliament lobby, I there saw my Lord of Bristoll[1] come to the Commons House to give his answer to their question, about some words he should tell the King that were spoke by Sir Richard Temple, a member of their House. A chair was set at the bar of the House for him, which he used but little, but made an harangue of half an hour bareheaded, the House covered. His speech being done, he came out and withdrew into a little room till the House had concluded of an answer to his speech; which they staying long upon, I went away. And by and by out comes Sir W. Batten; and he told me that his Lordship had made a long and a comedian-like speech, and delivered with such action as was not becoming his Lordship. He confesses he did tell the King such

[1] George Digby, second Earl of Bristol, born 1612, succeeded his father in 1653; died March 20th, 1677–8. He was Lord Clarendon's greatest enemy.

a thing of Sir Richard Temple, but that upon his honour they were not spoke by Sir Richard, he having taken a liberty of enlarging to the King upon the discourse which had been between Sir Richard and himself lately; and so took upon himself the whole blame, and desired their pardon, it being not to do any wrong to their fellow-member, but out of zeal to the King. He told them, among many other things, that as to his religion he was a Roman Catholique, but such a one as thought no man to have right to the Crown of England but the Prince that hath it; and such a one as, if the King should desire his counsel as to his own, he would not advise him to another religion than the old true reformed religion of this country, it being the properest of this kingdom as it now stands; and concluded with a submission to what the House shall do with him, saying, that whatever they shall do, says he,—"thanks be to God, this head, this heart, and this sword (pointing to them all), will find me a being in any place in Europe." The House hath hereupon voted clearly Sir Richard Temple to be free from the imputation of saying those words; but when Sir William Batten came out, had not concluded what to say to my Lord, it being argued that to own any satisfaction as to my Lord from his speech, would be to lay some fault upon the King for the message he should upon no better accounts send to the impeaching of one of their members. Walking out, I hear that the House of Lords are offended that my Lord Digby should come to this House and make a speech there without leave first asked of the House of Lords. I hear also of another difficulty now upon him; that my Lord of Sunderland[1] (whom I do not know) was so near to the marriage of his daughter as that the wedding-clothes were made, and portion and every thing agreed on and ready; and the other day he goes away nobody yet knows whither, sending her the next morning a release of his right or claim to her, and advice to his friends not to enquire into the

[1] Robert, fourth Lord Spencer, and second Earl of Sunderland, did actually marry Lady Anne Digby, second daughter, and eventually heir of Lord Bristol, shortly after this date. He was ambassador to Spain, 1671–72; ambassador to Paris, 1672–73, 1678; Secretary of State, 1679–81, 1683, 1685–88; Lord President of the Council, 1685–88; K.G., 1687. Died September 28th, 1702.

reason of this doing, for he hath enough for it; but that he gives them liberty to say and think what they will of him, so they do not demand the reason of his leaving her, being resolved never to have her, but the reason desires and resolves not to give.[1] Thence by water with Sir W. Batten to Trinity House, there to dine with him, which we did; and after dinner we fell talking, Sir J. Minnes, Mr. Batten and I; Mr. Batten telling us of a late triall of Sir Charles Sydly[2] the other day, before my Lord Chief Justice Foster[3] and the whole bench, for his debauchery a little while since at Oxford Kate's,[4] coming in open day into the Balcone and showed his nakedness, . . . and abusing of scripture and as it were from thence preaching a mountebank sermon from the pulpit, saying that there he had to sell such a

[1] A letter from the Comte de Comminges, French ambassador at Whitehall, to M. de Lionne, dated "Juillet 2–12, 1663," contains another account of this rumour: "Je vous avois mandé que le Comte de Sunderland épousoit la fille du Comte de Bristol. Il se retira le soir qu'on devoit l'épouser, et donna ordre à un de ses amis de rompre le mariage. Le procédé surprit toute la cour, et le Roi méme s'en est moqué, et l'a blamé au dernier point."

[2] Sir Charles Sedley, Bart., well known for his wit and profligacy, and author of several plays. He is said to have been fined £500 for this outrage. He was father to James II.'s mistress, created Countess of Dorchester, and died 1701. — B.

[3] Sir Robert Foster, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, had been a steady Royalist during the period of the Commonwealth, and he was rewarded with this high office almost immediately after the Restoration. He died October 4th, 1663.

[4] The details in the original are very gross. Dr. Johnson relates the story in the "Lives of the Poets," in his life of Sackville, Lord Dorset: "Sackville, who was then Lord Buckhurst, with Sir Charles Sedley and Sir Thomas Ogle, got drunk at the Cock, in Bow Street, by Covent Garden, and going into the balcony exposed themselves to the populace in very indecent postures. At last, as they grew warmer, Sedley stood forth naked, and harangued the populace in such profane language, that the publick indignation was awakened; the crowd attempted to force the door, and being repulsed, drove in the performers with stones, and broke the windows of the house. For this misdemeanour they were indicted, and Sedley was fined five hundred pounds; what was the sentence of the others is not known. Sedley employed [Henry] Killigrew and another to procure a remission from the King, but (mark the friendship of the dissolute!) they begged the fine for themselves, and exacted it to the last groat." The woman known as Oxford Kate appears to have kept the notorious Cock Tavern in Bow Street at this date.

powder as should make all the [women] in town run after him, 1,000 people standing underneath to see and hear him, and that being done he took a glass of wine . . . and then drank it off, and then took another and drank the King's health. It seems my Lord and the rest of the Judges did all of them round give him a most high reproof; my Lord Chief Justice saying, that it was for him, and such wicked wretches as he was, that God's anger and judgments hung over us, calling him sirrah many times. It's said they have bound him to his good behaviour (there being no law against him for it) in £5,000. It being told that my Lord Buckhurst was there, my Lord asked whether it was that Buckhurst that was lately tried for robbery;[1] and when answered Yes, he asked whether he had so soon forgot his deliverance at that time, and that it would have more become him to have been at his prayers begging God's forgiveness, than now running into such courses again. . . . Thence home, and my clerks being gone by my leave to see the East India ships that are lately come home, I staid all alone within my office all the afternoon. This day I hear at dinner that Don John of Austria, since his flight out of Portugall, is dead of his wounds:[2] so there is a great man gone, and a great dispute like to be ended for the crown of Spayne, if the King should have died before him. I received this morning a letter from my wife, brought by John Gower to town, wherein I find a sad falling out between my wife and my father and sister and Ashwell upon my writing to my father to advise Pall not to keep Ashwell from her mistress, or making any difference between them. Which Pall telling to Ashwell, and she speaking some words that her mistress heard, caused great difference among them; all which I am sorry from my heart to hear of, and I fear will breed ill blood not to be laid again. So that I fear my wife and I may have some falling out about it, or at least my father and I, but I shall endeavour to salve up all as well as I can, or send for her out of the country before the time intended, which I would be loth to do. In the evening by water to my coz. Roger Pepys' chamber, where he

[1] For the account of this discreditable adventure, see February 22nd, 1661–62.

[2] This report of Don John's death was not true.

was not come, but I found Dr. John newly come to town, and is well again after his sickness; but, Lord! what a simple man he is as to any public matter of state, and talks so sillily to his brother Dr. Tom. What the matter is I know not, but he has taken (as my father told me a good while since) such displeasure that he hardly would touch his hat to me, and I as little to him. By and by comes Roger, and he told us the whole passage of my Lord Digby to-day, much as I have said here above; only that he did say that he would draw his sword against the Pope himself, if he should offer any thing against his Majesty, and the good of these nations; and that he never was the man that did either look for a Cardinal's cap for himself, or any body else, meaning Abbot Montagu;[1] and the House upon the whole did vote Sir Richard Temple innocent; and that my Lord Digby hath cleared the honour of his Majesty, and Sir Richard Temple's, and given perfect satisfaction of his own respects to the House. Thence to my brother's, and being vexed with his not minding my father's business here in getting his Landscape done, I went away in an anger, and walked home, and so up to my lute and then to bed.

2d. Up betimes to my office, and there all the morning doing business, at noon to the Change, and there met with several people, among others Captain Cox, and with him to a Coffee [House], and drank with him and some other merchants. Good discourse. Thence home and to dinner, and, after a little alone at my viol, to the office, where we sat all the afternoon, and so rose at the evening, and then home to supper and to bed, after a little musique. My mind troubled me with the thoughts of the difference between my wife and my father in the country. Walking in the garden this evening with Sir G. Carteret and Sir J. Minnes, Sir G. Carteret told us with great contempt how like a stage-player my Lord Digby spoke yesterday, pointing to his head as my Lord did, and saying, "First, for his head," says Sir G. Carteret, "I know what a calf's head would have done better by half: for his heart and his sword, I have nothing to say to them." He told us that for certain his head cost the late King his, for it was he

[1] See note, *ante*, June 3rd, 1661.

that broke off the treaty at Uxbridge. He told us also how great a man he was raised from a private gentleman[1] in France by Monsieur Grandmont,[2] and afterwards by the Cardinall,[3] who raised him to be a Lieutenant-generall, and then higher; and entrusted by the Cardinall, when he was banished out of France, with great matters, and recommended by him to the Queen[4] as a man to be trusted and ruled by: yet when he came to have some power over the Queen, he begun to dissuade her from her opinion of the Cardinal; which she said nothing to till the Cardinal was returned, and then she told him of it; who told my Lord Digby, "Eh bien, Monsieur, vous estes un fort bon amy donc:" but presently put him out of all; and then he was, from a certainty of coming in two or three years' time to be Mareschall of France (to which all strangers, even Protestants,[5] and those as often as French themselves, are capable of coming, though it be one of the greatest places in France), he was driven to go out of France into Flanders; but there was not trusted, nor received any kindness from the Prince of Condé, as one to whom also he had been false, as he had been to the Cardinal and Grandmont. In fine, he told us how he is a man of excellent parts, but of no great faith nor judgment, and one very easy to get up to great height of preferment, but never able to hold it. So home and to my musique; and then comes Mr. Creed to me giving me an account of his accounts, how he has now settled them fit for perusal most strict, at which I am glad. So he and I to bed together.

3d. Up and he home, and I with Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten by coach to Westminster, to St. James's, thinking to meet Sir G. Carteret, and to attend the Duke, but he not coming we broke up, and so to Westminster Hall, and there meeting with Mr. Moore he tells me great news that my

[1] He was summoned to the House of Peers in 1641 (during his father's lifetime) as Baron Digby of Sherborne.

[2] Antoine, Duc de Gramont, marshal of France, who died July 12th, 1678, aged seventy-four. His memoirs have been published.

[3] Cardinal Mazarin.

[4] Anne of Austria.

[5] Amongst others Armand Frederick de Schomberg obtained this dignity. He was general of the English forces in Portugal, and created Duke of Schomberg in 1689.

Lady Castlemaine is fallen from Court, and this morning retired. He gives me no account of the reason of it, but that it is so: for which I am sorry: and yet if the King do it to leave off not only her but all other mistresses, I should be heartily glad of it, that he may fall to look after business. I hear my Lord Digby is condemned at Court for his speech, and that my Lord Chancellor grows great again. Thence with Mr. Creed, whom I called at his chamber, over the water to Lambeth; but could not, it being morning, get to see the Archbishop's hearse: so he and I walked over the fields to Southwark, and there parted, and I spent half an hour in Mary Overy's Church,[1] where are fine monuments of great antiquity, I believe, and has been a fine church. Thence to the Change, and meeting Sir J. Minnes there, he and I walked to look upon Backwell's design of making another alley from his shop through over against the Exchange door,[2] which will be very noble and quite put down the other two. So home to dinner and then to the office, and entered in my manuscript book the Victualler's contract, and then over the water and walked to see Sir W. Pen, and sat with him a while, and so home late, and to my viall. So up comes Creed again to me and stays all night, to-morrow morning being a hearing before the Duke. So to bed full of discourse of his business.

4th. Up by 4 o'clock and sent him to get matters ready, and I to my office looking over papers and mending my

[1] St. Saviour's Church, Southwark.

[2] Mr. J. Biddulph Martin's valuable work, "The Grasshopper in Lombard Street," 1892, contains much information about Edward Backwell. "Backwell carried on business at the Unicorn in Lombard Street, adjoining the Grasshopper; but there is some obscurity on this point. Backwell seems to have occupied both these premises, and the Grasshopper is stated to have been formerly in the tenure or occupation of Edward Backwell, Esq., afterwards of Charles Duncombe, Esq." (p. 31). Mr. Martin supposes that by "the other two" are meant "Pope's Head Alley to the west, and the alley opposite Abchurch Lane to the east" (p. 185). The "London Gazette" of June 1st, 1682, contains the following notice: "The creditors of Edward Backwell, Esq., are desired to take notice that the said Edward Backwell hath published his proposals, and that they will be delivered to them or any they shall please send for them by Mr. Richard Snagg, or by some other person, at Mr. Valentine Duncombe's shop, where the said Edward Backwell formerly dwelt in Lombard Street" (p. 191). See *ante*, June 23rd, 1660, note, and *post*, April 12th, 1669.

manuscript by scraping out the blots and other things, which is now a very fine book. So to St. James's by water with Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten, I giving occasion to a wager about the tide, that it did flow through bridge, by which Sir W. Batten won 5*s.* of Sir J. Minnes. At St. James's we staid while the Duke made himself ready. Among other things Sir Allen Apsley [1] showed the Duke the Lisbon Gazette in Spanish, where the late victory is set down particularly, and to the great honour of the English beyond measure. They have since taken back Evora,[2] which was lost to the Spaniards, the English making the assault, and lost not more than three men. Here I learnt that the English foot are highly esteemed all over the world, but the horse not so much, which yet we count among ourselves the best; but they abroad have had no great knowledge of our horse, it seems. The Duke being ready, we retired with him, and there fell upon Mr. Creed's business, where the Treasurer did, like a mad coxcomb, without reason or method run over a great many things against the account, and so did Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten, which the Duke himself and Mr. Coventry and my Lord Barkely and myself did remove, and Creed being called in did answer all with great method and excellently to the purpose (myself I am a little conscious did not speak so well as I purposed and do think I used to do, that is, not so intelligibly and persuasively, as I well hoped I should), not that what I said was not well taken, and did carry the business with what was urged and answered by Creed and Mr. Coventry, till the Duke himself did declare that he was satisfied, and my Lord Barkely offered to lay £100 that the King would receive no wrong in the account, and the two last knights held their tongues, or at least by not understanding it did say what made for Mr. Creed, and so

[1] Sir Allen Apsley (1616–83), eldest son of Sir Allen Apsley, Lieutenant of the Tower. He was a zealous Royalist, and commanded the garrison at Barnstaple in 1645. After the Restoration he was made falconer to the king and almoner to the Duke of York, in whose regiment he bore a commission. He was M.P. for Thetford, 1661–78. He died at his house on the west side of St. James's Square, October 15th, 1683, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

[2] Evora, a city of Portugal, capital of the province of Alemtejo. According to the census of 1878 it had at that date a population of 13,046.

Sir G. Carteret was left alone, but yet persisted to say that the account was not good, but full of corruption and foul dealing. And so we broke up to his shame, but I do fear to the loss of his friendship to me a good while, which I am heartily troubled for. Thence with Creed to the King's Head ordinary; but, coming late, dined at the second table very well for 12*d.*; and a pretty gentleman in our company, who confirms my Lady Castlemaine's being gone from Court, but knows not the reason; he told us of one wipe the Queen a little while ago did give her, when she came in and found the Queen under the dresser's hands, and had been so long: "I wonder your Majesty," says she, "can have the patience to sit so long a-dressing?" — "I have so much reason to use patience," says the Queen, "that I can very well bear with it." He thinks that it may be the Queen hath commanded her to retire, though that is not likely. Thence with Creed to hire a coach to carry us to Hide Park, to-day there being a general muster of the King's Guards, horse and foot: but they demand so high, that I, spying Mr. Cutler the merchant, did take notice of him, and he going into his coach, and telling me that he was going to shew a couple of Swedish strangers the muster, I asked and went along with him; where a goodly sight to see so many fine horses and officers, and the King, Duke, and others come by a-horseback, and the two Queens in the Queen-Mother's coach, my Lady Castlemaine not being there. And after long being there, I 'light, and walked to the place where the King, Duke, &c., did stand to see the horse and foot march by and discharge their guns, to show a French Marquisse (for whom this muster was caused) the goodness of our firemen; which indeed was very good, though not without a slip now and then; and one broadside close to our coach we had going out of the Park, even to the nearness as to be ready to burn our hairs. Yet methought all these gay men are not the soldiers that must do the King's business, it being such as these that lost the old King all he had, and were beat by the most ordinary fellows that could be. Thence with much ado out of the Park, and I 'lighted and through St. James's down the waterside over to Lambeth, to see the Archbishop's corps (who is to be carried away to Oxford on Monday), but came too late, and so walked over the

fields and bridge home (calling by the way at old George's), but find that he is dead, and there wrote several letters, and so home to supper and to bed. This day in the Duke's chamber there being a Roman story in the hangings, and upon the standards written these four letters — S. P. Q. R., Sir G. Carteret came to me to know what the meaning of those four letters were; which ignorance is not to be borne in a Privy Counsellor, methinks, that a schoolboy should be whipt for not knowing.

5th (Lord's day). Lady Batten had sent twice to invite me to go with them to Walthamstow to-day, Mrs. Martha[1] being married already this morning to Mr. Castle, at this parish church. I could not rise soon enough to go with them, but got myself ready, and so to Games's, where I got a horse and rode thither very pleasantly, only coming to make water I found a stopping, which makes me fearful of my old pain. Being come thither, I was well received, and had two pair of gloves, as the rest, and walked up and down with my Lady in the garden, she mighty kind to me, and I have the way to please her. A good dinner and merry, but methinks none of the kindness nor bridall respect between the bridegroom and bride, that was between my wife and I, but as persons that marry purely for convenience. After dinner to church by coach, and there my Lady, Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Lemon,[1] and I only, we, in spite to one another, kept one another awake; and sometimes I read in my book of Latin plays, which I took in my pocket, thinking to have walked it. An old doting parson preached. So home again, and by and by up and homewards, calling in our way (Sir J. Minnes and I only) at Mr. Batten's (who with his lady and child went in another coach by us), which is a very pretty house, and himself in all things within and without very ingenious, and I find a very fine study and good books. So set out, Sir J. Minnes and I in his coach together, talking all the way of chymistry, wherein he do know something, at least, seems so to me, that cannot correct him, Mr. Batten's man riding my horse, and so home and to my office a while to read my vows, then home to prayers and to bed.

[1] See *ante*, June 7th, 1663.
[2] Mrs. Lemon was a daughter of Sir William Batten.

6th. Up pretty early and to my office all the morning, writing out a list of the King's ships in my Navy collections with great pleasure. At noon Creed comes to me, who tells me how well he has sped with Sir G. Carteret after all our trouble, that he had his tallys up and all the kind words possible from him, which I believe is out of an apprehension what a fool he has made of himself hitherto in making so great a stop therein. But I find, and so my Lord Sandwich may, that Sir G. Carteret had a design to do him a disgrace, if he could possibly, otherwise he would never have carried the business so far after that manner, but would first have consulted my Lord and given him advice what to do therein for his own honour, which he thought endangered. Creed dined with me and then walked a while, and so away, and I to my office at my morning's work till dark night, and so with good content home. To supper, a little musique, and then to bed.

7th. Up by 4 o'clock and to my office, and there continued all the morning upon my Navy book to my great content. At noon down by barge with Sir J. Minnes (who is going to Chatham) to Woolwich, in our way eating of some venison pasty in the barge, I having neither eat nor drank to-day, which fills me full of wind. Here also in Mr. Pett's garden I eat some and the first cherries I have eat this year, off the tree where the King himself had been gathering some this morning. Thence walked alone, only part of the way Deane walked with me, complaining of many abuses in the Yard, to Greenwich, and so by water to Deptford, where I found Mr. Coventry, and with him up and down all the stores, to the great trouble of the officers, and by his help I am resolved to fall hard to work again, as I used to do. So thence he and I by water talking of many things, and I see he puts his trust most upon me in the Navy, and talks, as there is reason, slightly of the two old knights, and I should be glad by any drudgery to see the King's stores and service looked to as they ought, but I fear I shall never understand half the miscarriages and tricks that the King suffers by. He tells me what Mr. Pett did to-day, that my Lord Bristoll told the King that he will impeach the Chancellor of High Treason: but I find that my Lord Bristoll hath undone himself already in every

body's opinion, and now he endeavours to raise dust to put out other men's eyes, as well as his own; but I hope it will not take, in consideration merely that it is hard for a Prince to spare an experienced old officer, be he never so corrupt; though I hope this man is not so, as some report him to be. He tells me that Don John is yet alive, and not killed, as was said, in the great victory against the Spaniards in Portugall of late. So home, and late at my office. Thence home and to my musique. This night Mr. Turner's house being to be emptied out of my cellar, and therefore I think to sit up a little longer than ordinary. This afternoon, coming from the waterside with Mr. Coventry, I spied my boy upon Tower Hill playing with the rest of the boys; so I sent W. Griffin to take him, and he did bring him to me, and so I said nothing to him, but caused him to be stripped (for he was run away with his best suit), and so putting on his other, I sent him going, without saying one word hard to him, though I am troubled for the rogue, though he do not deserve it. Being come home I find my stomach not well for want of eating to-day my dinner as I should do, and so am become full of wind. I called late for some victuals, and so to bed, leaving the men below in the cellar emptying the vats up through Mr. Turner's own house, and so with more content to bed late.

8th. Being weary, and going to bed late last night, I slept till 7 o'clock, it raining mighty hard, and so did every minute of the day after sadly. But I know not what will become of the corn this year, we having had but two fair days these many months. Up and to my office, where all the morning busy, and then at noon home to dinner alone upon a good dish of eeles, given me by Michell, the Bewper's man, and then to my viall a little, and then down into the cellar and up and down with Mr. Turner to see where his vault may be made bigger, or another made him, which I think may well be. And so to my office, where very busy all day setting things in order my contract books and preparing things against the next sitting. In the evening I received letters out of the country, among others from my wife, who methinks writes so coldly that I am much troubled at it, and I fear shall have much ado to bring her to her old good temper. So home to supper and musique, which

is all the pleasure I have of late given myself, or is fit I should, others spending too much time and money. Going in I stepped to Sir W. Batten, and there staid and talked with him (my Lady being in the country), and sent for some lobsters, and Mrs. Turner came in, and did bring us an umble pie hot out of her oven, extraordinary good, and afterwards some spirits of her making, in which she has great judgment, very good, and so home, merry with this night's refreshment.

9th. Up. Making water this morning, which I do every morning as soon as I am awake, with greater plenty and freedom than I used to do, which I think I may impute to last night's drinking of elder spirits. Abroad, it raining, to Blackfriars, and there went into a little alehouse and staid while I sent to the Wardrobe, but Mr. Moore was gone out. Here I kissed three or four times the maid of the house, who is a pretty girl, but very modest, and, God forgive me, had a mind to something more. Thence to my lawyer's; up and down to the Six Clerks' Office, where I found my bill against Tom Trice dismissed, which troubles me, it being through my neglect, and will put me to charges. So to Mr. Phillips, and discoursed with him about finding me out somebody that will let me have for money an annuity of about £100 per annum for two lives. So home, and there put up my riding things against the evening, in case Mr. Moore should continue his mind to go to Oxford, which I have little mind to do, the weather continuing so bad and the waters high. Dined at home, and Mr. Moore in the afternoon comes to me and concluded not to go. Sir W. Batten and I sat a little this afternoon at the office, and thence I by water to Deptford, and there mustered the Yard, purposely, God forgive me, to find out Bagwell, a carpenter, whose wife is a pretty woman, that I might have some occasion of knowing him and forcing her to come to the office again, which I did so luckily that going thence he and his wife did of themselves meet me in the way to thank me for my old kindness, but I spoke little to her, but shall give occasion for her coming to me. Her husband went along with me to show me Sir W. Pen's lodging, which I knew before, but only to have a time of speaking to him and sounding him. So left and I went in to Sir W. Pen,

who continues ill, and worse, I think, than before. He tells me my Lady Castlemaine was at Court, for all this talk this week, which I am glad to hear; but it seems the King is stranger than ordinary to her. Thence walked home as I used to do, and to bed presently, having taken great cold in my feet by walking in the dirt this day in thin shoes or some other way, so that I begun to be in pain, and with warm clothes made myself better by morning, but yet in pain.

10th. Up late and by water to Westminster Hall, where I met Pierce the chirurgeon, who tells me that for certain the King is grown colder to my Lady Castlemaine than ordinary, and that he believes he begins to love the Queen, and do make much of her, more than he used to do. Up to the Lobby, and there sent out for Mr. Coventry and Sir W. Batten, and told them if they thought convenient I would go to Chatham to-day, Sir John Minnes being already there at a Pay, and I would do such and such business there, which they thought well of, and so I went home and prepared myself to go after dinner with Sir W. Batten. Sir W. Batten and Mr. Coventry tell me that my Lord Bristoll hath this day impeached my Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords of High Treason. The chief of the articles are these: 1st. That he should be the occasion of the peace made with Holland lately upon such disadvantageous terms, and that he was bribed to it. 2d. That Dunkirke was also sold by his advice chiefly, so much to the damage of England. 3d. That he had £6,000 given him for the drawing-up or promoting of the Irish declaration lately, concerning the division of the lands there. 4th. He did carry on the design of the Portugall match, so much to the prejudice of the Crown of England, notwithstanding that he knew the Queen is not capable of bearing children. 5th. That the Duke's marrying of his daughter was a practice of his, thereby to raise his family; and that it was done by indirect courses. 6th. That the breaking-off of the match with Parma, in which he was employed at the very time when the match with Portugall was made up here, which he took as a great slur to him, and so it was; and that, indeed, is the chief occasion of all this fewde. 7th. That he hath endeavoured to bring in Popery, and wrote to the Pope for a

cap for a subject of the King of England's (my Lord Aubigny[1]); and some say that he lays it to the Chancellor, that a good Protestant Secretary (Sir Edward Nicholas) was laid aside, and a Papist, Sir H. Bennet, put in his room: which is very strange, when the last of these two is his own creature, and such an enemy accounted to the Chancellor, that they never did nor do agree; and all the world did judge the Chancellor to be falling from the time that Sir H. Bennet was brought in. Besides my Lord Bristoll being a Catholique himself, all this is very strange. These are the main of the Articles. Upon which my Lord Chancellor desired that the noble Lord that brought in these Articles, would sign to them with his hand; which my Lord Bristoll did presently. Then the House did order that the Judges should, against Monday next, bring in their opinion, Whether these articles are treason, or no? and next, they would know, Whether they were brought in regularly or no, without leave of the Lords' House? After dinner I took boat (H. Russell) and down to Gravesend in good time, and thence with a guide post to Chatham, where I found Sir J. Minnes and Mr. Wayth walking in the garden, whom I told all this day's news, which I left the town full of, and it is great news, and will certainly be in the consequence of it. By and by to supper, and after long discourse, Sir J. Minnes and I, he saw me to my chamber, which not pleasing me, I sent word so to Mrs. Bradford, that I should be crowded into such a hole, while the clerks and boarders of her own take up the best rooms. However I lay there and slept well.

11th. Up early and to the Dock, and with the Storekeeper and other officers all the morning from one office to another. At noon to the Hill-house in Commissioner Pett's coach, and after seeing the guard-ships, to dinner, and after dining done to the Dock by coach, it raining hard, to see "The Prince" launched, which hath lain in the Dock in repairing these three years. I went into her and was launched in her. Thence by boat ashore, it raining, and I went to Mr. Barrow's, where Sir J. Minnes and Commissioner Pett; we staid long eating sweetmeats and drink-

[1] Brother to the Duke of Richmond and Lennox, and almoner to the king. — B.

ing, and looking over some antiquities of Mr. Barrow's, among others an old manuscript Almanac, that I believe was made for some monastery, in parchment, which I could spend much time upon to understand. Here was a pretty young lady, a niece of Barrow's, which I took much pleasure to look on. Thence by barge to St. Mary Creek; where Commissioner Pett (doubtful of the growing greatness of Portsmouth by the finding of those creeks there), do design a wett dock at no great charge, and yet no little one; he thinks towards £10,000. And the place, indeed, is likely to be a very fit place, when the King hath money to do it with. Thence, it raining as hard as it could pour down, home to the Hill-house, and anon to supper, and after supper, Sir J. Minnes and I had great discourse with Captain Cox and Mr. Hempson about business of the yard, and particularly of pursers' accounts with Hempson, who is a cunning knave in that point. So late to bed and, Mr. Wayth being gone, I lay above in the Treasurer's bed and slept well. About one or two in the morning the curtains of my bed being drawn waked me, and I saw a man stand there by the inside of my bed calling me French dogg 20 times, one after another, and I starting, as if I would get out of the bed, he fell a-laughing as hard as he could drive, still calling me French dogg, and laid his hand on my shoulder. At last, whether I said anything or no I cannot tell, but I perceived the man, after he had looked wistly upon me, and found that I did not answer him to the names that he called me by, which was Salmon, Sir G. Carteret's clerk, and Robt. Maddox, another of the clerks, he put off his hat on a suddaine, and forebore laughing, and asked who I was, saying, "Are you Mr. Pepys?" I told him yes, and now being come a little better to myself, I found him to be Tom Willson, Sir W. Batten's clerk, and fearing he might be in some melancholy fit, I was at a loss what to do or say. At last I asked him what he meant. He desired my pardon for that he was mistaken, for he thought verily, not knowing of my coming to lie there, that it had been Salmon, the Frenchman, with whom he intended to have made some sport. So I made nothing of it, but bade him good night, and I, after a little pause, to sleep again, being well pleased that it ended no worse, and being a little the

better pleased with it, because it was the Surveyor's clerk, which will make sport when I come to tell Sir W. Batten of it, it being a report that old Edgeborough,[1] the former Surveyor, who died here, do now and then walk.

12th (Lord's day). Up, and meeting Tom Willson he asked my pardon again, which I easily did give him, telling him only that it was well I was not a woman with child, for it might have made me miscarry. With Sir J. Minnes to church, where an indifferent good sermon. Here I saw Mrs. Becky Allen, who hath been married, and is this day churched, after her bearing a child. She is grown tall, but looks very white and thin, and I can find no occasion while I am here to come to have her company, which I desire and expected in my coming, but only coming out of the church I kissed her and her sister and mother-in-law. So to dinner, Sir J. Minnes, Commissioner Pett, and I, &c., and after dinner walked in the garden, it being a very fine day, the best we have had this great while, if not this whole summer. To church again, and after that walked through the Rope-ground to the Dock, and there over and over the Dock and grounds about it, and storehouses, &c., with the officers of the Yard, and then to Commissioner Pett's and had a good sullybub and other good things, and merry. Commissioner Pett showed me alone his bodys as a secrett, which I found afterwards by discourse with Sir J. Minnes that he had shown them him, wherein he seems to suppose great mystery in the nature of Lynes to be hid, but I do not understand it at all. Thence walked to the Hill-house, being myself much dissatisfied, and more than I thought I should have been with Commissioner Pett, being, by what I saw since I came hither, convinced that he is not able to exercise the command in the Yard over the officers that he ought to do, or somebody else, if ever the service be well looked after there. Sat up and with Sir J. Minnes talking, and he speaking his mind in slighting of the Commissioner, for which I wish there was not so much reason. For I do see he is but a man of words, though indeed he is the ablest man that we have to do service if he would or durst. Sir J. Minnes being gone to bed, I took Mr. Whitfield, one of

[1] Kenrick Edisbury, Surveyor of the Navy, who died in 1638 (see *ante*, April 8th, 1661).

the clerks, and walked to the Dock about eleven at night, and there got a boat and a crew, and rowed down to the guard-ships, it being a most pleasant moonshine evening that ever I saw almost. The guard-ships were very ready to hail us, being no doubt commanded thereto by their Captain, who remembers how I surprised them the last time I was here. However, I found him ashore, but the ship in pretty good order, and the arms well fixed, charged, and primed. Thence to the Soveraign, where I found no officers aboard, no arms fixed, nor any powder to prime their few guns, which were charged, without bullet though. So to the London, where neither officers nor any body awake; I boarded her, and might have done what I would, and at last could find but three little boys; and so spent the whole night in visiting all the ships, in which I found, for the most part, neither an officer aboard, nor any man so much as awake, which I was grieved to find, specially so soon after a great Larum, as Commissioner Pett brought us word that he [had] provided against, and put all in a posture of defence but a week ago, all which I am resolved to represent to the Duke.

13th. So, it being high day, I put in to shore and to bed for two hours just, and so up again, and with the Store-keeper and Clerk of the Rope-yard up and down the Dock and Rope-house, and by and by mustered the Yard, and instructed the Clerks of the Cheque in my new way of Call-book, and that and other things done, to the Hill-house, and there we eat something, and so by barge to Rochester, and there took coach hired for our passage to London, and Mrs. Allen, the clerk of the Rope-yard's wife with us, desiring her passage, and it being a most pleasant and warm day, we got by four o'clock home. In our way she telling us in what condition Becky Allen[1] is married against all expectation a fellow that proves to be a coxcomb and worth little if any thing at all, and yet are entered into a way of living above their condition that will ruin them presently, for which, for the lady's sake, I am much

[1] Rebecca Allen, daughter of John Allen of Chatham, spinster, aged about eighteen, was married to Henry Jowles of Chatham (aged about twenty-four) in August, 1662 (Chester's "London Marriage Licenses," ed. Foster, 1887, col. 779).

troubled. Home I found all well there, and after dressing myself, I walked to the Temple; and there, from my cozen Roger, hear that the Judges have this day brought in their answer to the Lords, That the articles against my Lord Chancellor are not Treason; and to-morrow they are to bring in their arguments to the House for the same. This day also the King did send by my Lord Chamberlain to the Lords, to tell them from him, that the most of the articles against my Lord Chancellor he himself knows to be false. Thence by water to Whitehall, and so walked to St. James's, but missed Mr. Coventry. I met the Queen-Mother walking in the Pell Mell, led by my Lord St. Alban's. And finding many coaches at the Gate, I found upon enquiry that the Duchess is brought to bed of a boy;[1] and hearing that the King and Queen are rode abroad with the Ladies of Honour to the Park, and seeing a great crowd of gallants staying here to see their return, I also staid walking up and down, and among others spying a man like Mr. Pembleton (though I have little reason to think it should be he, speaking and discoursing long with my Lord D'Aubigne), yet how my blood did rise in my face, and I fell into a sweat from my old jealousy and hate, which I pray God remove from me. By and by the King and Queen, who looked in this dress (a white laced waistcoat and a crimson short pettycoat, and her hair dressed *à la negligence*) mighty pretty; and the King rode hand in hand with her. Here was also my Lady Castlemaine rode among the rest of the ladies; but the King took, methought, no notice of her; nor when they 'light did any body press (as she seemed to expect, and staid for it) to take her down, but was taken down by her own gentleman. She looked mighty out of humour and had a yellow plume in her hat (which all took notice of), and yet is very handsome, but very melancholy: nor did any body speak to her, or she so much as smile or speak to any body. I followed them up into White Hall, and into the Queen's presence, where all the ladies walked, talking and fiddling with their hats and feathers, and changing and trying one another's by one another's

[1] James Stuart, Duke of Cambridge, second son of James, Duke of York, born July 12th, 1663; created duke, August 23rd, 1664; K.G., December 3rd, 1666. Died June 20th, 1667.

heads, and laughing. But it was the finest sight to me, considering their great beautys and dress, that ever I did see in all my life. But, above all, Mrs. Stewart in this dress, with her hat cocked and a red plume, with her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent taille, is now the greatest beauty I ever saw, I think, in my life; and, if ever woman can, do exceed my Lady Castlemaine, at least in this dress: nor do I wonder if the King changes, which I verily believe is the reason of his coldness to my Lady Castlemaine. Here late, with much ado I left to look upon them, and went away, and by water, in a boat with other strange company, there being no other to be had, and out of him into a sculler half to the bridge, and so home and to Sir W. Batten, where I staid telling him and Sir J. Minnes and Mrs. Turner, with great mirth, my being frighted at Chatham by young Edgeborough, and so home to supper and to bed, before I sleep fancying myself to sport with Mrs. Stewart with great pleasure.

14th. Up a little late, last night recovering my sleepiness for the night before, which was lost, and so to my office to put papers and things to right, and making up my Journal from Wednesday last to this day. All the morning at my office doing of business; at noon Mr. Hunt came to me, and he and I to the Exchange, and a Coffee House, and drank there, and thence to my house to dinner, whither my uncle Thomas came, and he tells me that he is going down to Wisbech, there to try what he can recover of my uncle Day's estate, and seems to have good arguments for what he do go about, in which I wish him good speed. I made him almost foxed, the poor man having but a bad head, and not used I believe now-a-days to drink much wine. So after dinner, they being gone, I to my office, and so home to bed. This day I hear the Judges, according to order yesterday, did bring into the Lords' House their reasons of their judgment in the business between my Lord Bristoll and the Chancellor; and the Lords do concur with the Judges that the articles are not treason, nor regularly brought into the House, and so voted that a Committee should be chosen to examine them; but nothing to be done therein till the next sitting of this Parliament (which is like to be adjourned in a day or two), and in the mean time the

two Lords to remain without prejudice done to either of them.

15th. Up and all the morning at the office, among other things with Cooper the Purveyor, whose dullness in his proceeding in his work I was vexed at, and find that though he understands it may be as much as other men that profess skill in timber, yet I perceive that many things they do by rote, and very dully. Thence home to dinner, whither Captain Grove came and dined with me, he going into the country to-day; among other discourse he told me of discourse very much to my honour, both as to my care and ability, happening at the Duke of Albemarle's table the other day, both from the Duke and the Duchess themselves; and how I paid so much a year to him whose place it was of right, and that Mr. Coventry did report thus of me; which was greatly to my content, knowing how against their minds I was brought into the Navy. Thence by water to Westminster, and there spent a good deal of time walking in the Hall, which is going to be repaired, and, God forgive me, had a mind to have got Mrs. Lane abroad, or fallen in with any woman else (in that hot humour). But it so happened she could not go out, nor I meet with any body else, and so I walked homeward, and in my way did many and great businesses of my own at the Temple among my lawyers and others to my great content, thanking God that I did not fall into any company to occasion spending time and money. To supper, and then to a little viall and to bed, sporting in my fancy with the Queen.

16th. Up and dispatched things into the country and to my father's, and two keggs of Sturgeon and a dozen bottles of wine to Cambridge for my cozen Roger Pepys, which I give him. By and by down by water on several Deall ships, and stood upon a stage in one place seeing calkers sheathing of a ship. Then at Wapping to my carver's about my Viall head. So home, and thence to my Viall maker's in Bishopsgate Street; his name is Wise, who is a pretty fellow at it. Thence to the Exchange, and so home to dinner, and then to my office, where a full board, and busy all the afternoon, and among other things made a great contract with Sir W. Warren for 40,000 deals Swinsound, at £3 17*s.* 0*d.* per hundred. In the morning before I went on the

water I was at Thames Street about some pitch, and there meeting Anthony Joyce, I took him and Mr. Stacy, the Tar merchant, to the tavern, where Stacy told me many old stories of my Lady Batten's former poor condition, and how her former husband broke, and how she came to her state. At night, after office done, I went to Sir W. Batten's, where my Lady and I [had] some high words about emptying our house of office, where I did tell her my mind, and at last agreed that it should be done through my office, and so all well. So home to bed.

17th. Up, and after doing some business at my office, Creed came to me, and I took him to my viall maker's, and there I heard the famous Mr. Stefkins[1] play admirably well, and yet I found it as it is always, I over expected. I took him to the tavern and found him a temperate sober man, at least he seems so to me. I commit the direction of my viall to him. Thence to the Change, and so home, Creed and I to dinner, and after dinner Sir W. Warren came to me, and he and I in my closet about his last night's contract, and from thence to discourse of measuring of timber, wherein I made him see that I could understand the matter well, and did both learn of and teach him something. Creed being gone through my staying talking to him so long, I went alone by water down to Redriffe, and so to sit and talk with Sir W. Pen, where I did speak very plainly concerning my thoughts of Sir G. Carteret and Sir J. Minnes. So as it may cost me some trouble if he should tell them again, but he said as much or more to me concerning them both, which I may remember if ever it should come forth, and nothing but what is true and my real opinion of them, that they neither do understand to this day Creed's accounts, nor do deserve to be employed in their places without better care, but that the King had better give them greater salaries to stand still and do nothing. Thence coming home I was saluted by Bagwell and his wife (the woman I have a kindness for), and they would have me into their little house, which I was willing enough to, and did salute his wife. They had got wine for me, and I perceive live prettily, and I believe the woman a virtuous modest woman. Her husband walked

[1] There were several well-known musicians of this name.

through to Redriffe with me, telling me things that I asked of in the yard, and so by water home, it being likely to rain again to-night, which God forbid. To supper and to bed.

18th. Up and to my office, where all the morning, and Sir J. Minnes and I did a little, and but a little business at the office. So I eat a bit of victuals at home, and so abroad to several places, as my bookseller's, and then to Thomson the instrument maker's to bespeak a ruler for my pocket for timber, &c., which I believe he will do to my mind. So to the Temple, Wardrobe, and lastly to Westminster Hall, where I expected some bands made me by Mrs. Lane, and while she went to the starchers for them, I staid at Mrs. Howlett's, who with her husband were abroad, and only their daughter (which I call my wife) was in the shop, and I took occasion to buy a pair of gloves to talk to her, and I find her a pretty spoken girl, and will prove a mighty handsome wench. I could love her very well. By and by Mrs. Lane comes, and my bands not being done she and I posted and met at the Crown in the Palace Yard, where we eat a chicken I sent for, and drank, and were mighty merry, and I had my full liberty of towzing her and doing what I would, but the last thing of all. . . . Of which I am heartily ashamed, but I do resolve never to do more so. But, Lord! to see what a mind she has to a husband, and how she showed me her hands to tell her her fortune, and every thing that she asked ended always whom and when she was to marry. And I pleased her so well, saying as I know she would have me, and then she would say that she had been with all the artists in town, and they always told her the same things, as that she should live long, and rich, and have a good husband, but few children, and a great fit of sickness, and 20 other things, which she says she has always been told by others. Here I staid late before my bands were done, and then they came, and so I by water to the Temple, and thence walked home, all in a sweat with my tumbling of her and walking, and so a little supper and to bed, fearful of having taken cold.

19th (Lord's day). Lay very long in pleasant dreams till Church time, and so up, and it being foul weather so that I cannot walk as I intended to meet my Cozen Roger at

Thomas Pepys's house (whither he rode last night), to Hatcham, I went to church, where a sober Doctor made a good sermon. So home to dinner alone, and then to read a little, and so to church again, where the Scot made an ordinary sermon, and so home to my office, and there read over my vows and increased them by a vow against all strong drink till November next of any sort or quantity, by which I shall try how I can forbear it. God send it may not prejudice my health, and then I care not. Then I fell to read over a silly play writ by a person of honour (which is, I find, as much as to say a coxcomb), called "Love à la Mode,"[1] and that being ended, home, and played on my lute and sung psalms till bedtime, then to prayers and to bed.

20th. Up and to my office, and then walked to Woolwich, reading Bacon's "Faber fortunæ,"[2] which the oftener I read the more I admire. There found Captain Cocke, and up and down to many places to look after matters, and so walked back again with him to his house, and there dined very finely. With much ado obtained an excuse from drinking of wine, and did only taste a drop of Sack which he had for his lady, who is, he fears, a little consumptive, and her beauty begins to want its colour. It was Malago Sack, which, he says, is certainly 30 years old, and I tasted a drop of it, and it was excellent wine, like a spirit rather than wine. Thence by water to the office, and taking some papers by water to White Hall and St. James's, but there being no meeting with the Duke to-day, I returned by water and down to Greenwich, to look after some blocks that I saw a load carried off by a cart from Woolwich, the King's Yard. But I could not find them, and so returned, and being heartily weary I made haste to bed, and being in bed made Will read and construe three or four Latin verses in the Bible, and chide him for forgetting his grammar. So to sleep, and sleep ill all the night, being so weary, and feverish with it.

[1] "Love à la Mode" was published in 1663. The preface is signed T. S., which initials are supposed to represent T. Southland.

[2] Pepys may here refer either to Essay XL. (of Fortune) or to a chapter in the "Advancement of Learning." The sentence, "Faber quisque fortunæ propriæ," said to be by Appius Claudian, is quoted more than once in the "De Augmentis Scientiarum," lib. viii., cap. 2.

21st. And so lay long in the morning, till I heard people knock at my door, and I took it to be about 8 o'clock (but afterwards found myself a little mistaken), and so I rose and ranted at Will and the maid, and swore I could find my heart to kick them down stairs, which the maid mumbled at mightily. It was my brother, who staid and talked with me, his chief business being about his going about to build his house new at the top, which will be a great charge for him, and above his judgment. By and by comes Mr. Deane, of Woolwich, with his draught of a ship, and the bend and main lines in the body of a ship very finely, and which do please me mightily, and so am resolved to study hard, and learn of him to understand a body, and I find him a very pretty fellow in it, and rational, but a little conceited, but that's no matter to me. At noon, by my Lady Batten's desire, I went over the water to Mr. Castle's, who brings his wife home to his own house to-day, where I found a great many good old women, and my Lady, Sir W. Batten, and Sir J. Minnes. A good, handsome, plain dinner, and then walked in the garden, which is pleasant enough, more than I expected there, and so Sir J. Minnes, Sir W. Batten, and I by water to the office, and there sat, and then I by water to the Temple about my law business, and back again home and wrote letters to my father and wife about my desire that they should observe the feast at Brampton, and have my Lady and the family, and so home to supper and bed, my head aching all the day from my last night's bad rest, and yesterday's distempering myself with over walking, and to-day knocking my head against a low door in Mr. Castle's house. This day the Parliament kept a fast for the present unseasonable weather.

22nd. Up, and by and by comes my uncle Thomas, to whom I paid £10 for his last half year's annuity, and did get his and his son's hand and seal for the confirming to us Piggott's mortgage, which was forgot to be expressed in our late agreement with him, though intended, and therefore they might have cavilled at it, if they would. Thence abroad calling at several places upon some errands, among others to my brother Tom's barber and had my hair cut, while his boy played on the viallin, a plain boy, but has a very good genius, and understands the book very well, but

to see what a shift he made for a string of red silk was very pleasant. Thence to my Lord Crew's. My Lord not being come home, I met and staid below with Captain Ferrers, who was come to wait upon my Lady Jemimah to St. James's, she being one of the four ladies that hold up the mantle at the christening this afternoon of the Duke's child (a boy). In discourse of the ladies at Court, Captain Ferrers tells me that my Lady Castlemaine is now as great again as ever she was; and that her going away was only a fit of her own upon some slighting words of the King, so that she called for her coach at a quarter of an hour's warning, and went to Richmond; and the King the next morning, under pretence of going a-hunting, went to see her and make friends, and never was a-hunting at all. After which she came back to Court, and commands the King as much as ever, and hath and doth what she will. No longer ago than last night, there was a private entertainment made for the King and Queen at the Duke of Buckingham's, and she was not invited: but being at my Lady Suffolk's,[1] her aunt's (where my Lady Jemimah and Lord Sandwich dined) yesterday, she was heard to say, "Well, much good may it do them, and for all that I will be as merry as they:" and so she went home and caused a great supper to be prepared. And after the King had been with the Queen at Wallingford House,[2] he came to my Lady Castlemaine's, and was there all night, and my Lord Sandwich with him, which was the reason my Lord lay in town all night, which he has not done a great while before. He tells me he believes that, as soon as the King can get a husband for Mrs. Stewart,

[1] Barbara, second wife of James Howard, Earl of Suffolk, eldest daughter of Sir Edward Villiers, sister of William, Viscount Grandison, and widow of the Hon. Charles Wenman. She died December, 1681, leaving one daughter, Elizabeth, who married Sir Thomas Felton, Bart. There is a portrait of her at Audley Court.

[2] Wallingford House stood on the site of the present Admiralty: it was so called after Sir William Knollys, Treasurer of the Household to Queen Elizabeth and King James, Viscount Wallingford and Earl of Banbury. The first Duke of Buckingham of the Villiers family purchased the house from Lord Wallingford in 1621–22. When he was Lord High Admiral he established here the office of the Admiralty. During the Protectorate the office for granting passes to persons going abroad was kept here.

however, my Lady Castlemaine's nose will be out of joynt; for that she comes to be in great esteem, and is more handsome than she. I found by his words that my Lord Sandwich finds some pleasure in the country where he now is, whether he means one of the daughters of the house or no I know not, but hope the contrary, that he thinks he is very well pleased with staying there, but yet upon breaking up of the Parliament, which the King by a message to-day says shall be on Monday next, he resolves to go. Ned Pickering, the coxcomb, notwithstanding all his hopes of my Lord's assistance, wherein I am sorry to hear my Lord has much concerned himself, is defeated of the place he expected under the Queen. He came hither by and by and brought some jewells for my Lady Jem. to put on, with which and her other clothes she looks passing well. I staid and dined with my Lord Crew, who whether he was not so well pleased with me as he used to be, or that his head was full of business, as I believe it was, he hardly spoke one word to me all dinner time, we dining alone, only young Jack Crew, Sir Thomas's son, with us. After dinner I bade him farewell. Sir Thomas I hear has gone this morning ill to bed, so I had no mind to see him. Thence homewards, and in the way first called at Wotton's, the shoemaker's, who tells me the reason of Harris's[1] going from Sir Wm. Davenant's house, that he grew very proud and demanded £20 for himself extraordinary, more than Betterton or any body else, upon every new play, and £10 upon every revive; which with other things Sir W. Davenant would not give him, and so he swore he would never act there more, in expectation of being received in the other House; but the

[1] There has been some doubt as to the Christian name of this actor, but Mr. R. W. Lowe proves conclusively that it was Henry, and not Joseph ("Thomas Betterton," p. 72). "Henry Harris, of the city of London, painter," was one of the contracting parties in the agreement for Davenant's Company of November 5th, 1660. He left the company, and expected to be eagerly sought after by Killigrew, but the king prevented his attaching himself to the other house, and he had in the end to rejoin Davenant's company. He acted Romeo when Betterton took Mercutio. This, as Mr. Lowe remarks, seems strange, considering that Pepys says Harris was "a more ayery man" than Betterton. One would expect the "airy" man to take the character of Mercutio. Mr. Lowe supposes that Harris died or retired about 1682.

King will not suffer it, upon Sir W. Davenant's desire that he would not, for then he might shut up house, and that is true. He tells me that his going is at present a great loss to the House, and that he fears he hath a stipend from the other House privately. He tells me that the fellow grew very proud of late, the King and every body else crying him up so high, and that above Betterton, he being a more ayery man, as he is indeed. But yet Betterton, he says, they all say do act some parts that none but himself can do. Thence to my bookseller's, and found my Waggoners done. The very binding cost me 14*s.*, but they are well done, and so with a porter home with them, and so by water to Ratcliffe, and there went to speak with Cumberford the platt-maker, and there saw his manner of working, which is very fine and laborious. So down to Deptford, reading Ben Jonson's "Devil is an asse,"[1] and so to see Sir W. Pen, who I find walking out of doors a little, but could not stand long; but in doors and I with him, and staid a great while talking, I taking a liberty to tell him my thoughts in things of the office, that when he comes abroad again, he may know what to think of me, and to value me as he ought. Walked home as I used to do, and being weary, and after some discourse with Mr. Barrow, who came to see and take his leave of me, he being to-morrow to set out toward the Isle of Man, I went to bed. This day I hear that the Moores have made some attaques upon the outworks of Tangier; but my Lord Tiviott, with the loss of about 200 men, did beat them off, and killed many of them. To-morrow the King and Queen for certain go down to Tunbridge. But the King comes back again against Monday to raise the Parliament.

23rd. Up and to my office, and thence by information from Mr. Ackworth I went down to Woolwich, and mustered the three East India ships that lie there, believing that there is great juggling between the Pursers and Clerks of the Cheque in cheating the King of the wages and victuals of men that do not give attendance, and I found very few on board. So to the yard, and there mustered the yard, and found many faults, and discharged several fellows that were absent from their business. I staid also at Mr. Ackworth's

[1] Ben Jonson's "The Devil is an Ass" was first acted in 1616.

desire at dinner with him and his wife, and there was a simple fellow, a gentleman I believe of the Court, their kinsmen, that threatened me I could have little discourse or begin acquaintance with Ackworth's wife, and so after dinner away with all haste home, and there found Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten at the office, and by Sir W. Batten's testimony and Sir G. Carteret's concurrence was forced to consent to a business of Captain Cocke's timber, as bad as anything we have lately disputed about, and all through Mr. Coventry's not being with us. So up and to supper with Sir W. Batten upon a soused mullett, very good meat, and so home and to bed.

24th. Up pretty early (though of late I have been faulty by an hour or two every morning of what I should do) and by water to the Temple, and there took leave of my cozen Roger Pepys, who goes out of town to-day. So to Westminster Hall, and there at Mrs. Michell's shop sent for beer and sugar and drink, and made great cheer with it among her and Mrs. Howlett, her neighbour, and their daughters, especially Mrs. Howlett's daughter, Betty, which is a pretty girl, and one I have long called wife, being, I formerly thought, like my own wife. After this good neighbourhood, which I do to give them occasion of speaking well and commending me in some company that now and then I know comes to their shop, I went to the Six clerks' office,[1] and there had a writ for Tom Trice, and paid 20*s.* for it to Wilkinson, and so up and down to many places, among others to the viall maker's, and there saw the head, which now pleases me mightily, and so home, and being sent for presently to Mr. Bland's, where Mr. Povy and Gauden and I were invited to dinner, which we had very finely and great plenty, but for drink, though many and good, I drank nothing but small beer and water, which I drank so much that I wish it may not do me hurt. They had a kinswoman, they call daughter, in the house, a short, ugly, red-haired slut, that plays upon the virginalls, and sings, but after such a country manner I was weary of it, but yet could not but commend it. So by and by after dinner comes Monsr. Gotier, who is beginning to teach her, but, Lord! what a

[1] In Chancery Lane, see note, *ante*, July 12th, 1660.

droll fellow it is to make her hold open her mouth, and telling this and that so drolly would make a man burst, but himself I perceive sings very well. Anon we sat down again to a collacon of cheese cakes, tarts, custards, and such like, very handsome, and so up and away home, where I at the office a while, till disturbed by Mr. Hill, of Cambridge, with whom I walked in the garden a while, and thence home and then in my dining room walked, talking of several matters of state till 11 at night, giving him a glass of wine. I was not unwilling to hear him talk, though he is full of words, yet a man of large conversation, especially among the Presbyters and Independents; he tells me that certainly, let the Bishops alone, and they will ruin themselves, and he is confident that the King's declaration about two years since will be the foundation of the settlement of the Church some time or other, for the King will find it hard to banish all those that will appear Nonconformists upon this Act that is coming out against them. He being gone, I to bed.

25th. Up and to my office setting papers in order for these two or three days, in which I have been hindered a little, and then having intended this day to go to Banstead Downs to see a famous race, I sent Will to get himself ready to go with me, and I also by and by home and put on my riding suit, and being ready came to the office to Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten, and did a little of course at the office this morning, and so by boat to White Hall, where I hear that the race is put off, because the Lords do sit in Parliament to-day[1]. However, having appointed Mr. Creed to come to me to Fox Hall,[2] I went over thither, and after some debate, Creed and I resolved to go to Clapham, to Mr. Gauden's,[3] who had sent his coach to their place for me because I was to have my horse of him to go to the race. So I went thither by coach and my Will by horse

[1] This was afterwards changed, as it became common to adjourn the two houses over the Derby day. In May, 1849, the adjournment of the House of Commons was carried after a division. In 1892 the proposal to adjourn was negatived.

[2] Fox Hall or Vauxhall, see note, *ante*, May 29th, 1662.

[3] Dennis Gauden, victualler to the navy; knighted when Sheriff of London, October 23rd, 1666. He was buried at Clapham, July 1st, 1688.

with me; Mr. Creed he went over back again to Westminster to fetch his horse. When I came to Mr. Gauden's one first thing was to show me his house, which is almost built, wherein he and his family live. I find it very regular and finely contrived, and the gardens and offices about it as convenient and as full of good variety as ever I saw in my life. It is true he hath been censured for laying out so much money; but he tells me that he built it for his brother, who is since dead (the Bishop[1]), who when he should come to be Bishop of Winchester, which he was promised (to which bishoprick at present there is no house), he did intend to dwell here.[2] Besides, with the good husbandry in making his bricks and other things I do not think it costs him so much money as people think and discourse. By and by to dinner, and in comes Mr. Creed. I saluted Mr. Gauden's lady, and the young ladies, he having many pretty children, and his sister, the Bishop's widow; who was, it seems, Sir W. Russel's[3] daughter, the Treasurer of the Navy; who by her discourse at dinner I find to be very well-bred, and a woman of excellent discourse, even so much as to have my attention all dinner with much more pleasure than I did give to Mr. Creed, whose discourse was mighty merry in inveighing at Mr. Gauden's victuals that they had at sea the last voyage that he prosecuted, till methought the woman began to take it seriously. After dinner by Mr. Gauden's motion we got Mrs. Gauden and her sister to sing to a viall, on which Mr. Gauden's eldest son (a pretty man, but a simple one methinks) played but very poorly, and the musique bad, but yet I commended it. Only I do find that the ladies have been taught to sing and do sing well now,

[1] John Gauden, D.D., born 1605, was appointed Bishop of Exeter in 1660, and translated to Worcester in 1662. He died on September 20th of the latter year.

[2] Mr. (afterwards Sir Dennis) Gauden was living at Clapham in 1655. The house mentioned in the text had its principal front facing the common, and an avenue from Wits' Lane led to another front. After Gauden's death the house was bought by William Hewer, and here Pepys died. It was pulled down about 1762, and on its site was built The Elms, sometime the residence of the late Sir Charles Barry, R.A.

[3] Sir William Russell, of Strensham, in Worcestershire, Bart., Treasurer of the Navy, 1618–27, 1630–42. He advanced £600 to Sir William Davenant in 1660–61, and had a share in the Duke's Theatre. — B.

but that the viall puts them out. I took the viall and played some things from one of their books, Lyra lessons, which they seemed to like well. Thus we pass an hour or two after dinner and towards the evening we bade them Adieu! and took horse; being resolved that, instead of the race which fails us, we should go to Epsum. So we set out, and being gone a little way I sent home Will to look to the house, and Creed and I rode forward, the road being full of citizens going and coming toward Epsum, where, when we came, we could hear of no lodging, the town so full; but which was better, I went towards Ashted,[1] my old place of pleasure, and there by direction of one goodman Arthur, whom we met on the way, we went to Farmer Page's, at which direction he and I made good sport, and there we got a lodging in a little hole we could not stand upright in, but rather than go further to look we staid there, and while supper was getting ready I took him to walk up and down behind my cozen Pepys's house that was, which I find comes little short of what I took it to be when I was a little boy, as things use commonly to appear greater than then when one comes to be a man and knows more, and so up and down in the closes, which I know so well methinks, and account it good fortune that I lie here that I may have opportunity to renew my old walks. It seems there is one Mr. Rouse, they call him the Queen's Tailor, that lives there now. So to our lodging to supper, and among other meats had a brave dish of cream, the best I ever eat in my life, and with which we pleased ourselves much, and by and by to bed, where, with much ado yet good sport, we made shift to lie, but with little ease, and a little spaniel by us, which has followed us all the way, a pretty dogg, and we believe that follows my horse, and do belong to Mrs. Gauden, which we, therefore, are very careful of.

26th (Lord's day). Up and to the Wells,[2] where great

[1] Pepys refers to his visit to this place when he was a boy and his cousin John Pepys was living here (see August 2nd, 1662).

[2] Epsom medicinal wells were discovered about 1618, but they did not become fashionable until the Restoration. John Toland, in his "Description of Epsom," says that he often counted seventy coaches in the Ring (the present racecourse on the Downs) on a Sunday evening; but by the end of the eighteenth century Epsom had entirely lost its vogue

store of citizens, which was the greatest part of the company, though there were some others of better quality. I met many that I knew, and we drank each of us two pots and so walked away, it being very pleasant to see how everybody turns up his tail, here one and there another in a bush, and the women in their quarters the like. Thence I walked with Creed to Mr. Minnes's house, which has now a very good way made to it, and thence to Durdans and walked round it and within the Court Yard and to the Bowling-green, where I have seen so much mirth in my time; but now no family in it (my Lord Barkeley, whose it is, being with his family at London), and so up and down by Minnes's wood, with great pleasure viewing my old walks, and where Mrs. Hely and I did use to walk and talk, with whom I had the first sentiments of love and pleasure in woman's company, discourse, and taking her by the hand, she being a pretty woman. So I led him to Ashted Church (by the place where Peter, my cozen's man, went blindfold and found a certain place we chose for him upon a wager), where we had a dull Doctor, one Downe, worse than I think even parson King was, of whom we made so much scorn, and after sermon home, and staid while our dinner, a couple of large chickens, were dressed, and a good mess of cream, which anon we had with good content, and after dinner (we taking no notice of other lodgers in the house, though there was one that I knew, and knew and spoke to me, one Mr. Rider, a merchant), he and I to walk, and I led him to the pretty little wood behind my cozen's house, into which we got at last by clambering, and our little dog with us, but when we were among the hazel trees and bushes, Lord! what a course did we run for an hour together, losing ourselves, and indeed I despaired I should ever come to any path, but still from thicket to thicket, a thing I could hardly have believed a man could have been lost so long in so small a room. At last I found out a delicate walk in the middle that goes quite through the wood, and then went out of the wood, and holloed Mr. Creed, and made him hunt me from place to place, and at last went in and called him into my fine walk, the little dog still hunting with us through the wood. In this walk being all bewildered and weary and sweating, Creed he lay down

upon the ground, which I did a little, but I durst not long, but walked from him in the fine green walk, which is half a mile long, there reading my vows as I used to on Sundays. And after that was done, and going and lying by Creed an hour, he and I rose and went to our lodging and paid our reckoning, and so mounted, whether to go toward London home or to find a new lodging, and so rode through Epsum, the whole town over, seeing the various companys that were there walking; which was very pleasant to see how they are there without knowing almost what to do, but only in the morning to drink waters. But, Lord! to see how many I met there of citizens, that I could not have thought to have seen there, or that they had ever had it in their heads or purses to go down thither. We rode out of the town through Yowell[1] beyond Nonesuch House[2] a mile, and there our little dogg, as he used to do, fell a-running after a flock of sheep feeding on the common, till he was out of sight, and then endeavoured to come back again, and went to the last gate that he parted with us at, and there the poor thing mistakes our scent, instead of coming forward he hunts us backward, and runs as hard as he could drive back towards Nonesuch, Creed and I after him, and being by many told of his going that way and the haste he made, we rode still and passed him through Yowell, and there we lost any further information of him. However, we went as far as Epsum almost, hearing nothing of him, we went back to Yowell, and there was told that he did pass through the town. We rode back to Nonesuch to see whether he might be gone back again, but hearing nothing we with great trouble and discontent for the loss of our dogg came back once more to Yowell, and there set up our horses and selves for all night, employing people to look for the dogg in the

[1] Yowell for Ewell.

[2] Nonsuch Palace was commenced by Henry VIII., and finished by the Earl of Arundel. From Lord Arundel Nonsuch passed to Lord Lumley, who subsequently sold it to Queen Elizabeth. James I. settled the palace and park on Anne of Denmark, as did Charles I. on Henrietta Maria. At the Restoration the palace was restored to the Queen Dowager. During the plague year of 1665 the house was fitted up for the offices of the Exchequer, and in 1670 it was granted by Charles II. to the Duchess of Cleveland, who pulled down the palace, and converted the park into farms.

town, but can hear nothing of him. However, we gave order for supper, and while that was dressing walked out through Nonesuch Park to the house, and there viewed as much as we could of the outside, and looked through the great gates, and found a noble court; and altogether believe it to have been a very noble house, and a delicate park about it, where just now there was a doe killed for the King to carry up to Court. So walked back again, and by and by our supper being ready, a good leg of mutton boiled, we supped and to bed, upon two beds in the same room, wherein we slept most excellently all night.

27th. Up in the morning about 7 o'clock, and after a little study, resolved of riding to the Wells to look for our dogg, which we did, but could hear nothing; but it being much a warmer day than yesterday there was great store of gallant company, more than then, to my greater pleasure. There was at a distance, under one of the trees on the common, a company got together that sung. I, at the distance, and so all the rest being a quarter of a mile off, took them for the Waytes, so I rode up to them, and found them only voices, some citizens met by chance, that sung four or five parts excellently. I have not been more pleased with a snapp of musique, considering the circumstances of the time and place, in all my life anything so pleasant. We drank each of us three cupps, and so, after riding up to the horsemen upon the hill, where they were making of matches to run, we went away and to Yowell, where we found our breakfast, the remains of our supper last night hashed, and by and by, after the smith had set on two new shoes to Creed's horse, we mounted, and with little discourse, I being intent upon getting home in time, we rode hard home, observing Mr. Gauden's house, but not calling there (it being too late for me to stay, and wanting their dog too). The house stands very finely, and has a graceful view to the highway. Set up our horses at Fox Hall, and I by water (observing the King's barge attending his going to the House this day) home, it being about one o'clock. So got myself ready and shifting myself, and so by water to Westminster, and there came most luckily to the Lords' House as the House of Commons were going into the Lords' House, and there I crowded in along with the Speaker, and

got to stand close behind him, where he made his speech to the King (who sat with his crown on and robes, and so all the Lords in their robes, a fine sight); wherein he told his Majesty what they have done this Parliament, and now offered for his royall consent. The greatest matters were a bill for the Lord's day (which it seems the Lords have lost, and so cannot be passed, at which the Commons are displeased); the bills against Conventicles and Papists (but it seems the Lords have not passed them), and giving his Majesty four entire subsidys; which last with about twenty smaller Acts, were passed with this form: The Clerk of the House reads the title of the bill, and then looks at the end and there finds (writ by the King I suppose) "Le Roy le veult," and that he reads. And to others he reads, "Soit fait comme vous desirez." And to the Subsidys, as well that for the Commons, I mean the layety, as for the Clergy, the King writes, "Le Roy remerciant les Seigneurs, &c., Prelats, &c., accepte leur benevolences." The Speaker's[1] speech was far from any oratory, but was as plain (though good matter) as any thing could be, and void of elocution. After the bills passed, the King, sitting on his throne, with his speech writ in a paper which he held in his lap, and scarce looked off of it, I thought, all the time he made his speech to them, giving them thanks for their subsidys, of which, had he not need, he would not have asked or received them; and that need, not from any extravagancys of his, he was sure, in any thing, but the disorders of the times compelling him to be at greater charge than he hoped for the future, by their care in their country, he should be: and that for his family expenses and others, he would labour however to retrench in many things convenient, and would have all others to do so too. He desired that nothing of old faults should be remembered, or severity for the same used to any in the country, it being his desire to have all forgot as well as forgiven. But, however, to use all care in suppressing any tumults, &c.; assuring them that the restless spirits of his and their adversaries have great expectations of some thing to be done this summer. And promised that though the Acts about Conventicles and Papists were not ripe for

[1] Sir Edward Turner, M.P. for Hertford, was Speaker of this parliament.

passing this Session, yet he would take care himself that neither of them should in this intervall be encouraged to the endangering of the peace; and that at their next meeting he would himself prepare two bills for them concerning them. So he concluded, that for the better proceeding of justice he did think fit to make this a Session, and to prorogue them to the 16th of March next. His speech was very plain, nothing at all of spirit in it, nor spoke with any; but rather on the contrary imperfectly, repeating many times his words though he read all: which I was sorry to see, it having not been hard for him to have got all the speech without book. So they all went away, the King out of the House at the upper end, he being by and by to go to Tunbridge to the Queen; and I in the Painted Chamber spoke with my Lord Sandwich while he was putting off his robes, who tells me he will now hasten down into the country, as soon as he can get some money settled on the Wardrobe. Here meeting Creed, he and I down to the Hall, and I having at Michell's shop wrote a little letter to Mr. Gauden, to go with his horse, and excusing my not taking leave or so much as asking after the old lady the widow when we came away the other day from them, he and I over the water to Fox Hall, and there sent away the horse with my letter, and then to the new Spring Garden, walking up and down, but things being dear and little attendance to be had we went away, leaving much brave company there, and so to a less house hard by, where we liked very well their Codlin tarts, having not time, as we intended, to stay the getting ready of a dish of pease. And there came to us an idle boy to show us some tumbling tricks, which he did very well, and the greatest bending of his body that ever I observed in my life. Thence by water to White Hall, and walked over the Park to St. James's; but missed Mr. Coventry, he not being within; and so out again, and there the Duke was coming along the Pell-Mell. It being a little darkish, I staid not to take notice of him, but we went directly back again. And in our walk over the Park, one of the Duke's footmen came running behind us, and came looking just in our faces to see who we were, and went back again. What his meaning is I know not, but was fearful that I might not go far enough with my hat off,

though methinks that should not be it, besides, there were others covered nearer than myself was, but only it was my fear. So to White Hall and by water to the Bridge, and so home to bed, weary and well pleased with my journey in all respects. Only it cost me about 20*s*., but it was for my health, and I hope will prove so, only I do find by my riding a little swelling to rise just by my anus. I had the same the last time I rode, and then it fell again, and now it is up again about the bigness of the bag of a silk-worm, makes me fearful of a rupture. But I will speak to Mr. Hollyard about it, and I am glad to find it now, that I may prevent it before it goes too far.

28th. Up after sleeping very well, and so to my office setting down the Journall of these last three days, and so settled to business again, I hope with greater cheerfulness and success by this refreshment. At the office all the morning, and at noon to Wise's about my viall that is a-doing, and so home to dinner and then to the office, where we sat all the afternoon till night, and I late at it till after the office was risen. Late came my Jane and her brother Will to entreat for my taking of the boy again, but I will not hear her, though I would yet be glad to do anything for her sake to the boy, but receive him again I will not, nor give him anything. She would have me send him to sea, which if I could I would do, but there is no ship going out. The poor girl cried all the time she was with me, and would not go from me, staying about two hours with me till 10 or 11 o'clock, expecting that she might obtain something of me, but receive him I will not. So the poor girl was fain to go away crying and saying little. So from thence home, where my house of office was emptying, and I find they will do it with much more cleanness than I expected. I went up and down among them a good while, but knowing that Mr. Coventry was to call me in the morning, I went to bed and left them to look after the people. So to bed.

29th. Up about 6 o'clock, and found the people to have just done, and Hannah not gone to bed yet, but was making clean of the yard and kitchen. Will newly gone to bed. So I to my office, and having given some order to Tom Hater, to whom I gave leave for his recreation to go down

to Portsmouth this Pay, I went down to Wapping to Sir W. Warren, and there staid an hour or two discoursing of some of his goods and then things in general relating to this office, &c., and so home, and there going to Sir William Batten (having no stomach to dine at home, it being yet hardly clean of last night's [mess], and there I dined with my Lady and her daughter and son Castle,[1] and mighty kind she is and I kind to her, but, Lord! how freely and plainly she rails against Commissioner Pett, calling him rogue, and wondering that the King keeps such a fellow in the Navy. Thence by and by walked to see Sir W. Pen at Deptford, reading by the way a most ridiculous play, a new one, called "The Politician Cheated."[2] After a little sitting with him I walked to the yard a little and so home again, my Will with me, whom I bade to stay in the yard for me, and so to bed. This morning my brother Tom was with me, and we had some discourse again concerning his country mistress, but I believe the most that is fit for us to condescend to, will not content her friends.

30th. Up and to the office to get business ready for our sitting, this being the first day of altering it from afternoon during the Parliament sitting to the fore-noon again. By and by Mr. Coventry only came (Sir John Minnes and Sir William Batten being gone this morning to Portsmouth to pay some ships and the yard there), and after doing a little business he and I down to Woolwich, and there up and down the yard, and by and by came Sir G. Carteret and we all looked into matters, and then by water back to Deptford, where we dined with him at his house, a very good dinner and mightily tempted with wines of all sorts and brave French Syder, but I drunk none. But that which is a great wonder I find his little daughter Betty,[3] that was in

[1] Husband to Martha Batten.

[2] A comedy by Alexander Green, published in 1663, but never acted.

[3] A mistake in the name, as Elizabeth died unmarried. This was Caroline, daughter of Sir George Carteret, who married Thomas Scott (only son and heir of Edward Scott, D.C.L.), of Scot's Hall, co. Kent, knighted in 1663. He died about 1688, and his widow married Duncombe Abercromby. She died at Oxford, and was buried at Brabourne, December 2nd, 1722. Her portrait, after John Riley, is engraved in J. R. Scott's "Memorials of the Family of Scott of Scot's Hall," 1876, p. 238.

hanging sleeves but a month or two ago, and is a very little young child, married, and to whom, but to young Scott,[1] son to Madame Catharine Scott,[2] that was so long in law, and at whose triall I was with her husband; he pleading that it was unlawfully got and would not own it, she, it seems, being brought to bed of it, if not got by somebody else at Oxford, but it seems a little before his death he did own the child, and hath left him his estate, not long since. So Sir G. Carteret hath struck up of a sudden a match with him for his little daughter. He hath about £2,000 per annum; and it seems Sir G. Carteret hath by this means over-reached Sir H. Bennet, who did endeavour to get this gentleman for a sister of his, but Sir G. Carteret I say has over-reached him. By this means Sir G. Carteret hath married two daughters this year both very well.[3] After dinner into Deptford yard, but our bellies being full we could do no great business, and so parted, and Mr. Coventry and I to White Hall by water, where we also parted, and I to several places about business, and so calling for my five books of the Variorum print bound according to my common binding instead of the other which is more gaudy I went home. The town talk this day is of nothing but the great foot-race run this day on Banstead Downes, between Lee, the Duke of Richmond's footman, and a tyler, a famous runner. And Lee hath beat him; though the King and Duke of York and all men almost did bet three or four to one upon the tyler's head.

31st. Up early to my accounts this month, and I find myself worth clear £730, the most I ever had yet, which

[1] The marriage licence of Thomas Scott, of Scot's Hall, co. Kent, batchelor, about twenty, and Dame Carolina de Carterett, about fifteen, is dated July 16th, 1663 (Chester's "London Marriage Licences," ed. Foster, 1887, col. 1197).

[2] Lady Catherine Scott, third daughter of George Goring, Earl of Norwich, and wife of Edward Scott, D.C.L., of Scot's Hall, co. Kent. She lived twelve years apart from her husband, and it was during this period that she was supposed to have been too intimate with Prince Rupert. Proceedings instituted by her husband in the Ecclesiastical Courts for a divorce were afterwards withdrawn, and before his death and in his will he acknowledged his son Thomas and left him heir to his estate. He died at Scot's Hall, and was buried at Smeeth, May 22nd, 1663. Lady Catherine Scott died in 1686.

[3] Anne, Sir George's eldest daughter, married Sir Nicholas Slaning, K.B.

contents me though I encrease but very little. Thence to my office doing business, and at noon to my viall maker's, who has begun it and has a good appearance, and so to the Exchange, where I met Dr. Pierce, who tells me of his good luck to get to be groom of the Privy-Chamber to the Queen, and without my Lord Sandwich's help, but only by his good fortune, meeting a man that hath let him have his right for a small matter, about £60, for which he can every day have £400. But he tells me my Lord hath lost much honour in standing so long and so much for that coxcomb Pickering, and at last not carrying it for him; but hath his name struck out by the King and Queen themselves after he had been in ever since the Queen's coming. But he tells me he believes that either Sir H. Bennet, my Lady Castlemaine, or Sir Charles Barkeley had received some money for the place, and so the King could not disappoint them, but was forced to put out this fool rather than a better man. And I am sorry to hear what he tells me that Sir Charles Barkeley hath still such power over the King, as to be able to fetch him from the Council-table to my Lady Castlemaine when he pleases. He tells me also, as a friend, the great injury that he thinks I do myself by being so severe in the Yards, and contracting the ill-will of the whole Navy for those offices, singly upon myself. Now I discharge a good conscience therein, and I tell him that no man can (nor do he say any say it) charge me with doing wrong; but rather do as many good offices as any man. They think, he says, that I have a mind to get a good name with the King and Duke, who he tells me do not consider any such thing; but I shall have as good thanks to let all alone, and do as the rest. But I believe the contrary; and yet I told him I never go to the Duke alone, as others do, to talk of my own services. However, I will make use of his council, and take some course to prevent having the single ill-will of the office. Before I went to the office I went to the Coffee House, where Sir J. Cutler and Mr. Grant were, and there Mr. Grant showed me letters of Sir William Petty's, wherein he says, that his vessel which he hath built upon two keeles[1] (a modell whereof, built for the

[1] There is a considerable amount of information concerning Petty's doubled-keeled boat in Birch's "History of the Royal Society" (vol.

King, he showed me) hath this month won a wager of £50 in sailing between Dublin and Holyhead with the pacquett-boat, the best ship or vessel the King hath there; and he offers to lay with any vessel in the world. It is about thirty ton in burden, and carries thirty men, with good accommodation, (as much more as any ship of her burden,) and so any vessel of this figure shall carry more men, with better accommodation by half, than any other ship. This carries also ten guns, of about five tons weight. In their coming back from Holyhead they started together, and this vessel came to Dublin by five at night, and the pacquett-boat not before eight the next morning; and when they came they did believe that this vessel had been drowned, or at least behind, not thinking she could have lived in that sea. Strange things are told of this vessel, and he concludes his letter with this position, "I only affirm that the perfection of sayling lies in my principle, finde it out who can."

i.). On November 12th, 1662, "Sir William Petty's letter to Lord Viscount Brouncker concerning his double-bottomed cylindrical vessel was read and ordered to be registered, and he was desired to prosecute this invention and to give farther notice of the success thereof upon trial of the vessel at sea" (p. 124). On November 26th, "Sir William Petty's second letter to the Lord Viscount Brouncker was read, giving a farther account of his new ship; as also an extract of another letter of his to Mr. Graunt, who was desired to let Sir William know that the Society was well pleased with the invention" (p. 131). The matter was again brought up at the meeting of December 10th, when several letters from Sir William Petty were read (p. 141). On January 28th, 1662–63, the report of the Committee appointed November 26th, 1662, to examine and give in an account of the matter of fact concerning the structure and sailing of Sir William Petty's new ship was read, followed by a report of its sailing on Twelfth Day (p. 183). Lord Braybrook noted that amongst the Sloane MSS. in the British Museum there is an English satirical poem on this vessel, the title of which is, "In laudem Navis Geminæ e portu Dublinii ad Regem Carolum II^{dum} missæ." It contains three hundred lines, and is too long and too scurrilous and worthless to print. "Petty," observes Lodge ("Peerage of Ireland," vol. ii., p. 352), "in 1663 raised his reputation still higher, by the success of his invention of the double-bottomed ship, against the judgment of all mankind. Thomas, Earl of Ossory, and other persons of honour, embarked on board this ship, which promised to excel all others in sailing, carriage, and security; but she was at last lost in a dreadful tempest, which overwhelmed a great fleet the same night." Petty gave a model of his vessel to the Royal Society.

Thence home, in my way meeting Mr. Rawlinson, who tells me that my uncle Wight is off of his Hampshire purchase and likes less of the Wights, and would have me to be kind and study to please him, which I am resolved to do. Being at home he sent for me to dinner to meet Mr. Moore, so I went thither and dined well, but it was strange for me to refuse, and yet I did without any reluctancy to drink wine in a tavern, where nothing else almost was drunk, and that excellent good. Thence with Mr. Moore to the Wardrobe, and there sat while my Lord was private with Mr. Townsend about his accounts an hour or two, we reading of a merry book against the Presbyters called Cabbala,[1] extraordinary witty. Thence walked home and to my office, setting papers of all sorts and writing letters and putting myself into a condition to go to Chatham with Mr. Coventry to-morrow. So, at almost 12 o'clock, and my eyes tired with seeing to write, I went home and to bed. Ending the month with pretty good content of mind, my wife in the country and myself in good esteem, and likely by pains to become considerable, I think, with God's blessing upon my diligence.

Aug. 1st. Up betimes and got me ready, and so to the office and put things in order for my going. By and by comes Sir G. Carteret, and he and I did some business, and then Mr. Coventry sending for me, he staying in the boat, I got myself presently ready and down to him, he and I by water to Gravesend (his man Lambert with us), and there eat a bit and so mounted, I upon one of his horses which met him there, a brave proud horse, all the way talking of businesses of the office and other matters to good purpose. Being come to Chatham, we put on our boots and so walked to the yard, where we met Commissioner Pett, and there walked up and down looking and inquiring into many businesses, and in the evening went to the Commissioner's and there in his upper Arbor sat and talked, and there pressed upon the Commissioner to take upon him a power to correct and suspend officers that do not their duty and

[1] "Cabala, or an Impartial Account of the Non-conformists' Private Designs, Actings and Ways, from August 24th, 1662, to December 25th in the same year. Printed in the year 1663." Reprinted in "Somers Tracts," ed. Scott, vol. vii., p. 567.

other things, which he unwillingly answered he would if we would own him in it. Being gone thence Mr. Coventry and I did discourse about him, and conclude that he is not able to do the same in that yard that he might and can and it may be will do in another, what with his old faults and the relations that he has to most people that act there. After an hour or two's discourse at the Hill-house before going to bed, I see him to his and he me to my chamber, he lying in the Treasurer's and I in the Controller's chambers.

2nd (Lord's day). Up and after the barber had done he and I walked to the Docke, and so on board the Mathias,[1] where Commissioner Pett and he and I and a good many of the officers and others of the yard did hear an excellent sermon of Mr. Hudson's upon "All is your's and you are God's," a most ready, learned, and good sermon, such as I have not heard a good while, nor ever thought he could have preached. We took him with us to the Hill-house, and there we dined, and an officer or two with us. So after dinner the company withdrew, and we three to private discourse and laid the matters of the yard home again to the Commissioner, and discoursed largely of several matters. Then to the parish church, and there heard a poor sermon with a great deal of false Greek in it, upon these words, "Ye are my friends, if ye do these things which I command you." Thence to the Docke and by water to view St. Mary Creeke, but do not find it so proper for a wet docks as we would have it, it being uneven ground and hard in the bottom and no great depth of water in many places. Returned and walked from the Docke home, Mr. Coventry and I very much troubled to see how backward Commissioner Pett is to tell any of the faults of the officers, and to see nothing in better condition here for his being here than they are in other yards where there is none. After some discourse to bed. But I sat up an hour after Mr. Coventry was gone to read my vows, it raining a wonderful hard showre about 11 at night for an hour together. So to bed.

3rd. Up both of us very betimes and to the Yard, and see the men called over and choose some to be discharged,

[1] The "Mathias" was a fourth-rate of forty guns.

Then to the Ropehouses and viewed them all and made an experiment which was the stronger, English or Riga hemp, the latter proved the stronger, but the other is very good, and much better we believe than any but Riga. We did many other things this morning, and I caused the Timber measurer to measure some timber, where I found much fault and with reason, which we took public notice of, and did give them admonition for the time to come. At noon Mr. Pett did give us a very great dinner, too big in all conscience, so that most of it was left untouched. Here was Collonell Newman and several other gentlemen of the country and officers of the yard. After dinner they withdrew and Commissioner Pett, Mr. Coventry and I sat close to our business all the noon in his parler, and there run through much business and answered several people. And then in the evening walked in the garden, where we conjured him to look after the yard, and for the time to come that he would take the whole faults and ill management of the yard upon himself, he having full power and our concurrence to suspend or do anything else that he thinks fit to keep people and officers to their duty. He having made good promises, though I fear his performance, we parted (though I spoke so freely that he could have been angry) good friends, and in some hopes that matters will be better for the time to come. So walked to the Hill-house (which we did view and the yard about it, and do think to put it off as soon as we can conveniently) and there made ourselves ready and mounted and rode to Gravesend (my riding Coate not being to be found I fear it is stole) on our way being overtaken by Captain Browne that serves the office of the Ordnance at Chatham. All the way, though he was a rogue and served the late times all along, yet he kept us in discourse of the many services that he did for many of the King's party, lords and Dukes, and among others he recovered a dog that was stolne from Mr. Cary (head-keeper of the buck-hounds to the King) and preserved several horses of the Duke of Richmond's, and his best horse he was forst to put out his eyes and keep him for a stallion to preserve him from being carried away. But he gone at last upon my enquiry to tell us how (he having been here too for survey of the Ropeyard) the day's work of the Rope-makers become

settled, which pleased me very well. Being come to our Inn Mr. Coventry and I sat and talked till 9 or 10 a-clock and then to bed.

4th. We were called up about four a-clock, and being ready went and took a Gravesend boat, and to London by nine a-clock. By the way talking of several businesses of the navy. So to the office, where Sir Wm. Pen (the first time that he has been with us a great while, he having been long sick) met us, and there we sat all the morning. My brother John I find come to town to my house, as I sent for him, on Saturday last, so at noon home and dined with him, and after dinner and the barber been with me I walked out with him to my viall maker's and other places and then left him, and I by water to Blackbury's, and there talked with him about some masts (and by the way he tells me that Paul's[1] is now going to be repaired in good earnest), and so with him to his garden close by his house, where I eat some peaches and apricots; a very pretty place. So over the water to Westminster hall, and not finding Mrs. Lane, with whom I purposed to be merry, I went to Jervas's and took him and his wife over the water to their mother Palmer's (the woman that speaks in the belly, and with whom I have two or three years ago made good sport with Mr. Mallard), thinking because I had heard that she is a woman of that sort that I might there have lit upon some lady of pleasure (for which God forgive me), but blest be God there was none, nor anything that pleased me, but a poor little house that she has set out as fine as she can, and for her singing which she pretends to is only some old body songs and those sung abominably, only she pretends to be able to sing both bass and treble, which she do something like, but not what I thought formerly and expected now; nor do her speaking in her belly take me now as it did then, but it may be that is because I know it and see her mouth when she speaks, which should not be. After I had spent a shilling there in wine I took boat with Jervas and his wife and set them at Westminster, and it being late for-

[1] Christopher Wren was called in to survey the building, when he proposed extensive alterations in the fabric. Consideration on these proposals was continued until the cathedral was burnt in the Great Fire.

bore Mrs. Lane and went by water to the Old Swan by a boat, where I had good sport with one of the young men about his travells as far as Voxhall, in mockery, which yet the fellow answered me most prettily and traveller-like unto my very good mirth. So home, and with my brother eat a bit of bread and cheese, and so to bed, he with me. This day I received a letter from my wife, which troubles me mightily, wherein she tells me how Ashwell did give her the lie to her teeth, and that thereupon my wife giving her a box on the eare, the other struck her again, and a deal of stir which troubles me, and that my Lady has been told by my father or mother something of my wife's carriage, which altogether vexes me, and I fear I shall find a trouble of my wife when she comes home to get down her head again, but if Ashwell goes I am resolved to have no more, but to live poorly and low again for a good while, and save money and keep my wife within bounds if I can, or else I shall bid Adieu to all content in the world. So to bed, my mind somewhat disturbed at this, but yet I shall take care, by prudence, to avoid the ill consequences which I fear, things not being gone too far yet, and this heighth that my wife is come to being occasioned from my own folly in giving her too much head heretofore for the year past.

5th. All the morning at the office, whither Deane of Woolwich came to me and discoursed of the body of ships, which I am now going about to understand, and then I took him to the coffee-house, where he was very earnest against Mr. Grant's report in favour of Sir W. Petty's vessel,[1] even to some passion on both sides almost. So to the Exchange, and thence home to dinner with my brother, and in the afternoon to Westminster hall, and there found Mrs. Lane, and by and by by agreement we met at the Parliament stairs (in my way down to the boat who should meet us but my lady Jemimah, who saw me lead her but said nothing to me of her, though I ought to speak to her to see whether she would take notice of it or no) and off to Stangate and so to

[1] From the minutes of the Royal Society we learn that on July 29th, 1663, Mr. Graunt read two letters from Sir William Petty concerning the success of his new ship in his sailing to Holyhead, and that he was desired to give an extract of these letters to be registered (Birch's "History of the Royal Society," vol. i., p. 287).

the King's Head at Mambeth march, and had variety of meats and drinks, but I did so towse her and handled her, but could get nothing more from her though I was very near it; but as wanton and bucksome as she is she dares not adventure upon the business, in which I very much commend and like her. Staid pretty late, and so over with her by water, and being in a great sweat with my towsing of her durst not go home by water, but took coach, and at home my brother and I fell upon Des Cartes, and I perceive he has studied him well, and I cannot find but he has minded his book, and do love it. This evening came a letter about business from Mr. Coventry, and with it a silver pen he promised me to carry inke in, which is very necessary. So to prayers and to bed.

6th. Up and was angry with my maid Hannah for keeping the house no better, it being more dirty now-a-days than ever it was while my whole family was together. So to my office, whither Mr. Coventry came and Sir William Pen, and we sat all the morning. This day Mr. Coventry borrowed of me my manuscript of the Navy. At noon I to the 'Change, and meeting with Sir W. Warren, to a coffee-house, and there finished a contract with him for the office, and so parted, and I to my cozen Mary Joyce's[1] at a gossiping, where much company and good cheer. There was the King's Falconer, that lives by Paul's, and his wife, an ugly pusse, but brought him money. He speaking of the strength of hawkes, which will strike a fowle to the ground with that force that shall make the fowle rebound a great way from ground, which no force of man or art can do, but it was very pleasant to hear what reasons he and another, one Ballard, a rich man of the same Company of Leathersellers of which the Joyces are, did give for this. Ballard's wife, a pretty and a very well-bred woman, I took occasion to kiss several times, and she to carve, drink, and show me great respect. After dinner to talk and laugh. I drank no wine, but sent for some water, the beer not being good. A fiddler was sent for, and there one Mrs. Lurkin, a neighbour, a good, and merry poor woman, but a very tall woman, did dance and show such tricks that made us

[1] Mary, wife of William Joyce.

all merry, but above all a daughter of Mr. Brumfield's, black, but well-shaped and modest, did dance very well, which pleased me mightily. I begun the Duchess with her, but could not do it; but, however, I came off well enough, and made mighty much of her, kissing and leading her home, with her cozen Anthony and Kate Joyce (Kate being very handsome and well, that is, handsomely dressed to-day, and I grew mighty kind and familiar with her, and kissed her soundly, which she takes very well) to their house, and there I left them, having in our way, though nine o'clock at night, carried them into a puppet play in Lincolnes Inn Fields, where there was the story of Holofernes, and other clockwork, well done. There was at this house to-day Mr. Lawrence, who did give the name, it seems, to my cozen Joyce's child, Samuel, who is a very civil gentleman, and his wife a pretty woman, who, with Kate Joyce, were stewards of the feast to-day, and a double share cost for a man and a woman came to 16*s*., which I also would pay, though they would not by any means have had me do so. I walked home very well contented with this afternoon's work, I thinking it convenient to keep in with the Joyces against a bad day, if I should have occasion to make use of them. So I walked home, and after a letter to my wife by the post and my father, I home to supper, and after a little talk with my brother to bed.

7th. Up and to my office a little, and then to Brown's for my measuring rule, which is made, and is certainly the best and the most commodious for carrying in one's pocket, and most useful that ever was made, and myself have the honour of being as it were the inventor of this form of it. Here I staid discoursing an hour with him and then home, and thither came Sir Fairbrother to me, and we walked a while together in the garden and then abroad into the cittie, and then we parted for a while and I to my Viall, which I find done and once varnished, and it will please me very well when it is quite varnished. Thence home and to study my new rule till my head aked cruelly. So by and by to dinner and the Doctor and Mr. Creed came to me. The Doctor's discourse, which (though he be a very good-natured man) is but simple, was some sport to me and Creed, though my head akeing I took no great pleasure in

it. We parted after dinner, and I walked to Deptford and there found Sir W. Pen, and I fell to measuring of some planks that was serving into the yard, which the people took notice of, and the measurer himself was amused at, for I did it much more ready than he, and I believe Sir W. Pen would be glad I could have done less or he more. By and by he went away and I staid walking up and down, discoursing with the officers of the yard of several things, and so walked back again, and on my way young Bagwell and his wife waylayd me to desire my favour about getting him a better ship, which I shall pretend to be willing to do for them, but my mind is to know his wife a little better. They being parted I went with Cadbury the mast maker to view a parcel of good masts which I think it were good to buy, and resolve to speak to the board about it. So home, and my brother John and I up and I to my musique, and then to discourse with him, and I find him not so thorough a philosopher, at least in Aristotle, as I took him for, he not being able to tell me the definition of final nor which of the 4 Qualitys belonged to each of the 4 Elements. So to prayers, and to bed, among other things being much satisfied with my new rule.

8th. Up and to my office, whither I search for Brown the mathematical instrument maker, who now brought me a ruler for measuring timber and other things so well done and in all things to my mind that I do set up my trust upon it that I cannot have a better, nor any man else have so good for this purpose, this being of my own ordering. By and by we sat all the morning dispatching of business, and then at noon rose, and I with Mr. Coventry down to the water-side, talking, wherein I see so much goodness and endeavours of doing the King service, that I do more and more admire him. It being the greatest trouble to me, he says, in the world to see not only in the Navy, but in the greatest matters of State, where he can lay his finger upon the soare (meaning this man's faults, and this man's office the fault lies in), and yet dare or can not remedy matters. Thence to the Exchange about several businesses, and so home to dinner, and in the afternoon took my brother John and Will down to Woolwich by water, and after being there a good while, and eating of fruit in Sheldon's garden, we

began our walk back again, I asking many things in physiques of my brother John, to which he gives me so bad or no answer at all, as in the regions of the ayre he told me that he knew of no such thing, for he never read Aristotle's philosophy and Des Cartes ownes no such thing, which vexed me to hear him say. But I shall call him to task, and see what it is that he has studied since his going to the University. It was late before we could get from Greenwich to London by water, the tide being against us and almost past, so that to save time and to be clear of anchors I landed at Wapping, and so walked home weary enough, walking over the stones. This night Sir W. Batten and Sir J. Minnes returned [from] Portsmouth, but I did not go see them.

9th (Lord's day). Up, and leaving my brother John to go somewhere else, I to church, and heard Mr. Mills (who is lately returned out of the country, and it seems was fetched in by many of the parishioners, with great state,) preach upon the authority of the ministers, upon these words, "We are therefore embassadors of Christ." Wherein, among other high expressions, he said, that such a learned man used to say, that if a minister of the word and an angell should meet him together, he would salute the minister first; which methought was a little too high. This day I begun to make use of the silver pen (Mr. Coventry did give me) in writing of this sermon, taking only the heads of it in Latin, which I shall, I think, continue to do. So home and at my office reading my vowes, and so to Sir W. Batten to dinner, being invited and sent for, and being willing to hear how they left things at Portsmouth, which I found but ill enough, and are mightily for a Commissioner to be at seat there to keep the yard in order. Thence in the afternoon with my Lady Batten, leading her through the streets by the hand to St. Dunstan's Church, hard by us (where by Mrs. Russell's means we were set well), and heard an excellent sermon of one Mr. Gifford,[1] the parson there, upon "Remember Lot's wife." So from thence walked back to Mrs. Russell's, and there drank and sat talking a great while. Among other things talked of young Dawes

[1] The Rev. George Gifford was rector of St. Dunstan's in the East from 1661 till his death in 1686.

that married the great fortune, who it seems has a Baronet's patent given him, and is now Sir Thos. Dawes,[1] and a very fine bred man they say he is. Thence home, and my brother being abroad I walked to my uncle Wight's and there staid, though with little pleasure, and supped, there being the husband of Mrs. Anne Wight, who it seems is lately married to one Mr. Bentley,[2] a Norwich factor. Home, and staid up a good while examining Will in his Latin below, and my brother along with him in his Greeke, and so to prayers and to bed. This afternoon I was amused at the tune set to the Psalm by the Clerke of the parish, and thought at first that he was out, but I find him to be a good songster, and the parish could sing it very well, and was a good tune. But I wonder that there should be a tune in the Psalms that I never heard of.

10th. Up, though not so early this summer as I did all the last, for which I am sorry, and though late am resolved to get up betimes before the season of rising be quite past. To my office to fit myself to wait on the Duke this day. By and by by water to White Hall, and so to St. James's, and anon called into the Duke's chamber, and being dressed we were all as usual taken in with him and discoursed of our matters, and that being done, he walked, and I in the company with him, to White Hall, and there he took barge for Woolwich, and I up to the Committee of Tangier, where my Lord Sandwich, my Lord Peterborough, (whom I have not seen before since his coming back,) Sir W. Compton, and Mr. Povy. Our discourse about supplying my Lord Teviott with money, wherein I am sorry to see, though they do not care for him, yet they are willing to let him for civility and compliment only have money almost without expecting any account of it; but by this means, he being such a cunning fellow as he is, the King is like to pay dear for our courtiers' ceremony. Thence by coach with my Lords Peterborough and Sandwich to my Lord Peterborough's house; and there, after an hour's looking over some fine books of the Italian buildings, with fine cuts, and also my Lord Peterborough's bowes and arrows, of which he is a

[1] Dawes's Christian name was John, and not Thomas (see *ante*, May 3rd, 1653, note).

[2] There is no note of this marriage in Chester's "London Marriage Licences," ed. Foster, 1887.

great lover, we sat down to dinner, my Lady[1] coming down to dinner also, and there being Mr. Williamson,[2] that belongs to Sir H. Bennet, whom I find a pretty understanding and accomplished man, but a little conceited. After dinner I took leave and went to Greatorex's, whom I found in his garden, and set him to work upon my ruler, to engrave an almanac and other things upon the brasses of it, which a little before night he did, but the latter part he slubbered over, that I must get him to do it over better, or else I shall not fancy my rule, which is such a folly that I am come to now, that whereas before my delight was in multitude of books, and spending money in that and buying alway of other things, now that I am become a better husband, and have left off buying, now my delight is in the neatness of everything, and so cannot be pleased with anything unless it be very neat, which is a strange folly. Hither came W. Howe about business, and he and I had a great deal of discourse about my Lord Sandwich, and I find by him that my Lord do dote upon one of the daughters of Mrs. [Becke] where he lies, so that he spends his time and money upon her. He tells me she is a woman of a very bad fame and very imprudent, and has told my Lord so, yet for all that my Lord do spend all his evenings with her, though he be at court in the day time, and that the world do take notice of it, and that Pickering is only there as a blind, that the world may think that my Lord spends his time with him when he do worse, and that hence it is that my Lord has no more mind to go into the country than he has. In fine, I perceive my Lord is dabbling with this wench, for which I am sorry, though I do not wonder at it, being a man amorous enough, and now begins to allow himself the liberty that he says every body else at Court takes. Here I am told that my Lord Bristoll is either fled or concealed himself, having been sent for to the King, it is believed to be sent to the Tower, but he is gone out of the way. Yesterday, I am told also, that Sir J. Lenthall,[3]

[1] Lady Penelope O'Brien, daughter of Barnabas, sixth Earl of Thomond, wife of Henry Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough.—B.

[2] See note, *ante*, February 6th, 1662–63.

[3] Sir John Lenthall was the elder brother of Speaker Lenthall, and uncle of the person of the same name mentioned in the Diary, May 21st,

in Southwarke, did apprehend about one hundred Quakers, and other such people, and hath sent some of them to the gaole at Kingston, it being now the time of the Assizes. Hence home and examined a piece of Latin of Will's with my brother, and so to prayers and to bed. This evening I had a letter from my father that says that my wife will come to town this week, at which I wonder that she should come to town without my knowing more of it. But I find they have lived very ill together since she went, and I must use all the brains I have to bring her to any good when she do come home, which I fear will be hard to do, and do much disgust me the thoughts of it.

11th. Up and to my office, whither, by and by, my brother Tom came, and I did soundly rattle him for his neglecting to see and please the Joyces as he has of late done. I confess I do fear that he do not understand his business, nor will do any good in his trade, though he tells me that he do please every body and that he gets money, but I shall not believe it till I see a state of his accounts, which I have ordered him to bring me before he sees me any more. We met and sat at the office all the morning, and at noon I to the 'Change, where I met Dr. Pierce, who tells me that the King comes to towne this day, from Tunbridge, to stay a day or two, and then fetch the Queen from thence, who he says is grown a very debonnaire lady, and now hugs him, and meets him gallopping upon the road, and all the actions of a fond and pleasant lady that can be, that he believes has a chat now and then of Mrs. Stewart, but that there is no great danger of her, she being only an innocent, young, raw girl; but my Lady Castlemaine, who rules the King in matters of state, and do what she list with him, he believes is now falling quite out of favour. After the Queen is come back she goes to the Bath, and so to Oxford, where great entertainments are making for her. This day I am told that my Lord Bristoll hath warrants issued out against him, to have carried him to the Tower;[1]

1660. He had been knighted as early as 1616, and was marshal of the Marshalsea; and, in 1655, was placed in the Commission of the Peace for Surrey by a special vote of the House of Commons, which explains his crusade against the Quakers. He died in 1668. — B.

[1] A proclamation was issued for Lord Bristol's arrest in August, see *post*, September 4th.

but he is fled away, or hid himself. So much the Chancellor hath got the better of him. Upon the 'Change my brother and Will bring me word that Madam Turner would come and dine with me to-day, so I hasted home and found her and Mrs. Morrice there (The. Joyce being gone into the country), which is the reason of the mother rambling. I got a dinner for them, and after dinner my uncle Thomas and aunt Bell came and saw me, and I made them almost foxed with wine till they were very kind (but I did not carry them up to my ladies). So they went away, and so my two ladies and I in Mrs. Turner's coach to Mr. Povy's, who being not within, we went in and there shewed Mrs. Turner his perspective and volary,[1] and the fine things that he is building of now, which is a most neat thing. Thence to the Temple and by water to Westminster; and there Morrice and I went to Sir R. Ling's to have fetched a niece of his, but she was not within, and so we went to boat again and then down to the bridge, and there tried to find a sister of Mrs. Morrice's, but she was not within neither, and so we went through bridge, and I carried them on board the King's pleasure-boat, all the way reading in a book of Receipts of making fine meats and sweetmeats, among others to make my own sweet water, which made us good sport. So I landed them at Greenwich, and there to a garden, and gave them fruit and wine, and so to boat again, and finally, in the cool of the evening, to Lyon Kee,[2] the tide against us, and so landed and walked to the Bridge, and there took a coach by chance passing by, and so I saw them home, and there eat some cold venison with them, and drunk and bade them good night, having been mighty merry with them, and I think it is not amiss to preserve, though it cost me a little, such a friend as Mrs. Turner. So home and to bed, my head running upon what to do to-morrow to fit things against my wife's coming, as to buy

[1] A large birdcage in which the birds can fly abont; French *volière*. Ben Jonson uses the word volary.

[2] Lion Quay, Lower Thames Street, where the famous Duchess of Suffolk in the time of Bishop Gardiner's persecution took boat for the continent. James, Duke of York, also left the country from this same place on the night of April 20th, 1648, when he escaped from St. James's Palace.

a bedstead, because my brother John is here, and I have now no more beds than are used.

12th. A little to my office, to put down my yesterday's journall, and so abroad to buy a bedstead and do other things. So home again, and having put up the bedstead and done other things in order to my wife's coming, I went out to several places and to Mrs. Turner's, she inviting me last night, and there dined; with her and Madam Morrice and a stranger we were very merry and had a fine dinner, and thence I took leave and to White Hall, where my Lords Sandwich, Peterborough, and others made a Tangier Committee; spent the afternoon in reading and ordering with a great deal of alteration, and yet methinks never a whit the better, of a letter drawn by Creed to my Lord Rutherford. The Lords being against anything that looked to be rough, though it was in matter of money and accounts, wherein their courtship may cost the King dear. Only I do see by them, that speaking in matters distasteful to him that we write to, it is best to do it in the plainest way and without ambages or reasoning, but only say matters of fact, and leave the party to collect your meaning. Thence by water to my brother's, and there I hear my wife is come and gone home, and my father is come to town also, at which I wondered. But I discern it is to give my brother advice about his business, and it may be to pacify me about the differences that have been between my wife and him and my mother at her late being with them. Though by and by he coming to Mr. Holden's (where I was buying a hat) he took no notice to me of anything. I talked to him a little while and left him to lie at the end of the town, and I home, where methought I found my wife strange, not knowing, I believe, in what temper she could expect me to be in, but I fell to kind words, and so we were very kind, only she could not forbear telling me how she had been used by them and her mayde, Ashwell, in the country, but I find it will be best not to examine it, for I doubt she's in fault too, and therefore I seek to put it off from my hearing, and so to bed and there entertained her with great content, and so to sleep.

13th. Lay long in bed with my wife talking of family matters, and so up and to the office, where we sat all the

morning, and then home to dinner, and after dinner my wife and I to talk again about getting of a couple of good mayds and to part with Ashwell, which troubles me for her father's sake, though I shall be glad to have the charge taken away of keeping a woman. Thence a little to the office, and so abroad with my wife by water to White Hall, and there at my Lord's lodgings met my Lady Jemimah, with whom we staid a good while. Thence to Mrs. Hunt's, where I left my wife, and I to walk a little in St. James's Park, while Mrs. Harper might come home, with whom we came to speak about her kinswoman Jane Gentleman to come and live with us as a chamber mayde, and there met with Mr. Hoole[1] my old acquaintance of Magdalen, and walked with him an hour in the Parke, discoursing chiefly of Sir Samuel Morland, whose lady[2] is gone into France. It seems he buys ground and a farm in the country, and lays out money upon building, and God knows what! so that most of the money he sold his pension of £500 per annum for, to Sir Arthur Slingsby,[3] is believed is gone. It seems he hath very great promises from the King, and Hoole hath seen some of the King's letters, under his own hand, to Morland, promising him great things (and among others, the order of the Garter,[4] as Sir Samuel says); but his lady thought it below her to ask any thing at the King's first coming, believing the King would do it of himself, when as Hoole do really think if he had asked to be Secretary of State at the King's first coming, he might have had it. And the other day at her going into France, she did speak

[1] William, son of Robert Hoole of Walkeringham, admitted of Magdalene College, June, 1648. — B.

[2] Susanne de Milleville, daughter of Daniel de Milleville, Baron of Boessen in France, naturalized 1662. Sir Samuel Morland's second wife was Carola Harsnett, whom he married October 26th, 1670. She died October 10th, 1674. His third wife (married November, 1678) was Anne Feilding (third daughter of George Feilding, of Solihull, co. Warwick), who died February 20th, 1679–80. He married, fourthly, Mary Ayliff, February 1st, 1686–87, from whom he obtained a divorce on July 16th. See Chester's "Westminster Abbey Registers."

[3] A younger son of Sir Guildford Slingsby, Comptroller of the Navy, knighted by Charles II., and afterwards created a baronet at Brussels, 1657, which title has long been extinct. — B.

[4] Compare Sir Samuel Morland's own account in his "Autobiography," published by Halliwell Phillipps. — B.

largely to the King herself, how her husband hath failed of what his Majesty had promised, and she was sure intended him; and the King did promise still, as he is a King and a gentleman, to be as good as his word in a little time, to a tittle: but I never believe it. Here in the Park I met with Mr. Coventry, where he sent for a letter he had newly writ to me, wherein he had enclosed one from Commissioner Pett complaining of his being defeated in his attempt to suspend two pursers, wherein the manner of his doing it, and complaint of our seeing him (contrary to our promises the other day), deserted, did make us laugh mightily, and was good sport to think how awkwardly he goes about a thing that he has no courage of his own nor mind to do. Mr. Coventry answered it very handsomely, but I perceive Pett has left off his corresponding with me any more. Thence to fetch my wife from Mrs. Hunt's, where now he was come in, and we eat and drunk, and so away (their child being at home, a very lively, but not pretty at all), by water to Mrs. Turner's, and there made a short visit, and so home by coach, and after supper to prayers and to bed, and before going to bed Ashwell began to make her complaint, and by her I do perceive that she has received most base usage from my wife, which my wife sillily denies, but it is impossible the wench could invent words and matter so particularly, against which my wife has nothing to say but flatly to deny, which I am sorry to see, and blows to have past, and high words even at Hinchinbrooke House among my Lady's people, of which I am mightily ashamed. I said nothing to either of them, but let them talk till she was gone and left us abed, and then I told my wife my mind with great sobriety of grief, and so to sleep.

14th. Awake, and to chide my wife again, and I find that my wife has got too great head to be brought down soon, nor is it possible with any convenience to keep Ashwell longer, my wife is so set and convinced, as she was in Sarah, to make her appear a Lyer in every small thing that we shall have no peace while she stays. So I up and to my office doing several businesses in my study, and so home to dinner. The time having outslipt me and my stomach, it being past two a-clock, and yet before we could sit down to dinner Mrs. Harper and her cousin Jane came, and we

treated and discoursed long about her coming to my wife for a chamber mayd, and I think she will do well. So they went away expecting notice when she shall come, and so we sat down to dinner at four a-clock almost, and then I walked forth to my brother's, where I found my father very discontented, and has no mind to come to my house, and would have begun some of the differences between my wife and him, but I desired to hear none of them, and am sorry at my folly in forcing it and theirs in not telling me of it at the beginning, and therefore am resolved to make the best of a bad market, and to bring my wife to herself again as soon and as well as I can. So we parted very kindly, and he will dine with me to-morrow or next day. Thence walked home, doing several errands by the way, and at home took my wife to visit Sir W. Pen, who is still lame, and after an hour with him went home and supped, and with great content to bed.

15th. Lay pretty long in bed, being a little troubled with some pain got by wind and cold, and so up with good peace of mind, hoping that my wife will mind her house and servants, and so to the office, and being too soon to sit walked to my viall, which is well nigh done, and I believe I may have it home to my mind next week. So back to my office, and there we sat all the morning, I till 2 o'clock before I could go to dinner again. After dinner walked forth to my instrument maker, and there had my rule he made me lay now so perfected, that I think in all points I have never need or desire a better, or think that any man yet had one so good in all the several points of it for my use. So by water down to Deptford, taking into my boat with me Mr. Palmer, one whom I knew and his wife when I was first married, being an acquaintance of my wife's and her friends lodging at Charing Cross during our differences. He joyed me in my condition, and himself it seems is forced to follow the law in a common ordinary way, but seems to do well, and is a sober man enough by his discourse. He landed with me at Deptford, where he saw by the officers' respect to me a piece of my command, and took notice of it, though God knows I hope I shall not be elated with that, but rather desire to be known for serving the King well, and doing my duty. He gone I walked up

and down the yard a while discoursing with the officers, and so by water home meditating on my new Rule with great pleasure. So to my office, and there by candle light doing business, and so home to supper and to bed.

16th (Lord's day). Up and with my wife to church, and finding her desirous to go to church, I did suspect her meeting of Pembleton, but he was not there, and so I thought my jealousy in vain, and treat the sermon with great quiet. And home to dinner very pleasant, only some angry, notwithstanding my wife could not forbear to give Ashwell, and after dinner to church again, and there, looking up and down, I found Pembleton to stand in the isle against us, he coming too late to get a pew. Which, Lord! into what a sweat did it put me! I do not think my wife did see him, which did a little satisfy me. But it makes me mad to see of what a jealous temper I am and cannot helpe it, though let him do what he can I do not see, as I am going to reduce my family, what hurt he can do me, there being no more occasion now for my wife to learn of him. Here preached a confident young coxcomb. So home, and I staid a while with Sir J. Minnes, at Mrs. Turner's, hearing his parrat talk, laugh, and crow, which it do to admiration. So home and with my wife to see Sir W. Pen, and thence to my uncle Wight, and took him at supper and sat down, where methinks my uncle is more kind than he used to be both to me now, and my father tell me to him also, which I am glad at. After supper home, it being extraordinary dark, and by chance a lanthorn came by, and so we hired it to light us home, otherwise were we no sooner within doors but a great showre fell that had doused us cruelly if we had not been within, it being as dark as pitch. So to prayers and to bed.

17th. Up, and then fell into discourse, my wife and I to Ashwell, and much against my will I am fain to express a willingness to Ashwell that she should go from us, and yet in my mind I am glad of it, to ease me of the charge. So she is to go to her father this day. And leaving my wife and her talking highly, I went away by coach with Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten to St. James's, and there attended of course the Duke. And so to White Hall, where I met Mr. Moore, and he tells me with great sorrow of my Lord's

being debauched he fears by this woman at Chelsey, which I am troubled at, and resolve to speak to him of it if I can seasonably. Thence home, where I dined, and after dinner comes our old mayde Susan to look for a gorgett that she says she has lost by leaving it here, and by many circumstances it being clear to me that Hannah, our present cook-mayde, not only has it, but had it on upon her necke when Susan came in, and shifted it off presently upon her coming in, I did charge her so home with it (having a mind to have her gone from us), that in a huff she told us she would be gone to-night if I would pay her her wages, which I was glad and my wife of, and so fetched her her wages, and though I am doubtful that she may convey some things away with her clothes, my wife searching them, yet we are glad of her being so gone, and so she went away in a quarter of an hour's time. Being much amused at this to have never a maid but Ashwell, that we do not intend to keep, nor a boy, and my wife and I being left for an hour, till my brother came in, alone in the house, I grew very melancholy, and so my brother being come in I went forth to Mrs. Holden's, to whom I formerly spoke about a girle to come to me instead of a boy, and the like I did to Mrs. Standing and also to my brother Tom, whom I found at an alehouse in Popinjay ally[1] drinking, and I standing with him at the gate of the ally Ashwell came by, and so I left Tom and went almost home with her, talking of her going away. I find that she is willing to go, and told her (though behind my back my wife has told her that it was more my desire than hers that she should go, which was not well), that seeing my wife and she could not agree I did choose rather (was she my sister) have her gone, it would be better for us and for her too. To which she willing agreed, and will not tell me anything but that she do believe that my wife would have some body there that might not be so liable to give me information of things as she takes her to be. But, however, I must later to prevent all that. I parted with her near home, agreeing to take no notice of my com-

[1] Now Poppin's Court, the first thoroughfare (under an archway) on the north side of Fleet Street from Ludgate Circus. Hatton (1708) calls it Poppin's Alley, and on Strype's map (1720) it appears as Popinjay Court.

ing along with her, and so by and by came home after her. Where I find a sad distracted house, which troubles me. However, to supper and prayers and to bed. And while we were getting to bed my wife began to discourse to her, and plainly asked whether she had got a place or no. And the other answered that she could go if we would to one of our own office, to which we agreed if she would. She thereupon said no; she would not go to any but where she might teach children, because of keeping herself in use of what things she had learnt, which she do not here nor will there, but only dressing. By which I perceive the wench is cunning, but one very fit for such a place, and accomplished to be woman to any lady in the land. So quietly to sleep, it being a cold night. But till my house is settled, I do not see that I can mind my business of the office, which grieves me to the heart. But I hope all will over in a little time, and I hope to the best. This day at Mrs. Holden's I found my new low crowned beaver according to the present fashion made, and will be sent home to-morrow.

18th. Up and to my office, where we sat all the morning. And at noon home, and my father came and dined with me, Susan being come and helped my wife to dress dinner. After dinner my father and I talked about our country matters, and in fine I find that he thinks £50 per ann. will go near to keep them all, which I am glad of. He having taken his leave of me and my wife without any mention of the differences between them and my wife in the country, I went forth to several places about businesses, and so home again, and after prayers to bed.

19th. Up betimes, and my wife up and about the house, Susan beginning to have her drunken tricks, and put us in mind of her old faults and folly and distractednesse, which we had forgot, so that I became mightily troubled with her. This morning came my joyners to new lay the floors, and begun with the dining room. I out and see my viall again, and it is very well, and to Mr. Hollyard, and took some pills of him and a note under his hand to drink wine with my beere, without which I was obliged, by my private vowe, to drink none a good while, and have strictly observed it, and by my drinking of small beere and not eating, I am so mightily troubled with wind, that I know not what to do

almost. Thence to White Hall, and there met Mr. Moore, and fell a-talking about my Lord's folly at Chelsey, and it was our discourse by water to London and to the great coffee house against the Exchange, where we sat a good while talking; and I find that my lord is wholly given up to this wench, who it seems has been reputed a common strumpett. I have little encouragement from Mr. Moore to meddle with it to tell my Lord, for fear it may do him no good, but me hurt. Thence homewards, taking leave of him, and met Tom Marsh, my old acquaintance at Westminster, who talks mightily of the honour of his place, being Clerke Assistant to the Clerke of the House of Commons, and I take him to be a coxcombe, and so did give him half a pint of wine, but drink none myself, and so got shut of him. So home, and there found my wife almost mad with Susan's tricks, so as she is forced to let her go and leave the house all in dirt and the clothes all wet, and gets Goody Taylour to do the business for her till another comes. Here came Will Howe, and he and I alone in my chamber talking of my Lord, who drives me out of love to my Lord to tell my Lord of the matter we discoursed of, which tend so much to the ruin of his state, and so I resolved to take a good heart and do whatever comes of it. He gone, we sat down and eat a bit of dinner fetched from the cooke's, and so up again and to my joyners, who will make my floors very handsome. By and by comes in Pembleton, which begun to make me sweat, but I did give him so little countenance, and declared at one word against dancing any more, and bid him a short (God be with you) myself, and so he took as short a leave of my wife and so went away, and I think without any time of receiving any great satisfaction from my wife or invitation to come again. To my office till it was dark doing business, and so home by candle light to make up my accounts for my Lord and Mr. Moore. By and by comes Mr. Moore to me, and staid a good while with me making up his accounts and mine, and we did not come to any end therein for want of his papers, and so put it off to another time. He supped with me in all my dirt and disorder, and so went away and we to bed. I discoursed with him a great while about my speaking to my Lord of his business, and I apprehend from him that it is likely

to prove perhaps of bad effect to me and no good to him, and therefore I shall even let it alone and let God do his will, at least till my Lord is in the country, and then we shall see whether he resolves to come to Chelsey again or no, and so order the stopping of him therein if we can.

20th. Up betimes and to my office (having first been angry with my brother John, and in the heat of my sudden passion called him Asse and coxcomb, for which I am sorry, it being but for leaving the key of his chamber with a spring lock within side of his door), and there we sat all the morning, and at noon dined at home, and there found a little girl, which she told my wife her name was Jinny, by which name we shall call her. I think a good likely girl, and a parish child of St. Bride's, of honest parentage, and recommended by the churchwarden. After dinner among my joyners laying my floors, which please me well, and so to my office, and we sat this afternoon upon an extraordinary business of victualling. In the evening came Commissioner Pett, who fell foule on mee for my carriage to him at Chatham, wherein, after protestation of my love and good meaning to him, he was quiet; but I doubt he will not be able to do the service there that any other man of his ability would. Home in the evening my viall (and lute new strung being brought home too), and I would have paid Mr. Hunt for it, but he did not come along with it himself, which I expected and was angry for it, so much is it against my nature to owe anything to any body. This evening the girle that was brought to me to-day for so good a one, being cleansed of lice this day by my wife, and good, new clothes put on her back, she run away from Goody Taylour that was shewing her the way to the bakehouse, and we heard no more of her. So to supper and to bed.

21st. Up betimes and among my joyners, and to my office, where the joyners are also laying mouldings in the inside of my closet. Then abroad and by water to White Hall, and there got Sir G. Carteret to sign me my last quarter's bills for my wages, and meeting with Mr. Creed he told me how my Lord Teviott hath received another attaque from Guyland at Tangier with 10,000 men, and at last, as is said, is come, after a personal treaty with him, to a good understanding and peace with him. Thence to my brother's,

and there told him how my girl has served us which he sent me, and directed him to get my clothes again, and get the girl whipped. So to other places by the way about small businesses, and so home, and after looking over all my workmen, I went by water and land to Deptford, and there found by appointment Sir W. Batten, but he was got to Mr. Waith's to dinner, where I dined with him, a good dinner and good discourse, and his wife, I believe, a good woman. We fell in discourse of Captain Cocke, and how his lady has lost all her fine linen almost, but besides that they say she gives out she had £3,000 worth of linen, which we all laugh at, and Sir W. Batten (who I perceive is not so fond of the Captain as he used to be, and less of her, from her slight receiving of him and his lady it seems once) told me how he should say that he see he must spend £700 per ann. get it how he could, which was a high speech, and by all men's discover his estate not good enough to spend so much. After dinner altered our design to go to Woolwich, and put it off to to-morrow morning, and so went all to Greenwich (Mrs. Waith excepted, who went thither, but not to the same house with us, but to her father's, that lives there), to the musique-house, where we had paltry musique, till the master organist came, whom by discourse I afterwards knew, having employed him for my Lord Sandwich, to prick out something (his name Arundell), and he did give me a fine voluntary or two, and so home by water, and at home I find my girl that run away brought by a bedel of St. Bride's Parish, and stripped her and sent her away, and a newe one come, of Griffin's helping to, which I think will prove a pretty girl. Her name, Susan, and so to supper after having this evening paid Mr. Hunt £3 for my viall (besides the carving which I paid this day 10*s.* for to the carver), and he tells me that I may, without flattery, say, I have as good a Theorbo viall and viallin as is in England. So to bed.

22nd. Up by four o'clock to go with Sir W. Batten to Woolwich and Sir J. Minnes, which we did, though not before 6 or 7 by their laying a-bed. Our business was to survey the new wharf building there, in order to the giving more to him that do it (Mr. Randall) than contracted for, but I see no reason for it, though it be well done, yet no better than contracted to be. Here we eat and drank at

the Clerke of the Cheques, and in taking water at the Tower gate, we drank a cup of strong water, which I did out of pure conscience to my health, and I think is not excepted by my oaths, but it is a thing I shall not do again, hoping to have no such occasion. After breakfast Mr. Castle and I walked to Greenwich, and in our way met some gypsys, who would needs tell me my fortune, and I suffered one of them, who told me many things common as others do, but bade me beware of a John and a Thomas, for they did seek to do me hurt, and that somebody should be with me this day se'nnight to borrow money of me, but I should lend him none. She got ninepence of me. And so I left them and to Greenwich and so to Deptford, where the two knights were come, and thence home by water, where I find my closet done at my office to my mind and work gone well on at home; and Ashwell gone abroad to her father, my wife having spoken plainly to her. After dinner to my office, getting my closet made clean and setting some papers in order, and so in the evening home and to bed. This day Sir W. Batten tells me that Mr. Newburne (of whom the nickname came up among us for arse Tom Newburne) is dead of eating cowcumbers,[1] of which, the other day, I heard another, I think Sir Nicholas Crisp's son.

23rd (Lord's day). Up and to church without my wife, she being all dirty, as my house is. God forgive me, I looked about to see if I could spy Pembleton, but I could not, which did please me not a little. Home to dinner, and then to walk up and down in my house with my wife, discoursing of our family matters, and I hope, after all my troubles of mind and jealousy, we shall live happily still. To church again, and so home to my wife; and with her read "Iter Boreale,"[2] a poem, made just at the King's

[1] "Le Grande d'Aussy ('Histoire de la vie privée de Français, ed. Roquefort,' 8vo., tome i., p. 161) cites this passage from Champier, who wrote in the year 1560: 'Le concombre, quoiqu'assez recherché en France, etait cependant un aliment tres malsain, et que les habitants du Forez qui en mangeaient beaucoup etaient sujets à des fievres periodiques.'" "Miss Strickland thinks Mary I. imported them from Spain. They were grown in England in the time of Tusser (see 'Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry')." — Buckle, *Common Place Book*, vol. ii., pp. 377–78. — M. B.

[2] Robert Wild, a Nonconformist divine, published a poem in 1660 upon Monk's march from Scotland to London, called "Iter Boreale."

coming home; but I never read it before, and now like it pretty well, but not so as it was cried up. So to supper. No pleasure or discourse with Ashwell, with whom for her neglect and unconcernment to do any thing in this time of dirt and trouble in the house, but gadding abroad as she has been all this afternoon, I know not whither. After supper to prayers and to bed, having been, by a sudden letter coming to me from Mr. Coventry, been with Sir W. Pen, to discourse with him about sending 500 soldiers into Ireland. I doubt matters do not go very right there.

24th. Up very early, and my joyners came to work. I to Mr. Moore; from him came back home again, and drew up an account to my Lord, and that being done met him at my Lord Sandwich's, where I was a good while alone with my Lord; and I perceive he confides in me and loves me as he uses to do, and tells me his condition, which is now very well: all I fear is that he will not live within compass, for I am told this morning of strange dotages of his upon the slut at Chelsea, even in the presence of his daughter, my Lady Jem, and Mrs. Ferrers, who took notice of it. There come to him this morning his prints of the river Tagus and the City of Lisbon,[1] which he measured with his

It is written in a harsh and barbarous style, filled with clenches and earwickets, as the time called them, which having been in the fashion in the reigns of James I. and his unfortunate son, were revived after the Restoration (Scott's "Dryden," vol. xv., p. 296). Wood mentions three other works of the same title, by Eades, Corbett, and Martin, it having been a favourite subject at that time. — B.

[1] All researches after the plan of Lisbon, made for Lord Sandwich, had, until very lately, proved fruitless. A copy, however, has been discovered by Mr. Carpenter, of the British Museum, at the country house of a friend of his, and it has since been purchased for the print room of the museum. The impression is one of those taken off on white satin, at Pepys's suggestion, but the engraver is the well-known Dirk Stoop: the passage in the Diary probably should be read: "It ought to have been better done than by jobbing." The title agrees verbally with that given by Pepys, and the engraving contains not only Lord Sandwich's arms, but also his portrait; he is represented as holding a measuring rod, which marks the scale of miles. In spite of Pepys's opinion, it may be considered a fine specimen of the artist's skill; its rarity is very great; it is not mentioned in any list of Stoop's works, nor was it known to collectors. Neither the Pepysian, nor the Royal, nor the Museum collections possessed it. Lord Sandwich probably made presents only of the impressions.

Dirk Stoop, who came to England in the suite of Catherine of

own hand, and printed by command of the King. My Lord pleases himself with it, but methinks it ought to have been better done than by jobing. Besides I put him upon having some took off upon white sattin, which he ordered presently. I offered my Lord my accounts, and did give him up his old bond for £500 and took a new one of him for £700, which I am by lending him more money to make up: and I am glad of it. My Lord would have had me dine with him, but I had a mind to go home to my workmen, and so took a kind good bye of him, and so with Creed to St. James's, and, missing Mr. Coventry, walked to the New Exchange, and there drank some whey, and so I by water home, and found my closett at my office made very

Braganza, in the capacity of court painter, designed and etched a series of plates, descriptive of the ceremonials and pageants which took place on her marriage. Each etching is 1 foot 10 inches by 7 inches. A complete set is very rare; the British Museum collection, however, possesses them.

I. "The Entrance of ye Lord Ambassador Montague into the Citty of Lisbone, ye 28th day of March, 1662." Dedicated to the Earl of Sandwich.

II. "The publique proceedings of ye Queenes Matie of Greate Britaine through ye Citty of Lisbone, ye 20th day of Aprill, 1662." Dedicated to Charles II.

III. "The manner how her Matie Dona Catherina imbarketh from Lisbon for England." Dedicated to Francisco de Mello, Conde da Ponte.

IV. "The Duke of York's meeting with ye Royall Navy after it came into ye Channell." Dedicated to the Duke of York.

V. "The manner of ye Queenes Maties landing at Portsmouth." Dedicated to James, Duke of Ormond.

VI. "The coming of ye King's Matie and ye Queenes from Portsmouth to Hampton-court." No dedication.

VII. "The triumphall entertainment of ye King's and Queenes Maties by ye Right Honble ye Lord Maior and Cittizens of London at their coming from Hampton Court to Whitehall (on ye River of Thames), Aug. 23, 1662." Dedicated to Sir John Frederick, Lord Mayor.

Walpole (or rather Vertue), who had seen only the first and sixth etchings, mentions, after Basan, that there were eight pieces. The Plan of Lisbon, just mentioned, was probably supposed to belong to the series. Dirk Stoop also etched a large portrait of the Queen, the rarity of which is so great, that only two impressions are known, viz., one in the Pepysian Library, and one recently presented to the Print Room of the British Museum, by John Heywood Hawkins, Esq., of Bignor Park. Stoop's picture of the Procession to Whitehall has been noticed (see note, April 22nd, 1661).—B.

clean and neat to my mind mightily, and home to dinner, and then to my office to brush my books, and put them and my papers in order again, and all the afternoon till late at night doing business there, and so home to supper, and then to work in my chamber, making matters of this day's accounts clear in my books, they being a little extraordinary, and so being very late I put myself to bed, the rest being long ago gone.

25th. Up very early and removed the things out of my chamber into the dining room, it being to be new floored this day. So the workmen being come and falling to work there, I to the office, and thence down to Lymehouse to Phin. Pett's about masts, and so back to the office, where we sat; and being rose, and Mr. Coventry being gone, taking his leave, for that he is to go to the Bath with the Duke to-morrow, I to the 'Change and there spoke with several persons, and lastly with Sir W. Warren, and with him to a Coffee House, and there sat two hours talking of office business and Mr. Wood's knavery, which I verily believe, and lastly he tells me that he hears that Captain Cocke is like to become a principal officer, either a Controller or a Surveyor, at which I am not sorry so either of the other may be gone, and I think it probable enough that it may be so. So home at 2 o'clock, and there I found Ashwell gone, and her wages come to 50*s*., and my wife, by a mistake from me, did give her 20*s*. more; but I am glad that she is gone and the charge saved. After dinner among my Joyners, and with them till dark night, and this night they made an end of all; and so having paid them 40*s*. for their six days' work, I am glad they have ended and are gone, for I am weary and my wife too of this dirt. My [wife] growing peevish at night, being weary, and I a little vexed to see that she do not retain things in her memory that belong to the house as she ought and I myself do, I went out in a little seeming discontent to the office, and after being there a while, home to supper and to bed. To-morrow they say the King and the Duke set out for the Bath. This noon going to the Exchange, I met a fine fellow with trumpets before him in Leadenhall-street, and upon enquiry I find that he is the clerk of the City Market; and three or four men carried each of them an arrow of a pound weight in

their hands. It seems this Lord Mayor[1] begins again an old custome, that upon the three first days of Bartholomew Fayre, the first, there is a match of wrestling, which was done, and the Lord Mayor there and Aldermen in Moorefields yesterday: to-day, shooting: and to-morrow, hunting. And this officer of course is to perform this ceremony of riding through the city, I think to proclaim or challenge any to shoot. It seems that the people of the fayre cry out upon it as a great hindrance to them.

26th. Up, and after doing something in order to the putting of my house in order now the joynery is done, I went by water to White Hall, where the Court full of waggons and horses, the King and Court going this day out towards the Bath,[2] and I to St. James's, where I spent an hour or more talking of many things to my great content with Mr. Coventry in his chamber, he being ready to set forth too with the Duke to-day, and so left him, and I meeting Mr. Gauden, with him to our offices and in Sir W. Pen's chamber did discourse by a meeting on purpose with Mr. Waith about the victualling business and came to some issue in it. So home to dinner, and Mr. Moore came and dined with me, and after dinner I paid him some money which evened all reckonings between him and me to this day, and for my Lord also I paid him some money, so that now my Lord owes me, for which I have his bond, just £700. After long discourse with him of the fitness of his giving me a receipt for this money, which I for my security think necessary and he otherwise do not think so, at last, after being a little angry, and I resolving not to let go my money without it, he did give me one. Thence I took him, and he and I took a pleasant walk to Deptford and back again, I doing much business there. He went home and I home also, indoors to supper, being very glad to see my house begin to look like itself again, hoping after this is over not to be in any dirt a great while again, but it is very handsome, and will be more when the floors come to be of one colour. So weary to bed. Pleased this day to see Captain Hickes come to me with a list of all the officers of

[1] Sir John Robinson. See October 30th, 1662.

[2] The king lay the first night at Maidenhead, and the second near Newbury. — B.

Deptford Yard, wherein he, being a high old Cavalier, do give me an account of every one of them to their reproach in all respects, and discovers many of their knaverys; and tells me, and so I thank God I hear every where, that my name is up for a good husband for the King, and a good man, for which I bless God; and that he did this by particular direction of Mr. Coventry.

27th. Up, after much pleasant talke with my wife and a little that vexes me, for I see that she is confirmed in it that all that I do is by design, and that my very keeping of the house in dirt, and the doing of this and any thing else in the house, is but to find her employment to keep her within and from minding of her pleasure, in which, though I am sorry to see she minds it, is true enough in a great degree. To my office, and there we sat and despatched much business. Home and dined with my wife well, and then up and made clean my closet of books, and had my chamber a third time made very clean, so that it is now in a very fine condition. Thence down to see some good plank in the river with Sir W. Batten and back again, it being a very cold day and a cold wind. Home again, and after seeing Sir W. Pen, to my office, and there till late doing of business, being mightily encouraged by every body that I meet withal upon the 'Change and every where else, that I am taken notice of for a man that do the King's business wholly and well. For which the Lord be praised, for I know no honour I desire more. Home to supper, where I find my house very clean from top to bottom again to my great content. I found a feacho (as he calls it) of fine sugar and a case of orange-flower water come from Mr. Cocke, of Lisbon, the fruits of my last year's service to him, which I did in great justice to the man, a perfect stranger. He sends it me desiring that I would not let Sir J. Minnes know it, from whom he expected to have found the service done that he had from me, from whom he could expect nothing, and the other failed him, and would have done I am sure to this day had not I brought it to some end. After supper to bed.

28th. At the office betimes (it being cold all night and this morning, and a very great frost they say abroad, which is much, having had no summer at all almost), where we

sat, and in the afternoon also about settling the establishment of the number of men borne on ships, &c., till the evening, and after that in my closet till late, and quite tired with business, home to supper and to bed.

29th. Abroad with my wife by water to Westminster, and there left her at my Lord's lodgings, and I to Jervas the barber's, and there was trimmed, and did deliver back a periwigg, which he brought by my desire the other day to show me, having some thoughts, though no great desire or resolution yet to wear one, and so I put it off for a while. Thence to my wife, and calling at both the Exchanges, buying stockings for her and myself, and also at Leadenhall, there she and I, it being candlelight, bought meat for to-morrow, having never a mayde to do it, and I myself bought, while my wife was gone to another shop, a leg of beef, a good one, for six pense, and my wife says is worth my money. So walked home with a woman carrying our things. I am mightily displeased at a letter Tom sent me last night, to borrow £20 more of me, and yet gives me no account, as I have long desired, how matters stand with him in the world. I am troubled also to see how, contrary to my expectation, my brother John neither is the scholler nor minds his studies as I thought he would have done, but loiters away his time, so that I must send him soon to Cambridge again.

31st. Up and at my office all the morning, where Sir W. Batten and Sir J. Minnes did pay the short allowance money to the East India companies, and by the assistance of the City Marshall and his men, did lay hold of two or three of the chief of the companies that were in the mutiny the other day, and sent them to prison. This noon came Jane Gentleman to serve my wife as her chamber mayde. I wish she may prove well. So ends this month, with my mind pretty well in quiett, and in good disposition of health since my drinking at home of a little wine with my beer; but no where else do I drink any wine at all. The King and Queen and the Court at the Bath, my Lord Sandwich in the country newly gone.

Sept. 1st. Up pretty betimes, and after a little at my viall to my office, where we sat all the morning, and I got my bill among others for my carved work (which I expected

to have paid for myself) signed at the table, and hope to get the money back again, though if the rest had not got it paid by the King, I never intended nor did desire to have him pay for my vanity. In the evening my brother John coming to me to complain that my wife seems to be discontented at his being here, and shows him great disrespect; so I took and walked with him in the garden, and discoursed long with him about my affairs, and how imprudent it is for my father and mother and him to take exceptions without great cause at my wife, considering how much it concerns them to keep her their friend and for my peace; not that I would ever be led by her to forget or desert them in the main, but yet she deserves to be pleased and complied with a little, considering the manner of life that I keep her to, and how convenient it were for me to have Brampton for her to be sent to when I have a mind or occasion to go abroad to Portsmouth or elsewhere. So directed him how to behave himself to her, and gave him other counsel; and so to my office, where late.

2nd. Up betimes and to my office, and thence with Sir J. Minnes by coach to White Hall, where met us Sir W. Batten, and there staid by the Council Chamber till the Lords called us in, being appointed four days ago to attend them with an account of the riott among the seamen the other day, when Sir J. Minnes did as like a coxcomb as ever I saw any man speak in my life, and so we were dismissed, they making nothing almost of the matter. We staid long without, till by and by my Lord Mayor comes, who also was commanded to be there, and he having, we not being within with him, an admonition from the Lords to take better care of preserving the peace, we joyned with him, and the Lords having commanded Sir J. Minnes to prosecute the fellows for the riott, we rode along with my Lord Mayor in his coach to the Sessions House in the Old Bayley, where the Sessions are now sitting. Here I heard two or three ordinary tryalls, among others one (which, they say, is very common now-a-days, and therefore in my now taking of mayds I resolve to look to have some body to answer for them) a woman that went and was indicted by four names for entering herself a cooke-mayde to a gentleman that prosecuted her there, and after 3 days run away with a silver

tankard, a porringer of silver, and a couple of spoons, and being now found is found guilty, and likely will be hanged. By and by up to dinner with my Lord Mayor and the Aldermen, and a very great dinner and most excellent venison, but it almost made me sick by not daring to drink wine. After dinner into a withdrawing room; and there we talked, among other things, of the Lord Mayor's sword.[1] They tell me this sword, they believe, is at least a hundred or two hundred years old; and another that he hath, which is called the Black Sword, which the Lord Mayor wears when he mournes, but properly is their Lenten sword to wear upon Good Friday and other Lent days, is older than that. Thence I, leaving Sir J. Minnes to look after his indictment drawing up, I home by water, and there found my wife mightily pleased with a present of shells, fine shells given her by Captain Hickes, and so she and I up and look them over, and indeed they are very pleasant ones. By and by in comes Mr. Lewellin,[2] lately come from Ireland, to see me, and he tells me how the English interest falls mightily there, the Irish party being too great, so that most of the

[1] Mr. W. H. St. John Hope, assistant secretary of the Society of Antiquaries, has paid particular attention to the history of the municipal insignia of the City of London, and in 1891 he read a paper on the subject before that society. It appears that until 1520 the City swords were provided, not by the Chamberlain, but at the charges of the Mayor for the time being. We are told by Mr. Hope that the swords now belonging to the City of London are four in number: (1) the pearl sword, (2) the Sunday sword, (3) the Old Bailey sword, and (4) the mourning sword. No. 1 is a "fine sword said to have been given to the City by Queen Elizabeth on the occasion of the opening of the Royal Exchange in 1570." There is, however, no mention of such a gift in the City records, neither do Stow nor other old writers notice it. The sword is certainly of sixteenth century date, and is very possibly that bought in 1554, if it be not that "verye goodly sworde" given by Sir Ralph Warren in 1545. "It has long been the custom in the City as in other places to have a sword painted black and devoid of ornament, which is carried before the Lord Mayor on occasions of mourning or special solemnity. . . . The present mourning sword has an old blade, but the hilt and guard, which are of iron japanned black, are of the most ordinary character and seemingly modern. The grip and sheath are covered with black velvet."

[2] This Clerk of the Council is frequently mentioned in the Diary, where the name is usually spelt Luellin. He died in November, 1665 (see November 20th, 1665). On April 26th, 1660, Pepys gives Luellin's Christian name as Peter.

old rebells are found innocent, and their lands, which were forfeited and bought or given to the English, are restored to them; which gives great discontent there among the English. He being gone, I to my office, where late, putting things in order, and so home to supper and to bed. Going through the City, my Lord Mayor told me how the piller[1] set up by Exeter House is only to show where the pipes of water run to the City; and observed that this City is as well watered as any city in the world, and that the bringing the water to the City hath cost it first and last above £300,000; but by the new building, and the building of St. James's by my Lord St. Albans,[2] which is now about (and which the City stomach I perceive highly, but dare not oppose it), were it now to be done, it would not be done for a million of money.

3rd. Up betimes, and for an hour at my viall before my people rise. Then up and to the office a while, and then to Sir W. Batten, who is going this day for pleasure down to the Downes. I eat a breakfast with them, and at my Lady's desire with them by coach to Greenwich, where I went aboard with them on the Charlotte yacht. The wind very fresh, and I believe they will be all sicke enough, besides that she is mighty troublesome on the water. Methinks she makes over much of her husband's ward, young Mr. Griffin, as if she expected some service from him when he comes to it, being a pretty young boy. I left them under sayle, and I to Deptford, and, after a word or two with Sir J. Minnes, walked to Redriffe and so home. In my way, it coming into my head, overtaking of a beggar or two on the way that looked like Gypsys, what the Gypsys 8 or 9 days ago had foretold, that somebody that day se'nnight should be with me to borrow money, but I should lend none; and looking, when I came to my office, upon my

[1] London was well supplied with water at this time (see Matthews's "Hydraulia, an historical and descriptive account of the water works of London," 1835).

[2] It was at this time that the Earl of St. Albans planned St. James's Square, which was first styled "The Piazza." The "Warrant for a grant to Baptist May and Abraham Cowley on nomination of the Earl of St. Albans of several parcels of ground in Pall Mall described, on rental of £80, for building thereon a square of 13 or 14 great and good houses," was dated September 24th, 1664.

journall, that my brother John had brought a letter that day from my brother Tom to borrow £20 more of me, which had vexed me so that I had sent the letter to my father into the country, to acquaint him of it, and how little he is beforehand that he is still forced to borrow. But it pleased me mightily to see how, contrary to my expectations, having so lately lent him £20, and belief that he had money by him to spare, and that after some days not thinking of it, I should look back and find what the Gypsy had told me to be so true. After dinner at home to my office, and there till late doing business, being very well pleased with Mr. Cutler's coming to me about some business, and among other things tells me that they value me as a man of business, which he accounts the best virtuoso, and I know his thinking me so, and speaking where he comes, may be of good use to me. Home to supper, and to bed.

4th. Up betimes, and an hour at my viall, and then abroad by water to White Hall and Westminster Hall, and there bought the first newes-books of L'Estrange's[1] writing, he beginning this week; and makes, methinks, but a simple beginning. Then to speak to Mrs. Lane, who seems desirous to have me come to see her and to have her company as I had a little while ago, which méthinks if she were very modest, considering how I tumbled her and tost her, she should not. Thence to Mrs. Harper, and sent for Creed, and there Mrs. Harper sent for a maid for me to come to live with my wife. I like the maid's looks well enough, and I believe may do well, she looking very modestly and speaking so too. I directed her to speak with my wife, and so Creed and I away to Mr. Povy's, and he not being at home, walked to Lincoln's Inn walks,[2] which they are

[1] Roger L'Estrange, a voluminous writer of pamphlets and periodical papers, and translator of classics, &c. Born 1616. He was Licenser of the Press to Charles II. and James II.; and M.P. for Winchester in James II.'s parliament. L'Estrange was knighted in the reign of James II., and died 1704. In 1663 L'Estrange set up a paper called "The Public Intelligencer," which came out on August 31st, and continued to be published twice a week till January 19th, 1665, when it was superseded by the scheme of publishing the "London Gazette," the first number of which appeared on February 4th following.

[2] James I. having resolved to have these fields laid out in walks like Moorfields, "by a patent of November 16th, 1618," appointed a com-

making very fine, and about one o'clock went back to Povy's; and by and by in comes he, and so we sat and down to dinner, and his lady, whom I never saw before (a handsome old woman that brought him money that makes him do as he does), and so we had plenty of meat and drink, though I drunk no wine, though mightily urged to it, and in the exact manner that I never saw in my life any where, and he the most full and satisfied in it that man can be in this world with any thing. After dinner done, to see his new cellars, which he has made so fine with so noble an arch and such contrivances for his barrels and bottles, and in a room next to it such a grotto and fountayne, which in summer will be so pleasant as nothing in the world can be almost. But to see how he himself do pride himself too much in it, and command and expect to have all admiration, though indeed everything do highly deserve it, is a little troublesome. Thence Creed and I away, and by his importunity away by coach to Bartholomew Fayre, where I have no mind to go without my wife, and therefore rode through the fayre without 'lighting, and away home, leaving him there; and at home made my wife get herself presently ready, and so carried her by coach to the fayre, and showed her the monkeys dancing on the ropes, which was strange, but such dirty sport that I was not pleased with it. There was also a horse with hoofs like rams hornes, a goose with four feet, and a cock with three. Thence to another place, and saw some German Clocke works, the Salutation of the Virgin Mary, and several Scriptural stories; but above all there was at last represented the sea, with Neptune, Venus, mermaids, and Ayrid[1] on a dolphin, the sea rocking, so well done, that had it been in a gaudy manner and place, and at a little distance, it had been admirable. Thence home by coach with my wife, and I awhile to the office, and

mission "to reduce Lincoln's Inn Fields into walks." The commissioners called Inigo Jones to their aid. He built some of the houses (on the western side), and it has been asserted that he gave to the ground plot of the square the dimensions of the base of one of the pyramids of Egypt, but this is incorrect. Improvements had also been made in the square in 1657.

[1] Harry Goldingham represented "Arion on a dolphin's back" in the pageantry exhibited at Kenilworth in honour of Queen Elizabeth (see Thoms's "Anecdotes and Traditions," 1839, p. 28).

so to supper and to bed. This day I read a Proclamation[1] for calling in and commanding every body to apprehend my Lord Bristoll.

5th. Up betimes and to my viall awhile, and so to the office, and there sat, and busy all the morning. So at noon to the Exchange, and so home to dinner, where I met Creed, who dined with me, and after dinner mightily importuned by Captain Hicks, who came to tell my wife the names and story of all the shells, which was a pretty present he made her the other day. He being gone, Creed, my wife, and I to Cornhill, and after many tryalls bought my wife a chintz, that is, a painted Indian callico, for to line her new study, which is very pretty. So home with her, and then I away (Creed being gone) to Captain Minors upon Tower Hill, and there, abating only some impertinence of his, I did inform myself well in things relating to the East Indys; both of the country and the disappointment the King met with the last voyage, by the knavery of the Portugall Viceroy, and the inconsiderablenesse of the place of Bombaim,[2] if we had had it. But, above all things, it seems strange to me that matters should not be understood before they went out; and also that such a thing as this, which was expected to be one of the best parts of the Queen's portion, should not be better understood; it being, if we had it, but a poor place, and not really so as was described to our King in the draught of it, but a poor little island; whereas they made the King and Lord Chancellor, and other learned men about the King, believe that that, and other islands which are near it, were all one piece; and so the draught was drawn and presented to the King, and believed by the King and expected to prove so when our men came thither; but it is quite otherwise. Thence to my office, and after several letters writ, home to supper and to bed, and took a pill. I hear this day that Sir W. Batten was fain to put

[1] George Digby, second Earl of Bristol, was very vindictive against Clarendon, and when he failed in his attack on that minister Charles II. was very angry, and Bristol had to retire from Court and remain in concealment for a time. The Proclamation was dated August 25th, 1663. A copy of it is in the British Museum.

[2] Bombay, which was transferred to the East India Company in 1669. The seat of the Western Presidency of India was removed from Surat to Bombay in 1685–87.

ashore at Queenborough with my Lady, who has been so sick she swears never to go to sea again. But it happens well that Holmes is come home into the Downes, where he will meet my Lady, and it may be do her more good than she looked for. He brings news of the peace between Tangier and the Moors, but the particulars I know not. He is come but yesterday.

6th (Lord's day). My pill I took last night worked very well, and I lay long in bed and sweat to get away the itching all about my body from head to foot, which is beginning again as it did the last winter, and I find after I am up that it is abated. I staid at home all day and my wife also, whom, God forgive me, I staid along with me for fear of her seeing of Pembleton. But she and I entertained one another all day long with great pleasure, contriving about my wife's closet and the bedchamber, whither we intend to go up she and I to-day. We dined alone and supped also at night, my brother John with us, and so to prayers and to bed.

7th. Up pretty betimes, and awhile to my vyall, and then abroad to several places, to buy things for the furnishing my house and my wife's closet, and then met my uncle Thomas by appointment, and he and I to the Prerogative Office in Paternoster Row,[1] and there searched and found my uncle Day's will, and read it over and advised upon it, and his wife's after him, and though my aunt Perkins' testimony is very good, yet I fear the estate being great, and the rest that are able to inform us in the matter are all possessed of more or less of the estate, it will be hard for us ever to do anything, nor will I adventure anything till I see what part will be given to us by my uncle Thomas of all that is gained. But I had another end of putting my uncle into some doubt, that so I might keep him yet from going into the country that he may be there against the Court at his own charge, and so I left him and his son at a loss what to do till I see them again. And so I to my Lord Crew's, thinking to have dined there, but it was too late, and so back and called at my brother's and Mr. Holden's about several businesses, and went all alone to the Black Spread

[1] The Prerogative Will Office was situated in Paternoster Row (or rather in Ivy Lane) before it was transferred to Doctors' Commons.

Eagle in Bride Lane, and there had a chopp of veale and some bread, cheese, and beer, cost me a shilling to my dinner, and so through Fleet Ally, God forgive me, out of an itch to look upon the sluts there, against which when I saw them my stomach turned, and so to Bartholomew Fayre, where I met with Mr. Pickering, and he and I to see the monkeys at the Dutch house, which is far beyond the other that my wife and I saw the other day; and thence to see the dancing on the ropes, which was very poor and tedious. But he and I fell in discourse about my Lord Sandwich. He tells me how he is sorry for my Lord at his being at Chelsey, and that his but seeming so to my Lord without speaking one word, had put him clear out of my Lord's favour, so as that he was fain to leave him before he went into the country, for that he was put to eat with his servants; but I could not fish from him, though I knew it, what was the matter; but am very sorry to see that my Lord hath thus much forgot his honour, but am resolved not to meddle with it. The play being done, I stole from him and hied home, buying several things at the ironmonger's — dogs, tongs, and shovels — for my wife's closett and the rest of my house, and so home, and thence to my office awhile, and so home to supper and to bed. By my letters from Tangier to-day I hear that it grows very strong by land, and the Mole goes on. They have lately killed two hundred of the Moores, and lost about forty or fifty. I am mightily afeard of laying out too much money in goods upon my house, but it is not money flung away, though I reckon nothing money but when it is in the bank, till I have a good sum beforehand in the world.

8th. Up and to my viall a while, and then to my office on Phillips having brought me a draught of the Katherine yacht, prettily well done for the common way of doing it. At the office all the morning making up our last half year's account to my Lord Treasurer, which comes to £160,000 or there abouts, the proper expense of this half year, only with an addition of £13,000 for the third due of the last account to the Treasurer for his disbursements, and £1,100 for this half year's; so that in three years and a half his thirds come to £14,100. Dined at home with my wife. It being washing day, we had a good pie baked of a leg of

mutton: and then to my office, and then abroad, and among other places to Moxon's, and there bought a payre of globes cost me £3 10s., with which I am well pleased, I buying them principally for my wife, who has a mind to understand them, and I shall take pleasure to teach her. But here I saw his great window in his dining room, where there is the two Terrestrial Hemispheres, so painted as I never saw in my life, and nobly done and to good purpose, done by his own hand. Thence home to my office, and there at business late, and then to supper home and to bed, my people sitting up longer than ordinary before they had done their washing.

9th. Up by break of day, and then to my viall a while, and so to Sir W. Warren's by agreement, and after talking and eating something with him, he and I down by water to Woolwich, and there I did several businesses, and had good discourse, and thence walked to Greenwich; in my way a little boy overtook us with a fine cupp turned out of Lignum Vitæ, which the poor child confessed was made in the King's yard by his father, a turner there, and that he do often do it, and that I might have one, and God knows what, which I shall examine. Thence to Sir W. Warren's again, and there drew up a contract for masts which he is to sell us, and so home to dinner, finding my poor wife busy. I, after dinner, to the office, and then to White Hall, to Sir G. Carteret's, but did not speak with him, and so to Westminster Hall, God forgive me, thinking to meet Mrs. Lane, but she was not there, but here I met with Ned Pickering, with whom I walked 3 or 4 hours till evening, he telling me the whole business of my Lord's folly with this Mrs. Becke, at Chelsey, of all which I am ashamed to see my Lord so grossly play the beast and fool, to the flinging off of all honour, friends, servants, and every thing and person that is good, and only will have his private lust undisturbed with this common . . . , his sitting up night after night alone, suffering nobody to come to them, and all the day too, casting off Pickering, basely reproaching him with his small estate, which yet is a good one, and other poor courses to obtain privacy beneath his honour, and with his carrying her abroad and playing on his lute under her window, and forty other poor sordid things, which I am

grieved to hear; but believe it to no purpose for me to meddle with it, but let him go on till God Almighty and his own conscience and thoughts of his lady and family do it. So after long discourse, to my full satisfaction but great trouble, I home by water and at my office late, and so to supper to my poor wife, and so to bed, being troubled to think that I shall be forced to go to Brampton the next Court, next week.

10th. Up betimes and to my office, and there sat all the morning making a great contract with Sir W. Warren for £3,000 worth of masts; but, good God! to see what a man might do, were I a knave, the whole business from beginning to end being done by me out of the office, and signed to by them upon the once reading of it to them, without the least care or consultation either of quality, price, number, or need of them, only in general that it was good to have a store. But I hope my pains was such, as the King has the best bargain of masts has been bought these 27 years in this office. Dined at home and then to my office again, many people about business with me, and then stepped a little abroad about business to the Wardrobe, but missed Mr. Moore, and elsewhere, and in my way met Mr. Moore, who tells me of the good peace that is made at Tangier with the Moores, but to continue but from six months to six months, and that the Mole is laid out, and likely to be done with great ease and successe, we to have a quantity of ground for our cattle about the town to our use. To my office late, and then home to supper, after writing letters, and to bed. This day our cook maid (we have no luck in maids now-a-days), which was likely to prove a good servant, though none of the best cooks, fell sick and is gone to her friends, having been with us but 4 days.

11th. This morning, about two or three o'clock, knocked up in our back yard, and rising to the window, being moonshine, I found it was the constable and his watch, who had found our back yard door open, and so came in to see what the matter was. So I desired them to shut the door, and bid them good night, and so to bed again, and at 6 o'clock up and a while to my vyall, and then to the office, where all the morning upon the victualler's accounts, and then with

him to dinner at the Dolphin, where I eat well but drank no wine neither, which keeps me in such good order that I am mightily pleased with myself for it. Hither Mr. Moore came to me, and he and I home and advised about business, and so after an hour's examining the state of the Navy debts lately cast up, I took coach to Sir Philip Warwick's, but finding Sir G. Carteret there I did not go in, but directly home again, it raining hard, having first of all been with Creed and Mrs. Harper about a cook maid, and am like to have one from Creed's lodging. In my way home visited my Lord Crew and Sir Thomas, thinking they might have enquired by the by of me touching my Lord's matters at Chelsey, but they said nothing, and so after some slight common talk I bid them good night. At home to my office, and after a while doing business home to supper and bed.

12th. Up betimes, and by water to White Hall; and thence to Sir Philip Warwick,[1] and there had half an hour's private discourse with him; and did give him some good satisfaction in our Navy maters, and he also me, as to the money paid and due to the Navy; so as he makes me assured by particulars, that Sir G. Carteret is paid within £80,000 every farthing that we to this day, nay to Michaelmas day next have demanded; and that, I am sure, is above £50,000 more than truly our expenses have been, whatever is become of the money. Home with great content that I have thus begun an acquaintance with him, who is a great man, and a man of as much business as any man in England; which I will endeavour to deserve and keep. Thence by water to my office, where all the morning, and so to the 'Change at noon, and there by appointment met and bring home my uncle Thomas, who resolves to go with me to Brampton on Monday next. I wish he may hold his mind. I do not tell him, and yet he believes that there is a Court to be that he is to do some business for us there. The truth is I do find him a much more cunning fellow than I ever took him for, nay in his very drink he has his wits about him. I took him home to dinner, and after dinner he began, after a glass of wine or two, to exclaim against Sir G. Carteret and his family in Jersey, bidding me to have

[1] See note, *ante*, February 3rd, 1660–61.

a care of him, and how high, proud, false, and politique a fellow he is, and how low he has been under his command in the island. After dinner, and long discourse, he went away to meet on Monday morning, and I to my office, and thence by water to White Hall and Westminster Hall about several businesses, and so home, and to my office writing a laborious letter about our last account to my Lord Treasurer, which took me to one o'clock in the morning,

13th (Lord's day). So that Griffin was fain to carry it to Westminster to go by express, and my other letters of import to my father and elsewhere could not go at all. To bed between one and two and slept till 8, and lay talking till 9 with great pleasure with my wife. So up and put my clothes in order against to-morrow's journey, and then at noon at dinner, and all the afternoon almost playing and discoursing with my wife with great content, and then to my office there to put papers in order against my going. And by and by comes my uncle Wight to bid us to dinner to-morrow to a haunch of venison I sent them yesterday, given me by Mr. Povy, but I cannot go, but my wife will. Then into the garden to read my weekly vows, and then home, where at supper saying to my wife, in ordinary fondness, "Well! shall you and I never travel together again?" she took me up and offered and desired to go along with me. I thinking by that means to have her safe from harm's way at home here, was willing enough to feign, and after some difficulties made did send about for a horse and other things, and so I think she will go. So, in a hurry getting myself and her things ready, to bed.

14th. Up betimes, and my wife's mind and mine holding for her going, so she to get her ready, and I abroad to do the like for myself, and so home, and after setting every thing at my office and at home in order, by coach to Bishop's Gate, it being a very promising fair day. There at the Dolphin we met my uncle Thomas and his son-in-law, which seems a very sober man, and Mr. Moore. So Mr. Moore and my wife set out before, and my uncle and I staid for his son Thomas, who, by a sudden resolution, is preparing to go with us, which makes me fear something of mischief which they design to do us. He staying a great while, the old man and I before, and about eight miles off,

his son comes after us, and about six miles further we overtake Mr. Moore and my wife, which makes me mightily consider what a great deal of ground is lost in a little time, when it is to be got up again by another, that is to go his own ground and the other's too; and so after a little bayte (I paying all the reckonings the whole journey) at Ware, to Buntingford, where my wife, by drinking some cold beer, being hot herself, presently after 'lighting, begins to be sick, and became so pale, and I alone with her in a great chamber there, that I thought she would have died, and so in great horror, and having a great tryall of my true love and passion for her, called the mayds and mistresse of the house, and so with some strong water, and after a little vomit, she came to be pretty well again; and so to bed, and I having put her to bed with great content, I called in my company, and supped in the chamber by her, and being very merry in talk, supped and then parted, and I to bed and lay very well. This day my cozen Thomas dropped his hanger, and it was lost.

15th. Up pretty betimes and rode as far as Godmanchester, Mr. Moore having two falls, once in water and another in dirt, and there 'light and eat and drunk, being all of us very weary, but especially my uncle and wife. Thence to Brampton to my father's, and there found all well, but not sensible how they ought to treat my uncle and his son, at least till the Court be over, which vexed me, but on my counsel they carried it fair to them, and so my father, cozen Thomas, and I up to Hinchingbroke, where I find my Lord and his company gone to Boughton, which vexed me; but there I find my Lady and the young ladies, and there I alone with my Lady two hours, she carrying me through every part of the house and gardens, which are, and will be, mighty noble indeed. Here I saw Mrs. Betty Pickering,[1] who is a very well-bred and comely lady, but very fat. Thence, without so much as drinking, home with my father and cozen, who staid for me, and to a good supper, after I had had an hour's talk with my father abroad in the fields, wherein he begun to talk very highly of my promises to him of giving him the profits of Sturtlow, as if

[1] Only daughter of Sir Gilbert Pickering, Bart., and niece of Lord Sandwich, married to John Creed in 1668.

it were nothing that I give him out of my purse, and that he would have me to give this also from myself to my brothers and sister; I mean Brampton and all, I think. I confess I was angry to hear him talk in that manner, and took him up roundly in it, and advised him if he could not live upon £50 per ann., which was another part of his discourse, that he would think to come and live at Tom's again, where £50 per ann. will be a good addition to Tom's trade, and I think that must be done when all is done. But my father spoke nothing more of it all the time I was in the country, though at the time he seemed to like it well enough. I also spoke with Piggott too this evening before I went in to supper, and doubt that I shall meet with some knots in my business to-morrow before I can do it at the Court, but I shall do my best. After supper my uncle and his son to Stankes's to bed, which troubles me, all our father's beds being lent to Hinchingbroke, and so my wife and I to bed, she very weary.

16th. Up betimes, and with my wife to Hinchingbroke to see my Lady, she being to go to my Lord this morning, and there I left her, and so back to the Court, and heard Sir R. Bernard's charges to the Courts Baron and Leete, which took up till noon, and were worth hearing, and after putting my business into some way, went home to my father's to dinner, and after dinner to the Court, where Sir Robert and his son came again by and by, and then to our business, and my father and I having given bond to him for the £21 Piggott owed him, my uncle Thomas did quietly admit himself and surrender to us the lands first mortgaged for our whole debt, and Sir Robert added to it what makes it up £209, to be paid in six months. But when I came to give him an account of more lands to be surrendered to us, wherein Piggott's wife was concerned, and she there to give her consent, Sir Robert would not hear of it, but began to talk very high that we were very cruel, and we had caution enough for our money, and he could not in conscience let the woman do it, and reproached my uncle, both he and his son, with taking use upon use for this money. To all which I did give him such answers and spoke so well, and kept him so to it, that all the Court was silent to hear us, and by report since do confess they did never hear the like in the

place. But he by a wile had got our bond, and I was content to have as much as I could though I could not get all, and so took Piggott's surrender of them without his wife, and by Sir Robert's own consent did tell the Court that if the money were not paid in the time, and the security prove not sufficient, I would conclude myself wronged by Sir Robert, which he granted I should do. This kept us till night, but am heartily glad it ended so well on my uncle's part, he doing that and Prior's little house very willingly. So the Court broke up, and my father and Mr. Shepley and I to Gorrum's to drink, and then I left them, and to the Bull, where my uncle was to hear what he and the people said of our business, and here nothing but what liked me very well. So by and by home and to supper, and with my mind in pretty good quiett, to bed.

17th. Up, and my father being gone to bed ill last night and continuing so this morning, I was forced to come to a new consideration, whether it was fit for to let my uncle and his son go to Wisbeach about my uncle Day's estate alone or no, and concluded it unfit; and so resolved to go with them myself, leaving my wife there, I begun a journey with them, and with much ado, through the fens, along dikes, where sometimes we were ready to have our horses sink to the belly, we got by night, with great deal of stir and hard riding, to Parson's Drove,[1] a heathen place, where I found my uncle and aunt Perkins, and their daughters, poor wretches! in a sad, poor thatched cottage, like a poor barn, or stable, peeling of hemp, in which I did give myself good content to see their manner of preparing of hemp; and in a poor condition of habitt took them to our miserable inn, and there, after long stay, and hearing of Frank, their son, the miller, play upon his treble, as he calls it, with which he earns part of his living, and singing of a country bawdy song, we sat down to supper; the whole crew, and Frank's wife and child, a sad company, of which I was ashamed, supped with us. And after supper I, talking with my aunt about her report concerning my uncle Day's will and surrender, I found her in such different reports from what she writes and says to the people, and short of what I expected,

[1] Parson's Drove is a village in Leverington parish, Cambridge, about five miles from Wisbeach.

that I fear little will be done of good in it. By and by newes is brought to us that one of our horses is stole out of the stable, which proves my uncle's, at which I am inwardly glad — I mean, that it was not mine; and at this we were at a great loss; and they doubting a person that lay at next door, a Londoner, some lawyer's clerk, we caused him to be secured in his bed, and other care to be taken to seize the horse; and so about twelve at night or more, to bed in a sad, cold, nasty chamber, only the mayde was indifferent handsome, and so I had a kiss or two of her, and I to bed, and a little after I was asleep they waked me to tell me that the horse was found, which was good newes, and so to sleep till the morning, but was bit cruelly, and nobody else of our company, which I wonder at, by the gnatts.

18th. Up, and got our people together as soon as we could; and after eating a dish of cold cream, which was my supper last night too, we took leave of our beggarly company, though they seem good people, too; and over most sad Fenns, all the way observing the sad life which the people of the place (which if they be born there, they do call the Breedlings[1] of the place) do live, sometimes rowing from one spot to another, and then wadeing, to Wisbeach, a pretty town, and a fine church and library, where sundry very old abbey manuscripts;[2] and a fine house, built on the church ground by Secretary Thurlow, and a fine gallery built for him in the church, but now all in the Bishop of Ely's hands. After visiting the church, &c., we went out of the towne, by the help of a stranger, to find out one Blinkhorne, a miller, of whom we might inquire something of old Day's disposal of his estate, and in whose hands it now is; and by great chance we met him, and brought him to our inn to dinner; and instead of being informed in his estate by this fellow, we find that he is the next heir to the estate, which

[1] Explained in Murray's "New English Dictionary," as "one born and bred in a place, a native," but no other quotation is given for the word besides this passage in the Diary.

[2] Watson, in his "History of Wisbeach," p. 239, names some of the printed books in the library there, but does not mention any of the MSS. Secretary Thurloe's gallery had been erected at the expense of the Corporation, out of gratitude to him for many services rendered to the town. It is now used for the general accommodation of the inhabitants. — B.

was matter of great sport to my cozen Thomas and me, to see such a fellow prevent us in our hopes, he being Day's brother's daughter's son, whereas we are but his sister's sons and grandsons; so that, after all, we were fain to propose our matter to him, and to get him to give us leave to look after the business, and so he to have one-third part, and we two to have the other two-third parts, of what should be recovered of the estate, which he consented to; and after some discourse and paying the reckoning, we mounted again, and rode, being very merry at our defeat, to Chatteris, my uncle very weary, and after supper, and my telling of three stories, to their good liking, of spirits, we all three in a chamber went to bed.

19th. Up pretty betimes, and after eating something, we set out and I (being willing thereto) went by a mistake with them to St. Ives, and there, it being known that it was their nearer way to London, I took leave of them there, they going straight to London and I to Brampton, where I find my father ill in bed still, and Madam Norbery (whom and her fair daughter and sister I was ashamed to kiss, but did, my lip being sore with riding in the wind and bit with the gnatts), lately come to town, come to see my father and mother, and they after a little stay being gone, I told my father my success. And after dinner my wife and I took horse, and rode with marvellous, and the first and only hour of, pleasure, that ever I had in this estate since I had to do with it, to Brampton woods; and through the wood rode, and gathered nuts in my way, and then at Graffam to an old woman's house to drink, where my wife used to go; and being in all circumstances highly pleased, and in my wife's riding and good company at this time, I rode, and she showed me the river behind my father's house, which is very pleasant, and so saw her home, and I straight to Huntingdon, and there met Mr. Shepley and to the Crown (having sent home my horse by Stankes), and there a barber came and trimmed me, and thence walked to Hinchingbroke, where my Lord and ladies all are just alighted. And so I in among them, and my Lord glad to see me, and the whole company. Here I staid and supped with them, and after a good stay talking, but yet observing my Lord not to be so mightily ingulphed in his pleasure in the country as

I expected and hoped, I took leave of them, and after a walk in the courtyard in the dark with Mr. Howe, who tells me that my Lord do not enjoy himself and please himself as he used to do, but will hasten up to London, and that he is resolved to go to Chelsey again, which we are heartily grieved for and studious how to prevent if it be possible, I took horse, there being one appointed for me, and a groom to attend me, and so home, where my wife staid up and sister for me, and so to bed, troubled for what I hear of my Lord.

20th (Lord's day). Up, and finding my father somewhat better, walked to Huntingdon church, where in my Lord's pew, with the young ladies, by my Lord's own showing me the place, I stayed the sermon, and so to Hinchingbroke, walking with Mr. Shepley and Dr. King, whom they account a witty man here, as well as a good physician, and there my Lord took me with the rest of the company, and singly demanded my opinion in the walks in his garden, about the bringing of the crooked wall on the mount to a shape; and so to dinner, there being Collonel Williams and much other company, and a noble dinner. But having before got my Lord's warrant for travelling to-day, there being a proclamation read yesterday against it at Huntingdon, at which I am very glad, I took leave, leaving them at dinner, and walked alone to my father's, and there, after a word or two to my father and mother, my wife and I mounted, and, with my father's boy, upon a horse I borrowed of Captain Ferrers, we rode to Biggleswort[1] by the help of a couple of countrymen, that led us through the very long and dangerous waters, because of the ditches on each side, though it begun to be very dark, and there we had a good breast of mutton roasted for us, and supped, and to bed.

21st. Up very betimes by break of day, and got my wife up, whom the thought of this day's journey do discourage; and after eating something, and changing of a piece of gold to pay the reckoning, we mounted, and through Baldwicke,[2] where a fayre is kept to-day, and a great one for cheese and other such commodities, and so to Hatfield, it being most curious weather from the time we set out to our getting

[1] Biggleswade. [2] Baldock.

home, and here we dined, and my wife being very weary, and believing that it would be hard to get her home to-night, and a great charge to keep her longer abroad, I took the opportunity of an empty coach that was to go to London, and left her to come in it to London, for half-a-crown, and so I and the boy home as fast as we could drive, and it was even night before we got home. So that I account it very good fortune that we took this course, being myself very weary, much more would my wife have been. At home found all very well and my house in good order. To see Sir W. Pen, who is pretty well, and Sir J. Minnes, who is a little lame on one foot, and the rest gone to Chatham, viz.: Sir G. Carteret and Sir W. Batten, who has in my absence inveighed against my contract the other day for Warren's masts, in which he is a knave, and I shall find matter of tryumph, but it vexes me a little. So home, and by and by comes my wife by coach well home, and having got a good fowl ready for supper against her coming, we eat heartily, and so with great content and ease to our own bed, there nothing appearing so to our content as to be at our own home, after being abroad awhile.

22nd. I up, well refreshed after my journey, and to my office and there set some things in order, and then Sir W. Pen and I met and held an office, and at noon to dinner, and so by water with my wife to Westminster, she to see her father and mother, and we met again at my Lord's lodgings, and thence by water home again, where at the door we met Sir W. Pen and his daughter coming to visit us, and after their visit I to my office, and after some discourse to my great satisfaction with Sir W. Warren about our bargain of masts, I wrote my letters by the post, and so home to supper and to bed. This day my wife showed me bills printed, wherein her father, with Sir John Collidon[1] and Sir Edward Ford,[2] have got a patent for curing of smoky chim-

[1] Sir John Colladon, M.D., was elected an Honorary Fellow of the College of Physicians in December, 1664. He was naturalized 14 Car. II., and was one of the Physicians to the Queen (Munk's "Roll of the Royal College of Physicians," vol. i., p. 321).

[2] Sir Edward Ford, of Harting, Sussex, Sheriff for that county, and Governor of Arundel Castle in 1642. Ob. 1670. His only daughter married Ralph Grey, Baron Grey of Werke. He was the author of a tract, entitled, "Experimental Proposals how the King may have money

neys.[1] I wish they may do good thereof, but fear it will prove but a poor project. This day the King and Queen are to come to Oxford. I hear my Lady Castlemaine is for certain gone to Oxford to meet him, having lain within here at home this week or two, supposed to have miscarried;[2] but for certain is as great in favour as heretofore; at least Mrs. Sarah at my Lord's, who hears all from their own family, do say so. Every day brings newes of the Turke's advance into Germany, to the awakeing of all the Christian Princes thereabouts, and possessing himself of Hungary. My present care is fitting my wife's closett and my house, and making her a velvet coate, and me a new black cloth suit, and coate and cloake, and evening my reckoning as well as I can against Michaelmas Day, hoping for all that to have my balance as great or greater than ever I had yet.

23rd. Up betimes and to my office, where setting down my journall while I was in the country to this day, and at noon by water to my Lord Crew's, and there dined with him and Sir Thomas, thinking to have them inquire something about my Lord's lodgings at Chelsey, or any thing of that sort, but they did not, nor seem to take the least notice of it, which is their discretion, though it might be better

to pay and maintain his Fleets, with ease to his people: London may be rebuilt, and all proprietors satisfied: money to be but at six per cent. on pawns, and the Fishing Trade set up, which alone is able, and sure to enrich us all. And all this without altering, straining, or thwarting, any of our Laws, or Customs, now in use." 4to. 1666. — Repr. "Harl. Miscell.," iv., 195. Ford was High Sheriff of Sussex, adhered to Charles I., and was knighted in 1643. In 1658, he laid down pipes to supply parts of London with water from the Thames. The second and third Lords Braybrooke descend, in the female line, from his daughter, Catherine Ford, who married Ralph, Lord Grey of Werke, their maternal ancestor. — B.

[1] The Patent numbered 138 is printed in the appendix to Wheatley's "Samuel Pepys and the World he lived in" (p. 241). It is drawn in favour of John Colladon, Doctor in Physicke, and of Alexander Marchant, of St. Michall, and describes "a way to prevent and cure the smoakeing of Chimneys, either by stopping the tunnell towards the top, and altering the former course of the smoake, or by setting tunnells with checke within the chimneyes." Sir Edward Ford's name does not appear in the patent.

[2] According to Collins, Henry Fitzroy, Lady Castlemaine's second son by Charles II., was born on September 20th, 1663. He was the first Duke of Grafton. — B.

for my Lord and them too if they did, that so we might advise together for the best, which cannot be while we seem ignorant one to another, and it is not fit for me to begin the discourse. Thence walked to several places about business and to Westminster Hall, thinking to meet Mrs. Lane, which is my great vanity upon me at present, but I must correct it. She was not in the way. So by water home and to my office, whither by and by came my brother John, who is to go to Cambridge to-morrow, and I did give him a most severe reprimand for his bad account he gives me of his studies. This I did with great passion and sharp words, which I was sorry to be forced to say, but that I think it for his good, forswearing doing anything for him, and that which I have yet, and now do give him, is against my heart, and will also be hereafter, till I do see him give me a better account of his studies. I was sorry to see him give me no answer, but, for aught I see, to hear me without great resentment, and such as I should have had in his condition. But I have done my duty, let him do his, for I am resolved to be as good as my word. After two hours walking in the garden, till after it was dark, I ended with him and to my office, and there set some papers in order, and so to supper, and my poor wife, who is mighty busy at home, fitting her closet. So to bed.

24th. Up betimes, and after taking leave of my brother John, who went from me to my father's this day, I went forth by water to Sir Philip Warwick's, where I was with him a pretty while; and in discourse he tells me, and made it appear to me, that the King cannot be in debt to the Navy at this time £5,000; and it is my opinion that Sir G. Carteret do owe the King money, and yet the whole Navy debt paid. Thence I parted, being doubtful of myself that I have not spoke with the gravity and weight that I ought to do in so great a business. But I rather hope it is my doubtfulness of myself, and the haste which he was in, some very great personages waiting for him without, while he was with me, that made him willing to be gone. To the office by water, where we sat doing little, now Mr. Coventry is not here, but only vex myself to see what a sort of coxcombs we are when he is not here to undertake such a business as we do. In the afternoon telling my wife that I go

to Deptford, I went by water to Westminster Hall, and there finding Mrs. Lane, took her over to Lambeth, where we were lately, and there did what I would with her, but only the main thing, which she would not consent to, for which God be praised. . . . But, trust in the Lord, I shall never do so again while I live. After being tired with her company I landed her at White Hall, and so home and at my office writing letters till 12 at night almost, and then home to supper and bed, and there found my poor wife hard at work, which grieved my heart to see that I should abuse so good a wretch, and that is just with God to make her bad with me for my wronging of her, but I do resolve never to do the like again. So to bed.

25th. Lay pretty long in bed, and so to my office all the morning till by and by called out by Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten, with them by water to Deptford, where it of a sudden did lighten, thunder, and rain so as we could do nothing but stay in Davis's house, and by and by Sir J. Minnes and I home again by water, and I home to dinner, and after dinner to the office, and there till night all alone, even of my clerks being there, doing of business, and so home and to bed.

26th. Up and to my office, and there we sat till noon, and then I to the Exchange, but did little there, but meeting Mr. Rawlinson he would needs have me home to dinner, and Mr. Deane of Woolwich being with me I took him with me, and there we dined very well at his own dinner, only no invitation, but here I sat with little pleasure, considering my wife at home alone, and so I made what haste home I could, and was forced to sit down again at dinner with her, being unwilling to neglect her by being known to dine abroad. My doing so being only to keep Deane from dining at home with me, being doubtful what I have to eat. So to the office, and there till late at night, and so home to supper and bed, being mightily pleased to find my wife so mindful of her house.

27th (Lord's day). Lay chatting with my wife a good while, then up and got me ready and to church, without my man William, whom I have not seen to-day, nor care, but would be glad to have him put himself far enough out of my favour that he may not wonder to have me put him

away. So home to dinner, being a little troubled to see Pembleton out again, but I do not discern in my wife the least memory of him. Dined, and so to my office a little, and then to church again, where a drowsy sermon, and so home to spend the evening with my poor wife, consulting about her closett, clothes, and other things. At night to supper, though with little comfort, I finding myself both head and breast in great pain, and what troubles me most my right ear is almost deaf. It is a cold, which God Almighty in justice did give me while I sat lewdly sporting with Mrs. Lane the other day with the broken window in my neck. I went to bed with a posset, being very melancholy in consideration of the loss of my hearing.

28th. Up, though with pain in my head, stomach, and ear, and that deaf so as in my way by coach to White Hall with Sir J. Minnes I called at Mr. Holliard's, who did give me some pills, and tells me I shall have my hearing again and be well. So to White Hall, where Sir J. Minnes and I did spend an hour in the Gallery, looking upon the pictures, in which he hath some judgment. And by and by the Commissioners for Tangier met: and there my Lord Teviott, together with Captain Cuttance, Captain Evans, and Jonas Moore, sent to that purpose, did bring us a brave draught of the Mole to be built there; and report that it is likely to be the most considerable place the King of England hath in the world; and so I am apt to think it will. After discourse of this, and of supplying the garrison with some more horse, we rose; and Sir J. Minnes and I home again, finding the street about our house full, Sir R. Ford[1] beginning his shrievalty to-day: and, what with his and our houses being new painted, the street begins to look a great deal better than it did, and more gracefull. Home and eat one bit of meat, and then by water with him and Sir W. Batten to a sale of old provisions at Deptford, which we did at Captain Boddily's house, to the value of £600 or £700, but I am not satisfied with the method used in this thing. Then home again by water, and after a little at my office, and visit Sir W. Pen, who is not very well again, with his late pain, home to supper, being hungry, and my ear and cold not so bad I

[1] He lived in Hart Street, and the Navy Board had been in treaty for his house. — B.

think as it was. So to bed, taking one of my pills. Newes that the King comes to town for certain on Thursday next from his progresse.

29th. Took two pills more in the morning and they worked all day, and I kept the house. About noon dined, and then to carry several heavy things with my wife up and down stairs, in order to our going to lie above, and Will to come down to the Wardrobe, and that put me into a violent sweat, so I had a fire made, and then, being dry again, she and I to put up some paper pictures in the red chamber, where we go to lie very pretty, and the map of Paris. Then in the evening, towards night, it fell to thunder, lighten, and rain so violently that my house was all afloat, and I in all the rain up to the gutters, and there dabbled in the rain and wet half an hour, enough to have killed a man. That done downstairs to dry myself again, and by and by come Mr. Sympson to set up my wife's chimney-piece in her closett, which pleases me, and so that being done, I to supper and to bed, shifting myself from top to toe, and doubtful of my doing myself hurt.

30th. Rose very well, and my hearing pretty well again, and so to my office, by and by Mr. Holliard come, and at my house he searched my ear, and I hope all will be well, though I do not yet hear so well as I used to do with my right ear. So to my office till noon, and then home to dinner, and in the afternoon by water to White Hall, to the Tangier Committee; where my Lord Tiviott about his accounts; which grieves me to see that his accounts being to be examined by us, there are none of the great men at the Board that in compliment will except against any thing in his accounts, and so none of the little persons dare do it: so the King is abused. Thence home again by water with Sir W. Rider, and so to my office, and there I sat late making up my month's accounts, and, blessed be God, do find myself £760 creditor, notwithstanding that for clothes for myself and wife, and layings out on her closett, I have spent this month £47. So home, where I found our new cookemayde Elizabeth, whom my wife never saw at all, nor I but once at a distance before, but recommended well by Mr. Creed, and I hope will prove well. So to supper, prayers, and bed. This evening Mr. Coventry is come to St. James's,

but I did not go see him, and to-morrow the King, Queen, Duke and his Lady, and the whole Court comes to towne from their progresse. Myself and family well, only my father sicke in the country. All the common talke for newes is the Turke's advance in Hungary, &c.

October 1st. Up and betimes to my office, and then to sit, where Sir G. Carteret, Sir W. Batten, Sir W. Pen, Sir J. Minnes, Mr. Coventry and myself, a fuller board than by the King's progresse and the late pays and my absence has been a great while. Sat late, and then home to dinner. After dinner I by water to Deptford about a little business, and so back again, buying a couple of good eeles by the way, and after writing by the post, home to see the painter at work, late, in my wife's closet, and so to supper and to bed, having been very merry with the painter, late, while he was doing his work. This day the King and Court returned from their progress.

2nd. Up betimes and by water to St. James's, and there visited Mr. Coventry as a compliment after his new coming to town, but had no great talk with him, he being full of business. So back by foot through London, doing several errands, and at the 'Change met with Mr. Cutler, and he and I to a coffee-house, and there discoursed, and he do assure me that there is great likelyhood of a war with Holland, but I hope we shall be in good condition before it comes to break out. I like his company, and will make much of his acquaintance. So home to dinner with my wife, who is over head and eares in getting her house up, and so to the office, and with Mr. Lewes, late, upon some of the old victuallers' accounts, and so home to supper and to bed, up to our red chamber, where we purpose always to lie. This day I received a letter from Mr. Barlow, with a Terella,[1]

[1] Professor Silvanus P. Thompson, F.R.S., has kindly supplied me with the following interesting note on the terrella (or terella):

The name given by Dr. William Gilbert, author of the famous treatise, "De Magnete" (Lond. 1600), to a spherical loadstone, on account of its acting as a model, magnetically, of the earth; compass-needles pointing to its poles, as mariners' compasses do to the poles of the earth.

The term was adopted by other writers who followed Gilbert, as the following passage from Wm. Barlowe's "Magneticall Aduertisements" (Lond. 1616) shows: "Wherefore the round *Loadstone* is significantly

which I had hoped he had sent me, but to my trouble I find it is to present from him to my Lord Sandwich, but I will make a little use of it first, and then give it him.

3rd. Up, being well pleased with my new lodging and the convenience of having our mayds and none else about us, Will lying below. So to the office, and there we sat full of business all the morning. At noon I home to dinner, and then abroad to buy a bell to hang by our chamber door to call the mayds. Then to the office, and met Mr. Blackburne, who came to know the reason of his kinsman (my Will) his being observed by his friends of late to droop much. I told him my great displeasure against him and the reasons of it, to his great trouble yet satisfaction, for my care over him, and how every thing I said was for the good of the fellow, and he will take time to examine the fellow about all, and to desire my pleasure concerning him, which I told him was either that he should became a better servant or that we would not have him under my roof to be a trouble. He tells me in a few days he will come to me again and we shall agree what to do therein. I home and told my wife all, and am troubled to see that my servants and others should be the greatest trouble I have in the world, more than for myself. We then to set up our bell with a smith very well, and then I late at the office. So home to supper and to bed.

4th (Lord's day). Up and to church, my house being miserably overflooded with rayne last night, which makes me almost mad. At home to dinner with my wife, and so

termed by Doct. Gilbert *Terrella*, that is, a little, or rather a very little Earth: For it representeth in an exceeding small model (as it were) the admiral properties magneticall of the huge Globe of the earth" (*op. cit.*, p. 55).

Gilbert set great store by his invention of the terrella, since it led him to propound the true theory of the mariners' compass. In his portrait of himself which he had painted for the University of Oxford he was represented as holding in his hand a globe inscribed *terella*. In the Galileo Museum in Florence there is a terrella twenty-seven inches in diamater, of loadstone from Elba, constructed for Cosmo de' Medici. A smaller one contrived by Sir Christopher Wren was long preserved in the museum of the Royal Society (Grew's "Rarities belonging to the Royal Society," p. 364). Evelyn was shown "a pretty terrella described with all y^e^ circles and shewing all y^e^ magnetic deviations" (Diary, July 3rd, 1655).

to talk, and to church again, and so home, and all the evening most pleasantly passed the time in good discourse of our fortune and family till supper, and so to bed, in some pain below, through cold got.

5th. Up with pain, and with Sir J. Minnes by coach to the Temple, and then I to my brother's, and up and down on business, and so to the New Exchange, and there met Creed, and he and I walked two or three hours, talking of many businesses, especially about Tangier, and my Lord Tiviot's bringing in of high accounts, and yet if they were higher are like to pass without exception, and then of my Lord Sandwich sending a messenger to know whether the King intends to come to Newmarket, as is talked, that he may be ready to entertain him at Hinchingbroke. Thence home and dined, and my wife all day putting up her hangings in her closett, which she do very prettily herself with her own hand, to my great content. So I to the office till night, about several businesses, and then went and sat an hour or two with Sir W. Pen, talking very largely of Sir J. Minnes's simplicity and unsteadiness, and of Sir W. Batten's suspicious dealings, wherein I was open, and he sufficiently, so that I do not care for his telling of tales, for he said as much, but whether that were so or no I said nothing but what is my certain knowledge and belief concerning him. Thence home to bed in great pain.

6th. Slept pretty well, and my wife waked to ring the bell to call up our mayds to the washing about 4 o'clock, and I was and she angry that our bell did not wake them sooner, but I will get a bigger bell. So we to sleep again till 8 o'clock, and then I up in some ease to the office, where we had a full board, where we examined Cocke's second account, when Mr. Turner had drawn a bill directly to be paid the balance thereof, as Mr. Cocke demanded, and Sir J. Minnes did boldly assert the truth of it, and that he had examined it, when there is no such thing, but many vouchers, upon examination, missing, and we saw reason to strike off several of his demands, and to bring down his 5 per cent. commission to 3 per cent. So we shall save the King some money, which both the Comptroller and his clerke had absolutely given away. There was also two occasions more of difference at the table; the one being to make out a bill

to Captain Smith for his salary abroad as commander-in-chief in the Streights. Sir J. Minnes did demand an increase of salary for his being Vice-Admiral in the Downes, he having received but 40*s.* without an increase, when Sir J. Lawson, in the same voyage, had £3, and others have also had increase, only he, because he was an officer of the board, was worse used than any body else, and particularly told Sir W. Batten that he was the opposer formerly of his having an increase, which I did wonder to hear him so boldly lay it to him. So we hushed up the dispute, and offered, if he would, to examine precedents, and report them, if there was any thing to his advantage to be found, to the Duke. The next was, Mr. Chr. Pett and Deane were summoned to give an account of some knees[1] which Pett reported bad, that were to be served in by Sir W. Warren, we having contracted that none should be served but such as were to be approved of by our officers. So that if they were bad they were to be blamed for receiving them. Thence we fell to talk of Warren's other goods, which Pett had said were generally bad, and falling to this contract again, I did say it was the most cautious and as good a contract as had been made here, and the only [one] that had been in such terms. Sir J. Minnes told me angrily that Winter's timber, bought for 33*s.* per load, was as good and in the same terms. I told him that it was not so, but that he and Sir W. Batten were both abused, and I would prove it was as dear a bargain as had been made this half year, which occasioned high words between them and me, but I am able to prove it and will. That also was so ended, and so to other business. At noon Lewellin coming to me I took him and Deane, and there met my uncle Thomas, and we dined together, but was vexed that, it being washing-day, we had no meat dressed, but sent to the Cook's, and my people had so little witt to send in our meat from abroad in that Cook's dishes, which were marked with the name of the Cook upon them, by which, if they observed anything, they might know it was not my own dinner. After

[1] "Naturally grown timber or bars of iron bent to a right angle or to fit the surfaces and to secure bodies firmly together as hanging knees secure the deck beams to the sides." — Smyth's *Sailor's Word-Book*. There are several kinds of knees.

dinner we broke up, and I by coach, setting down Luellin in Cheapside. So to White Hall, where at the Committee of Tangier, but, Lord! how I was troubled to see my Lord Tiviott's accounts of £10,000 paid in that manner, and wish 1,000 times I had not been there. Thence rose with Sir G. Carteret and to his lodgings, and there discoursed of our frays at the table to-day, and particularly of that of the contract, and the contract of masts the other day, declaring my fair dealing, and so needing not any man's good report of it, or word for it, and that I would make it so appear to him, if he desired it, which he did, and I will do it. Thence home by water in great pain, and at my office a while, and thence a little to Sir W. Pen, and so home to bed, and finding myself beginning to be troubled with wind as I used to be, and in pain in making water, I took a couple of pills that I had by me of Mr. Hollyard's.

7th. They wrought in the morning, and I did keep my bed, and my pain continued on me mightily that I kept within all day in great pain, and could break no wind nor have any stool after my physic had done working. So in the evening I took coach and to Mr. Holliard's, but he was not at home, and so home again, and whether the coach did me good or no I know not. . . . So to bed and lay in good ease all night, and . . . pretty well in the morning. . . .[1]

8th. So, keeping myself warm, to the office, and at noon home to dinner, my pain coming again by breaking no wind nor having any stool. So to Mr. Holliard, and by his direction, he assuring me that it is nothing of the stone, but only my constitution being costive, and that, and cold from without, breeding and keeping the wind, I took some powder that he did give me in white wine, and sat late up, till past eleven at night, with my wife in my chamber till it had done working, which was so weakly that I could

[1] Pepys's prescription for the colic:

"Balsom of Sulphur, 3 or 4 drops in a spoonfull of Syrrup of Coltsfoote, not eating or drinking two hours before or after.

"The making of this Balsom:

"$\frac{2}{3}^{ds}$ of fine Oyle, and $\frac{1}{3}^{d}$ of fine Brimstone, sett 13 or 14 houres upon y^e^ fire, simpring till a thicke Stuffe lyes at y^e^ Bottome, and y^e^ Balsom at y^e^ topp. Take this off &c.

"Sir Rob^t^ Parkhurst for y^e^ Collique." — M. B.

hardly tell whether it did work or no. My mayds being at this time in great dirt towards getting of all my house clean, and weary and having a great deal of work to do therein to-morrow and next day, were gone to bed before my wife and I, who also do lie in our room more like beasts than Christians, but that is only in order to having of the house shortly in a cleaner, or rather very clean condition. Some ease I had so long as this did keep my body loose, and I slept well.

9th. And did keep my bed most of this morning, my body I find being still bound and little wind, and so my pain returned again, though not so bad, but keeping my body with warm clothes very hot I made shift to endure it, and at noon sent word to Mr. Hollyard of my condition, that I could neither have a natural stool nor break wind, and by that means still in pain and frequent offering to make water. So he sent me two bottles of drink and some syrup, one bottle to take now and the other to-morrow morning. So in the evening, after Commissioner Pett, who came to visit me, and was going to Chatham, but methinks do talk to me in quite another manner, doubtfully and shyly, and like a stranger, to what he did heretofore. After I saw he was gone I did drink one of them, but it was a most loathsome draught, and did keep myself warm after it, and had that afternoon still a stool or two, but in no plenty, nor any wind almost carried away, and so to bed. In no great pain, but do not think myself likely to be well till I have a freedom of stool and wind. Most of this day and afternoon my wife and I did spend together in setting things now up and in order in her closet, which indeed is, and will be, when I can get her some more things to put in it, a very pleasant place, and is at present very pretty, and such as she, I hope, will find great content in. So to bed.

10th. Up, and not in any good ease yet, but had pain in making water, and some course I see I must take besides keeping myself warm to make myself break wind and go freely to stool before I can be well, neither of which I can do yet, though I have drank the other bottle of Mr. Hollyard's against my stomach this morning. I did, however, make shift to go to the office, where we sat, and there Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten did advise me to take some

Juniper water, and Sir W. Batten sent to his Lady for some for me, strong water made of Juniper. Whether that or anything else of my draught this morning did it I cannot tell, but I had a couple of stools forced after it . . . but whether I shall grow better upon it I cannot tell. Dined at home at noon, my wife and house in the dirtiest pickle that ever she and it was in almost, but in order, I hope, this night to be very clean. To the office all the afternoon upon victualling business, and late at it, so after I wrote by the post to my father, I home. This evening Mr. Hollyard sends me an electuary to take (a walnut quantity of it) going to bed, which I did. 'Tis true I slept well, and rose in a little ease in the morning.

11th (Lord's day). And was mightily pleased to see my house clean and in good condition, but something coming into my wife's head, and mine, to be done more about bringing the green bed into our chamber, which is handsomer than the red one, though not of the colour of our hangings, my wife forebore to make herself clean to-day, but continued in a sluttish condition till to-morrow. I after the old passe, all the day within doors, . . . the effect of my electuary last night, and the greatest of my pain I find to come by my straining. . . . For all this I eat with a very good stomach, and as much as I used to do, and so I did this noon, and staid at home discoursing and doing things in my chamber, altering my chairs in my chamber, and set them above in the red room, they being Turkey work, and so put their green covers upon those that were above, not so handsome. At night fell to reading in the Church History of Fuller's, and particularly Cranmer's letter to Queen Elizabeth,[1] which pleases me mightily for his zeal, obedience, and boldness in a cause of religion. After supper to bed as I use to be, in pain. . . .

12th. Up (though slept well and made some water in the morning [as] I used to do, and a little pain returned to me, and some fears, but being forced to go to the Duke at St. James's, I took coach and in my way called upon Mr. Hollyard and had his advice to take a glyster. At St. James's

[1] Lord Braybrooke added (*sic*) after the words "Queen Elizabeth," and it is not easy to know what Pepys meant. A reference to the "Church History" does not throw any light upon the matter.

we attended the Duke all of us. And there, after my discourse, Mr. Coventry of his own accord begun to tell the Duke how he found that discourse abroad did run to his prejudice about the fees that he took, and how he sold places and other things; wherein he desired to appeal to his Highness, whether he did any thing more than what his predecessors did, and appealed to us all. So Sir G. Carteret did answer that some fees were heretofore taken, but what he knows not; only that selling of places never was nor ought to be countenanced. So Mr. Coventry very hotly answered to Sir G. Carteret, and appealed to himself whether he was not one of the first that put him upon looking after this taking of fees, and that he told him that Mr. Smith[1] should say that he made £5,000 the first year, and he believed he made £7,000. This Sir G. Carteret denied, and said, that if he did say so he told a lie, for he could not, nor did know, that ever he did make that profit of his place; but that he believes he might say, £2,500 the first year. Mr. Coventry instanced in another thing, particularly wherein Sir G. Carteret did advise with him about the selling of the Auditor's place of the stores, when in the beginning there was an intention of creating such an office. This he confessed, but with some lessening of the tale Mr. Coventry told, it being only for a respect to my Lord FitzHarding.[2] In fine, Mr. Coventry did put into the Duke's hand a list of above 250 places that he did give without receiving one farthing, so much as his ordinary fees for them, upon his life and oath; and that since the Duke's establishment of fees he had never received one token more of any man; and that in his whole life he never conditioned or discoursed of any consideration from any commanders since he came to the Navy. And afterwards, my Lord Barkeley merrily discoursing that he wished his profit

[1] The Mr. Smith here referred to would appear to be Thomas Smith, who was Secretary of the Admiralty in 1638, about which time Sir George Carteret (then Captain Carteret) held the office of Comptroller of the Navy.

[2] Sir Charles Berkeley, mentioned before, created Lord Berkeley of Rathdown and Viscount Fitzharding in Ireland, 1663, second son to Sir Charles Berkeley of Bruton, co. Somerset; created an English peer by the titles of Lord Botetourt of Landport and Earl of Falmouth, March 6th, 1665. Killed in the great sea-fight, June 3rd, 1665.

greater than it was, and that he did believe that he had got £50,000 since he came in, Mr. Coventry did openly declare that his Lordship, or any of us, should have not only all he had got, but all that he had in the world (and yet he did not come a beggar into the Navy, nor would yet be thought to speak in any contempt of his Royall Highness's bounty), and should have a year to consider of it too, for £25,000. The Duke's answer was, that he wished we all had made more profit than he had of our places, and that we had all of us got as much as one man below stayres in the Court, which he presently named, and it was Sir George Lane.[1] This being ended, and the list left in the Duke's hand, we parted, and I with Sir G. Carteret, Sir J. Minnes, and Sir W. Batten by coach to the Exchange, and there a while, and so home, and whether it be the jogging, or by having my mind more employed (which I believe is a great matter) I know not, but . . . I begin to be suddenly well, at least better than I was. So home and to dinner, and thence by coach to the Old Exchange, and there cheapened some laces for my wife, and then to Mr. ——, the great laceman in Cheapside, and bought one cost me £4, more by 20*s.* than I intended, but when I came to see them I was resolved to buy one worth wearing with credit, and so to the New Exchange, and there put it to making, and so to my Lord's lodgings and left my wife, and so I to the Committee of Tangier, and then late home with my wife again by coach, beginning to be very well, and yet when I came home . . . the little straining which I thought was no strain at all at the present did by and by bring me some pain for a good while. Anon, about 8 o'clock, my wife did give me a clyster which Mr. Hollyard directed, viz., a pint of strong ale, 4 oz. of sugar, and 2 oz. of butter. It lay while I lay upon the bed above an hour, if not two, and then thinking it quite lost I rose, and by and by it began with my walking to work, and gave me three or four most excellent stools and carried away wind, put me in excellent ease, and taking my usual walnut quantity of electuary at my going into bed I had about two stools in the night. . . .

[1] One of the clerks of the Privy Council, and secretary to the Marquis of Ormond. He was created Viscount Lanesborough. — B.

13th. And so rose in the morning in perfect good ease . . . continued all the morning well, and in the afternoon had a natural easily and dry stoole, the first I have had these five days or six, for which God be praised, and so am likely to continue well, observing for the time to come when any of this pain comes again:

(1) To begin to keep myself as warm as I can.

(2) Strain as little as ever I can backwards, remembering that my pain will come by and by, though in the very straining I do not feel it.

(3) Either by physic forward or by clyster backward or both ways to get an easy and plentiful going to stool and breaking of wind.

(4) To begin to suspect my health immediately when I begin to become costive and bound, and by all means to keep my body loose, and that to obtain presently after I find myself going the contrary.

This morning at the office, and at noon with Creed to the Exchange, where much business, but, Lord! how my heart, though I know not reason for it, began to doubt myself, after I saw Stint, Field's one-eyed solicitor, though I know not any thing that they are doing, or that they endeavour any thing further against us in the business till the terme. Home, and Creed with me to dinner, and after dinner John Cole, my old friend, came to see and speak with me about a friend. I find him ingenious, but more and more discern his city pedantry; but however, I will endeavour to have his company now and then, for that he knows much of the temper of the City, and is able to acquaint therein as much as most young men, being of large acquaintance, and himself, I think, somewhat unsatisfied with the present state of things at Court and in the Church. Then to the office, and there busy till late, and so home to my wife, with some ease and pleasure that I hope to be able to follow my business again, which by God's leave I am resolved to return to with more and more eagerness. I find at Court, that either the King is doubtfull of some disturbance, or else would seem so (and I have reason to hope it is no worse), by his commanding all commanders of castles, &c., to repair to their charges; and mustering the Guards the other day himself, where he found reason to dislike their condition to my

Lord Gerard, finding so many absent men, or dead pays.[1] My Lady Castlemaine, I hear, is in as great favour as ever, and the King supped with her the very first night he came from Bath: and last night and the night before supped with her; when there being a chine of beef to roast, and the tide rising into their kitchen that it could not be roasted there, and the cook telling her of it, she answered, "Zounds! she must set the house on fire but it should be roasted!" So it was carried to Mrs. Sarah's husband's,[2] and there it was roasted. So home to supper and to bed, being mightily pleased with all my house and my red chamber, where my wife and I intend constantly to lie, and the having of our dressing room and mayds close by us without any interfering or trouble.

14th. Up and to my office, where all the morning, and part of it Sir J. Minnes spent, as he do every thing else, like a fool, reading the Anatomy of the body to me, but so sillily as to the making of me understand any thing that I was weary of him, and so I toward the 'Change, and met with Mr. Grant, and he and I to the Coffee-house, where I understand by him that Sir W. Petty and his vessel are coming, and the King intends to go to Portsmouth to meet it. Thence home and after dinner my wife and I, by Mr. Rawlinson's conduct, to the Jewish Synagogue: where the men and boys in their vayles, and the women behind a lattice out of sight; and some things stand up, which I believe is their Law, in a press to which all coming in do bow; and at the putting on their vayles do say something, to which others that hear him do cry Amen, and the party do kiss his vayle. Their service all in a singing way, and in Hebrew. And anon their Laws that they take out of the press are carried by several men, four or five several burthens in all, and they do relieve one another; and whether it is that every one desires to have the carrying of it, I cannot tell, thus they carried it round about the room while such a

[1] This is probably an allusion to the practice of not reporting the deaths of soldiers, that the officers might continue to draw their pay. — B.

[2] Lord Sandwich's housekeeper appears to have been married to a cook, but we do not know his name, as his wife is always described as "Mrs. Sarah."

service is singing. And in the end they had a prayer for the King, which they pronounced his name in Portugall: but the prayer, like the rest, in Hebrew. But, Lord! to see the disorder, laughing, sporting, and no attention, but confusion in all their service, more like brutes than people knowing the true God, would make a man forswear ever seeing them more: and indeed I never did see so much, or could have imagined there had been any religion in the whole world so absurdly performed as this. Away thence with my mind strongly disturbed with them, by coach and set down my wife in Westminster Hall, and I to White Hall, and there the Tangier Committee met, but the Duke and the Africa Committee meeting in our room, Sir G. Carteret, Sir W. Compton, Mr. Coventry, Sir W. Rider, Cuttance and myself met in another room, with chairs set in form but no table, and there we had very fine discourses of the business of the fitness to keep Sally, and also of the terms of our King's paying the Portugees that deserted their house at Tangier, which did much please me, and so to fetch my wife, and so to the New Exchange about her things, and called at Thomas Pepys the turner's and bought something there, and so home to supper and to bed, after I had been a good while with Sir W. Pen, railing and speaking freely our minds against Sir W. Batten and Sir J. Minnes, but no more than the folly of one and the knavery of the other do deserve.

15th. Up, I bless God being now in pretty good condition, but cannot come to make natural stools yet. . . . So up and to the office, where we sat all the morning, and at noon dined at home, my head full of business, and after stepping abroad to buy a thing or two, compasses and snuffers for my wife, I returned to my office and there mighty busy till it was late, and so home well contented with the business that I had done this afternoon, and so to supper and to bed.

16th. Up and to my office, where all the morning doing business, and at noon home to dinner, and then up to remove my chest and clothes up stairs to my new wardrobe, that I may have all my things above where I lie, and so by coach abroad with my wife, leaving her at my Lord's till I went to the Tangier Committee, where very good discourse

concerning the Articles of peace to be continued with Guyland, and thence took up my wife, and with her to her tailor's, and then to the Exchange and to several places, and so home and to my office, where doing some business, and then home to supper and to bed.

17th. Up and to my office, and there we sat a very full board all the morning upon some accounts of Mr. Gauden's. Here happened something concerning my Will which Sir W. Batten would fain charge upon him, and I heard him mutter something against him of complaint for his often receiving people's money to Sir G. Carteret, which displeased me much, but I will be even with him. Thence to the Dolphin Tavern, and there Mr. Gauden did give us a great dinner. Here we had some discourse of the Queen's being very sick, if not dead, the Duke and Duchess of York being sent for betimes this morning to come to White Hall to her.[1] So to my office and there late doing business, and so home to supper, my house being got mighty clean to my great content from top to toe, and so to bed, myself beginning to be in good condition of health also, but only my laying out so much money upon clothes for myself and wife and her closet troubles me.

18th (Lord's day). Up, and troubled at a distaste my wife took at a small thing that Jane did, and to see that she should be so vexed that I took part with Jane, wherein I had reason; but by and by well again, and so my wife in her best gown and new poynt that I bought her the other day, to church with me, where she has not been these many weeks, and her mayde Jane with her. I was troubled to see Pembleton there, but I thought it prudence to take notice myself first of it and show my wife him, and so by little and little considering that it mattered not much his being there I grew less concerned and so mattered it not much, and the less when, anon, my wife showed me his wife, a pretty little

[1] "The condition of the Queen is much worse, and the physicians give us but little hopes of her recovery; by the next you will hear that she is either in a fair way to it, or dead. To-morrow is a very critical day with her — God's will be done. The King coming to see her the [this] morning, she told him she willingly left all the world but him, which hath very much afflicted his Majesty, and all the court with him." — *Lord Arlington to the Duke of Buckingham*, Whitehall, October 17th, 1663 (Brown's "Miscellanea Aulica," p. 306). — B.

woman, and well dressed, with a good jewel at her breast. The parson, Mr. Mills, I perceive, did not know whether to pray for the Queen or no, and so said nothing about her; which makes me fear she is dead. But enquiring of Sir J. Minnes, he told me that he heard she was better last night. So home to dinner, and Tom came and dined with me, and so, anon, to church again, and there a simple coxcomb preached worse than the Scot, and no Pembleton nor his wife there, which pleased me not a little, and then home and spent most of the evening at Sir W. Pen's in complaisance, seeing him though he deserves no respect from me. This evening came my uncle Wight to speak with me about my uncle Thomas's business, and Mr. Moore came, 4 or 5 days out of the country and not come to see me before, though I desired by two or three messengers that he would come to me as soon as he came to town. Which do trouble me to think he should so soon forget my kindness to him, which I am afraid he do. After walking a good while in the garden with these, I went up again to Sir W. Pen, and took my wife home, and after supper to prayers, and read very seriously my vowes, which I am fearful of forgetting by my late great expenses, but I hope in God I do not, and so to bed.

19th. Waked with a very high wind, and said to my wife, "I pray God I hear not of the death of any great person, this wind is so high!" fearing that the Queen might be dead. So up; and going by coach with Sir W. Batten and Sir J. Minnes to St. James's, they tell me that Sir W. Compton,[1] who it is true had been a little sickly for a week or fortnight, but was very well upon Friday at night last at the Tangier Committe with us, was dead — died yesterday: at which I was most exceedingly surprised, he being, and so all the world saying that he was, one of the worthyest men and best officers of State now in England; and so in my conscience he was: of the best temper, valour, abilities of

[1] Sir William Compton (1625–1663) was knighted at Oxford, December 12th, 1643. He was called by Cromwell "the sober young man and the godly cavalier." After the Restoration he was M.P. for Cambridge (1661), and appointed Master of the Ordnance. He died in Drury Lane, suddenly, as stated in the text, and was buried at Compton Wynyates, Warwickshire (see note, *ante*, May 6th, 1660).

mind, integrity, birth, fine person, and diligence of any one man he hath left behind him in the three kingdoms; and yet not forty years old, or if so, that is all. I find the sober men of the Court troubled for him; and yet not so as to hinder or lessen their mirth, talking, laughing, and eating, drinking, and doing every thing else, just as if there was no such thing, which is as good an instance for me hereafter to judge of death, both as to the unavoidableness, suddenness, and little effect of it upon the spirits of others, let a man be never so high, or rich, or good, but that all die alike, no more matter being made of the death of one than another, and that even to die well, the praise of it is not considerable in the world, compared to the many in the world that know not nor make anything of it, nor perhaps to them (unless to one that like this poor gentleman, who is one of a thousand, there nobody speaking ill of him) that will speak ill of a man. Coming to St. James's, I hear that the Queen did sleep five hours pretty well to-night, and that she waked and gargled her mouth, and to sleep again; but that her pulse beats fast, beating twenty to the King's or my Lady Suffolk's eleven; but not so strong as it was. It seems she was so ill as to be shaved and pidgeons put to her feet, and to have the extreme unction given her by the priests, who were so long about it that the doctors were angry.[1] The King, they all say, is most fondly disconsolate for her, and weeps by her, which makes her weep;[2] which

[1] "I have heard they put on the queen's head when shee was sick, a nightcap of some sort of precious relick to recover her, and gave her extreme unction; and that my Lord Aubignie told her she must impute her recoverie to these. Shee answered not, but rather to the prayers of her husband." — Ward's *Diary*, p. 98.

[2] "The queen was given over by her physicians, . . . and the good nature of the king was much affected with the situation in which he saw a princess whom, though he did not love her, yet he greatly esteemed. She loved him tenderly, and thinking that it was the last time she should ever speak to him, she told him 'That the concern he showed for her death was enough to make her quit life with regret; but that not possessing charms sufficient to merit his tenderness, she had at least the consolation in dying to give place to a consort who might be more worthy of it, and to whom heaven, perhaps, might grant a blessing that had been refused to her.' At these words she bathed his hands with some tears, which he thought would be her last; he mingled his own with hers, and without supposing she would take him at his word, he conjured her to live for his sake." — *Grammont Memoirs*, chap. vii.

one this day told me he reckons a good sign, for that it carries away some rheume from the head. This morning Captain Allen tells me how the famous Ned Mullins, by a slight fall, broke his leg at the ancle, which festered; and he had his leg cut off on Saturday, but so ill done, notwithstanding all the great chyrurgeons about the town at the doing of it, that they fear he will not live with it, which is very strange, besides the torment he was put to with it. After being a little with the Duke, and being invited to dinner to my Lord Barkeley's, and so, not knowing how to spend our time till noon, Sir W. Batten and I took coach, and to the Coffee-house in Cornhill;[1] where much talk about the Turk's proceedings, and that the plague is got to Amsterdam, brought by a ship from Argier; and it is also carried to Hambrough. The Duke says the King purposes to forbid any of their ships coming into the river. The Duke also told us of several Christian commanders (French) gone over to the Turks to serve them; and upon inquiry I find that the King of France do by this aspire to the Empire, and so to get the Crown of Spayne also upon the death of the King, which is very probable, it seems. Back to St. James's, and there dined with my Lord Barkeley and his lady, where Sir G. Carteret, Sir W. Batten, and myself, with two gentlemen more; my Lady, and one of the ladies of honour to the Duchesse (no handsome woman, but a most excellent hand). A fine French dinner, and so we after dinner broke up and to Creed's new lodgings in Axe-yard, which I like very well, and so with him to White Hall and walked up and down in the galleries with good discourse, and anon Mr. Coventry and Povy, sad for the loss of one of our number we sat down as a Committee for Tangier and did some business and so broke up, and I down with Mr. Coventry and in his chamber discoursing of business of the office and Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten's carriage, when he most ingeniously tells me how they have carried themselves to him in forbearing to speak the other day to the Duke what they know they have so largely at other times

[1] This may be the Coffee House in Exchange Alley, which had for a sign, Morat the Great, or The Great Turk, where coffee was sold in berry, in powder, and pounded in a mortar. There is a token of the house, see "Boyne's Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i., p. 592.

said to him, and I told him what I am put to about the bargain for masts. I perceive he thinks of it all and will remember it. Thence took up my wife at Mrs. Harper's where she and Jane were, and so called at the New Exchange for some things for her, and then at Tom's went up and saw his house now it is finished, and indeed it is very handsome, but he not within and so home and to my office, and then to supper and to bed.

20th. Up and to the office, where we sat; and at noon Sir G. Carteret, Sir J. Minnes, and I to dinner to my Lord Mayor's, being invited, where was the Farmers of the Customes, my Lord Chancellor's three sons, and other great and much company, and a very great noble dinner, as this Mayor[1] is good for nothing else. No extraordinary discourse of anything, every man being intent upon his dinner, and myself willing to have drunk some wine to have warmed my belly, but I did for my oath's sake willingly refrain it, but am so well pleased and satisfied afterwards thereby, for it do keep me always in so good a frame of mind that I hope I shall not ever leave this practice. Thence home, and took my wife by coach to White Hall, and she set down at my Lord's lodgings, I to a Committee of Tangier, and thence with her homeward, calling at several places by the way. Among others at Paul's Churchyard, and while I was in Kirton's shop, a fellow came to offer kindness or force to my wife in the coach, but she refusing, he went away, after the coachman had struck him, and he the coachman. So I being called, went thither, and the fellow coming out again of a shop, I did give him a good cuff or two on the chops, and seeing him not oppose me, I did give him another; at last found him drunk, of which I was glad, and so left him, and home, and so to my office awhile, and so home to supper and to bed. This evening, at my Lord's lodgings, Mrs. Sarah talking with my wife and I how the Queen do, and how the King tends her being so ill. She tells us that the Queen's sickness is the spotted fever; that she was as full of the spots as a leopard: which is very strange that it should be no more known; but perhaps it is not so. And that the King do seem to take it

[1] Sir John Robinson.

much to heart, for that he hath wept before her;[1] but, for all that, that he hath not missed one night since she was sick, of supping with my Lady Castlemaine; which I believe is true, for she [Sarah] says that her husband hath dressed the suppers every night; and I confess I saw him myself coming through the street dressing of a great supper to-night, which Sarah says is also for the King and her; which is a very strange thing.

21st. Up, and by and by comes my brother Tom to me, though late (which do vex me to the blood that I could never get him to come time enough to me, though I have spoke a hundred times; but he is very sluggish, and too negligent ever to do well at his trade I doubt), and having lately considered with my wife very much of the inconvenience of my going in no better plight, we did resolve of putting me into a better garb, and, among other things, to have a good velvet cloake; that is, of cloth lined with velvet and other things modish, and a perruque, and so I sent him and her out to buy me velvet, and I to the Exchange, and so to Trinity House, and there dined with Sir W. Batten, having some business to speak with him, and Sir W. Rider. Thence, having my belly full, away on foot to my brother's, all along Thames Streete, and my belly being full of small beer, I did all alone, for health's sake, drink half a pint of Rhenish wine at the Still-yard, mixed with beer. From my brother's with my wife to the Exchange, to buy things for her and myself, I being in a humour of laying out money, but not prodigally, but only in clothes, which I every day see that I suffer for want of, I so home, and after a little at my office, home to supper and to bed. Memorandum: This morning one Mr. Commander, a scrivener, came to me from Mr. Moore with a deed of which Mr. Moore had told me, that my Lord had made use of my name, and that I was desired by my Lord to sign it. Remembering this very well, though understanding little of the particulars, I

[1] The grief of Charles at the Queen's dangerous condition was thus noticed by Waller:

"——— when no healing art prevail'd,
When cordials and elixirs fail'd,
On your pale cheek he dropt the shower,
Reviv'd you like a dying flower." — B.

read it over, and found it concern Sir Robt. Bernard and Duckinford, their interest in the manor of Brampton. So I did sign it, declaring to Mr. Commander that I am only concerned in having my name at my Lord Sandwich's desire used therein, and so I sealed it up after I had signed and sealed the deed, and desired him to give it so sealed to Mr. Moore. I did also call at the Wardrobe this afternoon to have told Mr. Moore of it, but he was not within, but knowing Mr. Commander to have the esteem of a good and honest man with my Lord Crew, I did not doubt to intrust him with the deed after I had signed it. This evening after I came home I begun to enter my wife in arithmetique, in order to her studying of the globes, and she takes it very well, and, I hope, with great pleasure, I shall bring her to understand many fine things.

22nd. Up to the office, where we sat till noon and then I home to dinner, and after dinner with my wife to her study and there read some more arithmetique, which she takes with great ease and pleasure. This morning, hearing that the Queen grows worse again, I sent to stop the making of my velvet cloake, till I see whether she lives or dies. So a little abroad about several businesses, and then home and to my office till night, and then home to supper, teach my wife, and so to bed.

23rd. Up, and this morning comes Mr. Clerke, and tells me that the Injunction against Trice is dismissed again, which troubles me much. So I am to look after it in the afternoon. There comes also by appointment my uncle Thomas, to receive the first payment of his daughter's money. But showing of me the original of the deed by which his daughter gives her right to her legacy to him, and the copy of it attested by the Scrivener for me to keep by me, I did find some difference, and thereupon did look more into it, and at last did find the whole thing a forgery; yet he maintained it again and again, upon oath, that it had been signed and sealed by my cozen Mary ever since before her marriage. So I told him to his teeth he did like a knave, and so he did, and went with him to the Scrivener at Bedlam, and there found how it came to pass, viz., that he had lost, or pretends to have lost, the true original, and that so he was forced to take this course; but a knave. at

least a man that values not what he swears to, I perceive he is. But however I am now better able to see myself fully secured before I part with the money, for I find that his son Charles has right to this legacy till the first £100 of his daughter's portion be paid, he being bond for it. So I put him upon getting both his sons to be bound for my security, and so left him and so home, and then abroad to my brother's, but found him abroad at the young couple that was married yesterday, and he one of the Br[ide's] men, a kinswoman (Brumfield)[1] of the Joyces married to an upholster. Thence walked to the King's Head at Charing Cross and there dined, and hear that the Queen slept pretty well last night, but her fever continues upon her still. It seems she hath never a Portuguese doctor here. Thence by appointment to the Six Clerks' office to meet Mr. Clerke, which I did and there waited all the afternoon for Wilkinson my attorney, but he came not, and so vexed and weary we parted, and I endeavoured but in vain to have found Dr. Williams, of whom I shall have use in Trice's business, but I could not find him. So weary walked home; in my way bought a large kitchen knife and half dozen oyster knives. Thence to Mr. Holliard, who tells me that Mullins is dead of his leg cut off the other day, but most basely done. He tells me that there is no doubt but that all my slyme do come away in my water, and therefore no fear of the stone, but that my water being so slymy is a good sign. He would have me now and then to take a clyster, the same I did the other day, though I feel no pain, only to keep me loose, and instead of butter, which he would have to be salt butter, he would have me sometimes use two or three ounces of honey, at other times two or three ounces of Linseed oil. Thence to Mr. Rawlinson's and saw some of my new bottles made, with my crest upon them, filled with wine, about five or six dozen. So home and to my office a little, and thence home to prepare myself against T. Trice, and also to draw a bond fit for my uncle and his sons to enter into before I pay them the money. That done to bed.

[1] "Philip Harman, of St. Michael, Cornhill, gent., bachelor, about 27, and Mary Bromfeild, of St. Sepulchre, London, spinster, about 20, consent of parents — at Little St. Bartholomew, London, 21 Oct., 1663" (Chester's "London Marriage Licences," ed. Foster, 1887, col. 627).

24th. Up and to my office, where busy all the morning about Mr. Gauden's account, and at noon to dinner with him at the Dolphin, where mighty merry by pleasant stories of Mr. Coventry's and Sir J. Minnes's, which I have put down some of in my book of tales. Just as I was going out my uncle Thomas came to me with a draught of a bond for him and his sons to sign to me about the payment of the £20 legacy, which I agreed to, but he would fain have had from me the copy of the deed, which he had forged and did bring me yesterday, but I would not give him it. Says [he] I perceive then you will keep it to defame me with, and desired me not to speak of it, for he did it innocently. Now I confess I do not find any great hurt in the thing, but only to keep from me a sight of the true original deed, wherein perhaps there was something else that may touch this business of the legacy which he would keep from me, or it may be it is really lost as he says it is. But then he need not have used such a slight, but confess it without danger. Thence by coach with Mr. Coventry to the Temple, and thence I to the Six Clerks' office, and discoursed with my Attorney and Solicitor, and he and I to Mr. Turner, who puts me in great fear that I shall not get retayned again against Tom Trice, which troubles me. Thence, it being night, homewards, and called at Wotton's and tried some shoes, but he had none to fit me. He tells me that by the Duke of York's persuasion Harris is come again to Sir W. Davenant upon his terms that he demanded, which will make him very high and proud. Thence to another shop, and there bought me a pair of shoes, and so walked home and to my office, and dispatch letters by the post, and so home to supper and to bed, where to my trouble I find my wife begin to talk of her being alone all day, which is nothing but her lack of something to do, for while she was busy she never, or seldom, complained. . . . The Queen is in a good way of recovery; and Sir Francis Pridgeon[1] hath got

[1] Sir Francis Prujean, M.D., President of the Royal College of Physicians, 1650–54; Treasurer, 1655–63. He was born in Essex, and educated at Caius College, Cambridge; knighted April 1st, 1661, and died June 23rd, 1666. Vertue (according to Walpole) had seen a print of "Opinion sitting on a tree," thus inscribed: "Viro clariss. D^no^ Francisco Prujeano Medico, omnium bonarum artium et elegant-

great honour by it, it being all imputed to his cordiall, which in her dispaire did give her rest and brought her to some hopes of recovery. It seems that, after the much talk of troubles and a plot, something is found in the North that a party was to rise, and some persons that were to command it are found, as I find in a letter that Mr. Coventry read to-day about it from those parts.[1]

25th (Lord's day). Up, and my wife and I to church, where it is strange to see how the use and seeing Pembleton come with his wife thither to church, I begin now to make no great matter of it, which before was so terrible to me. Dined at home, my wife and I alone, a good dinner, and so in the afternoon to church again, where the Scot preached, and I slept most of the afternoon. So home, and my wife and I together all the evening discoursing, and then after reading my vowes to myself, and my wife with her mayds (who are mighty busy to get it dispatched because of their mistress's promise, that when it is done they shall have leave all to go see their friends at Westminster, whither my wife will carry them) preparing for their washing to-morrow, we hastened to supper and to bed.

26th. Waked about one o'clock in the morning. . . . My wife being waked rung her bell, and the mayds rose and went to washing, we to sleep again till 7 o'clock, and then up, and I abroad to look out Dr. Williams, but being gone out I went to Westminster, and there seeing my Lord Sandwich's footman knew he was come to town, and so I went in and saw him, and received a kind salute from him, but hear that my father is very ill still. Thence to Westminster Hall with Creed, and spent the morning walking there, where, it being Terme time, I met several persons, and

iarum fautori et admiratori summo; D. D. D. H. Peacham." There is a portrait of Prugean, by Robert Streater in the College, which was purchased in 1873 of Miss Prujean, the doctor's last surviving descendant. (See Dr. Munk's "Roll of the Royal College of Physicians," 1878, vol. i., p. 185).

[1] This refers to a rising in the West Riding of Yorkshire, which took place on October 12th, and was known as the Farneley Wood Plot. The rising was easily put down, and several prisoners were taken. A special commission of oyer and terminer was sent down to York to try the prisoners in January, 1663–64, when twenty-one were convicted and executed. (See Whitaker's "Loidis and Elmete," 1816, pp. 106–113.)

talked with them, among others Dr. Pierce, who tells me that the Queen is in a way to be pretty well again, but that her delirium in her head continues still; that she talks idle, not by fits, but always, which in some lasts a week after so high a fever, in some more, and in some for ever; that this morning she talked mightily that she was brought to bed, and that she wondered that she should be delivered without pain and without spueing or being sicke, and that she was troubled that her boy was but an ugly boy. But the King being by, said, "No, it is a very pretty boy."—"Nay," says she, "if it be like you it is a fine boy indeed, and I would be very well pleased with it." The other day she talked mightily of Sir H. Wood's lady's great belly, and said if she should miscarry he would never get another, and that she never saw such a man as this Sir H. Wood in her life, and seeing of Dr. Pridgeon, she said, "Nay, Doctor, you need not scratch your head, there is hair little enough already in the place." But methinks it was not handsome for the weaknesses of Princes to be talked of thus. Thence Creed and I to the King's Head ordinary, where much and very good company, among others one very talking man, but a scholler, that would needs put in his discourse and philosophy upon every occasion, and though he did well enough, yet his readiness to speak spoilt all. Here they say that the Turkes go on apace, and that my Lord Castlehaven[1] is going to raise 10,000 men here for to go against him; that the King of France do offer to assist the Empire upon condition that he may be their Generalissimo, and the Dolphin chosen King of the Romans: and it is said that the King of France do occasion this difference among the Christian Princes of the Empire, which gives the Turke such advantages. They say also that the King of Spayne is making all imaginable force against Portugall again. Thence Creed and I to one or two periwigg shops about the Temple, having been very much displeased with one that we saw, a head of greasy and old woman's haire, at Jervas's in the morning; and there I think I shall fit myself of one very hand-

[1] The eldest son of the infamous Earl of Castlehaven had a new creation to his father's forfeited titles, in 1634, and died s. p. 1684. He had served with distinction under the Duke of Ormond, and afterwards joined Charles II. at Paris. — B.

somely made. Thence by coach, my mind being troubled for not meeting with Dr. Williams, to St. Catherine's to look at a Dutch ship or two for some good handsome maps, but met none, and so back to Cornhill to Moxon's, but it being dark we staid not to see any, then to coach again, and presently spying Sir W. Batten, I 'light and took him in and to the Globe in Fleete Streete, by appointment, where by and by he and I with our solicitor to Sir E. Turner about Field's business, and back to the Globe, and thither I sent for Dr. Williams, and he is willing to swear in my behalf against T. Trice, viz., that at T. Trice's desire we have met to treat about our business. Thence (I drinking no wine) after an hour's stay Sir W. Batten and another, and he drinking, we home by coach, and so to my office and set down my Journall, and then home to supper and to bed, my washing being in a good condition over. I did give Dr. Williams 20*s.* to-night, but it was after he had answered me well to what I had to ask him about his business, and it was only what I had long ago in my petty bag book allotted for him besides the bill of near £4 which I paid him a good while since by my brother Tom for physique for my wife, without any consideration to this business that he is to do for me, as God shall save me. Among the rest, talking of the Emperor at table to-day, one young gentleman, a pretty man, and it seems a Parliament man, did say that he was a sot;[1] for he minded nothing of the Government, but was led by the Jesuites. Several at table took him up, some for saying that he was a sot in being led by the Jesuites, [who] are the best counsel he can take. Another commander, a Scott[ish] Collonell, who I believe had several under him, that he was a man that had thus long kept out the Turke till now, and did many other great things, and lastly Mr. Progers,[2] one of our courtiers, who told him that it was not

[1] Leopold I., the Holy Roman Emperor, was born June 9th, 1640. He became King of Hungary in 1655, and King of Bohemia in 1658, in which year he received the imperial crown. The Princes of the German Empire watched for some time the progress of his struggle with the Turks with indifference, but in 1663 they were induced to grant aid to Leopold after he had made a personal appeal to them in the diet at Ratisbon.

[2] Edward Progers, younger son of Colonel Philip Progers, equerry to James I., was page to Charles I., and afterwards groom of the bed-

a thing to be said of any Soveraigne Prince, be his weaknesses what they will, to be called a sot, which methinks was very prettily said.

27th. Up, and my uncle Thomas and his scrivener bringing me a bond and affidavit to my mind, I paid him his £20 for his daughter's legacy, and £5 more for a Quarter's annuity, in the manner expressed in each acquittance, to which I must be referred on any future occasion, and to the bond and affidavit. Thence to the office and there sat till noon, and then home to dinner, and after dinner (it being a foul house to-day among my maids, making up their clothes) abroad with my Will with me by coach to Dr. Williams, and with him to the Six Clerks's office, and there, by advice of his acquaintance, I find that my case, through my neglect and the neglect of my lawyers, is come to be very bad, so as that it will be very hard to get my bill retayned again. However, I got him to sign and swear an affidavit that there was treaties between T. Trice and me with as much advantage as I could for me, but I will say that for him he was most exact as ever I saw man in my life, word by word what it was that he swore to, and though, God forgive me, I could have been almost naturally willing to have let him ignorantly have sworn to something that was not of itself very certain, either or no, yet out of his own conscience and care he altered the words himself so as to make them very safe for him to swear. This I carrying to my clerk Wilkinson, and telling him how I heard matters to stand, he, like a conceited fellow, made nothing of it but advised me to offer Trice's clerks the cost of the dismission, viz., 46*s.* 8*d.*, which I did, but they would not take it without his client. Immediately thereupon we parted, and met T. Trice coming into the room, and he came to me and served me with a subpœna for these very costs, so I paid it him, but Lord! to see his resolution, and indeed discretion, in the wording of his receipt, he would have it most express to my greatest disadvantage that could be, yet so as I could not deny to

chamber to his son the Prince of Wales. He was banished from Charles II.'s presence in 1650 by an act of the estates of Scotland, "as an evil instrument and bad counsellor of the king." He died poor on January 1st, 1713–14, aged ninety-six. He is mentioned in the Grammont Memoirs as the confidant of the king's intrigues.

give it him. That being paid, my clerke, and then his began to ask why we could not think, being friends, of referring it, or stating it, first ourselves, and then put it to some good lawyer to judge in it. From one word to more we were resolved to try, and to that end to step to the Pope's Head Taverne, and there he and his Clerke and Attorney and I and my Clerke, and sent for Mr. Smallwood, and by and by comes Mr. Clerke, my Solicitor, and after I had privately discoursed with my men and seen how doubtfully they talked, and what future certain charge and trouble it would be, with a doubtful victory, I resolved to condescend very low, and after some talke all together Trice and I retired, and he came to £150 the lowest, and I bid him £80. So broke off and then went to our company, and they putting us to a second private discourse, at last I was contented to give him £100, he to spend 40*s.* of it among this good company that was with us. So we went to our company, both seeming well pleased that we were come to an end, and indeed I am in the respects above said, though it be a great sum for us to part with. I am to pay him by giving him leave to buy about £40 worth of Piggott's land and to strike off so much of Piggott's debt, and the other to give him bond to pay him in 12 months after without interest, only giving him a power to buy more land of Piggott and paying him that way as he did for the other, which I am well enough contented with, or at least to take the land at that price and give him the money. This last I did not tell him, but I shall order it so. Having agreed upon to-morrow come se'nnight for the spending of the 40*s.* at Mr. Rawlinson's, we parted, and I set T. Trice down in Paul's Churchyard and I by coach home and to my office, and there set down this day's passages, and so home to supper and to bed. Mr. Coventry tells me to-day that the Queen had a very good night last night; but yet it is strange that still she raves and talks of little more than of her having of children, and fancys now that she hath three children, and that the girle is very like the King. And this morning about five o'clock waked (the physician feeling her pulse, thinking to be better able to judge, she being still and asleep, waked her) and the first word she said was, "How do the children?"

28th. Up and at my office all the morning, and at noon Mr. Creed came to me and dined with me, and after dinner Captain Murford came to me and he and I discoursed wholly upon his breach of contract with us. After that Mr. Creed and I abroad, I doing several errands, and with him at last to the great coffee-house, and thereafter some common discourse we parted and I home, paying what I owed at the Mitre in my way, and at home Sympson the joyner coming he set up my press for my cloaks and other small things, and so to my office a little, and to supper, and to bed. This morning Mr. Blackburne came to me, and telling me what complaints Will made of the usage he had from my wife and other discouragements, and I seeing him, instead of advising, rather favouring his kinsman, I told him freely my mind, but friendlily, and so we have concluded to have him have a lodging elsewhere, and that I will spare him £15 of his salary, and if I do not need to keep another £20.

29th. Up, it being my Lord Mayor's day, Sir Anthony Bateman.[1] This morning was brought home my new velvet cloake, that is, lined with velvet, a good cloth the outside, the first that ever I had in my life, and I pray God it may not be too soon now that I begin to wear it. I had it this day brought, thinking to have worn it to dinner, but I thought it would be better to go without it because of the crowde, and so I did not wear it. We met a little at the office, and then home again and got me ready to go forth, my wife being gone forth by my consent before to see her father and mother, and taken her cooke mayde and little girle to Westminster with her for them to see their friends. This morning in dressing myself and wanting a band,[2] I found all my bands that were newly made clean so ill smoothed that I crumpled them, and flung them all on the ground, and was angry with Jane, which made the poor girle mighty sad, so that I were troubled for it afterwards.

[1] Second son of Richard Bateman of Hartington, co. Derby, who had been Chamberlain and M.P. for London. Sir A. Bateman was Sheriff, 1658, and Lord Mayor, 1663. He married Elizabeth Russell. His elder brother was Sir William Bateman, and his younger, Thomas, was created a baronet in 1664.

[2] The band succeeded the ruff as the ordinary civil costume. The lawyers, who now retain bands, and the clergy, who have only lately left them off, formerly wore ruffs.

At noon I went forth, and by coach to Guild Hall (by the way calling . . . at Mr. Rawlinson's), and there was admitted, and meeting with Mr. Proby (Sir R. Ford's son), and Lieutenant-Colonel Baron, a City commander, we went up and down to see the tables; where under every salt there was a bill of fare, and at the end of the table the persons proper for the table. Many were the tables, but none in the Hall but the Mayor's and the Lords of the Privy Council that had napkins[1] or knives, which was very strange. We went into the Buttry, and there stayed and talked, and then into the Hall again: and there wine was offered and they drunk, I only drinking some hypocras,[2] which do not break my vowe, it being, to the best of my present judgment, only a mixed compound drink, and not any wine. If I am mistaken, God forgive me! but I hope and do think I am not. By and by met with Creed; and we, with the others, went within the several Courts, and there saw the tables prepared for the Ladies and Judges and Bishopps: all great sign of a great dinner to come. By and by about one o'clock, before the Lord Mayor came, come into the Hall, from the room where they were first led into, the Lord Chancellor (Archbishopp before him), with the Lords of the Council, and other Bishopps, and they to dinner. Anon comes the Lord Mayor, who went up to the lords, and then to the other tables to bid wellcome; and so all to dinner. I sat near Proby, Baron, and Creed at the Merchant Strangers' table; where ten good dishes to a messe, with plenty of wine of all sorts, of which I drunk none; but it was very

[1] As the practice of eating with forks gradually was introduced from Italy into England, napkins were not so generally used, but considered more as an ornament than a necessary.

> "The laudable use of forks,
> Brought into custom here, as they are in Italy,
> To the sparing of napkins."
>
> Ben Jonson, *The Devil is an Ass*, act v., sc. 3.

The guests probably brought their own knife and fork with them in a case. — M.B.

[2] A drink, composed usually of red wine, but sometimes of white, with the addition of sugar and spices. Sir Walter Scott ("Quarterly Review," vol. xxxiii.) says, after quoting this passage of Pepys, "Assuredly his pieces of bacchanalian casuistry can only be matched by that of Fielding's chaplain of Newgate, who preferred punch to wine, because the former was a liquor nowhere spoken against in Scripture."

unpleasing that we had no napkins nor change of trenchers, and drunk out of earthen pitchers and wooden dishes.[1] It happened that after the lords had half dined, came the French Embassador, up to the lords' table, where he was to have sat; but finding the table set, he would not sit down nor dine with the Lord Mayor, who was not yet come, nor have a table to himself, which was offered; but in a discontent went away again.[2] After I had dined, I and Creed rose and went up and down the house, and up to the lady's room, and there stayed gazing upon them. But though there were many and fine, both young and old, yet I could not discern one handsome face there; which was very strange, nor did I find the lady that young Dawes married so pretty as I took her for, I having here an opportunity of looking much upon her very near. I expected musique, but there was none but only trumpets and drums, which displeased me. The dinner, it seems, is made by the Mayor and two Sheriffs for the time being, the Lord Mayor paying one half, and they the other. And the whole, Proby says, is reckoned to come to about 7 or £800 at most. Being wearied with looking upon a company of ugly women, Creed and I went away, and took coach and through Cheapside, and there saw the pageants,[3] which were very silly, and thence to the Temple, where meeting Greatorex, he and we to Hercules Pillars, there to show me the manner of his going about of draining of fenns,[4] which I desired much to know, but it did not appear very satisfactory to me, as he discoursed it, and I doubt he will faile in it. Thence I by coach home, and there found my wife come home, and by and by came my brother Tom, with whom I was very angry for not sending me a bill with my things, so as that I think never to have more work done by him if ever he serves me

[1] The City plate was probably melted during the Civil War. — M.B.

[2] See in the Appendix the ambassador's (the Comte de Comminges) account of the affront which he received, and the reparation afterwards made to him, recorded in a letter to Louis XIV., dated November 9th, 1663.

[3] The Lord Mayor's "Show" was then *after* dinner.

[4] Little or nothing is known as to the particulars of the life of Ralph Greatorex, the famous mathematical instrument maker. Nothing is said in the few lines devoted to his life in the "Dictionary of National Biography" about his scheme for draining the fens.

so again, and so I told him. The consideration of laying out £32 12*s*. this very month in his very work troubles me also, and one thing more, that is to say, that Will having been at home all the day, I doubt is the occasion that Jane has spoken to her mistress to-night that she sees she cannot please us and will look out to provide herself elsewhere, which do trouble both of us, and we wonder also at her, but yet when the rogue is gone I do not fear but the wench will do well. To the office a little, to set down my Journall, and so home late to supper and to bed. The Queen mends apace, they say; but yet talks idle still.

30th. Lay long in bed with my wife, and then up and a while at my office, and so to the Change, and so [home] again, and there I found my wife in a great passion with her mayds. I upstairs to set some things in order in our chamber and wardrobe, and so to dinner upon a good dish of stewed beef, then up again about my business. Then by coach with my wife to the New Exchange, and there bought and paid for several things, and then back, calling at my periwigg-makers, and there showed my wife the periwigg made for me, and she likes it very well, and so to my brother's, and to buy a pair of boddice for her, and so home, and to my office late, and then home to my wife, purposing to go on to a new lesson in arithmetique with her. So to supper and to bed. The Queen mends apace, but her head still light. My mind very heavy thinking of my great layings out lately, and what they must still be for clothes, but I hope it is in order to getting of something the more by it, for I perceive how I have hitherto suffered for lack of going as becomes my place. After a little discourse with my wife upon arithmetique, to bed.

31st. Up and to the office, where we sat all the morning, and at noon home to dinner, where Creed came and dined with me, and after dinner he and I upstairs, and I showed him my velvet cloake and other things of clothes, that I have lately bought, which he likes very well, and I took his opinion as to some things of clothes, which I purpose to wear, being resolved to go a little handsomer than I have hitherto. Thence to the office, where busy till night, and then to prepare my monthly account, about which I staid till 10 or 11 o'clock at night, and to my great sorrow find

myself £43 worse than I was the last month, which was then £760, and now it is but £717. But it hath chiefly arisen from my layings-out in clothes for myself and wife; viz., for her about £12, and for myself £55, or thereabouts; having made myself a velvet cloake, two new cloth suits, black, plain both; a new shagg gowne,[1] trimmed with gold buttons and twist, with a new hat, and silk tops for my legs, and many other things, being resolved henceforward to go like myself. And also two perriwiggs, one whereof costs me £3, and the other 40*s*. I have worn neither yet, but will begin next week, God willing. So that I hope I shall not need now to lay out more money a great while, I having laid out in clothes for myself and wife, and for her closett and other things without, these two months, this and the last, besides household expenses of victuals, &c., above £110. But I hope I shall with more comfort labour to get more, and with better successe than when, for want of clothes, I was forced to sneake like a beggar. Having done this I went home, and after supper to bed, my mind being eased in knowing my condition, though troubled to think that I have been forced to spend so much.

Thus I end this month worth £717, or thereabouts, with a good deal of good goods more than I had, and a great deal of new and good clothes. My greatest trouble and my wife's is our family, mighty out of order by this fellow Will's corrupting the mayds by his idle talke and carriage, which we are going to remove by hastening him out of the house, which his uncle Blackburne is upon doing, and I am to give him £20 per annum toward his maintenance. The Queene continues light-headed, but in hopes to recover. The plague is much in Amsterdam, and we in fears of it here, which God defend.[2] The Turke goes on mightily in the Emperor's dominions, and the Princes cannot agree among themselves how to go against him. Myself in pretty good health now, after being ill this month for a week together, but cannot yet come to . . . well, being so costive, but for

[1] Shag was a stuff similar to plush. In 1703 a youth who was missing is described in an advertisment as wearing "red shag breeches, striped with black stripes" (Planché's "Cyclopædia of Costume").

[2] Defend is used in the sense of forbid. It is a Gallicism from the French "défendre."

this month almost I have not had a good natural stool, but to this hour am forced to take physic every night, which brings me neither but one stool, and that in the morning as soon as I am up, all the rest of the day very costive. My father has been very ill in the country, but I hope better again now. I am lately come to a conclusion with Tom Trice to pay him £100, which is a great deale of money, but I hope it will save a great deale more. But thus everything lessens, which I have and am like to have, and therefore I must look about me to get something more than just my salary, or else I may resolve to live well and die a beggar.

November 1st (Lord's day). This morning my brother's man brought me a new black baize waistecoate, faced with silke, which I put on from this day, laying by half-shirts for this winter. He brought me also my new gowne of purple shagg, trimmed with gold, very handsome; he also brought me as a gift from my brother, a velvet hat, very fine to ride in, and the fashion, which pleases me very well, to which end, I believe, he sent it me, for he knows I had lately been angry with him. Up and to church with my wife, and at noon dined at home alone, a good calves head boiled and dumplings, an excellent dinner methought it was. Then to church again, whither Sir W. Pen came, the first time he has been at church these several months, he having been sicke all the while. Home and to my office, where I taught my wife some part of subtraction, and then fell myself to set some papers of my last night's accounts in order, and so to supper home, and after supper another bout at arithmetique with my wife, and then to my office again and made an end of my papers, and so home to prayers, and then to read my vowes, and to bed.

2nd. Up, and by coach to White Hall, and there in the long Matted Gallery I find Sir G. Carteret, Sir J. Minnes, and Sir W. Batten; and by and by comes the King to walk there with three or four with him; and soon as he saw us, says he, "Here is the Navy Office," and there walked twenty turns the length of the gallery, talking, methought, but ordinary talke. By and by came the Duke, and he walked, and at last they went into the Duke's lodgings. The King staid so long that we could not discourse with the Duke,

and so we parted. I heard the Duke say that he was going to wear a perriwigg; and they say the King also will. I never till this day observed that the King is mighty gray. Thence, meeting with Creed, walked with him to Westminster Hall, and thence by coach took up Mrs. Hunt, and carried her towards my house, and we light at the 'Change, and sent her to my house. Creed and I to the Coffee-house, and then to the 'Change, and so home, and carried a barrel of oysters with us, and so to dinner, and after a good dinner left Mrs. Hunt and my wife making marmalett of quinces, and Creed and I to the perriwigg makers, but it being dark concluded of nothing, and so Creed went away, and I with Sir W. Pen, who spied me in the street, in his coach home. There found them busy still, and I up to my vyall. Anon, the comfiture being well done, my wife and I took Mrs. Hunt at almost 9 at night by coach and carried Mrs. Hunt home, and did give her a box of sugar and a haunch of venison given me by my Lady the other day. We did not 'light, but saw her within doors, and straight home, where after supper there happening some discourse where my wife thought she had taken Jane in a lie, she told me of it mighty triumphantly, but I, not seeing reason to conclude it a lie, was vexed, and my wife and I to very high words, wherein I up to my chamber, and she by and by followed me up, and to very bad words from her to me, calling me perfidious and man of no conscience, whatever I pretend to, and I know not what, which troubled me mightily, and though I would allow something to her passion, yet I see again and again that she spoke but somewhat of what she had in her heart. But I tempered myself very well, so as that though we went to bed with discontent she yielded to me and began to be fond, so that being willing myself to peace, we did before we sleep become very good friends, it being past 12 o'clock, and so with good hearts and joy to rest.

3rd. Up and to the office, where busy all the morning, and at noon to the Coffee-house, and there heard a long and most passionate discourse between two doctors of physique, of which one was Dr. Allen,[1] whom I knew at Cambridge,

[1] Thomas Allen was matriculated a pensioner of Trinity College, Cambridge, in December, 1648, but migrated to Caius College, of

and a couple of apothecarys; these maintaining chymistry against their Galenicall physique; and the truth is, one of the apothecarys whom they charged most, did speak very prettily, that is, his language and sense good, though perhaps he might not be so knowing a physician as to offer to contest with them. At last they came to some cooler terms, and broke up. I home, and there Mr. Moore coming by my appointment dined with me, and after dinner came Mr. Goldsborough, and we discoursed about the business of his mother, but could come to no agreement in it but parted dissatisfied. By and by comes Chapman, the periwigg-maker, and upon my liking it, without more ado I went up, and there he cut off my haire, which went a little to my heart at present to part with it; but, it being over, and my periwigg on, I paid him £3 for it; and away went he with my owne haire to make up another of, and I by and by, after I had caused all my mayds to look upon it; and they conclude it do become me; though Jane was mightily troubled for my parting of my own haire, and so was Besse, I went abroad to the Coffee-house, and coming back went to Sir W. Pen and there sat with him and Captain Cocke till late at night, Cocke talking of some of the Roman history very well, he having a good memory. Sir W. Pen observed mightily, and discoursed much upon my cutting off my haire, as he do of every thing that concerns me, but it is over, and so I perceive after a day or two it will be no great matter.

4th. Up and to my office, shewing myself to Sir W. Batten, and Sir J. Minnes, and no great matter made of my periwigg, as I was afeard there would be. Among other things there came to me Shales [1] of Portsmouth, by my order, and I began to discourse with him about the arrears of stores belonging to the Victualling Office there, and by his discourse I am in some hopes that if I can get a grant from the King of such a part of all I discover I may chance to

which he became a Fellow. He proceeded Bachelor of Medicine, 1654; Doctor of Medicine, 1659. He was admitted a Candidate of the College of Physicians, September 30th, 1659, and a Fellow, 1671. Dr. Allen was physician to Bethlehem Hospital, and died of dropsy in 1684 (Munk's "Roll of the Royal College of Physicians").

[1] Captain John Shales. — B.

find a way to get something by the by, which do greatly please me the very thoughts of. Home to dinner, and very pleasant with my wife, who is this day also herself making of marmalett of quince, which she now do very well herself. I left her at it and by coach I to the New Exchange and several places to buy and bring home things, among others a case I bought of the trunk maker's for my periwigg, and so home and to my office late, and among other things wrote a letter to Will's uncle to hasten his removal from me, and so home to supper and to bed. This morning Captain Cocke did give me a good account of the Guinny trade. The Queen is in a great way to recovery. This noon came John Angier to me in a pickle, I was sad to see him, desiring my good word for him to go a trooper to Tangier, but I did schoole him and sent him away with good advice, but no present encouragement. Presently after I had a letter from his poor father at Cambridge, who is broke, it seems, and desires me to get him a protection, or a place of employment; but, poor man, I doubt I can helpe him, but will endeavour it.

5th. Lay long in bed, then up, called by Captain Cocke about business of a contract of his for some Tarre, and so to the office, and then to Sir W. Pen and there talked, and he being gone came Sir W. Warren and discoursed about our business with Field, and at noon by agreement to the Miter to dinner upon T. Trice's 40*s*., to be spent upon our late agreement. Here was a very poor dinner and great company. All our lawyers on both sides, and several friends of his and some of mine brought by him, viz., Mr. Moore, uncle Wight, Dr. Williams, and my cozen Angier, that lives here in town, who after dinner carried me aside and showed me a letter from his poor brother at Cambridge to me of the same contents with that yesterday to me desiring help from me. Here I was among a sorry company without any content or pleasure, and at the last the reckoning coming to above 40*s*. by 15*s*., he would have me pay the 10*s*. and he would pay the 5*s*., which was so poor that I was ashamed of it, and did it only to save contending with him. There, after agreeing a day for him and I to meet and seal our agreement, I parted and home, and at the office by agreement came Mr. Shales, and there he and I discourse till late

the business of his helping me in the discovery of some arrears of provisions and stores due to the stores at Portsmouth, out of which I may chance to get some money, and save the King some too, and therefore I shall endeavour to do the fellow some right in other things here to his advantage between Mr. Gauden and him. He gone my wife and I to her arithmetique, in which she pleases me well, and so to the office, there set down my Journall, and so home to supper and to bed. A little troubled to see how my family is out of order by Will's being there, and also to hear that Jane do not please my wife as I expected and would have wished.

6th. This morning waking, my wife was mighty earnest with me to persuade me that she should prove with child since last night, which, if it be, let it come, and welcome. Up to my office, whither Commissioner Pett came, newly come out of the country, and he and I walked together in the garden talking of business a great while, and I perceive that by our countenancing of him he do begin to pluck up his head, and will do good things I hope in the yard. Thence, he being gone, to my office and there dispatched many people, and at noon to the 'Change to the coffee-house, and among other things heard Sir John Cutler say, that of his owne experience in time of thunder, so many barrels of beer as have a piece of iron laid upon them will not be soured, and the others will. Thence to the 'Change, and there discoursed with many people, and I hope to settle again to my business and revive my report of following of business, which by my being taken off for awhile by sickness and laying out of money has slackened for a little while. Home, and there found Mrs. Hunt, who dined very merry, good woman, with us. After dinner came in Captain Grove, and he and I alone to talk of many things, and among many others of the Fishery, in which he gives me such hopes that being at this time full of projects how to get a little honestly, of which some of them I trust in God will take, I resolved this afternoon to go and consult my Lord Sandwich about it, and so, being to carry home Mrs. Hunt, I took her and my wife by coach and set them at Axe Yard, and I to my Lord's and thither sent for Creed and discoursed with him about it, and he and I to White

Hall, where Sir G. Carteret and my Lord met me very fortunately, and wondered first to see me in my perruque, and I am glad it is over, and then, Sir G. Carteret being gone, I took my Lord aside, who do give me the best advice he can, and telling me how there are some projectors, by name Sir Edward Ford,[1] who would have the making of farthings, and out of that give so much to the King for the maintenance of the Fishery; but my Lord do not like that, but would have it go as they offered the last year, and so upon my desire he promises me when it is seasonable to bring me into the commission with others, if any of them take, and I perceive he and Mr. Coventry are resolved to follow it hard. Thence, after walking a good while in the Long gallery, home to my Lord's lodging, my Lord telling me how my father did desire him to speak to me about my giving of my sister something, which do vex me to see that he should trouble my Lord in it, but however it is a good occasion for me to tell my Lord my condition, and so I was glad of it. After that we begun to talk of the Court, and he tells me how Mr. Edward Montagu begins to show respect to him again after his endeavouring to bespatter him all was possible; but he is resolved never to admit him into his friendship again. He tells me how he and Sir H. Bennet, the Duke of Buckingham and his Duchesse,[2] was of a committee with somebody else for the getting of Mrs. Stewart for the King; but that she proves a cunning slut, and is advised at Somerset House by the Queene-Mother, and by her mother,[3] and so all the plot is spoiled and the whole committee broke. Mr. Montagu and the Duke of Buckingham fallen a-pieces, the Duchesse going to a nunnery; and so Montagu begins to enter friendship with

[1] Sir Edward Ford, son of Sir William Ford of Harting, born at Up Park in 1605. "After the Restoration he invented a mode of coining farthings. Each piece was to differ minutely from another to prevent forgery. He failed in procuring a patent for these in England, but obtained one for Ireland. He died in Ireland before he could carry his design into execution, on September 3rd, 1670" ("Dictionary of National Biography").

[2] Mary, daughter of Thomas, Lord Fairfax, married to the Duke of Buckingham in 1657. She died November, 1705, aged sixty-six, and was buried in Henry VII.'s Chapel, Westminster Abbey.

[3] Mrs. Walter Stewart.

my Lord, and to attend the Chancellor whom he had deserted. My Lord tells me that Mr. Montagu, among other things, did endeavour to represent him to the Chancellor's sons as one that did desert their father in the business of my Lord of Bristoll; which is most false, being the only man that hath several times dined with him when no soul hath come to him, and went with him that very day home when the Earl impeached him in the Parliament House, and hath refused ever to pay a visit to my Lord of Bristoll, not so much as in return to a visit of his. So that the Chancellor and my Lord are well known and trusted one by another. But yet my Lord blames the Chancellor for desiring to have it put off to the next Session of Parliament, contrary to my Lord Treasurer's advice, to whom he swore he would not do it: and, perhaps, my Lord Chancellor, for aught I see by my Lord's discourse, may suffer by it when the Parliament comes to sit. My Lord tells me that he observes the Duke of York do follow and understand business very well, and is mightily improved thereby. Here Mr. Pagett coming in I left my Lord and him, and thence I called my wife and her maid Jane and by coach home and to my office, where late writing some things against to-morrow, and so home to supper and to bed. This morning Mr. Blackburne came to me to let me know that he had got a lodging very commodious for his kinsman, and so he is ready at my pleasure to go when I would bid him, and so I told him that I would in a day or two send to speak with him and he and I would talk and advise Will what to do, of which I am very glad.

7th. Up and to the office, where we sat all the morning, and Sir W. Pen and I had a word or two, where by opposing him in not being willing to excuse a mulct put upon the purser of the James, absent from duty, he says, by his business and order, he was mighty angry, and went out of the office like an asse discontented. At which I am never a whit sorry; I would not have [him] think that I dare not oppose him, where I see reason and cause for it. Home to dinner, and then by coach abroad about several businesses to several places, among others to Westminster Hall, where, seeing Howlett's daughter going out of the other end of the Hall, I followed her if I would to have offered

talk to her and dallied with her a little, but I could not overtake her. Then calling at Unthank's for something of my wife's not done, a pretty little gentlewoman, a lodger there, came out to tell me that it was not yet done, which though it vexed me yet I took opportunity of taking her by the hand with the boot, and so found matter to talk a little the longer to her, but I was ready to laugh at myself to see how my anger would not operate, my disappointment coming to me by such a messenger. Thence to Doctors' Commons and there consulted Dr. Turner about some differences we have with the officers of the East India ships about goods brought by them without paying freight, which we demand of them. So home to my office, and there late writing letters, and so home to supper and to bed, having got a scurvy cold by lying cold in my head the last night. This day Captain Taylor[1] brought me a piece of plate, a little small state dish, he expecting that I should get him some allowance for demorage[2] of his ship "William," kept long at Tangier, which I shall and may justly do.

8th (Lord's day). Up, and it being late, to church without my wife, and there I saw Pembleton come into the church and bring his wife with him, a good comely plain woman, and by and by my wife came after me all alone, which I was a little vexed at. I found that my coming in a perriwigg did not prove so strange to the world as I was

[1] Silas Taylor, described by A. Wood as *alias* Domville, was a native of Shropshire, and educated at Oxford, and became a captain in the Parliament forces. Subsequently to the Restoration he was appointed Commissary of Ammunition at Dunkirk, and in 1665 made Keeper of the King's Stores at Harwich. He died November 4th, 1668. He was an able antiquary, and left materials for a history of Herefordshire and of Harwich. There is a MS. by Silas Taylor in the British Museum (Addit. MSS., 4910). It formerly belonged to Sir John Hawkins, who describes Taylor as well skilled in music, and a composer of two anthems, which pleased the king. (See Hawkins's "Hist. of Music," vol. iv., p. 330, and Wood's "Athenæ.") Taylor published a treatise on Gavelkind in 1663. — B. Aubrey gave an account of Taylor in his "Lives of Eminent Men."

[2] Demurrage "is the compensation due to a shipowner from a freighter for unduly delaying his vessel in port beyond the time specified in the charter-party or bill of lading. It is in fact an extended freight. A ship unjustly detained as a prize is entitled to 'demurrage.'" — Smyth's *Sailor's Word-Book*, 1867.

afeard it would, for I thought that all the church would presently have cast their eyes all upon me, but I found no such thing. Here an ordinary lazy sermon of Mr. Mill's, and then home to dinner, and there Tom came and dined with us; and after dinner to talk about a new black cloth suit that I have a making, and so at church time to church again, where the Scott preached, and I slept most of the time. Thence home, and I spent most of the evening upon Fuller's "Church History" and Barckly's "Argeny,"[1] and so after supper to prayers and to bed, a little fearing my pain coming back again, myself continuing as costive as ever, and my physic ended, but I had sent a porter to-day for more and it was brought me before I went to bed, and so with pretty good content to bed.

9th. Up and found myself very well, and so by coach to White Hall and there met all my fellow officers, and so to the Duke, where, when we came into his closett, he told us that Mr. Pepys was so altered with his new perriwigg that he did not know him. So to our discourse, and among and above other things we were taken up in talking upon Sir J. Lawson's coming home, he being come to Portsmouth; and Captain Berkely[2] is come to towne with a letter from the Duana of Algier to the King, wherein they do demand again the searching of our ships and taking out of strangers, and

[1] John Barclay (1582–1621), author of the admirable and once popular romance "Argenis." It is not to the credit of the readers of the present day that the book is now almost forgotten.

[2] William Berkeley (1639–1666), third son of Sir Charles Berkeley of Bruton, second Viscount Fitzharding in the Irish peerage, and younger brother of Charles, Earl of Falmouth. He shared with his brother the favour of the Duke of York. He was Lieutenant of the "Swiftsure," 1662; Captain of the "Bonaventure" in the same year; Captain of the "Bristol," 1663; Captain of the "Resolution," 1664. Knighted October 12th, 1664, and in the following year appointed Rear-Admiral of the Red Squadron, of which Lawson was Vice-Admiral; Lieutenant-Governor of the Town and Garrison of Portsmouth. He was killed in the engagement with the Dutch, June 3rd, 1666. The entry in the Burial Register of Westminster Abbey, August, 1666, runs as follows: "Sir William Bartly, who died honorably in his Majesty's service at sea, and was imbalmed by the Hollanders (who had taken his body with the ship wherein he was slain) and sent over by them into England at the request and charges of his relations, was buried in the North isle of the monuments near the door opening thereto" (Chester's "Westminster Abbey Registers," p. 164).

their goods; and that what English ships are taken without the Duke's pass they will detain (though it be flat contrary to the words of the peace) as prizes, till they do hear from our King, which they advise him may be speedy. And this they did the very next day after they had received with great joy the Grand Seignor's confirmation of the Peace from Constantinople by Captain Berkely; so that there is no command nor certainty to be had of these people. The King is resolved to send his will by a fleete of ships; and it is thought best and speediest to send these very ships that are now come home, five sail of good ships, back again after cleaning, victualling, and paying them. But it is a pleasant thing to think how their Basha, Shavan Aga, did tear his hair to see the soldiers order things thus; for (just like his late predecessor) when they see the evil of war with England, then for certain they complain to the Grand Seignor of him, and cut his head off: this he is sure of, and knows as certain. Thence to Westminster Hall, where I met with Mr. Pierce, chyrurgeon; and among other things he asked me seriously whether I knew anything of my Lord's being out of favour with the King; and told me, that for certain the King do take mighty notice of my Lord's living obscurely in a corner not like himself, and becoming the honour that he is come to. I was sorry to hear, and the truth is, from my Lord's discourse among his people (which I am told) of the uncertainty of princes' favours, and his melancholy keeping from Court, I am doubtful of some such thing; but I seemed wholly strange to him in it, but will make my use of it. He told me also how loose the Court is, nobody looking after business, but every man his lust and gain; and how the King is now become besotted upon Mrs. Stewart, that he gets into corners, and will be with her half an houre together kissing her to the observation of all the world; and she now stays by herself and expects it, as my Lady Castlemaine did use to do; to whom the King, he says, is still kind, so as now and then he goes to have a chat with her as he believes; but with no such fondness as he used to do. But yet it is thought that this new wench is so subtle, that she lets him not do any thing than is safe to her, but yet his doting is so great that, Pierce tells me, it is verily thought if the Queene had died, he would have

married her. The Duke of Monmouth is to have part of the Cockpitt new built for lodgings for him, and they say to be made Captain of the Guards in the room of my Lord Gerard. Having thus talked with him, there comes into the Hall Creed and Ned Pickering, and after a turne or two with them, it being noon, I walked with them two to the King's Head ordinary, and there we dined; little discourse but what was common, only that the Duke of Yorke is a very desperate huntsman, but I was ashamed of Pickering, who could not forbear having up my Lord Sandwich now and then in the most paltry matters abominable. Thence I took leave of them, and so having taken up something at my wife's tailor's, I home by coach and there to my office, whither Shales came and I had much discourse with him about the business of the victualling, and thence in the evening to the Coffee-house, and there sat till by and by, by appointment Will brought me word that his uncle Blackburne was ready to speak with me. So I went down to him, and he and I to a taverne hard by, and there I begun to speak to Will friendlily, advising him how to carry himself now he is going from under my roof, without any reflections upon the occasion from whence his removal arose. This his uncle seconded, and after laying down to him his duty to me, and what I expect of him, in a discourse of about a quarter of an houre or more, we agreed upon his going this week, towards the latter [end] of the week, and so dismissed him, and Mr. Blackburne and I fell to talk of many things, wherein I did speak so freely to him in many things agreeing with his sense that he was very open to me: first, in that of religion, he makes it great matter of prudence for the King and Council to suffer liberty of conscience; and imputes the losse of Hungary to the Turke from the Emperor's denying them this liberty of their religion. He says that many pious ministers of the word of God, some thousands of them, do now beg their bread: and told me how highly the present clergy carry themselves every where, so as that they are hated and laughed at by every body; among other things, for their excommunications, which they send upon the least occasions almost that can be. And I am convinced in my judgment, not only from his discourse, but my thoughts in general, that the present clergy will

never heartily go down with the generality of the commons of England; they have been so used to liberty and freedom, and they are so acquainted with the pride and debauchery of the present clergy. He did give me many stories of the affronts which the clergy receive in all places of England from the gentry and ordinary persons of the parish. He do tell me what the City thinks of General Monk, as of a most perfidious man that hath betrayed every body, and the King also; who, as he thinks, and his party, and so I have heard other good friends of the King say, it might have been better for the King to have had his hands a little bound for the present, than be forced to bring such a crew of poor people about him, and be liable to satisfy the demands of every one of them. He told me that to his knowledge (being present at every meeting at the Treaty at the Isle of Wight), that the old King did confess himself over-ruled and convinced in his judgement against the Bishopps, and would have suffered and did agree to exclude the service out of the churches, nay his own chappell; and that he did always say, that this he did not by force, for that he would never abate one inch by any vyolence; but what he did was out of his reason and judgement. He tells me that the King by name, with all his dignities, is prayed for by them that they call Fanatiques, as heartily and powerfully as in any of the other churches that are thought better: and that, let the King think what he will, it is them that must helpe him in the day of warr. For as they are the most, so generally they are the most substantiall sort of people, and the soberest; and did desire me to observe it to my Lord Sandwich, among other things, that of all the old army now you cannot see a man begging about the street; but what? You shall have this captain turned a shoemaker; the lieutenant, a baker; this a brewer; that a haberdasher; this common soldier, a porter; and every man in his apron and frock, &c., as if they never had done anything else: whereas the others go with their belts and swords, swearing and cursing, and stealing; running into people's houses, by force oftentimes, to carry away something; and this is the difference between the temper of one and the other; and concludes (and I think with some reason) that the spirits of the old parliament soldiers are so quiett and contented

with God's providences, that the King is safer from any evil meant him by them one thousand times more than from his own discontented Cavalier. And then to the publique management of business: it is done, as he observes, so loosely and so carelessly, that the kingdom can never be happy with it, every man looking after himself, and his owne lust and luxury; among other things he instanced in the business of money, he do believe that half of what money the Parliament gives the King is not so much as gathered. And to the purpose he told me how the Bellamys (who had some of the Northern counties assigned them for their debt for the petty warrant victualling) have often complained to him that they cannot get it collected, for that nobody minds, or, if they do, they won't pay it in. Whereas (which is a very remarkable thing,) he hath been told by some of the Treasurers at Warr here of late, to whom the most of the £120,000 monthly was paid, that for most months the payments were gathered so duly, that they seldom had so much or more than 40*s*., or the like, short in the whole collection; whereas now the very Commissioners for Assessments and other publique payments are such persons, and those that they choose in the country so like themselves, that from top to bottom there is not a man carefull of any thing, or if he be, he is not solvent; that what between the beggar and the knave, the King is abused the best part of all his revenue. From thence we began to talk of the Navy, and particularly of Sir W. Pen, of whose rise to be a general I had a mind to be informed. He told me he was always a conceited man, and one that would put the best side outward, but that it was his pretence of sanctity that brought him into play. Lawson, and Portman, and the Fifth-monarchy men, among whom he was a great brother, importuned that he might be general; and it was pleasant to see how Blackburne himself did act it, how when the Commissioners of the Admiralty would enquire of the captains and admirals of such and such men, how they would with a sigh and casting up the eyes say, "Such a man fears the Lord," or, "I hope such a man hath the Spirit of God," and such things as that. But he tells me that there was a cruel articling against Pen after one fight, for cowardice, in putting himself within a coyle of cables, of which he had much ado to acquit himself: and

by great friends did it, not without remains of guilt, but that his brethren had a mind to pass it by, and Sir H. Vane did advise him to search his heart, and see whether this fault or a greater sin was not the occasion of this so great tryall. And he tells me, that what Pen gives out about Cromwell's sending and entreating him to go to Jamaica, is very false; he knows the contrary: besides, the Protector never was a man that needed to send for any man, specially such a one as he, twice. He tells me that the business of Jamaica did miscarry absolutely by his pride, and that when he was in the Tower he would cry like a child. This he says of his own personal knowledge, and lastly tells me that just upon the turne, when Monk was come from the North to the City, and did begin to think of bringing in the King, Pen was then turned Quaker.[1] This he is most certain of. He tells me that Lawson was never counted any thing but only a seaman, and a stout man, but a false man, and that now he appears the greatest hypocrite in the world. And Pen the same. He tells me that it is much talked of, that the King intends to legitimate the Duke of Monmouth; and that he has not, nor his friends of his persuasion, have any hopes of getting their consciences at liberty but by God Almighty's turning of the King's heart, which they expect, and are resolved to live and die in quiett hopes of it; but never to repine, or act any thing more than by prayers towards it. And that not only himself but all of them have, and are willing at any time to take the oaths of Allegiance and Supremacy. Thus far, and upon many more things, we had discoursed when some persons in a room hard by began to sing in three parts very finely and to play upon a flagilette so pleasantly that my discourse afterwards was but troublesome, and I could not attend it, and so, anon, considering of a sudden the time of night, we found it 11 o'clock, which I thought it had not been by two hours, but we were close in talk, and so we rose, he having drunk some wine and I some beer and sugar, and so by a fair moonshine home and to bed, my wife troubled with tooth ache. Mr. Blackburne observed further to me, some certain notice that he

[1] There does not appear to be the slightest ground for connecting Sir William Penn with Quakerism, and all this random talk of Mr. Blackburn should be received with some incredulity.

had of the present plot so much talked of; that he was told by Mr. Rushworth,[1] how one Captain Oates,[2] a great discoverer, did employ several to bring and seduce others into a plot, and that one of his agents met with one that would not listen to him, nor conceal what he had offered him, but so detected the trapan. This, he says, is most true. He also, among other instances how the King is served, did much insist upon the cowardice and corruption of the King's guards and militia, which to be sure will fail the King, as they have done already, when there will be occasion for them.

10th. Up and to the office, where we sat till noon, and then to the Exchange, where spoke with several and had my head casting about how to get a penny and I hope I shall, and then home, and there Mr. Moore by appointment dined with me, and after dinner all the afternoon till night drawing a bond and release against to-morrow for T. Trice, and I to come to a conclusion in which I proceed with great fear and jealousy, knowing him to be a rogue and one that I fear has at this time got too great a hank[3] over me by the neglect of my lawyers. But among other things I am come to an end with Mr. Moore for a £32, a good while lying in my hand of my Lord Privy Seal's which he for the odd £7 do give me a bond to secure me against, and so I got £25

[1] John Rushworth, born about 1607, clerk assistant to the House of Commons, 1640, and author of the "Historical Collections." He died in the King's Bench Prison, May 12th, 1690.

[2] Captain Thomas Oates of Morley, an old officer in the Parliamentary army. He and his son Ralph Oates head the list of the leaders of the Farneley Wood Plot (see *ante*, October 24th). It is strange that Pepys should call Captain Oates, "a great discoverer," a description specially appropriate to Titus Oates, but at this date the latter was only twelve years of age. Lord Braybrooke wrote, "The 'great Discoverer who did employ several to bring and seduce others into a plot,' was probably a Major Greathead, a Commonwealth officer, whom Oliver Heywood, in his Diaries, calls 'that perfidious wretch, guilty of so much blood in the plot business'—a severity of expression in which he did not often allow himself to indulge."

[3] A hold—

> "For if you side for love or money,
> With crowns that have so oft undone ye,
> The dev'l will get a hank upon ye."

Hudibras Redivivus, part vi., 1706 (quoted in Nares's "Glossary").

clear. Then, he being gone, to the office and there late setting down yesterday's remarkable discourses, and so home and to supper late, and to bed. The Queene, I hear, is now very well again, and that she hath bespoke herself a new gowne.

11th. Up and to my office all the morning, and at noon to the Coffee-house, where with Dr. Allen some good discourse about physique and chymistry. And among other things, I telling him what Dribble[1] the German Doctor do offer of an instrument to sink ships; he tells me that which is more strange, that something made of gold, which they call in chymistry *Aurum fulminans*, a grain, I think he said, of it put into a silver spoon and fired, will give a blow like a musquett, and strike a hole through the spoon downward, without the least force upward; and this he can make a cheaper experiment of, he says, with iron prepared. Thence to the 'Change, and being put off a meeting with T. Trice, he not coming, I home to dinner, and after dinner by coach with my wife to my periwigg maker's for my second periwigg, but it is not done, and so, calling at a place or two, home, and there to my office, and there taught my wife a new lesson in arithmetique and so sent her home, and I to several businesses; and so home to supper and to bed, being mightily troubled with a cold in my stomach and head, with a great pain by coughing.

12th. Lay long in bed, indeed too long, divers people and the officers staying for me. My cozën Thomas Pepys the executor being below, and I went to him and stated reckonings about our debt, for his payments of money to my uncle Thomas heretofore by the Captain's orders. I did not pay him but will soon do it if I can. To the office and there all the morning, where Sir W. Pen, like a coxcomb, was so ready to cross me in a motion I made unawares for the entering a man at Chatham into the works, wherein I was vexed to see his spleene, but glad to understand it, and that it was in no greater a matter, I being not at all concerned here. To the 'Change and did several businesses there and so home with Mr. Moore to dinner, my wife having dined, with Mr. Hollyard with her to-day,

[1] For note on Cornelius van Drebbel, see *ante*, March 14th, 1661–62. (note).

he being come to advise her about her hollow sore place. After dinner Mr. Moore and I discoursing of my Lord's negligence in attendance at Court, and the discourse the world makes of it, with the too great reason that I believe there is for it; I resolved and took coach to his lodgings, thinking to speak with my Lord about it without more ado. Here I met Mr. Howe, and he and I largely about it, and he very soberly acquainted me how things are with my Lord, that my Lord do not do anything like himself, but follows his folly, and spends his time either at cards at Court with the ladies, when he is there at all, or else at Chelsy with the slut to his great disgrace, and indeed I do see and believe that my Lord do apprehend that he do grow less too at Court. Anon my Lord do come in, and I begun to fall in discourse with him, but my heart did misgive me that my Lord would not take it well, and then found him not in a humour to talk, and so after a few ordinary words, my Lord not talking in the manner as he uses to do, I took leave, and spent some time with W. Howe again, and told him how I could not do what I had so great a mind and resolution to do, but that I thought it would be as well to do it in writing, which he approves of, and so I took leave of him, and by coach home, my mind being full of it, and in pain concerning it. So to my office busy very late, the nights running on faster than one thinks, and so to supper and to bed.

13th. Up and to my office, busy all the morning with Commissioner Pett; at noon I to the Exchange, and meeting Shales, he and I to the Coffee-house and there talked of our victualling matters, which I fear will come to little. However I will go on and carry it as far as I can. So home to dinner where I expected Commissioner Pett, and had a good dinner, but he came not. After dinner came my perriwigg-maker, and brings me a second periwigg, made of my own haire, which comes to 21*s.* 6*d.* more than the worth of my own haire, so that they both come to £4 1*s.* 6*d.*, which he sayth will serve me two years, but I fear it. He being gone, I to my office, and put on my new shagg purple gowne, with gold buttons and loop lace, I being a little fearful of taking cold and of pain coming upon me. Here I staid making an end of a troublesome

letter, but to my advantage, against Sir W. Batten, giving Sir G. Carteret an account of our late great contract with Sir W. Warren for masts, wherein I am sure I did the King £600 service. That done home to my wife to take a clyster, which I did, and it wrought very well and brought a great deal of wind, which I perceive is all that do trouble me. After that, about 9 or 10 o'clock, to supper in my wife's chamber, and then about 12 to bed.

14th. Up and to the office, where we sat, and after we had almost done, Sir W. Batten desired to have the room cleared, and there he did acquaint the board how he was obliged to answer to something lately said which did reflect upon the Comptroller and him, and to that purpose told how the bargain for Winter's timber did not prove so bad as I had reported to the board it would. After he had done I cleared the matter that I did not mention the business as a thing designed by me against them, but was led to it by Sir J. Minnes, and that I said nothing but what I was told by Mayers the surveyor as much as by Deane upon whom they laid all the fault, which I must confess did and do still trouble me, for they report him to be a fellow not fit to be employed, when in my conscience he deserves better than any officer in the yard. I thought it not convenient to vindicate him much now, but time will serve when I will do it, and I am bound to do it. I offered to proceed to examine and prove what I said if they please, but Mr. Coventry most discreetly advised not, it being to no purpose, and that he did believe that what I said did not by my manner of speaking it proceed from any design of reproaching them, and so it ended. But my great trouble is for poor Deane. At noon home and dined with my wife, and after dinner Will told me if I pleased he was ready to remove his things, and so before my wife I did give him good counsel, and that his going should not abate my kindnesse for him, if he carried himself well, and so bid "God bless him," and left him to remove his things, the poor lad weeping, but I am apt to think matters will be the better both for him and us. So to the office and there late busy. In the evening Mr. Moore came to tell me that he had no opportunity of speaking his mind to my Lord yesterday, and so I am resolved to write to him very suddenly. So

after my business done I home, I having staid till 12 o'clock at night almost, making an end of a letter to Sir G. Carteret about the late contract for masts, wherein I have done myself right, and no wrong to Sir W. Batten. This night I think is the first that I have lain without ever a man in my house besides myself, since I came to keep any. Will being this night gone to his lodging, and by the way I hear to-day that my boy Waynman has behaved himself so with Mr. Davis that they have got him put into a Barbadoes ship to be sent away, and though he sends to me to get a release for him I will not out of love to the boy, for I doubt to keep him here were to bring him to the gallows.

15th (Lord's day). Lay very long in bed with my wife and then up and to my office there to copy fair my letter to Sir G. Carteret, which I did, and by and by most opportunely a footman of his came to me about other business, and so I sent it him by his own servant. I wish good luck with it. At noon home to dinner, my wife not being up, she lying to expect Mr. Holyard the surgeon. So I dined by myself, and in the afternoon to my office again, and there drew up a letter to my Lord, stating to him what the world talks concerning him, and leaving it to him and myself to be thought of by him as he pleases, but I have done but my duty in it. I wait Mr. Moore's coming for his advice about sending it. So home to supper to my wife, myself finding myself by cold got last night beginning to have some pain, which grieves me much in my mind to see to what a weakness I am come. This day being our Queene's birthday, the guns of the Tower went all off; and in the evening the Lord Mayor sent from church to church to order the constables to cause bonfires to be made in every streete, which methinks is a poor thing to be forced to be commanded. After a good supper with my wife, and hearing of the mayds read in the Bible, we to prayers, and to bed.

16th. Up, and being ready then abroad by coach to White Hall, and there with the Duke, where Mr. Coventry did a second time go to vindicate himself against reports and prove by many testimonies that he brought, that he did nothing but what had been done by the Lord Admiral's secretaries heretofore, though he do not approve of it, nor

since he had any rule from the Duke hath he exceeded what he is there directed to take, and the thing I think is very clear that they always did take and that now he do take less than ever they did heretofore. Thence away, and Sir G. Carteret did call me to him and discourse with me about my letter yesterday, and did seem to take it unkindly that I should doubt of his satisfaction in the bargain of masts, and did promise me that hereafter whatever he do hear to my prejudice he would tell me before he would believe it, and that this was only Sir W. Batten's report in this business, which he says he did ever approve of, in which I know he lies. Thence to my Lord's lodgings thinking to find Mr. Moore, in order to the sending away my letter of reproof to my Lord, but I do not find him, but contrary do find my Lord come to Court, which I am glad to hear and should be more glad to hear that he do follow his business that I may not have occasion to venture upon his good nature by such a provocation as my letter will be to him. So by coach home, to the Exchange, where I talked about several businesses with several people, and so home to dinner with my wife, and then in the afternoon to my office, and there late, and in the evening Mr. Hollyard came, and he and I about our great work to look upon my wife's malady, which he did, and it seems her great conflux of humours, heretofore that did use to swell there, did in breaking leave a hollow which has since gone in further and further, till now it is near three inches deep, but as God will have it do not run into the bodyward, but keeps to the outside of the skin, and so he must be forced to cut it open all along, and which my heart I doubt will not serve for me to see done, and yet she will not have any body else to see it done, no, not her own mayds, and so I must do it, poor wretch, for her. To-morrow night he is to do it. He being gone, I to my office again a little while, and so home to supper and to bed.

17th. Up, and while I am dressing myself, Mr. Deane of Woolwich came to me, and I did tell him what had happened to him last Saturday in the office, but did encourage him to make no matter of it, for that I did not fear but he would in a little time be master of his enemies as much as they think to master him, and so he did tell me many

instances of the abominable dealings of Mr. Pett of Woolwich towards him. So we broke up, and I to the office, where we sat all the forenoon doing several businesses, and at noon I to the 'Change where Mr. Moore came to me, and by and by Tom Trice and my uncle Wight, and so we out to a taverne (the New Exchange taverne over against the 'Change where I never was before, and I found my old playfellow Ben Stanley master of it), and thence to a scrivener to draw up a bond, and to another tavern (the King's Head) we went, and calling on my cozen Angier at the India House there we eat a bit of pork from a cookes together, and after dinner did seal the bond, and I did take up the old bond of my uncle's to my aunt, and here T. Trice before them do own all matters in difference between us is clear as to this business, and that he will in six days give me it under the hand of his attorney that there is no judgment against the bond that may give me any future trouble, and also a copy of their letters of his Administration to Godfrey, as much of it as concerns me to have. All this being done towards night we broke up, and so I home and with Mr. Moore to my office, and there I read to him the letter I have wrote to send to my Lord to give him an account how the world, both city and court, do talk of him and his living as he do there in such a poor and bad house so much to his disgrace. Which Mr. Moore do conclude so well drawn that he would not have me by any means to neglect sending it, assuring me in the best of his judgment that it cannot but endear me to my Lord instead of what I fear of getting his offence, and did offer to take the same words and send them as from him with his hand to him, which I am not unwilling should come (if they are at all fit to go) from any body but myself, and so, he being gone, I did take a copy of it to keep by me in shorthand and sealed them up to send to-morrow by my Will. So home, Mr. Hollyard being come to my wife, and there she being in bed, he and I alone to look again upon her . . . and there he do find that, though it would not be much pain, yet she is so fearful, and the thing will be somewhat painful in the tending, which I shall not be able to look after, but must require a nurse and people about her; so that upon second thoughts he believes that a fomentation will do as well, and

though it will be troublesome yet no pain, and what her mayd will be able to do without knowing directly what it is for, but only that it may be for the piles. For though it be nothing but what is very honest, yet my wife is loth to give occasion of discourse concerning it. By this my mind and my wife's is much eased, for I confess I should have been troubled to have had my wife cut before my face, I could not have borne to have seen it. I had great discourse with him about my disease. He tells me again that I must eat in a morning some loosening gruel, and at night roasted apples, that I must drink now and then ale with my wine, and eat bread and butter and honey, and rye bread if I can endure it, it being loosening. I must also take once a week a clyster of his last prescription, only honey now and then instead of butter, which things I am now resolved to apply myself to. He being gone I to my office again to a little business, and then home to supper and to bed, being in a little pain by drinking of cold small beer to-day and being in a cold room at the Taverne I believe.

18th. Up, and after being ready, and done a little business at the office, I and Mr. Hater by water to Redriffe, and so walked to Deptford, where I have not been a very great while, and there paid off the Milford[1] in very good order, and all respect showed me in the office as much as there used to be to any of the rest or the whole board. That done at noon I took Captain Terne, and there coming in by chance Captain Berkeley, him also to dinner with me to the Globe. Captain Berkeley, who was lately come from Algier, did give us a good account of the place, and how the Basha there do live like a prisoner, being at the mercy of the soldiers and officers, so that there is nothing but a great confusion there. After dinner came Sir W. Batten, and I left him to pay off another ship, and I walked home again reading of a little book of new poems of Cowley's, given me by his brother.[2] Abraham do lie, it seems, very sicke still, but like to recover. At my office till late, and then came Mr.

[1] The "Milford" was a fifth-rate of twenty-two guns, built in 1654 at Wivenhoe by Mr. Page. Its original name was "Faggons" ("Archæologia," vol. xlviii., p. 174).

[2] A small volume by Abraham Cowley, entitled, "Verses lately written upon several occasions," was published at London in 1663.

Hollyard so full of discourse and Latin that I think he hath got a cupp, but I do not know; but full of talke he is in defence of Calvin and Luther. He begun this night the fomentation to my wife, and I hope it will do well with her. He gone, I to the office again a little, and so to bed. This morning I sent Will with my great letter of reproof to my Lord Sandwich, who did give it into his owne hand. I pray God give a blessing to it, but confess I am afeard what the consequence may be to me of good or bad, which is according to the ingenuity that he do receive it with. However, I am satisfied that it will do him good, and that he needs it.

My Lord,

I do verily hope that neither the manner nor matter of this advice will be condemned by your Lordship, when for my defence in the first I shall alledge my double attempt, since your return from Hinchinbroke, of doing it personally, in both of which your Lordship's occasions, no doubtfulnesse of mine, prevented me, and that being now fearful of a sudden summons to Portsmouth, for the discharge of some ships there, I judge it very unbecoming the duty which every bit of bread I eat tells me I owe to your Lordship to expose the safety of your honour to the uncertainty of my return. For the matter, my Lord, it is such as could I in any measure think safe to conceal from, or likely to be discovered to you by any other hand, I should not have dared so far to owne what from my heart I believe is false, as to make myself but the relater of other's discourse; but, sir, your Lordship's honour being such as I ought to value it to be, and finding both in city and court that discourses pass to your prejudice, too generally for mine or any man's controllings but your Lordship's, I shall, my Lord, without the least greatening or lessening the matter, do my duty in laying it shortly before you.

People of all conditions, my Lord, raise matter of wonder from your Lordship's so little appearance at Court: some concluding thence their disfavour thereby, to which purpose I have had questions asked me, and endeavouring to put off such insinuations by asserting the contrary, they have replied, that your Lordship's living so beneath your

quality, out of the way, and declining of Court attendance, hath been more than once discoursed about the King. Others, my Lord, when the chief ministers of State, and those most active of the Council have been reckoned up, wherein your Lordship never used to want an eminent place, have said, touching your Lordship, that now your turn was served, and the King had given you a good estate, you left him to stand or fall as he would, and, particularly in that of the Navy, have enlarged upon your letting fall all service there.

Another sort, and those the most, insist upon the bad report of the house wherein your Lordship, now observed in perfect health again, continues to sojourne, and by name have charged one of the daughters for a common courtizan, alledging both places and persons where and with whom she hath been too well known, and how much her wantonnesse occasions, though unjustly, scandal to your Lordship, and that as well to gratifying of some enemies as to the wounding of more friends I am not able to tell.

Lastly, my Lord, I find a general coldness in all persons towards your Lordship, such as, from my first dependence on you, I never yet knew, wherein I shall not offer to interpose any thoughts or advice of mine, well knowing your Lordship needs not any. But with a most faithful assurance that no person nor papers under Heaven is privy to what I here write,[1] besides myself and this, which I shall be careful to have put into your owne hands, I rest confident of your Lordship's just construction of my dutifull intents herein, and in all humility take leave, may it please your Lordship,

Your Lordship's most obedient Servant,
S. P.

The foregoing letter was sealed up, and enclosed in this that follows: —

My Lord,

If this finds your Lordship either not alone, or not at leisure, I beg the suspending your opening of the enclosed

[1] Pepys tells us on the 17th inst. that he had read the letter over to Mr. Moore.

till you shall have both, the matter very well bearing such a delay, and in all humility remain, may it please your Lordship,

Your Lordship's most obedient Servant,

S. P.

November 17, 1663.

My servant hath my directions to put this into your Lordship's owne hand, but not to stay for any answer.

19th. Up, and to the office, where (Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten being gone this morning to Portsmouth) the rest of us met, and rode at noon. So I to the 'Change, where little business, and so home to dinner, and being at dinner Mr. Creed in and dined with us, and after dinner Mr. Gentleman, my Jane's father,[1] to see us and her. And after a little stay with them, I was sent for by Sir G. Carteret by agreement, and so left them, and to him and with him by coach to my Lord Treasurer,[2] to discourse with him about Mr. Gauden's having of money, and to offer to him whether it would not be necessary, Mr. Gauden's credit being so low as it is, to take security of him if he demands any great sum, such as £20,000, which now ought to be paid him upon his next year's declaration. Which is a sad thing, that being reduced to this by us, we should be the first to doubt his credit; but so it is. However, it will be managed with great tenderness to him. My Lord Treasurer we found in his bed-chamber, being laid up of the goute. I find him a very ready man, and certainly a brave servant to the King: he spoke so quick and sensibly of the King's charge. Nothing displeased me in him but his long nails, which he lets grow upon a pretty thick white short hand, that it troubled me to see them. Thence with Sir G. Carteret by coach, and he set me down at the New Exchange. In our way he told me there is no such thing likely yet as a Dutch war, neither they nor we being in condition for it, though it will come certainly to that in some time, our interests lying the same way, that is to say, in trade. But not yet. Thence to the Temple, and there visited my cozen Roger

[1] Jane Gentleman must not be confused with Jane Wayneman, who had previously been in the service of the Pepyses.

[2] The Earl of Southampton.

Pepys and his brother Dr. John, a couple, methinks, of very ordinary men, and thence to speak [with] Mr. Moore, and met him by the way, who tells me, to my great content, that he believes my letter to my Lord Sandwich hath wrought well upon him, and that he will look after himself and his business upon it, for he begins already to do so. But I dare not conclude anything till I see him, which shall be to-morrow morning, that I may be out of my pain to know how he takes it of me. He and I to the Coffee-house, and there drank and talked a little, and so I home, and after a little at my office home to supper and to bed, not knowing how to avoid hopes from Mr. Moore's words to-night, and yet I am fearful of the worst.

20th. Up, and as soon as I could to my Lord Sandwich's lodgings, but he was gone out before, and so I am defeated of my expectation of being eased one way or other in the business of my Lord. But I went up to Mr. Howe, who I saw this day the first time in a periwigg, which becomes him very well, and discoursed with him. He tells me that my Lord is of a sudden much changed, and he do believe that he do take my letter well. However, we do both bless God that it hath so good an effect upon him. Thence I home again, calling at the Wardrobe, where I found my Lord, but so busy with Mr. Townsend making up accounts there that I was unwilling to trouble him, and so went away. By and by to the Exchange, and there met by agreement Mr. Howe, and took him with a barrel of oysters home to dinner, where we were very merry, and indeed I observe him to be a very hopeful young man, but only a little conceited. After dinner I took him and my wife, and setting her in Covent Garden at her mother's, he and I to my Lord's, and thence I with Mr. Moore to White Hall, and there the King and Council being close, and I thinking it an improper place to meet my Lord first upon the business, I took coach, and calling my wife went home, setting Mr. Moore down by the way, and having been late at the office alone looking over some plates of the Northern seas, the White seas, and Archangell river, I went home, and, after supper, to bed. My wife tells me that she and her brother have had a great falling out to-night, he taking upon him to challenge great obligation upon her, and taxing her for not

being so as she ought to be to her friends, and that she can do more with me than she pretends, and I know not what, but God be thanked she cannot. A great talke there is to-day of a crush between some of the Fanatiques up in arms, and the King's men in the North; but whether true I know not yet.[1]

21st. At the office all the morning and at noon I receive a letter from Mr. Creed, with a token, viz., a very noble parti-coloured Indian gowne for my wife. The letter is oddly writ, over-prizing his present, and little owning any past service of mine, but that this was his genuine respects, and I know not what. I confess I had expectations of a better account from him of my service about his accounts, and so give his boy 12*d.*, and sent it back again, and after having been at the pay of a ship this afternoon at the Treasury, I went by coach to Ludgate, and, by pricing several there, I guess this gowne may be worth about £12 or £15. But, however, I expect at least £50 of him. So in the evening I wrote him a letter telling him clearly my mind, a copy of which I keep and of his letter and so I resolve to have no more such correspondence as I used to have but will have satisfaction of him as I do expect. So to write my letters, and after all done I went home to supper and to bed, my mind being pretty well at ease from my letter to Creed, and more for my receipt this afternoon of £17 at the Treasury, for the £17 paid a year since to the carver for his work at my house, which I did intend to have paid myself, but, finding others to do it, I thought it not amisse to get it too, but I am afeard that we may hear of it to our greater prejudices hereafter.

22nd (Lord's day). Up pretty early, and having last night bespoke a coach, which failed me this morning, I walked as far as the Temple, and there took coach, and to my Lord's lodgings, whom I found ready to go to chappell; but I coming, he begun, with a very serious countenance, to tell me that he had received my late letter, wherein first he took notice of my care of him and his honour, and did give me thanks for that part of it where I say that from my heart I believe the contrary of what I do there relate to be the dis-

[1] See *ante*, October 24th, for note on the Farneley Wood Plot.

course of others; but since I intended it not a reproach, but matter of information, and for him to make a judgment of it for his practice, it was necessary for me to tell him the persons of whom I have gathered the several particulars which I there insist on. I would have made excuses in it; but, seeing him so earnest in it, I found myself forced to it, and so did tell him Mr. Pierce, the chyrurgeon, in that of his Lordship's living being discoursed of at Court; a mayd servant that I kept, that lived at Chelsy school; and also Mr. Pickering, about the report touching the young woman; and also Mr. Hunt, in Axe Yard, near whom she lodged. I told him the whole city do discourse concerning his neglect of business; and so I many times asserting my dutifull intention in all this, and he owning his accepting of it as such. That that troubled me most in particular is, that he did there assert the civility of the people of the house, and the young gentlewoman, for whose reproach he was sorry. His saying that he was resolved how to live, and that though he was taking a house, meaning to live in another manner, yet it was not to please any people, or to stop report, but to please himself, though this I do believe he might say that he might not seem to me to be so much wrought upon by what I have writ; and lastly, and most of all, when I spoke of the tenderness that I have used in declaring this to him, there being nobody privy to it, he told me that I must give him leave to except one.[1] I told him that possibly somebody might know of some thoughts of mine, I having borrowed some intelligence in this matter from them, but nobody could say they knew of the thing itself what I writ. This, I confess, however, do trouble me, for that he seemed to speak it as a quick retort, and it must sure be Will. Howe, who did not see anything of what I writ, though I told him indeed that I would write; but in this, I think, there is no great hurt. I find him, though he cannot but owne his opinion of my good intentions, and so he did again and again profess it, that he is troubled in his mind at it; and I confess, I think I may have done myself an injury for his good, which, were it to do again, and that I believed he would take it no better, I think I should sit

[1] See *ante*, 17th inst., where we are told that Mr. Moore had the whole letter read to him.

quietly without taking any notice of it, for I doubt there is no medium between his taking it very well or very ill. I could not forbear weeping before him at the latter end, which, since, I am ashamed of, though I cannot see what he can take it to proceed from but my tenderness and good will to him. After this discourse was ended, he began to talk very cheerfully of other things, and I walked with him to White Hall, and we discoursed of the pictures in the gallery, which, it may be, he might do out of policy, that the boy might not see any strangeness in him; but I rather think that his mind was somewhat eased, and hope that he will be to me as he was before. But, however, I doubt not when he sees that I follow my business, and become an honour to him, and not to be like to need him, or to be a burden to him, and rather able to serve him than to need him, and if he do continue to follow business, and so come to his right witts again, I do not doubt but he will then consider my faithfulnesse to him, and esteem me as he ought. At chappell I had room in the Privy Seale pew with other gentlemen, and there heard Dr. Killigrew[1] preach, but my mind was so, I know not whether troubled, or only full of thoughts of what had passed between my Lord and me that I could not mind it, nor can at this hour remember three words. The anthem was good after sermon, being the fifty-first psalme, made for five voices by one of Captain Cooke's boys, a pretty boy.[2] And they say there are four or five of them that can do as much. And here I first perceived that the King is a little musicall, and kept good time with his hand all along the anthem. Up into the gallery after sermon and there I met Creed. We saluted one another and spoke but not one word of what had passed yesterday between us, but told me he was forced

[1] Henry, fifth and youngest son of Sir Robert Killigrew, born 1612, M.A., Oxford, 1638, D.D., 1642, prebendary of Westminster, 1660, and Master of the Savoy, 1667. He was author of some plays and sermons. He died March 14th, 1699. His daughter Anne was the celebrated poetess.

[2] The "pretty boy" was Pelham Humfrey, and his anthem is printed in Boyce's "Cathedral Music." The other boys of Captain Cooke's who could "do as much" were Michael Wise, John Blow, Thomas Tudway, William Turner, and Henry Purcell. (See Rockstro's "History of Music," 1886, p. 173.)

to such a place to dinner and so we parted. Here I met Mr. Povy, who tells me how Tangier had like to have been betrayed, and that one of the King's officers is come, to whom 8,000 pieces of eight were offered for his part. Hence I to the King's Head ordinary, and there dined, good and much company, and a good dinner: most of their discourse was about hunting, in a dialect I understand very little. Thence by coach to our own church, and there my mind being yet unsettled I could mind nothing, and after sermon home and there told my wife what had passed, and thence to my office, where doing business only to keep my mind employed till late, and so home to supper, to prayers, and to bed.

23rd. Up and to Alderman Backwell's, where Sir W. Rider, by appointment, met us to consult about the insuring of our hempe ship from Archangell, in which we are all much concerned, by my Lord Treasurer's command. That being put in a way I went to Mr. Beacham, one of our Jury, to confer with him about our business with Field at our trial to-morrow, and thence to St. Paul's Churchyarde, and there bespoke "Rushworth's Collections," and "Scobell's Acts of the Long Parliament,"[1] &c., which I will make the King pay for as to the office, and so I do not break my vow at all. Back to the Coffee-house, and then to the 'Change, where Sir W. Rider and I did bid 15 per cent., and nobody will take it under 20 per cent., and the lowest was 15 per cent. premium, and 15 more to be abated in case of losse, which we did not think fit without order to give, and so we parted, and I home to a speedy, though too good a dinner to eat alone, viz., a good goose and a rare piece of roast beef. Thence to the Temple, but being there too soon and meeting Mr. Moore I took him up and to my Lord Treasurer's, and thence to Sir Ph. Warwick's, where I found him and did desire his advice, who left me to do what I thought fit in this business of the insurance, and so back again to the Temple all the way telling Mr. Moore what had passed between my Lord and me yesterday, and indeed my fears

[1] The first part of John Rushworth's "Historical Collections" was published in 1659, and an edition appeared in 1662. Henry Scobell's "Collection of Acts and Ordinances made in the Parliament 1640–56" was published in 1658.

do grow that my Lord will not reform as I hoped he would nor have the ingenuity to take my advice as he ought kindly. But however I am satisfied that the one person whom he said he would take leave to except is not Mr. Moore, and so W. Howe I am sure could tell him nothing of my letter that ever he saw it. Here Mr. Moore and I parted, and I up to the Speaker's chamber, and there met Mr. Coventry by appointment to discourse about Field's business, and thence we parting I homewards and called at the Coffee-house, and there by great accident hear that a letter is come that our ship is safe come to Newcastle. With this news I went like an asse presently to Alderman Backewell and told him of it, and he and I went to the African House in Broad Street to have spoke with Sir W. Rider to tell him of it, but missed him. Now what an opportunity had I to have concealed this and seemed to have made an insurance and got £100 with the least trouble and danger in the whole world. This troubles me to think I should be so oversoon. So back again with Alderman Backewell talking of the new money, which he says will never be counterfeited, he believes; but it is deadly inconvenient for telling, it is so thick, and the edges are made to turn up. I found him as full of business, and, to speak the truth, he is a very painfull man, and ever was, and now-a-days is well paid for it. So home and to my office, doing business late in order to the getting a little money, and so home to supper and to bed.

24th. Up and to the office, where we sat all the morning, and at noon to the 'Change, where everybody joyed me in our hemp ship's coming safe, and it seems one man, Middleburgh, did give 20 per cent. in gold last night, three or four minutes before the newes came of her being safe. Thence with Mr. Deane home and dined, and after dinner and a good deal of discourse of the business of Woolwich Yard, we opened his draught of a ship which he has made for me, and indeed it is a most excellent one and that that I hope will be of good use to me as soon as I get a little time, and much indebted I am to the poor man. Toward night I by coach to Whitehall to the Tangier committee, and there spoke with my Lord and he seems mighty kind to me, but I will try him to-morrow by a visit to see whether he holds it or no. Then home by coach again and to my

office, where late with Captain Miners about the East India business. So home to supper and to bed, being troubled to find myself so bound as I am, notwithstanding all the physic that I take. This day our tryall was with Field, and I hear that they have given him £20 damage more, which is a strange thing, but yet not so much as formerly, nor as I was afeard of.

25th. Up and to Sir G. Carteret's house, and with him by coach to Whitehall. He uses me mighty well to my great joy, and in our discourse took occasion to tell me that as I did desire of him the other day so he desires of me the same favour that we may tell one another at any time any thing that passes among us at the office or elsewhere wherein we are either dissatisfied one with another, and that I should find him in all things as kind and ready to serve me as my own brother. This methinks was very sudden and extraordinary and do please me mightily, and I am resolved by no means ever to lose him again if I can. He told me that he did still observe my care for the King's service in my office. He set me down in Fleet Street and thence I by another coach to my Lord Sandwich's, and there I did present him Mr. Barlow's "Terella," with which he was very much pleased, and he did show me great kindnesse, and by other discourse I have reason to think that he is not at all, as I feared he would be, discontented against me more than the trouble of the thing will work upon him. I left him in good humour, and I to White Hall, to the Duke of York and Mr. Coventry, and there advised about insuring the hempe ship at 1½ per cent., notwithstanding her being come to Newcastle, and I do hope that in all my three places which are now my hopes and supports I may not now fear any thing, but with care, which through the Lord's blessing I will never more neglect, I don't doubt but to keep myself up with them all. For in the Duke, and Mr. Coventry, my Lord Sandwich and Sir G. Carteret I place my greatest hopes, and it pleased me yesterday that Mr. Coventry in the coach (he carrying me to the Exchange at noon from the office) did, speaking of Sir W. Batten, say that though there was a difference between them, yet he would embrace any good motion of Sir W. Batten to the King's advantage as well as of Mr. Pepys' or any friend he had.

And when I talked that I would go about doing something of the Controller's work when I had time, and that I thought the Controller would not take it ill, he wittily replied that there was nothing in the world so hateful as a dog in the manger. Back by coach to the Exchange, there spoke with Sir W. Rider about insuring, and spoke with several other persons about business, and shall become pretty well known quickly. Thence home to dinner with my poor wife, and with great joy to my office, and there all the afternoon about business, and among others Mr. Bland came to me and had good discourse, and he has chose me a referee for him in a business, and anon in the evening comes Sir W. Warren, and he and I had admirable discourse. He advised me in things I desired about, bummary,[1] and other ways of putting out money as in parts of ships, how dangerous they are, and lastly fell to talk of the Dutch management of the Navy, and I think will helpe me to some accounts of things of the Dutch Admiralty, which I am mighty desirous to know. He seemed to have been mighty privy with my Lord Albemarle in things before this great turn, and to the King's dallying with him and others for some years before, but I doubt all was not very true. However, his discourse is very useful in general, though he would seem a little more than ordinary in this. Late at night home to supper and to bed, my mind in good ease all but my health, of which I am not a little doubtful.

26th. Up and to the office, where we sat all the morning, and at noon I to the 'Change, and there met with Mr. Cutler the merchant, who would needs have me home to his house by the Dutch Church,[2] and there in an old but good house, with his wife and mother, a couple of plain old women, I dined a good plain dinner, and his discourse after dinner with me upon matters of the navy victualling very good and worth my hearing, and so home to my office in the afternoon with my mind full of business, and there at it late, and so home to supper to my poor wife, and to bed, myself being in a little pain . . . by a stroke . . . in pulling up my breeches yesterday over eagerly, but I will lay nothing

[1] "Bummary" is a synonym of "bottomry."

[2] The Dutch church in Austin Friars. Pepys on September 29th, 1664, stated that Mr. Cutler had "bought all the Augustine Fryers."

to it till I see whether it will cease of itself or no. The plague, it seems, grows more and more at Amsterdam; and we are going upon making of all ships coming from thence and Hambrough, or any other infected places, to perform their Quarantine (for thirty days as Sir Rd. Browne expressed it in the order of the Council, contrary to the import of the word, though in the general acceptation it signifies now the thing, not the time spent in doing it) in Holehaven,[1] a thing never done by us before.

27th. Up and to my office, where busy with great delight all the morning, and at noon to the 'Change, and so home to dinner with my poor wife, and with great content to my office again, and there hard at work upon stating the account of the freights due to the King from the East India Company till late at night, and so home to supper and to bed. My wife mightily pleased with my late discourse of getting a trip over to Calais, or some other port of France, the next summer, in one of the yachts, and I believe I shall do it, and it makes good sport that my mayde Jane dares not go, and Besse is wild to go, and is mad for joy, but yet will be willing to stay if Jane hath a mind, which is the best temper in this and all other things that ever I knew in my life.

28th. Up and at the office sat all the morning, and at noon by Mr. Coventry's coach to the 'Change, and after a little while there where I met with Mr. Pierce, the chyrurgeon, who tells me for good newes that my Lord Sandwich is resolved to go no more to Chelsy, and told me he believed that I had been giving my Lord some counsel, which I neither denied nor affirmed, but seemed glad with him that he went thither no more, and so I home to dinner, and thence abroad to Paul's Church Yard, and there looked upon the second part of Hudibras, which I buy not, but borrow to read, to see if it be as good as the first, which the world cry so mightily up, though it hath not a good liking in me, though I had tried by twice or three times reading to bring myself to think it witty. Back again home and to my office, and there late doing business and so home to

[1] Holehaven or Holy Haven, a creek on the south coast of Essex. Lobsters from Norway and Scotland are deposited here for conveyance up the Thames.

supper and to bed. I have been told two or three times, but to-day for certain I am told how in Holland publickly they have pictured our King with reproach. One way is with his pockets turned the wrong side outward, hanging out empty; another with two courtiers picking of his pockets; and a third, leading of two ladies, while others abuse him; which amounts to great contempt.

29th (Lord's day). This morning I put on my best black cloth suit, trimmed with scarlett ribbon, very neat, with my cloake lined with velvett, and a new beaver, which altogether is very noble, with my black silk knit canons[1] I bought a month ago. I to church alone, my wife not going, and there I found my Lady Batten in a velvet gown, which vexed me that she should be in it before my wife, or that I am able to put her into one, but what cannot be, cannot be. However when I came home I told my wife of it, and to see my weaknesse, I could on the sudden have found my heart to have offered her one, but second thoughts put it by, and indeed it would undo me to think of doing as Sir W. Batten and his Lady do, who has a good estate besides his office. A good dinner we had of bœuf à la mode, but not roasted so well as my wife used to do it. So after dinner I to the French Church, but that being too far begun I came back to St. Dunstan's by six and heard a good sermon, and so home and to my office all the evening making up my accounts of this month, and blessed be God I have got up my crumb again to £770, the most that ever I had yet, and good clothes a great many besides, which is a great mercy of God to me. So home to supper and to bed.

30th. Was called up by a messenger from Sir W. Pen to go with him by coach to White Hall. So I got up and went with him, and by the way he began to observe to me some unkind dealing of mine to him a weeke or two since at the table, like a coxcomb, when I answered him pretty freely that I would not think myself to owe any man the service to do this or that because they would have it so (it was about taking of a mulct upon a purser for not keeping guard at Chatham when I was there), so he talked and I talked and let fall the discourse without giving or receiving any great satisfaction, and so to other discourse, but I shall

[1] See note, May 24th, 1660.

know him still for a false knave. At White Hall we met the Duke in the Matted Gallery, and there he discoursed with us; and by and by my Lord Sandwich came and stood by, and talked; but it being St. Andrew's, and a collar-day, he went to the Chappell, and we parted. From him and Sir W. Pen and I back again and 'light at the 'Change, and to the Coffee-house, where I heard the best story of a cheate intended by a Master of a ship, who had borrowed twice his money upon the bottomary,[1] and as much more insured upon his ship and goods as they were worth, and then would have cast her away upon the coast of France, and there left her, refusing any pilott which was offered him; and so the Governor of the place took her and sent her over hither to find an owner, and so the ship is come safe, and goods and all; they all worth £500, and he had one way or another taken £3,000. The cause is to be tried to-morrow at Guildhall, where I intend to be. Thence home to dinner, and then with my wife to her arithmetique. In the evening came W. Howe to see me, who tells me that my Lord hath been angry three or four days with him, would not speak to him; at last did, and charged him with having spoken to me about what he had observed concerning his Lordship, which W. Howe denying stoutly, he was well at ease, and continues very quiett, and is removing from Chelsy as fast as he can, but, methinks, both by my Lord's looks upon me to-day, or it may be it is only my doubtfulness, and by W. Howe's discourse, my Lord is not very well pleased, nor, it may be, will be a good while, which vexes me; but I hope all will over in time, or else I am but ill rewarded for my good service. Anon he and I to the Temple and there parted, and I to my cozen Roger Pepys, whom I met going to his chamber; he was in haste, and to go out of town to-morrow. He tells me of a letter from my father which he will keep to read to me at his coming to town again. I perceive it is about my father's jealousys concerning my wife's doing ill offices with me against him only from the differences they had when she was there, which he very unwisely continues to have and troubles himself and friends about to speak to me in, as my Lord Sandwich, Mr. Moore, and my cozen Roger, which vexes me, but I must impute it

[1] See note, November 16th, 1660.

to his age and care for my mother and Pall and so let it go. After little discourse with him I took coach and home, calling upon my bookseller's for two books, Rushworth's and Scobell's Collections. I shall make the King pay for them. The first I spent some time at the office to read and it is an excellent book. So home and spent the evening with my wife in arithmetique, and so to supper and to bed. I end this month with my mind in good condition for any thing else, but my unhappy adventuring to disoblige my Lord by doing him service in representing to him the discourse of the world concerning him and his affairs.

December 1st. Up and to the office, where we sat all the morning. At noon I home to dinner with my poor wife, with whom now-a-days I enjoy great pleasure in her company and learning of Arithmetique. After dinner I to Guild Hall to hear a tryall at King's Bench, before Lord Chief Justice Hide,[1] about the insurance of a ship, the same I mention in my yesterday's journall, where everything was proved how money was so taken up upon bottomary and insurance, and the ship left by the master and seamen upon rocks, where, when the sea fell at the ebb, she must perish. The master was offered helpe, and he did give the pilotts 20 sols to drink to bid them go about their business, saying that the rocks were old, but his ship was new, and that she was repaired for £6 and less all the damage that she received, and is now brought by one, sent for on purpose by the insurers, into the Thames, with her cargo, vessels of tallow daubed over with butter, instead of all butter, the whole not worth above £500, ship and all, and they had took up, as appeared, above £2,400. He had given his men money to content them; and yet, for all this, he did bring some of them to swear that it was very stormy weather, and [they] did all they could to save her, and that she was seven feete deep water in hold, and were fain to cut her main and foremast, that the master was the last man that

[1] Sir Robert Hyde, first cousin of the great Earl of Clarendon, born 1595. He was a staunch Royalist, and immediately after the Restoration he was knighted and appointed a judge of the Common Pleas. On October 19th, 1663, he was promoted to the Chief Justiceship of the King's Bench. He died May 1st, 1665, and was buried in Salisbury Cathedral.

went out, and they were fain to force [him] out when she was ready to sink; and her rudder broke off, and she was drawn into the harbour after they were gone, as wrecke all broken, and goods lost: that she could not be carried out again without new building, and many other things so contrary as is not imaginable more. There was all the great counsel in the kingdom in the cause; but after one witnesse or two for the plaintiff, it was cried down as a most notorious cheate; and so the jury, without going out, found it for the plaintiff. But it was pleasant to see what mad sort of testimonys the seamen did give, and could not be got to speak in order: and then their terms such as the Judge could not understand; and to hear how sillily the Counsel and Judge would speak as to the terms necessary in the matter, would make one laugh: and above all, a Frenchman that was forced to speak in French, and took an English oathe he did not understand, and had an interpreter sworn to tell us what he said, which was the best testimony of all. So home well satisfied with this afternoon's work, purposing to spend an afternoon or two every term so, and so to my office a while and then home to supper, arithmetique with my wife, and to bed. I heard other causes, and saw the course of pleading by being at this triall, and heard and learnt two things: one is that every man has a right of passage in, but not a title to, any highway. The next, that the Judge would not suffer Mr. Crow, who hath fined for Alderman, to be called so, but only Mister, and did eight or nine times fret at it, and stop every man that called him so.

2nd. My wife troubled all last night with the toothache and this morning. I up and to my office, where busy, and so home to dinner with my wife, who is better of her tooth than she was, and in the afternoon by agreement called on by Mr. Bland, and with him to the Ship a neighbour tavern and there met his antagonist Mr. Custos and his referee Mr. Clarke, a merchant also, and begun the dispute about the freight of a ship hired by Mr. Bland to carry provisions to Tangier, and the freight is now demanded, whereas he says that the goods were some spoiled, some not delivered, and upon the whole demands £1,300 of the other, and their minds are both so high, their demands so distant, and their

words so many and hot against one another that I fear we shall bring it to nothing. But however I am glad to see myself so capable of understanding the business as I find I do, and shall endeavour to do Mr. Bland all the just service I can therein. Here we were in a bad room, which vexed me most, but we meet at another house next. So at noon I home and to my office till 9 o'clock, and so home to my wife to keep her company, arithmetique, then to supper, and to bed, she being well of her tooth again.

3rd. Up and to the office, where all the forenoon, and then (by Mr. Coventry's coach) to the 'Change, and so home to dinner, very pleasant with my poor wife. Somebody from Portsmouth, I know not who, has this day sent me a Runlett of Tent. So to my office all the afternoon, where much business till late at night, and so home to my wife, and then to supper and to bed. This day Sir G. Carteret did tell us at the table, that the Navy (excepting what is due to the Yards upon the quarter now going on, and what few bills he hath not heard of) is quite out of debt; which is extraordinary good newes, and upon the 'Change to hear how our creditt goes as good as any merchant's upon the 'Change is a joyfull thing to consider, which God continue! I am sure the King will have the benefit of it, as well as we some peace and creditt.

4th. Up pretty betimes, that is about 7 o'clock, it being now dark then, and so got me ready, with my clothes, breeches and warm stockings, and by water with Henry Russell, cold and wet and windy to Woolwich, to a hempe ship there, and staid looking upon it and giving direction as to the getting it ashore, and so back again very cold, and at home without going on shore anywhere about 12 o'clock, being fearful of taking cold, and so dined at home and shifted myself, and so all the afternoon at my office till night, and then home to keep my poor wife company, and so to supper and to bed.

5th. Up and to the office, where we sat all the morning, and then with the whole board, viz., Sir J. Minnes, Sir W. Batten, and myself along with Captain Allen home to dinner, where he lives hard by in Mark Lane, where we had a very good plain dinner and good welcome, in a pretty little house but so smoky that it was troublesome to us all till

they put out the fire, and made one of charcoale. I was much pleased with this dinner for the many excellent stories told by Mr. Coventry, which I have put down in my book of tales and so shall not mention them here. We staid till night, and then Mr. Coventry away, and by and by I home to my office till 9 or 10 at night, and so home to supper and to bed after some talke and Arithmetique with my poor wife, with whom now-a-days I live with great content, out of all trouble of mind by jealous (for which God forgive me), or any other distraction more than my fear of my Lord Sandwich's displeasure.

6th (Lord's day). Lay long in bed, and then up and to church alone, which is the greatest trouble that I have by not having a man or boy to wait on me, and so home to dinner, my wife, it being a cold day, and it begun to snow (the first snow we have seen this year) kept her bed till after dinner, and I below by myself looking over my arithmetique books and timber rule. So my wife rose anon, and she and I all the afternoon at arithmetique, and she is come to do Addition, Subtraction, and Multiplícacion very well, and so I purpose not to trouble her yet with Division, but to begin with the Globes to her now. At night came Captain Grove to discourse with me about Field's business and of other matters, and so, he being gone, I to my office, and spent an houre or two reading Rushworth, and so to supper home, and to prayers and bed, finding myself by cold to have some pain begin with me, which God defend should increase.

7th. Up betimes, and, it being a frosty morning, walked on foot to White Hall, but not without some fear of my pain coming. At White Hall I hear and find that there was the last night the greatest tide that ever was remembered in England to have been in this river: all White Hall having been drowned, of which there was great discourse.[1] Anon we all met, and up with the Duke and did our business, and by and by my Lord of Sandwich came in, but whether it be my doubt or no I cannot tell, but I do not find that he made any sign of kindnesse or respect to me, which troubles me more than any thing in the world. After done there Sir W. Batten and Captain Allen and I by coach to the Temple,

[1] Whitehall Palace was situated on low ground, and it was frequently flooded. The allusion to this in Lord Buckhurst's song is well known.

where I 'light, they going home, and indeed it being my trouble of mind to try whether I could meet with my Lord Sandwich and try him to see how he will receive me. I took coach and back again to Whitehall, but there could not find him. But here I met Dr. Clerke, and did tell him my story of my health; how my pain comes to me now-a-days. He did write something for me which I shall take when there is occasion. I then fell to other discourse of Dr. Knapp,[1] who tells me he is the King's physician, and is become a solicitor for places for people, and I am mightily troubled with him. He tells me he is the most impudent fellow in the world, that gives himself out to be the King's physician, but it is not so, but is cast out of the Court. From thence I may learn what impudence there is in the world, and how a man may be deceived in persons. Anon the King and Duke and Duchesse came to dinner in the Vane-roome, where I never saw them before; but it seems since the tables are done, he dines there alltogether. The Queene is pretty well, and goes out of her chamber to her little chappell in the house. The King of France, they say, is hiring of sixty sail of ships of the Dutch, but it is not said for what design. By and by, not hoping to see my Lord, I went to the King's Head ordinary, where a good dinner but no discourse almost, and after dinner by coach home, and found my wife this cold day not yet out of bed, and after a little good talk with her to my office, and there spent my time till late. Sir W. Warren two or three hours with me talking of trade, and other very good discourse, which did please me very well, and so, after reading in Rushworth, home to supper and to bed.

8th. Lay long in bed, and then up and to the office, where we sat all the morning, and among other things my Lord Barkely called in question his clerk Mr. Davy for something which Sir W. Batten and I did tell him yesterday, but I endeavoured to make the least of it, and so all was put up. At noon to the 'Change, and among other businesses did discourse with Captain Taylor, and I think I shall safely get £20 by his ship's freight at present, besides what it may be I may get hereafter. So home to

[1] Dr. Knapp was not a Fellow of the College of Physicians, and he appears to have been a quack and an impostor.

dinner, and thence by coach to White Hall, where a great while walked with my Lord Tiviott, whom I find a most carefull, thoughtfull, and cunning man, as I also ever took him to be. He is this day bringing in an account where he makes the King debtor to him £10,000 already on the garrison of Tangier accounts; but yet demands not ready money to pay it, but offers such ways of paying it out of the sale of old decayed provisions as will enrich him finely. Anon came my Lord Sandwich, and then we fell to our business at the Committee about my Lord Tiviott's accounts, wherein I took occasion to speak now and then, so as my Lord Sandwich did well seem to like of it, and after we were up did bid me good night in a tone that, methinks, he is not so displeased with me as I did doubt he is; however, I will take a course to know whether he be or no. The Committee done, I took coach and home to my office, and there late, and so to supper at home, and to bed, being doubtful of my pain through the very cold weather which we have, but I will take all the care I can to prevent it.

9th. Lay very long in bed for fear of my pain, and then rose and went to stool (after my wife's way, who by all means would have me sit long and upright) very well, and being ready to the office. From thence I was called by and by to my wife, she not being well. So to her, and found her in great pain. . . . So by and by to my office again, and then abroad to look out a cradle to burn charcoal in at my office, and I found one to my mind in Newgate Market, and so meeting Hoby's man in the street, I spoke to him to serve it in to the office for the King. So home to dinner, and after talk with my wife, she in bed and pain all day, I to my office most of the evening, and then home to my wife. This day Mrs. Russell did give my wife a very fine St. George, in alabaster, which will set out my wife's closett mightily. This evening at the office, after I had wrote my day's passages, there came to me my cozen Angier of Cambridge, poor man, making his moan, and obtained of me that I would send his son to sea as a Reformado,[1] which I will take care to do. But to see how apt every man is to forget friendship in time of adversity. How glad was

[1] See note, April 6th, 1660.

I when he was gone, for fear he should ask me to be bond for him, or to borrow money of me.

10th. Up, pretty well, the weather being become pretty warm again, and to the office, where we sat all the morning, and I confess having received so lately a token from Mrs. Russell, I did find myself concerned for our not buying some tallow of her (which she bought on purpose yesterday most unadvisedly to her great losse upon confidence of putting it off to us). So hard it is for a man not to be warped against his duty and master's interest that receives any bribe or present, though not as a bribe, from any body else. But she must be contented, and I to do her a good turn when I can without wrong to the King's service. Then home to dinner (and did drink a glass of wine and beer, the more for joy that this is the shortest day[1] in the year, which is a pleasant consideration) with my wife. She in bed but pretty well, and having a messenger from my brother, that he is not well nor stirs out of doors, I went forth to see him, and found him below, he has not been well, but is not ill. I found him taking order for the distribution of Mrs. Ramsey's coals, a thing my father for many years did, and now he after him, which I was glad to see, as also to hear that Mr. Wheatly begins to look after him. I hope it is about his daughter. Thence to St. Paul's Church Yard, to my bookseller's, and having gained this day in the office by my stationer's bill to the King about 40*s.* or £3, I did here sit two or three hours calling for twenty books to lay this money out upon, and found myself at a great losse where to choose, and do see how my nature would gladly return to laying out money in this trade. I could not tell whether to lay out my money for books of pleasure, as plays, which my nature was most earnest in; but at last, after seeing Chaucer, Dugdale's History of Paul's, Stow's London, Gesner, History of Trent,[2] besides Shakespeare, Jonson, and Beaumont's plays, I at last chose Dr. Fuller's Worthys, the Cabbala or Collections of Letters of State,[3] and a little

[1] Old style.

[2] The work of Salomon Gesner, entitled, "Liber quatuor de Conciliis," was published at Witemberg in 1601 (2 vols. 8vo.).

[3] "Cabala: Mysteries of State in Letters of the great Ministers of King James and King Charles," was first published in 1654, and in 1663 a new edition appeared.

book, Delices de Hollande, with another little book or two, all of good use or serious pleasure: and Hudibras, both parts, the book now in greatest fashion for drollery, though I cannot, I confess, see enough where the wit lies. My mind being thus settled, I went by linke home, and so to my office, and to read in Rushworth; and so home to supper and to bed. Calling at Wotton's, my shoemaker's, to-day, he tells me that Sir H. Wright is dying; and that Harris is come to the Duke's house again; and of a rare play to be acted this week of Sir William Davenant's: the story of Henry the Eighth with all his wives.[1]

11th. Up and abroad toward the Wardrobe, and going out Mr. Clerke met me to tell me that Field has a writ against me in this last business of £30 10*s*., and that he believes he will get an execution against me this morning, and though he told me it could not be well before noon, and that he would stop it at the Sheriff's, yet it is hard to believe with what fear I did walk and how I did doubt at every man I saw and do start at the hearing of one man cough behind my neck. I to the Wardrobe and there missed Mr. Moore. So to Mr. Holden's and evened all reckonings there for hats, and then walked to Paul's Churchyard and after a little at my bookseller's and bought at a shop Cardinall Mazarin's Will in French. I to the Coffee-house, and there among others had good discourse with an Iron Merchant, who tells me the great evil of discouraging our natural manufacture of England in that commodity by suffering the Swede to bring in three times more than ever they did and our owne Ironworks be lost, as almost half of them, he says, are already. Then I went and sat by Mr. Harrington, and some East country merchants, and talking of the country about Quinsborough,[2]

[1] "Henry VIII." was revived at this time with Betterton as the king and Harris as Wolsey, but Pepys's description of the play seems to be a very inaccurate one.

[2] Quinsborough is Königsberg. It is most probable that Mr. Harrington had been reading "The Travels of Master George Barkely, Merchant of London," as given by Purchas, vol. ii., pp. 625, 627. Königsberg is there spelled Kinninsburge, easily corrupted by Pepys into *Quinsborough*. The swallow story is found at p. 626: "One here in his net drew up a company or heape of swallows, as big as a bushell, fastened by the leg and bills in one, which being carried to their stoves,

and thereabouts, he told us himself that for fish, none there, the poorest body, will buy a dead fish, but must be alive, unless it be in winter; and then they told us the manner of putting their nets into the water. Through holes made in the thick ice, they will spread a net of half a mile long; and he hath known a hundred and thirty and a hundred and seventy barrels of fish taken at one draught. And then the people come with sledges upon the ice, with snow at the bottome, and lay the fish in and cover them with snow, and so carry them to market. And he hath seen when the said fish have been frozen in the sledge, so as that he hath taken a fish and broke a-pieces, so hard it hath been; and yet the same fishes taken out of the snow, and brought into a hot room, will be alive and leap up and down. Swallows are often brought up in their nets out of the mudd from under water, hanging together to some twigg or other, dead in ropes, and brought to the fire will come to life. Fowl killed in December (Alderman Barker said) he did buy, and putting into the box under his sledge, did forget to take them out to eate till Aprill next, and they then were found there, and were through the frost as sweet and fresh and eat as well as at first killed. Young beares are there; their flesh sold in market as ordinarily as beef here, and is excellent sweet meat. They tell us that beares there do never hurt any body, but fly away from you, unless you pursue and set upon them; but wolves do much mischief. Mr. Harrington told us how they do to get so much honey as they send abroad. They make hollow a great fir-tree, leaving only a small slitt down straight in one place, and this they close up again, only leave a little hole, and there the bees go in and fill the bodys of those trees as full of wax and honey as they can hold; and the inhabitants at times go and open the slit, and take what they please without killing the bees, and so let them live there still and make more. Fir trees are always planted close together, because of keeping one another from the violence of the windes;

quickened, and flew, and coming again suddenly in the cold air, dyed." It appears to have been generally believed. In the "Advice to a Painter" (1667), attributed to Sir John Denham, we find the following lines:

"So swallows, buried in the sea at Spring,
Return to land with Summer in their [on the?] wing." — B.

and when a fell is made, they leave here and there a grown tree to preserve the young ones coming up. The great entertainment and sport of the Duke of Corland, and the princes thereabouts, is hunting; which is not with dogs as we, but he appoints such a day, and summons all the country-people as to a campagnia; and by several companies gives every one their circuit, and they agree upon a place where the toyle is to be set; and so making fires every company as they go, they drive all the wild beasts, whether bears, wolves, foxes, swine, and stags, and roes, into the toyle; and there the great men have their stands in such and such places, and shoot at what they have a mind to, and that is their hunting. They are not very populous there, by reason that people marry women seldom till they are towards or above thirty; and men thirty or forty years old, or more oftentimes. Against a publique hunting the Duke sends that no wolves be killed by the people; and whatever harm they do, the Duke makes it good to the person that suffers it: as Mr. Harrington instanced in a house where he lodged, where a wolfe broke into a hog-stye, and bit three or four great pieces off the back of the hog, before the house could come to helpe it (it calling, and that did give notice to the people of the house); and the man of the house told him that there were three or four wolves thereabouts that did them great hurt; but it was no matter, for the Duke was to make it good to him, otherwise he would kill them. Hence home and upstairs, my wife keeping her bed, and had a very good dinner, and after dinner to my office, and there till late busy. Among other things Captain Taylor came to me about his bill for freight, and besides that I found him contented that I have the £30 I got, he do offer me to give me £6 to take the getting of the bill paid upon me, which I am ready to do, but I am loath to have it said that I ever did it. However, I will do him the service to get it paid if I can and stand to his courtesy what he will give me. Late to supper home, and to my great joy I have by my wife's good advice almost brought myself by going often and leisurely to the stool that I am come almost to have my natural course of stool as well as ever, which I pray God continue to me.

12th. Up and to the office where all the morning, and

among other things got Sir G. Carteret to put his letters to Captain Taylor's bill by which I am in hopes to get £5, which joys my heart. We had this morning a great dispute between Mr. Gauden, Victualler of the Navy, and Sir J. Lawson, and the rest of the Commanders going against Argier, about their fish and keeping of Lent; which Mr. Gauden so much insists upon to have it observed, as being the only thing that makes up the loss of his dear bargain all the rest of the year. At noon went home and there I found that one Abrahall, who strikes in for the serving of the King with Ship chandlery ware, has sent my wife a Japan gowne, which pleases her very well and me also, it coming very opportune, but I know not how to carry myself to him, I being already obliged so far to Mrs. Russell, so that I am in both their pays. To the Exchange, where I had sent Luellin word I would come to him, and thence brought him home to dinner with me. He tells me that W. Symon's wife is dead, for which I am sorry, she being a good woman, and tells me an odde story of her saying before her death, being in good sense, that there stood her uncle Scobell. Then he began to tell me that Mr. Deering had been with him to desire him to speak to me that if I would get him off with these goods upon his hands, he would give me 50 pieces, and further that if I would stand his friend to helpe him to the benefit of his patent as the King's merchant, he could spare me £200 per annum out of his profits.[1] I was glad to hear both of these, but answered him no further than that as I would not by any thing be bribed to be unjust in my dealings, so I was not so squeamish as not to take people's acknowledgment where I had the good fortune by my pains to do them good and just offices, and so I would not come to be at any agreement with him, but I would labour to do him this service and to expect his consideration thereof afterwards as he thought fit. So I expect to hear more of it. I did make very much of Luellin in

[1] Edward Dering was granted, August, 1660, "the office of King's merchant in the East, for buying and providing necessaries for apparelling the Navy" ("Calendar," Domestic, 1660–61, p. 212). There is evidence among the State Papers of some dissatisfaction with the timber, &c., which he supplied to the Navy, and at this time he appears to have had some stores left on his hands.

hopes to have some good by this business, and in the evening received some money from Mr. Moore, and so went and settled accounts in my books between him and me, and I do hope at Christmas not only to find myself as rich or more than ever I was yet, but also my accounts in less compass, fewer reckonings either of debts or moneys due to me, than ever I have been for some years, and indeed do so, the goodness of God bringing me from better to a better expectation and hopes of doing well. This day I heard my Lord Barkeley tell Sir G. Carteret that he hath letters from France that the King hath unduked twelve Dukes, only to show his power and to crush his nobility, who he said he did see had heretofore laboured to cross him. And this my Lord Barkeley did mightily magnify, as a sign of a brave and vigorous mind, that what he saw fit to be done he dares do. At night, after business done at my office, home to supper and to bed. I have forgot to set down a very remarkable passage that, Lewellen being gone, and I going into the office, and it begun to be dark, I found nobody there, my clerks being at the burial of a child of W. Griffin's, and so I spent a little time till they came, walking in the garden, and in the mean time, while I was walking Mrs. Pen's pretty maid came by my side, and went into the office, but finding nobody there I went in to her, being glad of the occasion. She told me as she was going out again that there was nobody there, and that she came for a sheet of paper. So I told her I would supply her, and left her in the office and went into my office and opened my garden door, thinking to have got her in, and there to have caressed her, and seeming looking for paper, I told her this way was as near a way for her, but she told me she had left the door open and so did not come to me. So I carried her some paper and kissed her, leading her by the hand to the garden door and there let her go. But, Lord! to see how much I was put out of order by this surprisal, and how much I could have subjected my mind to have treated and been found with this wench, and how afterwards I was troubled to think what if she should tell this and whether I had spoke or done any thing that might be unfit for her to tell. But I think there was nothing more passed than just what I here write.

13th (Lord's day). Up and made me ready for Church, but my wife and I had a difference about her old folly that she would fasten lies upon her mayds, and now upon Jane, which I did not see enough to confirm me in it, and so would not consent to her. To church, where after sermon home, and to my office, before dinner, reading my vowes, and so home to dinner, where Tom came to me and he and I dined together, my wife not rising all day, and after dinner I made even accounts with him, and spent all the afternoon in my chamber talking of many things with him, and about Wheately's daughter for a wife for him, and then about the Joyces and their father Fenner, how they are sometimes all honey one with another and then all turd, and a strange rude life there is among them. In the evening, he gone, I to my office to read Rushworth upon the charge and answer of the Duke of Buckingham, which is very fine, and then to do a little business against to-morrow, and so home to supper to my wife, and then to bed.

14th. Up by candlelight, which I do not use to do, though it be very late, that is to say almost 8 o'clock, and out by coach to White Hall, where we all met and to the Duke, where I heard a large discourse between one that goes over an agent from the King to Legorne and thereabouts, to remove the inconveniences his ships are put to by denial of pratique; which is a thing that is now-a-days made use of only as a cheat, for a man may buy a bill of health for a piece of eight, and my enemy may agree with the Intendent of the Santé for ten pieces of eight or so, that he shall not give me a bill of health, and so spoil me in my design, whatever it be. This the King will not endure, and so resolves either to have it removed, or to keep all ships from coming in, or going out there, so long as his ships are stayed for want hereof. Then, my Lord Sandwich being there, we all went into the Duke's closet and did our business. But among other things, Lord! what an account did Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten make of the pulling down and burning of the head of the Charles, where Cromwell was placed with people under his horse, and Peter, as the Duke called him, is praying to him;[1] and Sir J. Minnes

[1] The figure-head of the "Naseby" (afterwards the "Charles") was fully described by Evelyn in his Diary on April 9th, 1655: "I

would needs infer the temper of the people from their joy at the doing of this and their building a gibbet for the hanging of his head up, when God knows, it is even the flinging away of £100 out of the King's purse, to the building of another, which it seems must be a Neptune. Thence I through White Hall only to see what was doing, but meeting none that I knew I went through the garden to my Lord Sandwich's lodging, where I found my Lord got before me (which I did not intend or expect) and was there trying some musique, which he intends for an anthem of three parts, I know not whether for the King's chapel or no, but he seems mighty intent upon it. But it did trouble me to hear him swear before God and other oathes, as he did now and then without any occasion, which methinks did so ill become him, and I hope will be a caution for me, it being so ill a thing in him. The musique being done, without showing me any good or ill countenance, he did give me his hat and so adieu, and went down to his coach without saying anything to me. He being gone I and Mr. Howe talked a good while. He tells me that my Lord, it is true, for a while after my letter, was displeased, and did shew many slightings of me when he had occasion of mentioning me to his Lordship, but that now my Lord is in good temper and he do believe will shew me as much respect as ever, and would have me not to refrain to come to him. This news I confess did much trouble me, but when I did hear how he is come to himself, and hath wholly left Chelsy, and the slut, and that I see he do follow his business, and becomes in better repute than before, I am rejoiced to see it, though it do cost me some disfavour for a time, for if not his good nature and ingenuity, yet I believe his memory will not bear it always in his mind. But it is my comfort that this is the thing that after so many years good service that has made him my enemy. Thence to the King's Head ordinary, and there dined

went to see y^e greate ship newly built by the Usurper Oliver, carrying 96 brasse guns and 1000 tons burthen. In y^e prow was Oliver on horseback trampling 6 nations under foote, a Scott, Irishman, Dutchman, Frenchman, Spaniard and English, as was easily made out by their several habits. A Fame held a laurel over his insulting head: y^e word, God with us."

among a company of fine gentlemen; some of them discoursed of the King of France's greatness, and how he is come to make the Princes of the Blood to take place of all foreign Embassadors, which it seems is granted by them of Venice and other States, and expected from my Lord Hollis,[1] our King's Embassador there; and that either upon that score or something else he hath not had his entry yet in Paris, but hath received several affronts, and among others his harnesse cut, and his gentlemen of his horse killed, which will breed bad blood if true. They say also that the King of France hath hired threescore ships of Holland, and forty of the Swede, but nobody knows what to do; but some great designs he hath on foot against the next year. Thence by coach home and to my office, where I spent all the evening till night with Captain Taylor discoursing about keeping of masts, and when he was gone, with Sir W. Warren, who did give me excellent discourse about the same thing, which I have committed to paper, and then fell to other talk of his being at Chatham lately and there discoursing of his masts. Commissioner Pett did let fall several scurvy words concerning my pretending to know masts as well as any body, which I know proceeds ever since I told him I could measure a piece of timber as well as anybody employed by the King. But, however, I shall remember him for a black sheep again a good while, with all his fair words to me, and perhaps may let him know that my ignorance does the King as much good as all his knowledge, which would do more it is true if it were well used. Then we fell to talk of Sir J. Minnes's and Sir W. Batten's burning of Oliver's head, while he was there; which was done with so much insulting and folly as I never heard of, and had the Trayned Band of Rochester to come to the solemnity, which when all comes to all, Commissioner Pett says it never was made for him; but it troubles me the King should suffer £100 losse in his purse, to make a new one, after it was forgot whose it was, or any words spoke of it. He being gone I mightily pleased with his discourse, by which I always learn something, I to read a little in Rushworth, and so home to supper to my wife, it having been washing day, and so to bed, my mind I confess a little

[1] See note, May 24th, 1660.

troubled for my Lord Sandwich's displeasure. But God will give me patience to bear since it rises from so good an occasion.

15th. Before I was up, my brother's man came to tell me that my cozen, Edward Pepys, was dead, died at Mrs. Turner's, for which my wife and I are very sorry, and the more for that his wife was the only handsome woman of our name.[1] So up and to the office, where the greatest business was Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten against me for Sir W. Warren's contract for masts, to which I may go to my memorandum book to see what past, but came off with conquest, and my Lord Barkely and Mr. Coventry well convinced that we are well used. So home to dinner, and thither came to me Mr. Mount and Mr. Luellin, I think almost foxed, and there dined with me and very merry as I could be, my mind being troubled to see things so ordered at the Board, though with no disparagement to me at all. At dinner comes a messenger from the Counter with an execution against me for the £30 10*s.*, given the last verdict to Field. The man's name is Thomas, of the Poultry Counter. I sent Griffin with him to the Dolphin, where Sir W. Batten was at dinner, and he being satisfied that I should pay the money, I did cause the money to be paid him, and Griffin to tell it out to him in the office. He offered to go along with me to Sir R. Ford, but I thought it not necessary, but let him go with it, he also telling me that there is never any receipt for it given, but I have good witness of the payment of it. They being gone, Luellin having again told me by myself that Deering is content to give me £50 if I can sell his deals for him to the King, not that I did ever offer to take it, or bid Luellin bargain for me with him, but did tacitly seem to be willing to do him what service I could in it, and expect his thanks, what he thought good. Thence to White Hall by coach, by the way overtaking Mr. Moore, and took him into the coach to me, and there he could tell me nothing of my Lord, how he stands as to his thoughts or respect to me, but concludes that though at present he may be angry yet he will come to be pleased again with me no doubt, and says that he do

[1] Elizabeth, daughter and co-heiress of John Walpole of Broomsthorpe.

mind his business well, and keeps at Court. So to White Hall, and there by order found some of the Commissioners of Tangier met, and my Lord Sandwich among the rest, to whom I bowed, but he shewed me very little if any countenance at all, which troubles me mightily. Having soon done there, I took up Mr. Moore again and set him down at Pauls, by the way he proposed to me of a way of profit which perhaps may shortly be made by money by fines upon houses at the Wardrobe, but how I did not understand but left it to another discourse. So homeward, calling upon Mr. Fen, by Sir G. Carteret's desire, and did there shew him the bill of Captain Taylor's, whereby I hope to get something justly. Home and to my office, and there very late with Sir W. Warren upon very serious discourse, telling him how matters passed to-day, and in the close he and I did fall to talk very openly of the business of this office, and (if I was not a little too open to tell him my interest, which is my fault) he did give me most admirable advice, and such as do speak him a most able and worthy man, and understanding seven times more than ever I thought to be in him. He did particularly run over every one of the officers and commanders, and shewed me how I had reason to mistrust every one of them, either for their falsenesse or their overgreat power, being too high to fasten a real friendship in, and did give me a common but a most excellent [saying] to observe in all my life. He did give it in rhyme, but the sense was this, that a man should treat every friend in his discourse and opening his mind to him as of one that may hereafter be his foe. He did also advise me how I should take occasion to make known to the world my case, and the pains that I take in my business, and above all to be sure to get a thorough knowledge in my employment, and to that add all the interest at Court that I can, which I hope I shall do. He staid talking with me till almost 12 at night, and so good night, being sorry to part with him, and more sorry that he should have as far as Wapping to walk to-night. So I to my Journall and so home, to supper and to bed.

16th. Up, and with my head and heart full of my business, I to my office, and there all the morning, where among other things to my great content Captain Taylor brought me

£40, the greater part of which I shall gain to myself after much care and pains out of his bill of freight, as I have at large set down in my book of Memorandums. At noon to the 'Change and there met with Mr. Wood by design, and got out of him to my advantage a condition which I shall make good use of against Sir W. Batten (*vide* my book of Memorandums touching the contract of masts of Sir W. Warren about which I have had so much trouble). So home to dinner and then to the Star Tavern hard by to our arbitration of Mr. Bland's business, and at it a great while, but I found no order like to be kept in our inquiry, and Mr. Clerke, the other arbitrator, one so far from being fit (though able as to his trade of a merchant) to inquire and to take pains in searching out the truth on both sides, that we parted without doing anything, nor do I believe we shall at all ever attain to anything in it. Then home and till 12 at night making up my accounts with great account of this day's receipt of Captain Taylor's money and some money reimbursed me which I have laid out on Field's business. So home with my mind in pretty good quiet, and to supper and to bed.

17th. Up and to the office, where we sat all the morning. At noon home to my poor wife and dined, and then by coach abroad to Mrs. Turner's where I have not been for many a day, and there I found her and her sister Dike very sad for the death of their brother.[1] After a little common expression of sorrow, Mrs. Turner told me that the trouble she would put me to was, to consult about getting an achievement prepared, scutcheons were done already, to set over the door. So I did go out to Mr. Smith's, where my brother tells me the scutcheons are made, but he not being within, I went to the Temple, and there spent my time in a Bookseller's shop, reading in a book of some Embassages into Moscovia, &c., where was very good reading, and then to Mrs. Turner's, and thither came Smith to me, with whom I did agree for £4 to make a handsome one, ell square within the frame. After he was gone I sat an houre talking

[1] The three children of John and Anne Pepys, of London and Ashstead, Surrey, were Edward Pepys, of Broomsthorpe, co. Norfolk (born 1617), Elizabeth, married to Thomas Dyke, and Jane, married to Serjeant John Turner.

of the suddennesse of his death within 7 days, and how by little and little death came upon him, neither he nor they thinking it would come to that. He died after a day's raveing, through lightness in his head for want of sleep. His lady did not know of his sickness, nor do they hear yet how she takes it. Hence home, taking some books by the way in Paul's Churchyard by coach to my office, where late doing business, and so home to supper and to bed.

18th. Up, and after being ready and done several businesses with people, I took water (taking a dram of the bottle at the waterside) with a gally, the first that ever I had yet, and down to Woolwich, calling at Ham Creeke, where I met Mr. Deane, and had a great deal of talke with him about business, and so to the Ropeyarde and Docke, discoursing several things, and so back again and did the like at Deptford, and I find that it is absolutely necessary for me to do thus once a weeke at least all the yeare round, which will do me great good, and so home with great ease and content, especially out of the content which I met with in a book I bought yesterday, being a discourse of the state of Rome under the present Pope, Alexander the 7th, it being a very excellent piece. After eating something at home, then to my office, where till night about business to dispatch. Among other people came Mr. Primate, the leather seller, in Fleete Streete, to see me, he says, coming this way; and he tells me that he is upon a proposal to the King, whereby, by a law already in being, he will supply the King, without wrong to any man, or charge to the people in general, so much as it is now, above £200,000 per annum, and God knows what, and that the King do like the proposal, and hath directed that the Duke of Monmouth, with their consent, be made privy, and go along with him and his fellow proposer in the business, God knows what it is; for I neither can guess nor believe there is any such thing in his head. At night made an end of the discourse I read this morning, and so home to supper and to bed.

19th. Up and to the office, where we sat all the morning, and I laboured hard at Deering's business of his deals more than I would if I did not think to get something, though I do really believe that I did what is to the King's advantage in it, and yet, God knows, the expectation of profit will

have its force and make a man the more earnest. Dined at home, and then with Mr. Bland to another meeting upon his arbitration, and seeing we were likely to do no good I even put them upon it, and they chose Sir W. Rider alone to end the matter, and so I am rid of it. Thence by coach to my shoemaker's and paid all there, and gave something to the boys' box against Christmas. To Mrs. Turner's, whom I find busy with Sir W. Turner,[1] about advising upon going down to Norfolke with the corps, and I find him in talke a sober, considering man. So home to my office late, and then home to supper and to bed. My head full of business, but pretty good content.

20th (Lord's day). Up and alone to church, where a common sermon of Mr. Mills, and so home to dinner in our parler, my wife being clean, and the first time we have dined here a great while together, and in the afternoon went to church with me also, and there begun to take her place above Mrs. Pen, which heretofore out of a humour she was wont to give her as an affront to my Lady Batten. After a dull sermon of the Scotchman, home, and there I found my brother Tom and my two cozens Scotts, he and she, the first time they were ever here. And by and by in comes my uncle Wight and Mr. Norbury, and they sat with us a while drinking of wine, of which I did give them plenty. But the two would not stay supper, but the other two did. And we were as merry as I could be with people that I do wish well to, but know not what discourse either to give them or find from them. We showed them our house from top to bottom, and had a good Turkey roasted for our supper, and store of wine, and after supper sent them home on foot, and so we to prayers and to bed.

21st. Up betimes, my wife having a mind to have gone abroad with me, but I had not because of troubling me, and so left her, though against my will, to go and see her father and mother by herself, and I straight to my Lord Sandwich's, and there I had a pretty kind salute from my Lord, and went on to the Duke's, where my fellow officers by and by came, and so in with him to his closet, and did our business, and so broke up, and I with Sir W. Batten by

[1] Sir William Turner was sheriff, 1662, and Lord Mayor, 1668.

coach to Salisbury Court, and there spoke with Clerk our Solicitor about Field's business, and so parted, and I to Mrs. Turner's, and there saw the achievement pretty well set up, and it is well done. Thence I on foot to Charing Crosse to the ordinary, and there dined, meeting Mr. Gauden and Creed. Here variety of talk but to no great purpose. After dinner won a wager of a payre of gloves of a crowne of Mr. Gauden upon some words in his contract for victualling. There parted in the street with them, and I to my Lord's, but he not being within, took coach, and, being directed by sight of bills upon the walls, I did go to Shoe Lane[1] to see a cocke-fighting at a new pit there, a sport I was never at in my life; but, Lord! to see the strange variety of people, from Parliament-man (by name Wildes, that was Deputy Governor of the Tower when Robinson was Lord Mayor) to the poorest 'prentices, bakers, brewers, butchers, draymen, and what not; and all these fellows one with another in swearing, cursing, and betting. I soon had enough of it, and yet I would not but have seen it once, it being strange to observe the nature of these poor creatures, how they will fight till they drop down dead upon the table, and strike after they are ready to give up the ghost, not offering to run away when they are weary or wounded past doing further, whereas where a dunghill brood comes he will, after a sharp stroke that pricks him, run off the stage, and then they wring off his neck without more ado, whereas the other they preserve, though their eyes be both out, for breed only of a true cock of the game. Sometimes a cock that has had ten to one against him will by chance give an unlucky blow, will strike the other starke dead in a moment, that he never stirs more; but the common rule is, that though a cock neither runs nor dies, yet if any man will bet £10 to a crowne, and nobody take the bet, the game is given over, and not sooner. One thing more it is strange to see how people of this poor rank, that

[1] There is a farthing token of "Samuell Clever at Cock Pitt Court in Shooe Lane" ("Boyne's Tokens," ed. Williamson, p. 741). This cockpit had been famous long before Pepys's day. There is an anecdote of Sir Thomas Jermyn (who died in 1644) and his sending a dunghill cock neatly trimmed to this cockpit, which is little to his credit, in Thoms's "Anecdotes and Traditions," 1839 (p. 47).

look as if they had not bread to put in their mouths, shall bet three or four pounds at one bet, and lose it, and yet bet as much the next battle (so they call every match of two cocks), so that one of them will lose £10 or £20 at a meeting. Thence, having enough of it, by coach to my Lord Sandwich's, where I find him within with Captain Cooke and his boys, Dr. Childe, Mr. Madge,[1] and Mallard, playing and singing over my Lord's anthem which he hath made to sing in the King's Chappell: my Lord saluted me kindly and took me into the withdrawing-room to hear it at a distance, and indeed it sounds very finely, and is a good thing, I believe, to be made by him, and they all commend it. And after that was done Captain Cooke and his two boys did sing some Italian songs, which I must in a word say I think was fully the best musique that I ever yet heard in all my life, and it was to me a very great pleasure to hear them. After all musique ended, my Lord going to White Hall, I went along with him, and made a desire for to have his coach to go along with my cozen Edward Pepys's hearse through the City on Wednesday next, which he granted me presently, though he cannot yet come to speak to me in the familiar stile that he did use to do, nor can I expect it. But I was the willinger of this occasion to see whether he would deny me or no, which he would I believe had he been at open defyance against me. Being not a little pleased with all this, though I yet see my Lord is not right

[1] Mr. W. Barclay Squire, B.A., of the British Museum, has kindly given the editor the following particulars respecting Humphry Madge, who is several times mentioned by Pepys. The earliest note which Mr. Squire has of Madge is in a docquet, 1661, for the allowance of immediate liveries £16 2*s*. 6*d*. each, and allowance of the like liveries yearly to Nicholas Lanier, Henry Lawes, Charles Coleman, George Hudson, David Mall, John Hingeston, Humfrey Madge, and William Gregory ("State Papers"). He appears as a "Musitian in Ordinary" in a list of the household attributed to July, 1663, in "Calendar of State Papers" (Dom. Ser., Charles II., vol. lxxvi., p. 67), but certainly earlier, as it contains the name of Henry Lawes, who died in October, 1662. Madge's name also occurs in Eg. 2159 (Brit. Mus.), in a list endorsed, "the orders for the Musitians," as one of the twenty-four violins under Grebus's leadership, annexed to the order of the King's Treasurer of February 21st, 1668–9.

yet, I thanked his Lordship and parted with him in White Hall. I back to my Lord's, and there took up W. Howe in a coach, and carried him as far as the Half Moone, and there set him down. By the way, talking of my Lord, who is come another and a better man than he was lately, and God be praised for it, and he says that I shall find my Lord as he used to be to me, of which I have good hopes, but I shall beware of him, I mean W. Howe, how I trust him, for I perceive he is not so discreet as I took him for, for he has told Captain Ferrers (as Mr. Moore tells me) of my letter to my Lord, which troubles me, for fear my Lord should think that I might have told him. So called with my coach at my wife's brother's lodging, but she was gone newly in a coach homewards, and so I drove hard and overtook her at Temple Bar, and there paid off mine, and went home with her in her coach. She tells me how there is a sad house among her friends. Her brother's wife proves very unquiet, and so her mother is gone back to be with her husband and leave the young couple to themselves, and great trouble, and I fear great want, will be among them, I pray keep me from being troubled with them. At home to put on my gowne and to my office, and there set down this day's Journall, and by and by comes Mrs. Owen, Captain Allen's daughter, and causes me to stay while the papers relating to her husband's place, bought of his father, be copied out because of her going by this morning's tide home to Chatham.[1] Which vexes me, but there is no help for it. I home to supper while a young [man] that she brought with her did copy out the things, and then I to the office again and dispatched her, and so home to bed.

22nd. Up and there comes my she cozen Angier, of Cambridge, to me to speak about her son. But though I love them, and have reason so to do, yet, Lord! to consider how cold I am to speak to her, for fear of giving her too much hopes of expecting either money or anything else from me besides my care of her son. I let her go without drinking, though that was against my will, being forced to

[1] John Owen, who married a daughter of Captain John Alleyn, was Clerk of the Ropeyard at Chatham. Among the State Papers is a letter from him to Pepys, dated December 14th, asking for his warrant ("Calendar," Domestic, 1663–64, p. 373).

hasten to the office, where we sat all the morning, and at noon I to Sir R. Ford's, where Sir R. Browne (a dull but it seems upon action a hot man), and he and I met upon setting a price upon the freight of a barge sent to France to the Duchess of Orleans. And here by discourse I find them greatly crying out against the choice of Sir J. Cutler to be Treasurer for Paul's upon condition that he give £1,500 towards it, and it seems he did give it upon condition that he might be Treasurer for the work, which they say will be worth three times as much money, and talk as if his being chosen to the office will make people backward to give, but I think him as likely a man as either of them, or better. The business being done we parted, Sir R. Ford never inviting me to dine with him at all, and I was not sorry for it. Home and dined. I had a letter from W. Howe that my Lord hath ordered his coach and six horses for me to-morrow, which pleases me mightily to think that my Lord should do so much, hoping thereby that his anger is a little over. After dinner abroad with my wife by coach to Westminster, and set her at Mrs. Hunt's while I about my business, having in our way met with Captain Ferrers luckily to speak to him about my coach, who was going in all haste thither, and I perceive the King and Duke and all the Court was going to the Duke's playhouse to see "Henry VIII." acted, which is said to be an admirable play. But, Lord! to see how near I was to have broken my oathe, or run the hazard of 20*s.* losse, so much my nature was hot to have gone thither; but I did not go, but having spoke with W. Howe and known how my Lord did do this kindly as I would have it, I did go to Westminster Hall, and there met Hawley, and walked a great while with him. Among other discourse encouraging him to pursue his love to Mrs. Lane, while God knows I had a roguish meaning in it. Thence calling my wife home by coach, calling at several places, and to my office, where late, and so home to supper and to bed. This day I hear for certain that my Lady Castlemaine is turned Papist, which the Queene for all do not much like, thinking that she do it not for conscience sake.[1] I heard to-day of

[1] "Le mariage du Chevalier de Grammont" (says the Count d'Estrades in a letter written to Louis XIV. about this time), "et la conversion de Madame de Castlemaine se sont publiez le même jour: et le

a great fray lately between Sir H. Finch's coachman, who struck with his whip a coachman of the King's to the losse of one of his eyes; at which the people of the Exchange seeming to laugh and make sport with some words of contempt to him, my Lord Chamberlin did come from the King to shut up the 'Change, and by the help of a justice, did it; but upon petition to the King it was opened again.[1]

23rd. Up betimes and my wife; and being in as mourning a dress as we could, at present, without cost, put ourselves into, we by Sir W. Pen's coach to Mrs. Turner's, at Salisbury Court, where I find my Lord's coach and six horses. We staid till almost eleven o'clock, and much company came, and anon, the corps being put into the hearse, and the scutcheons set upon it, we all took coach, and I and my wife and Auditor Beale in my Lord Sandwich's coach, and went next to Mrs. Turner's mourning coach, and so through all the City and Shoreditch, I believe about twenty coaches, and four or five with six and four horses. Being come thither, I made up to the mourners, and bidding them a good journey, I took leave and back again, and setting my wife into a hackney out of Bishopsgate Street, I sent her home, and I to the 'Change and Auditor Beale about his business. Did much business at the 'Change, and so home to dinner, and then to my office, and there late doing business also to my great content to see God bless me in my place and opening honest ways, I hope to get a little money to lay up and yet to live handsomely. So to supper and to bed. My wife having strange fits of the toothache, some times on this, and by and by on that side of her tooth, which is not common.

24th. Up betimes, and though it was a most foggy morning, and cold, yet with a gally down to Eriffe,[2] several

Roy d'Angleterre estant tant prié par les parents de la Dame d'apporter quelque obstacle à cette action, répondit galamment que pour l'âme des Dames, il ne s'en mêloit point." — B.

In consequence of the passing of the Test Act in 1673, the Duchess of Cleveland, who was a Roman Catholic, was no longer able to continue as one of the Ladies of the Bedchamber to Queen Catherine.

[1] Rugge adds, that the queen was in the carriage when the battle took place, her coachman striking the first blow; and that the combatants fought a long time, nobody coming to part them. The Exchange was not reopened till the man who injured the royal servant had been given up. — B.

[2] Erith.

times being at a loss whither we went. There I mustered two ships of the King's, lent by him to the Guiny Company, which are manned better than ours at far less wages. Thence on board two of the King's, one of them the "Leopard," Captain Beech, who I find an able and serious man. He received me civilly, and his wife was there, a very well bred and knowing woman, born at Antwerp, but speaks as good English as myself, and an ingenious woman. Here was also Sir G. Carteret's son, who I find a pretty, but very talking man, but good humour. Thence back again, entertaining myself upon my sliding rule with great content, and called at Woolwich, where Mr. Chr. Pett having an opportunity of being alone did tell me his mind about several things he thought I was offended with him in, and told me of my kindness to his assistant. I did give him such an answer as I thought was fit and left him well satisfied, he offering to do me all the service, either by draughts or modells that I should desire. Thence straight home, being very cold, but yet well, I thank God, and at home found my wife making mince pies, and by and by comes in Captain Ferrers to see us, and, among other talke, tells us of the goodness of the new play of "Henry VIII.," which makes me think [it] long till my time is out; but I hope before I go I shall set myself such a stint as I may not forget myself as I have hitherto done till I was forced for these months last past wholly to forbid myself the seeing of one. He gone I to my office and there late writing and reading, and so home to bed.

25th (Christmas day). Lay long talking pleasantly with my wife, but among other things she begun, I know not whether by design or chance, to enquire what she should do if I should by any accident die, to which I did give her some slight answer; but shall make good use of it to bring myself to some settlement for her sake, by making a will as soon as I can. Up and to church, where Mr. Mills made an ordinary sermon, and so home and dined with great pleasure with my wife, and all the afternoon first looking out at window and seeing the boys playing at many several sports in our back yard by Sir W. Pen's, which reminded me of my own former times, and then I began to read to my wife upon the globes with great pleasure and to good

purpose, for it will be pleasant to her and to me to have her understand these things. In the evening at the office, where I staid late reading Rushworth, which is a most excellent collection of the beginning of the late quarrels in this kingdom, and so home to supper and to bed, with good content of mind.

26th. Up and walked forth first to the Minerys to Brown's, and there with great pleasure saw and bespoke several instruments, and so to Cornhill to Mr. Cades, and there went up into his warehouse to look for a map or two, and there finding great plenty of good pictures, God forgive me! how my mind run upon them, and bought a little one for my wife's closett presently, and concluded presently of buying £10 worth, upon condition he would give me the buying of them. Now it is true I did still within me resolve to make the King one way or other pay for them, though I saved it to him another way, yet I find myself too forward to fix upon the expense, and came away with a resolution of buying them, but do hope that I shall not upon second thoughts do it without a way made out before I buy them to myself how to do [it] without charge to my main stock. Thence to the Coffee-house, and sat long in good discourse with some gentlemen concerning the Roman Empire. So home and found Mr. Hollyard there, and he stayed and dined with us, we having a pheasant to dinner. He gone, I all the afternoon with my wife to cards, and, God forgive me! to see how the very discourse of plays, which I shall be at liberty to see after New Year's Day next, do set my mind upon them, but I must be forced to stint myself very strictly before I begin, or else I fear I shall spoil all. In the evening came my aunt Wight's kinswoman to see how my wife do, with a compliment from my aunt, which I take kindly as it is unusual for her to do it, but I do perceive my uncle is very kind to me of late. So to my office writing letters, and then to read and make an end of Rushworth, which I did, and do say that it is a book the most worth reading for a man of my condition or any man that hopes to come to any publique condition in the world that I do know. So home to supper and to bed.

27th. Up and to church alone and so home to dinner with my wife very pleasant and pleased with one another's

company, and in our general enjoyment one of another, better we think than most other couples do. So after dinner to the French church, but came too late, and so back to our owne church, where I slept all the sermon the Scott preaching, and so home, and in the evening Sir J. Minnes and I met at Sir W. Pen's about ordering some business of the Navy, and so I home to supper, discourse, prayers, and bed.

28th. Up and by coach to my Lord's lodgings, but he was gone abroad, so I lost my pains, but, however, walking through White Hall I heard the King was gone to play at Tennis, so I down to the new Tennis Court, and saw him and Sir Arthur Slingsby play against my Lord of Suffolke and my Lord Chesterfield. The King beat three, and lost two sets, they all, and he particularly playing well, I thought. Thence went and spoke with the Duke of Albemarle about his wound at Newhall, but I find him a heavy dull man, methinks, by his answers to me.[1] Thence to the King's Head ordinary and there dined, and found Creed there, but we met and dined and parted without any thing more than "How do you?" After dinner straight on foot to Mr. Hollyard's, and there paid him £3 in full for his physic and work to my wife . . . but whether it is cured for ever or no I cannot tell, but he says it will never come to anything, though it may be it may ooze now and then a little. So home and found my wife gone out with Will (whom she sent for as she do now a days upon occasion) to have a tooth drawn, she having it seems been in great pain all day, and at night came home with it drawn, and pretty well. This evening I had a stove brought me to the office to try, but it being an old one it smokes as much as if there

[1] It is a pity that Pepys, instead of hazarding this absurd remark, did not tell us something more about the Duke of Albemarle's wound, no other allusion to which has been found; but perhaps he was prejudiced by the hasty and ill-founded opinion of Lord Sandwich, who, as we have seen (Diary, May 3rd, 1660), termed Monk a thick-skulled fool. In fact, that great man must have possessed no slight portion of worldly wisdom and common sense. Hallam, whilst differing from Hume as to Monk's dissimulation, regards his conduct after the king's return as displaying his accustomed prudence. This is not a feature in the character of a *thick-skulled fool*. Monsieur Guizot takes a similar view of Monk's good sound sense. — B.

was nothing but a hearth as I had before, but it may be great new ones do not, and therefore I must enquire further. So at night home to supper and to bed. The Duchesse of York is fallen sicke of the meazles.

29th. Up and to the office, where all the morning sitting, and at noon to the 'Change, and there I found and brought home Mr. Pierse the surgeon to dinner. Where I found also Mr. Luellin and Mount, and merry at dinner, but their discourse so free . . . that I was weary of them. But after dinner Luellin took me up to my chamber to give me £50 for the service I did him, though not so great as he expected and I intended. But I told him that I would not sell my liberty to any man. If he would give me any thing by another's hand I would endeavour to deserve it, but I will never give him himself thanks for it, not acknowledging the receiving of any, which he told me was reasonable. I did also tell him that neither this nor any thing should make me to do any thing that should not be for the King's service besides. So we parted and left them three at home with my wife going to cards, and I to my office and there staid late. Sir W. Pen came like a cunning rogue to sit and talk with me about office business and freely about the Comptroller's business of the office, to which I did give him free answers and let him make the best of them. But I know him to be a knave, and do say nothing that I fear to have said again. Anon came Sir W. Warren, and after talking of his business of the masts and helping me to understand some foul dealing in the business of Woods we fell to other talk, and particularly to speak of some means how to part this great familiarity between Sir W. Batten and Sir J. Minnes, and it is easy to do by any good friend of Sir J. Minnes to whom it will be a good service, and he thinks that Sir J. Denham will be a proper man for it, and so do I. So after other discourse we parted, and I home and to bed.

30th. Up betimes and by coach to my Lord Sandwich, who I met going out, and he did aske me how his cozen, my wife, did, the first time he hath done so since his being offended, and, in my conscience, he would be glad to be free with me again, but he knows not how to begin. So he went out, and I through the garden to Mr. Coventry, where I saw

Mr. Ch. Pett bringing him a modell, and indeed it is a pretty one, for a New Year's gift; but I think the work not better done than mine. With him by coach to London, with good and friendly discourse of business and against Sir W. Batten and his foul dealings. So leaving him at the Guiny House[1] I to the Coffee House, whither came Mr. Grant and Sir W. Petty, with whom I talked, and so did many, almost all the house there, about his new vessel, wherein he did give me such satisfaction in every point that I am almost confident she will prove an admirable invention. So home to dinner, and after being upon the 'Change awhile I dined with my wife, who took physique to-day, and so to my office, and there all the afternoon till late at night about office business, and so to supper and to bed.

31st. Up and to the office, where we sat all the morning, and among other things Sir W. Warren came about some contract, and there did at the open table, Sir W. Batten not being there, openly defy him, and insisted how Sir W. Batten did endeavour to oppose him in every thing that he offered. Sir W. Pen took him up for it, like a counterfeit rogue, though I know he was as much pleased to hear him talk so as any man there. But upon his speaking no more was said but to the business. At noon we broke up and I to the 'Change awhile, and so home again to dinner, my head aching mightily with being overcharged with business. We had to dinner, my wife and I, a fine turkey and a mince pie, and dined in state, poor wretch, she and I, and have thus kept our Christmas together all alone almost, having not once been out, but to-morrow my vowes are all out as to plays and wine, but I hope I shall not be long before I come to new ones, so much good, and God's blessing, I find to have attended them. Thence to the office and did several businesses and answered several people, but my head aching and it being my great night of accounts, I went forth, took coach, and to my brother's, but he was not within, and so I back again and sat an hour or two at the Coffee [house], hearing some simple discourse about

[1] The Guinea House appears to be another name for the house of the Royal African or Guinea Company, which Pepys tells us on November 23rd, 1663, was situated in Broad Street. A later African House was in Leadenhall Street.

Quakers being charmed by a string about their wrists, and so home, and after a little while at my office, I home and supped, and so had a good fire in my chamber and there sat till 4 o'clock in the morning making up my accounts and writing this last Journall of the year. And first I bless God I do, after a large expense, even this month, by reason of Christmas, and some payments to my father, and other things extraordinary, find that I am worth in money, besides all my household stuff, or any thing of Brampton, above £800, whereof in my Lord Sandwich's hand, £700, and the rest in my hand. So that there is not above £15 of all my estate in money at this minute out of my hands and my Lord's. For which the good God be pleased to give me a thankful heart and a mind careful to preserve this and increase it. I do live at my lodgings in the Navy Office, my family being, besides my wife and I, Jane Gentleman, Besse, our excellent, good-natured cook-mayde, and Susan, a little girle, having neither man nor boy, nor like to have again a good while, living now in most perfect content and quiett, and very frugally also; my health pretty good, but only that I have been much troubled with a costiveness which I am labouring to get away, and have hopes of doing it. At the office I am well, though envied to the devil by Sir William Batten, who hates me to death, but cannot hurt me. The rest either love me, or at least do not show otherwise, though I know Sir W. Pen to be a false knave touching me, though he seems fair. My father and mother well in the country; and at this time the young ladies of Hinching-broke with them, their house having the small-pox in it. The Queene after a long and sore sicknesse is become well again; and the King minds his mistresse a little too much, if it pleased God! but I hope all things will go well, and in the Navy particularly, wherein I shall do my duty whatever comes of it. The great talke is the designs of the King of France, whether against the Pope or King of Spayne nobody knows; but a great and a most promising Prince he is, and all the Princes of Europe have their eye upon him. My wife's brother come to great unhappiness by the ill-disposition, my wife says, of his wife, and her poverty, which she now professes, after all her husband's pretence of a great fortune, but I see none of them, at least they come not to

trouble me. At present I am concerned for my cozen Angier, of Cambridge, lately broke in his trade, and this day am sending his son John, a very rogue, to sea. My brother Tom I know not what to think of, for I cannot hear whether he minds his business or not; and my brother John at Cambridge, with as little hopes of doing good there, for when he was here he did give me great cause of dissatisfaction with his manner of life. Pall with my father, and God knows what she do there, or what will become of her, for I have not anything yet to spare her, and she grows now old, and must be disposed of one way or other. The Duchesse of York, at this time, sicke of the meazles, but is growing well again. The Turke very far entered into Germany, and all that part of the world at a losse what to expect from his proceedings. Myself, blessed be God! in a good way, and design and resolution of sticking to my business to get a little money with doing the best service I can to the King also; which God continue! So ends the old year.

END OF VOL. III.

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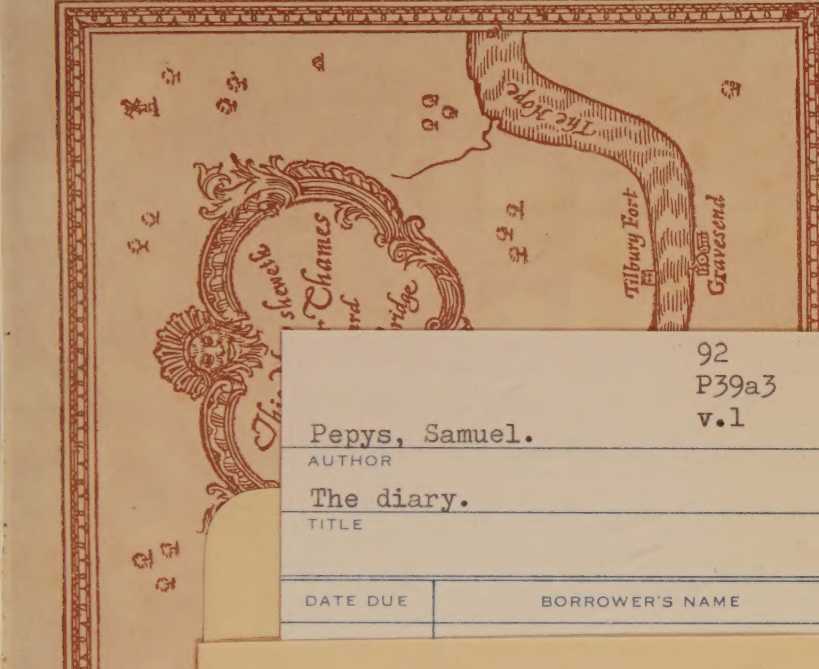

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AUTHOR

The diary.
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